

You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

FIRST PLAYER Fear not my Lord, we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD Go sirrah, take them to the Buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one,
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.
(Exit one with the PLAYERS)
 Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my Page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a Lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber:
 Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
 Unto their Lords, by them accomplished,
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do:
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy.
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being over-joyed
 To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter SLY with Attendants and LORD.

SLY For God's sake a pot of small Ale.