

All's Well That Ends Well

Act III, sc. 4 (line 25)

Steward

Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNTESS

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear

And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife;

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth

That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief.

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger:

When haply he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return; and hope I may that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me. I have no skill in sense

To make distinction: provide this messenger:

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt