

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
 So make the choice of thine 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:
 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
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Rouffillon.

Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. COME on, sir, I shall now put you to the height of
 your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught; I know
 my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make you special,
 when you put off that with such contempt? but to the court!

Clown. 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.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the
 pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any
 buttock.

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*
 fore-finger, as a pancake for shrove-tuesday, a morris for may-day,
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