

Cymbeline

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 24 - Verse)

Queen

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then

As great as is thy master, greater, for

His fortunes all lie speechless and his name

Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is: to shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes comes to decay

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans,

Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

So much as but to prop him?

The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up

Thou takest up

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

What is more cordial. Nay, I prethee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words.

Exit PISANIO

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaken; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies

So, so: well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.