## CAMILLO

## My gracious lord, If ever I were wilful-negligent, It was my folly; if industriously I 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-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,-- 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.

## LEONTES

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

## Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career Of laughing with a sigh?--a note infallible Of breaking honesty--horsing foot on foot? Skulking in corners? And all eyes Blind 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 cured Of 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 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 a 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.

## They would do that Which 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 cannot Believe 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, sully The 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.