

At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference,
About some gossip for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust me,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen!

Pau. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen, I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

X x x 2

Pau.