

374 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king,  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a maid, too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two  
soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort;  
your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does;  
the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though  
it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more.  
For my part, I only heard, your son was run away.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gen.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

*2 Gen.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience, 'pray you: gentlemen,  
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

*2 Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.  
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on this letter, madam, here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring from my finger, which never  
shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I  
am*