

am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam; and, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engross'st all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* [*reading.*
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, happily, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness: my son corrupts a well-deriv'd nature with his inducement.

1 Gen.