## CAMILLO

## My gracious lord,If ever I were wilful-negligent,It was my folly; if industriouslyI play'd the fool, it was my negligence,But, beseech your grace,Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass.

## LEONTES

## Ha' not you seen, Camillo,--But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glassIs thicker than a cuckold's horn,--or heard,--For to a vision so apparent rumourCannot be mute,--or thought,--for cogitationResides not in that man that does not think,--My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,Or else be impudently negative,To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then sayMy wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a nameAs rank as any flax-wench that puts toBefore her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

## CAMILLO

## I would not be a stander-by to hearMy sovereign mistress clouded so, withoutMy present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,You never spoke what did become you lessThan this.

## LEONTES

## Is whispering nothing?Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?

## Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the careerOf laughing with a sigh?--a note infallibleOf breaking honesty--horsing foot on foot?Skulking in corners? And all eyesBlind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only. Is this nothing?Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,If this be nothing.

## CAMILLO

## Good my lord, be curedOf this diseased 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. Were my wife's liverInfected as her life, she would not liveThe running of one glass.

## CAMILLO

## Who does infect her?

## LEONTES

## Why, he that wears her like a medal, hangingAbout his neck, Bohemia: who, if IHad servants true about me, that bare eyesTo see alike mine honour as their profits.

## They would do thatWhich should undo more doing: Thou 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: but I cannotBelieve this crack to be in my dread mistress,So sovereignly being honourable.I have loved thee.

## LEONTES

## Make that thy question, and go rot!Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,To appoint myself in this vexation, sullyThe purity and whiteness of my sheets,Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,Who I do think is mine and love as mine,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 removed, 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.