

# *All's Well That Ends Well*

## Act I, sc. 3

### HELENA

Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son.  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended, for it hurts not him  
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and Love; O! then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.