

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 365

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal.<sup>a</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord: well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age that I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Reenter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he, my good lord, whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? god?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more faucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup>----- eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, &c.

SCENE