

370 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his cloths. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, monsieur, I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; and am therefore found So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.*