

SCENE VI.

Rouffillon in France.

Enter Countess, and Steward.

Count. **A**LAS! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Letter.

*I am saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rynaldo, you ne'er lack'd advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, madam,
If I had given you this at overnight
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.