

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
LAVACHE, a Clown in her household.
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An Old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
MARIANA, |
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE.—Rousillon, Paris, Florence, Marseilles.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury
a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew; but I must attend his
majesty's command, to whom I am now in
ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally
is at all times good, must of necessity hold his
virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up
where it wanted rather than lack it where there
is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians,
madam; under whose practices he hath per-
secuted time with hope, and finds no other
advantage in the process but only the losing of
hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a fa-
ther,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 'tis!—
whose skill was almost as great as his honesty;
had it stretched so far, would have made na-
ture immortal, and death should have play for
lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he
were living! I think it would be the death of
the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of,
madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession,
and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de
Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the
king very lately spoke of him admiringly and
mourningly. He was skilful enough to have
lived still, if knowledge could be set up against
mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king
languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was

this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de
Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and be-
queathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes
of her good that her education promises: her
dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts
fairer; for where an unclean mind carries vir-
tuous qualities, there commendations go with
pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her
they are the better for their simpleness; she de-
rives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from
her tears. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can sea-
son her praise in. The remembrance of her
father never approaches her heart but the
tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from
her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no
more; lest it be rather thought you affect a
sorrow, than have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have
it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of
the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the
excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed
thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
will

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down.

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Ber-
tram.

Ber. [To HELENA.] The best wishes that can

ACT I, SCENE I

be forged in your thoughts be servants to you!
Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress,
and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold
the credit of your father.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.
Hel. O! were that all. I think not on my
father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance
more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a

plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we

see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in
you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy
to virginity; how may we barricado it against
him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to
us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-
miners and blowers up! Is there no military
policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will
quicker be blown up: marry in blowing him
down again, with the breach yourselves made,
you lose your city. It is not politic in the com-
monwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss
of virginity is rational increase, and there was
never virgin got till virginity was first lost.
That you were made of is metal to make virgins.

Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times
found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis
too cold a companion: away with't!

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though there-
fore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis
against the rule of nature. To speak on the part
of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which
is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs
himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and
should be buried in highways, out of all sancti-
fied limit, as a desperate offendress against na-
ture. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese,
consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies
with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity
is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which
is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it
not; you cannot choose but lose by't! Out with't!
within the year it will make itself two, which is
a goodly increase, and the principal itself not
much the worse. Away with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her
own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that
ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity that will lose
the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less
worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible; answer the
time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier,
wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but
unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-
pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in
your pie and your porridge than in your cheek:
and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one
of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats
drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was for-
merly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear.
Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!

The court's a learning-place, and he is one—

Par. What one, I' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which
never

Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
you.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remem-
ber thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star. 208

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars. 213

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you so? 216

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 223

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [Exit.]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky 236 Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. What power is it which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings 241 To join like likes, and kiss like native things. Impossible be strange attempts to those That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose What hath been cannot be: who ever strove 245 To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease,—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters; Lords and Others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it 4

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem 8 To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: 12 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick 16 For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris. *Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, 24

As when thy father and myself in friendship First tried our soldiership! He did look far Into the service of the time and was

Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long; 28 But on us both did haggish age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me

To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit which I can well observe 32

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest Till their own scorn return to them unnoted Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness 36 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40

His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him

He us'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility, 44 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times,

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, 48 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb; So in approof lives not his epitaph

As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say,— 52

Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

To grow there and to bear. 'Let me not live,'— 56

Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he, 'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff' 59

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd: I, after him, do after him wish too, 64

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You are lov'd, sir; They that least lend it you shall lack you first. 68

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,

Since the physician at your father's died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord. *King.* If he were living, I would try him yet: Lend me an arm: the rest have worn me out 73

With several applications: nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. 76 [Exeunt. Flourish.]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them. 8

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow. 16

Count. Well, sir. *Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case. 24

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for they say barnes are blessings. 28

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives. 33

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are. 36

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent. 40

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake. 44

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave. *Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great friends;

for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood;

he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together like any deer i' the herd. 60

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way: 64

For I the ballad will repeat, Which men full true shall find; Your marriage comes by destiny, Your cuckoo sings by kind. 68

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak. 72

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked Troy? 76

Fond done, done fond, Was this King Priam's joy? With that she sighed as she stood, With that she sighed as she stood, 80

And gave this sentence then; Among nine bad if one be good, Among nine bad if one be good, There's yet one good in ten. 84

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you! 96

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. 105

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand. 111

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. 128

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor mis-doubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young: 136
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth, 140
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now. 144
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother' 149

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen 152
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds;
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care. 156

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? 160
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name; 164
No note upon my parents, his all noble:

My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.

He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother? 168

Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were,—

So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, 172
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother 176

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son: invention is asham'd, 181
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks 184

Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours

That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, 188

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;

If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 192

To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond 196

Whereof the world takes note: come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you 200

That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him 204

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be. 208

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, 212

Religious in mine error, I adore

ACT II

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the KING, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords: these war-like principles

Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd, 4
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return

And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady 9
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy— 12

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek 16

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny 20

If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[Exit attended.]
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us! 24

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
Sec. Lord. O! 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too early.' 28

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn 32

But one to dance with! By heaven! I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body. 37

First Lord. Farewell, captain.
Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love 216
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking 219

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O! then, give pity

To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies. 225

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,

To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 233
As notes whose faculties inclusive were

More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down 236

To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this; 240

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts

Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid, 244
He would receive it? He and his physicians

Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, 248
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off

The danger to itself?
Hel. There's something in't,

More than my father's skill, which was the great'st

Of his profession, that his good receipt 252
Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture 255
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,

By such a day, and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greet- 260
ings

To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, 263
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[Exeunt.]

metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me. 46
Sec. Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[Exeunt Lords.]
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the king. 50

Re-enter KING; PAROLLES and BERTRAM retire.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthily fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [Kneeling.] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up. 64

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't. 69

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No. 72

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a

medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone, 76

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion; whose simple

touch

Is powerful to arise King Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand 80

And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one

arriv'd

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts 84

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see

her, 88

For that is her demand, and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine 92
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. *[Exit.]*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed. 104

Laf. Nay, come your ways; 97

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together. Fare you well. 101

[Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business

follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father; 104

In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises to-

wards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, 108

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd 113

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance, 116

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us, and

The congregated college have concluded 120

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidable estate; I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady 124

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then, shall pay me for my pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you; 129

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd

grateful. 132

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks

I give

As one near death to those that wish him live;

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,

I knowing all my peril, thou no art. 136

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have

flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there 145

Where most it promises; and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well,

kind maid. 148

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

It is not so with Him that all things knows, 152

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent; 156

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim;

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

My art is not past power nor you past cure. 161

King. Art thou so confident? Within what

space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring 164

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,

Ere twice in mure and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass 168

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence

What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence, 173

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; nay worse—if worse—ex- 176

tended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit

doth speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak;

And what impossibility would slay 180

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all 184

That happiness and prime can happy call:

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try, 188

That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,

And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my

fee; 192

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of

heaven. 196

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly

hand

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,

My low and humble name to propagate 200

With any branch or image of thy state;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-

serv'd, 204

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must,

Though more to know could not be more to

trust, 209

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but

rest

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed 212

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
 COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to

the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly

taught. I know my business is but to the

court. 5

Count. To the court! why what place make

you special, when you put off that with such

content? 'But to the court!' 8

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man

any manners, he may easily put it off at court:

he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his

hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands,

lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say

precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I

have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer

that fits all questions. 17

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all

buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,

the brawn-buttock, or any buttock. 20

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all

questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an

attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta

punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a

pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-

day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his

horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave,

as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as

the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such

fitness for all questions? 32

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your

constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most mon-

strous size that must fit all demands. 36

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the

learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and

all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier;

it shall do you no harm to learn. 40

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will

be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by

your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a cour-

tier? 44

Clo. O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son. This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side: And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice

I have to use: thy frank election make; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one.

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken than these boys'

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well: Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen, Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already: The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

'We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever; We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and see, Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80 And to imperial Love, that god most high, Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies: Love make your fortunes twenty times above 88 Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [To third Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake: 96 Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet. I am sure thy father drunk wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. [To BERTRAM.] I dare not say I take you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness

In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; 116 But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well: She had her breeding at my father's charge. 121 A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st

Of virtue for the name; but do not so: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed: Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour. Good alone Is good without a name: vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir, And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn

Which challenges itself as honour's born, 141 And is not like the sire: honours thrive When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave, Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid, I can create the rest: virtue and she

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,

That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love and her desert; thou canst not dream

We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:

Obey our will, which travails in thy good: 165 Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the staggers and the careless lapse

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice, 172 Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes. When I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which

late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 180
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune and the favour of the
king 184

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space, 188
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir? 192

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak? 196

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count
Rousillon? 200

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master
is of another style. 204

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee. 208

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,
to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make
tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet
the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a
vessel of too great a burden. I have now found
thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art
thou good for nothing but taking up, and that
thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of an-
tiquity upon thee,— 220

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have
mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window
of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need
not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy
hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious
indignity. 228

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not bate thee a scruple. 233

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou
hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever
thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou
shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.
I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with

thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in
the default, he is a man I know. 241

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past;
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give
me leave. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!

Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of
authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can
meet him with any convenience, an he were
double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity
of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him,
an if I could but meet him again! 255

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married;
there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your wrongs:
he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my
master. 261

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants
so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy
nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two
hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art
a general offence, and every man should beat
thee: I think thou wast created for men to
breathe themselves upon thee. 272

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are
a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more
saucy with lords and honourable personages
than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives
you commission. You are not worth another
word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good,
very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart? 285

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I
have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet heart? 288

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars! 292

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what
the import is

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen, 296

That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! 300

France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, 304

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife 308

To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art
sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise
me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow 312

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
in it. 'Tis hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go; 316

The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis
so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her
health; she's very merry; but yet she is not
well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and
wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not
well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail
that she's not very well?

Cl. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for
two things.

Hel. What two things? 11

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to
have mine own good fortunes. 17

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on;
and to keep them on, have them still. O! my
knave, how does my old lady? 20

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Cl. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.
To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
title; which is within a very little of nothing. 28

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Cl. You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a
knave: this had been truth, sir. 32

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have
found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were
you taught to find me? The search, sir, was
profitable; and much fool may you find in you,
even to the world's pleasure and the increase of
laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. 40

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does ac-
knowledge. 44

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, 48

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceed-
ing,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think 52

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will. 56

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not
him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance. 4

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this
lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very
great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant. 9

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience
and transgressed against his valour; and my
state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet
find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I
pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the
amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To BERTRAM.] These things shall be
done, sir. 17

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is
a good workman, a very good tailor. 21

Ber. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the
king?

Par. She is. 24

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my
treasure,