**Side 4 – Lafeu & Parolles**

**LAFEU**

Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

**PAROLLES**

Recantation! My lord! my master!

**LAFEU**

Ay; is it not a language I speak?

**PAROLLES**

A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

**LAFEU**

Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

**PAROLLES**

To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

**LAFEU**

To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

**PAROLLES**

You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

**LAFEU**

I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

**PAROLLES**

What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

**LAFEU**

I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou't scarce worth.

**PAROLLES**

My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

**LAFEU**

Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

**PAROLLES**

I have not, my lord, deserved it.

**LAFEU**

Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

**PAROLLES**

My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

**LAFEU**

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past: as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.