

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, fir.

Lucio. O pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother; if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE