'Tis like I shall—but here comes Messire Jacques;
Why, how now, laggard, it hath stricken noon
This hour at least—or else the dial lies.

SOREL

As it may well do, seeing where it stands.
But duty, friend, hath kept me, past the hour,
Dost thou forgive?

LESLIE

Aye, and much more, in sooth,
Shouldst thou have need of pardon—for I love thee,
Frenchman and Papist, more than I can say.

SOREL

As I do thee, and yet thou quittest France
Shortly I understand, or so thou saidst
Last night, between the music.

LESLIE

Even so;
The exiled tyrant loves me not, and kings,
Even in banishment, have power for mischief:
He could not well dismiss the ambassador,
But me he could.

SOREL

And whither goest thou, then?

LESLIE

To England, first; then, later, as the King
Shall please to order; I have served him well
In the late war in Ireland, and he trusts me,
As he hath cause to do—if I should say it:
After—well, there is talk of distant mission,
Whither, I know not, nor, to tell the truth,
Since thou are French, altho' mine ancient friend,
Might I be free to tell thee, did I know.

SOREL

Nor would I ask: but—we shall meet again!
I do not like "farewell."

LESLIE

Nor I, God wot;
Yet, if thou stay in France, I know not when,
Nor how, indeed, we two are like to meet.

SOREL

But, if I journey far,—as I shall do
Ere many days—it may be, we shall meet
When least we look to do so.

LESLIE

Truly, Jacques,
I trust it may be so: 'tis many years,
More than I like to count, since thou and I
First met each other—I, the heretic,
And thou the Papist: yet, methinks our love