

All's Well That Ends Well

Act III, sc. 2

HELENA

'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France"

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the non-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.