

406 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my god, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd^a face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marfeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you've made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

^a A quibble is here intended from a wound given with a carabine.

Enter