

Clo. You should have said, fir, before a knave, thou art a knave; and I am before thee that art a knave: this had been truth, fir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, fir? or were you taught to find me? the search, fir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, are strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'th' king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. — Come, firrah. [*to the clown.* [*Exit. Par.* [*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Lafeu, and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber.