

# All's Well That Ends Well

## 3.3

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter the Duke of Florence,  
Bertram, a drummer and trumpeters, soldiers, and  
Paroles*

**DUKE** *(to Bertram)*

The general of our horse thou art, and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

**BERTRAM**

Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

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**DUKE**

Then go thou forth,  
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm  
As thy auspicious mistress.

**BERTRAM**

This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

10

*Exeunt*