

My being here it is that holds thee hence :  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight  
 To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Florence.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.*

*Duke.* **T**HE general of our horse thou art; and we,  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
 Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go forth,  
 And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
 Great *Mars*, I put myself into thy file;  
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [Exeunt.