

² *Lord.* Sweet monsieur *Parolles*! —

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin; good sparks and lustrous! A word, good 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 intrench'd it; say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

¹ *Lord.* We shall noble captain.

Par. *Mars* dote on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king —

[*Ex. Lords.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd 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 together, dress, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and, though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finewy swordmen.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that hath 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.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will, an if my royal fox

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