

S C E N E VIII.

*Drum and Colours.**Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.**Mar.* The gods forbid else!*Wid.* So, now they come:That is *Antonio*, the duke's eldest son;That *Escalus*.*Hel.* Which is the *Frenchman*?*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honefter,

He were much goodlier. But is it not

A handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he's not honest: yond's that same knave

That leads him to these paces; were I his lady,

I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?*Dia.* That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?*Hel.* Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battle.*Par.* Lose our drum!*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something: look, he has spied us.*Wid.* Marry, hang you![*Exeunt. Ber. Par. &c.*]*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!*Wid.* The troop is past: come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great saint *Jaques* bound,
Already at my house.*Hel.* I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

I will