

S C E N E VI.

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
 But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
 As captain shall: simply the thing I am
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive!
 There's place and means for every man alive.
 I'll after them.

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 [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The Widow's house at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. **T**HAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
 One of the greatest in the christian world
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life; for which, gratitude
 Through flinty *Tartar's* bosom would peep forth,
 And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
 His grace is at *Marseilles*; to which place
 We have convenient convoy: you must know,
 I am supposed dead; the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant to whose trust

Your