

410 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I have forgiven, and forgotten, all;  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,  
But first I beg my pardon; the young lord did  
To his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear. Well — call him hither;  
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.  
The matter of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
Th' incensing relics of it. Let him approach  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me  
That set him high in fame.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I'm not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once; but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.*