

Than twenty filky ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phæbus*' front —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: but he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Trip'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their foil.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me, I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:

As I have life, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent.