



***WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE,  
SIDNEY LEE***

***THE WINTER'S  
TALE***

**William Shakespeare & Sidney Lee**

# **The Winter's Tale**

**Including "The Life of William Shakespeare"**

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# The Winter's Tale

## Dramatis Personae

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Gaoler  
Servant to the Old Shepherd  
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HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes  
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Other Ladies, attending on the Queen

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs  
for a Dance; Shepherds,  
Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

TIME, as Chorus

Scene:  
Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

# ACT I.

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### **SCENE I. Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.**

[Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS]

ARCHIDAMUS

If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAMILLO

I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCHIDAMUS

Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed,—

CAMILLO

Beseech you,—

ARCHIDAMUS

Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAMILLO

You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCHIDAMUS

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me  
and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAMILLO

Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They  
were trained together in their childhoods; and there  
rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot  
choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities  
and royal necessities made separation of their society,  
their encounters, though not personal, have been royally  
attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving  
embassies; that they have seemed to be together,  
though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and  
embraced as it were from the ends of opposed winds.  
The heavens continue their loves!

ARCHIDAMUS

I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to  
alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young  
Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest  
promise that ever came into my note.

CAMILLO

I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a  
gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes  
old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was  
born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCHIDAMUS

Would they else be content to die?

CAMILLO

Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire  
to live.



ARCHIDAMUS

If the king had no son, they would desire to live on  
crutches till he had one.

[Exeunt.]

## **SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace.**

[Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS,  
CAMILLO, and Attendants.]

POLIXENES

Nine changes of the watery star hath been  
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one we-thank-you many thousands more  
That go before it.

LEONTES

Stay your thanks a while,  
And pay them when you part.

POLIXENES

Sir, that's tomorrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
'This is put forth too truly.' Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES

We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES  
No longer stay.

LEONTES  
One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES  
Very sooth, tomorrow.

LEONTES  
We'll part the time between 's then: and in that  
I'll no gainsaying.

POLIXENES  
Press me not, beseech you, so,  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,  
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,  
Were, in your love a whip to me; my stay  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES  
Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE  
I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until  
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,  
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaimed: say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell he longs to see his son were strong:  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[To POLIXENES]

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
To let him there a month behind the gest  
Prefix'd for's parting:—yet, good deed, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar of the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

POLIXENES

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,  
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,  
You shall not go; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?  
My prisoner or my guest? by your dread 'verily,'  
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES

Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

HERMIONE

Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.  
You were pretty lordings then.

POLIXENES

We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day tomorrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE

Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun  
And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly 'Not guilty,' the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

HERMIONE

By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

POLIXENES

O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to 's! for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

HERMIONE

Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;  
The offences we have made you do we'll answer;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

LEONTES

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES

At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

HERMIONE

Never?

LEONTES

Never but once.

HERMIONE

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?  
I pr'ythee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages; you may ride 's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to the purpose—when?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEONTES

Why, that was when  
Three crabbèd months had sour'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter  
'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE

It is Grace indeed.  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
Th' other for some while a friend.  
[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

LEONTES

[Aside.] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me;—my heart dances;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer: O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows,—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS  
Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES  
I' fecks!  
Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?  
—

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd neat.—

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE]  
Still virginalling  
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS  
Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES  
Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,  
To be full like me:—yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say anything: but were they false  
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters,—false  
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!  
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?  
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—  
With what's unreal thou co-active art,  
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent  
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,—  
And that beyond commission; and I find it,—  
And that to the infection of my brains  
And hardening of my brows.

POLIXENES  
What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE  
He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES  
How! my lord!  
What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE  
You look  
As if you held a brow of much distraction:  
Are you mov'd, my lord?

LEONTES  
No, in good earnest.—  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,



As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money?

MAMILLIUS

No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will? Why, happy man be 's dole!—My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

HERMIONE

If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden. Shall 's attend you there?

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,  
Be you beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angling now.  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to!

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE]  
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.]  
Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—  
Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm  
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour; nay, there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will: should all despair  
That hath revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly: know't;  
It will let in and out the enemy  
With bag and baggage. Many thousand of us  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS

I am like you, they say.

LEONTES

Why, that's some comfort.—  
What! Camillo there?

CAMILLO

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—  
[Exit MAMILLIUS.]  
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO

You had much ado to make his anchor hold:  
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEONTES

Didst note it?

CAMILLO

He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.

LEONTES

Didst perceive it?—  
[Aside.] They're here with me already; whispering,  
rounding,  
'Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone  
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

CAMILLO

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES

At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of headpiece extraordinary? lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

CAMILLO

Business, my lord! I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEONTES

Ha!

CAMILLO

Stays here longer.

LEONTES

Ay, but why?

CAMILLO

To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES

Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistress!—satisfy!—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

CAMILLO

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES

To bide upon't,—thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAMILLO

My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth: in your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the nonperformance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

LEONTES

Have not you seen, Camillo,—

But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—  
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think it,—  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,—  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought,—then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

CAMILLO

I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift;  
Hours, minutes; noon, midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked?—is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES  
Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO  
No, no, my lord.

LEONTES  
It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both.—Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO  
Who does infect her?

LEONTES  
Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who mayst see,  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,  
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,—

LEONTES

Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—  
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,—  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—  
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

CAMILLO

I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

LEONTES

Thou dost advise me  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.



CAMILLO

My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia  
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer.  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

LEONTES

This is all:

Do't, and thou hast the one-half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

CAMILLO

I'll do't, my lord.

LEONTES

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.]

CAMILLO

O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

[Enter POLIXENES.]

POLIXENES

This is strange! methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

CAMILLO  
Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES  
What is the news i' the court?

CAMILLO  
None rare, my lord.

POLIXENES  
The king hath on him such a countenance  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

CAMILLO  
I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES  
How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with't.

CAMILLO

There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES

How! caught of me!  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

CAMILLO

I may not answer.

POLIXENES

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

CAMILLO

Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him

That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry lost, and so goodnight!

POLIXENES  
On, good Camillo.

CAMILLO  
I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES  
By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO  
By the king.

POLIXENES  
For what?

CAMILLO  
He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES  
O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

CAMILLO

Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

POLIXENES

How should this grow?

CAMILLO

I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If, therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away tonight.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

POLIXENES

I do believe thee;  
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure

Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of this theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAMILLO

It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.  
[Exeunt.]