

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; not a stranger there
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The *Briton* reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and ofttimes
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but, heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heav'n's bounty tow'ards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace

I'th'