

352 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Could reach them: I have seen a <sup>a</sup>medecine  
That's able to breathe life into a stone,  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to raise king *Pepin*, nay,  
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand  
To write a love-line to her.

*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  
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,  
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,  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf*. Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafeu*.]

*King*. Thus he his special nothings ever prologues.

*Laf*. [*returns*.] Nay, come your ways. [*bringing in Helena*.]

*King*. This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf*. Nay, come your ways;<sup>1</sup>  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears: I'm *Cressid*'s uncle  
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[*Exit*.]

<sup>a</sup> Medecine is here put for a she-physician.

SCENE