

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
This well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Do'st thou believe it?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home,
And pray god's blessing upon thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

*Enter the King, with two young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine war. Bertram, and Parolles. Flourish cornets.*

KING.

FAREWEL, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my lord, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you: if both gain, well!
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 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 it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege: farewell, young lords;
Whether I live, or die, be you the sons

Of