

Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fall:  
To-morrow to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Changes to Rouffillon in France.*

*Enter Countess, and Clown.*

*Count.* IT hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that  
he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very  
melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and finge; mend his  
ruff, and finge; ask questions, and finge; pick his teeth, and finge.  
I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly  
manor for a song.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to  
come.

*Clo.* I have no mind to *Isbel* since I was at court: our old  
ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling,  
and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd  
out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no  
stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

*Countess reads a letter.*

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king,  
and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn  
to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it  
before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I  
will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,  
Bertram.*

*This*