

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Let loose upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon the contract! whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles and Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir.

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

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Par.