Hermione. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until 
You have 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 proclaim'd: say this to him, 
He's beat from his best ward. 

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. 
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 o' the clock behind 
What lady-she her lord. You'll stay? 

Hermione. Nay, but you will? 

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' s 
As potent as a lord's. Will you 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. 

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? 

Hermione. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?  

Hermione. By this we gather  
      You have tripp'd since.  

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.  

Hermione. He'll stay my lord.  

Hermione. Never?  

Hermione. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?  
      I prithee 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 beat 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.  

Hermione. 'Tis grace indeed.  
      Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:  
      The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
      The other for some while a friend.  

Hermione. He something seems unsettled.  

Hermione. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction  
      Are you moved, my lord?  

Hermione. If you would seek us,  
      We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?
Hermione. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
   'Tis past enduring.

Hermione. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
   I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
   And tell 's a tale.

Hermione. As merry as you will.

Hermione. Let's have that, good sir.
   Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
   To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Hermione. Come on, then,
   And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, Lords and others

Hermione. What is this? sport?

Hermione. But I'd say he had not,
   And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
   Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Hermione. Should a villain say so,
   The most replenish'd villain in the world,
   He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
   Do but mistake.

Hermione. No, by my life.
   Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
   When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
   You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
   You scarce can right me throughly then to say
   You did mistake.

Hermione. There's some ill planet reigns:
   I must be patient till the heavens look
   With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
   I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
   Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
   Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  2.1.134
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,  2.1.135
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  2.1.136
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  2.1.137
The king's will be perform'd!  2.1.138

Hermione. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,  2.1.140
My women may be with me; for you see  2.1.141
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  2.1.142
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress  2.1.143
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears  2.1.144
As I come out: this action I now go on  2.1.145
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:  2.1.146
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  2.1.147
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.  2.1.148

Hermione. Since what I am to say must be but that  3.2.22
Which contradicts my accusation and  3.2.23
The testimony on my part no other  3.2.24
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  3.2.25
To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity  3.2.26
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  3.2.27
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine  3.2.28
Behold our human actions, as they do,  3.2.29
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  3.2.30
False accusation blush and tyranny  3.2.31
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  3.2.32
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  3.2.33
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  3.2.34
As I am now unhappy; which is more  3.2.35
Than history can pattern, though devised  3.2.36
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me  3.2.37
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  3.2.38
A moiety of the throne a great king's daughter,  3.2.39
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  3.2.40
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  3.2.41
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  3.2.42
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  3.2.43
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  3.2.44
And only that I stand for. I appeal  3.2.45
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  3.2.46
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  3.2.47
How merited to be so; since he came,  3.2.48
With what encounter so uncurrent I  3.2.49
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond  3.2.50
The bound of honour, or in act or will  3.2.51
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  3.2.52
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  3.2.53
Cry fie upon my grave!  3.2.54
Hermione. That's true enough;  
Through 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.  

Hermione. More than mistress of  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accused, I do confess  
I loved him as in honour he required,  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me, with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.  

Hermione. Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.  

Hermione. Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost: for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder: myself on every post  
Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this: mistake me not; no life,  
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
"Tis rigor and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

Hermione. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION

Hermione. Praised!

Hermione. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.