

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 367

I'll fend her straight away: even to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard,  
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,  
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

*Enter Helena, and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly; is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she is not in heav'n, whither god fend her quickly! the other, that she's on earth, whence god fend her quickly!

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* 'Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and, to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave! how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.*