

360 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, restor'd
The king to health. [*She addresses herself to a lord.*]

All. We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid: —
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush that thou shouldst choose; but being refus'd
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; — all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for
my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
[*to the second lord.*]

Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine, I'd
have them whipp'd, or I would send them to the *Turk* to make
eunuchs of.

Hel.