

376 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which 'hoves him not much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will entreat you, when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near? [*Ex. Count. and Gentlemen.*]

S C E N E IV.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, *Roussillon*, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky musquets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim, pierce the still-moving air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it,
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roussillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:

My