

brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*Inter.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count *Roussillon*.

*Inter.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*]

*Inter.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

*Par.* O lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

*Inter.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*unbinding him.*]

So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* God bless you, captain *Parolles*.

*1 Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord *Lafeu*?  
I am for *France*.

*1 Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the count *Roussillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*]

*Inter.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Inter.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir, I am for *France* too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]