

# *All's Well That Ends Well*

Act IV, sc. 4 (line 1)

## HELENA

That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd  
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

## **Widow**

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

## HELENA

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play  
With what it loathes for that which is away.  
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

**Diana**

Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

**HELENA**

Yet, I pray you:  
But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:  
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

*Exeunt*