

Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A faucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. — What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*! I may say,
The credit that thy lady hath, of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. — Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try you with a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a sir, so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T'entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.