

Given orders for our horses; and to-night, 28
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain. 35

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. 39

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord. 45

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.]*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so. 56

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, 60
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

For present parting; only, he desires

Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, 64

Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found 68

So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;

For my respects are better than they seem, 72 And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view

To you that know them not. This to my mother. *[Giving a letter.]*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so 76
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that 80

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

Hel. Pray sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, 85 Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed. 89

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—

Faith, yes;

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss. 92

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. *[To PAROLLES.]* Where are my other men, monsieur? *[To HELENA.]* Farewell.

[Exit HELENA.]
Go thou toward home; where I will never come Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.

Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! 98
[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE, attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,

And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel 4
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom 8
Against our borrowing prayers.

First Lord. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield,

But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames 12

By self-unable motion: therefore dare not Say what I think of it, since I have found

Myself in my incertain grounds to fail As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. 16
Sec. Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be, And all the honours that can fly from us 20

Shall on them settle. You know your places well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell. To-morrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

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

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man. 4

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man

that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. *[Opening a letter.]* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. 12

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country

are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves

money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here? 19

Clo. E'en that you have there. *[Exit.]*

Count. I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me.

I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am

run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold

a long distance. My duty to you.
Your unfortunate son, 28

BERTRAM.
This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,

To fly the favours of so good a king!

To pluck his indignation on thy head 32
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady. 36

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so

soon as I thought he would. 40

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't;

that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more;

for my part, I only hear your son was run away. *[Exit.]*

Enter HELENA and Gentlemen.

First Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gen. Do not say so. 49

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, 52

Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray you?

Sec. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,

And, after some dispatch in hand at court, 56
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then

call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence. 64

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gen. Ay, madam; And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, 68

Thou robbst me of a moiety: he was my son, But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier? 72

Sec. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? 76

First Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to. 80

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, 84 And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gen. Ay, my good lady, he. 88

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

First Gen. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that too much, 92

Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him that his sword can never win 96 The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

Sec. Gen. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? 101

[Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

Nothing in France until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in
France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the non-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE'S
Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUKE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES,
Soldiers. *Drum and Trumpets.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has
done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of
worth:
He is too good and fair for Death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter a Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citi-
zens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French Count has done
most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander, and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost
our labour; they are gone a contrary way:
hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid
is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.
Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana;
their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and
all these engines of lust, are not the things they
go under: many a maid hath been seduced by
them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible
shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all
that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I
need not to advise you further; but I hope your
own grace will keep you where you are, though
there were no further danger known but the
modesty which is so lost.
Dia. You shall not need to fear me.
Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim:
I know she will lie at my house; thither they
send one another. I'll question her.

Enter HELENA in the dress of a Pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the
port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you!

[A march afar off.]
They come this way. If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such
a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoever he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O! I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
to't; let him have his way.

Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er
she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might
do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean? 68
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Wid. So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier; is't not a handsome
gentleman? 80

Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he? 84
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is
he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well. 88
Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something.
Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you. 96
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin 100
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

First Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him
to't; let him have his way.

Sec. Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

First Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

First Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Sec. Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Sec. Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

First Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

Sec. Lord. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

First Lord. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Sec. Lord. A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum!' Is't 'but a drum?' A drum so lost! There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Sec. Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur,

if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. *[Exit.]*

First Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

Sec. Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

First Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Sec. Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

First Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

First Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

Sec. Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

Sec. Lord. With all my heart, my lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the county is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you: I For you have show'd me that which well approves You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again

When I have found it. The county woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolv'd to carry her: let her in fine consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now, his important blood will nought deny

That she'll demand: a ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,

In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent. After this,

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded. Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,

That time and place with this deceit so lawful May prove coherent. Every night he comes

With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us

To hide him from our eaves, for he persists As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act,

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

First Lord. He can come no other way but

by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

First Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

First Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

First Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door.

I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

First Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts

and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

First Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

First Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

First Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

First Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

First Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

First Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

First Lord. Thou shalt hear one anon. 68

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[Alarum within.]

First Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo. [They seize and blindfold him.]

Par. O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes. 72

First Sold. Boskos throuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, 76 Italian, or French, let him speak to me:

I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado:

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: Kerelybonto: Sir, 81

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O! pray, pray, pray. Manka revania dulce.

First Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; 85

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live, 88

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta. 92

Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarum within.]

First Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will. 96

First Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

First Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? 4

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; 8

And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No: My mother did but duty; such, my lord, 12 As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows.

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us 17 Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn! 20

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me, 24

If I should swear by God's great attributes I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love, 28

That I will work against him: therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd; At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it. Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy; 32

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires, Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever My love as it begins shall so persevere. 37

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarr

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world 44 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world 48 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring: My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine, 52 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, 56

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60 And on your finger in the night I'll put Another ring, that what in time proceeds May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done. 65

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end. 68

My mother told me just how he would woo As if she sat in's heart; she says all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid, 73

Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only in this disguise I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature,

for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady. 9

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him.

I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it. 16

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we! 24

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

First Lord. Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour. 35

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the meantime what hear you of these wars? 45

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded. 48

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council. 53

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven. 64

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 69

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity. 73

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses! 77

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 82

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master? 88

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. 96

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth. [Exeunt Soldiers.] Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

First Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan,—whom he supposes to be a friar,—from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Porto tararossa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Bobbindo chicurmuco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many;

Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Benti, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life,

amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty,

and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold. When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before, And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss; For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it. Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in's forehead.

First Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist and the armpotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature.

Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus; he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking

'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue,

for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldieryship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Lord. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

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First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]
So, look about you: know you any here? 352

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France. 357

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and Lords.*]

First Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 364

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft 372 As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. 376 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. 4

Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd 8 His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place

We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking,

My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, 12

And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust

Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, 16 Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive 20 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play 24

With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours 29

Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; 33

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us: All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. 36 [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of. 7

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love. 13

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb. 16

Clow. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clow. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool? 24

Clow. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clow. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service. 29

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clow. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service. 33

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clow. At your service. 36
Laf. No, no, no.

Clow. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clow. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that? 44

Clow. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still. 49

Clow. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 59

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks. 63

Clow. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jade's tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy. 67

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 72

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 83

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed. 89

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together. 93

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege. 97

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there

be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare. 105

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clow. But it is your carbonadoed face. 108

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clow. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Marseilles. A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,

Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, 4 Be bold you do so grow in my requital

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you. 9

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which 16 I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king,

And aid me with that store of power you have To come into his presence. 21

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed: He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains! 24

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seems so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon; 28 Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which I presume shall render you no blame 32 But rather make you thank your pains for it.