

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect  
To be depender on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,  
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up

[Pisanio looking on the vial.]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I make, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, 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 change thou chancest 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 Pis.] A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,  
And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand fast to her lord. I've giv'n him that,  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after  
(Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd  
To taste of too. —

*Reenter 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.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Pis.* I shall do so:  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*]  
SCENE