

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*; they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a doghole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other regions
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades,
Therefore to th' war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll