

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 409

fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, insooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of god and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out: The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise god for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We have lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' blaze of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'er-bear it, and burn on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,

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