

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rouffillon.

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. **G**OOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter: I have ere now, fir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloths; but I am now, fir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Prythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, fir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, fir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's closestool, to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of fortune's, fir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muskcat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, fir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with
fortune,