

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well* yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent.