

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

William Shakespeare

- WIDOW: God save you pilgrim, whither are bound?
- HELENA: To Saint. Jaques la Grand.  
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
- WIDOW: At the Saint. Francis here beside the Port.
- HELENA: Is this the way?  
A march afar.
- WIDOW: Aye marry ist. Hark you, they come this way:  
If you will tarry holy Pilgrim  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,  
The rather for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as my self.
- HELENA: Is it your self?
- WIDOW: If you shall please so Pilgrim.
- HELENA: I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
- WIDOW: You came I think from France?
- HELENA: I did so.
- WIDOW: Here you shall see a Countryman of yours  
That has done worthy service.
- HELENA: His name I pray you?
- WIDOW: The Count Rossillion: know you such a one?
- HELENA: But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:  
His face I know not.
- WIDOW: What some 'ere he is  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France  
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him  
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
- HELENA: Aye surely mere the truth, I know his Lady.
- WIDOW: There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.
- HELENA: What's his name?
- WIDOW: Monsieur Parolles.
- HELENA: Oh I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

WIDOW: Alas poor Lady,  
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting Lord.  
Aye right good creature, wheresoere she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: (*indicating her daughter*) this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

HELENA: How do you mean?  
May be the amorous Count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

WIDOW: He does indeed,  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Count Rossillion, Parolles, and the whole Army.*

WIDOW: So, now they come:  
That is Antonio the Dukes eldest son,  
That Escalus.

HELENA: Which is the Frenchman?

WIDOW: He,  
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,  
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest  
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman ?

HELENA: I like him well.

WIDOW: 'Tis pity he is not honest: yonds that same knave  
That leads him to these places: were I his Lady,  
I would poison that vile Rascal.

HELENA: Which is he?

WIDOW: That Jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

HELENA: Perchance he's hurt i'th battle.

WIDOW: He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look he has spied us.

*.Exit.*