PAULO

*(to Leontes)* My brother, with our thanks.
Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The Shepherd's note since we have left our throneWithout a burthen: We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

LEONTES

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

PAULO

Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance;

Or breed upon our absence;that may blow
No sneaping winds at home

LEONTES

One seven-night longer.

PAUL

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES

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

PAULO

Press me not, beseech you.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

## HERMIONE

## I had thought, sir, to have held my peace untilYou have drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sureAll in Bohemia's well~~;~~ this satisfactionThe by-gone day proclaim'd: 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;We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

## Yet of your royal presence I'll adventureThe borrow of a week. When at BohemiaYou take my lord, I'll give him my commissionTo let him there a month behind the gestPrefix'd for's parting:  You'll stay~~?~~

## PAULO

## No, madam.

## HERMIONE

## Nay, but you will?

## PAULO

## I may not, verily.

## HERMIONE

## Verily! You put me off with limber vows; but I,Though you would seek to unsphere thestars with oaths,Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 'sAs potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?Force me to keep you as a prisoner,Not like a guest; How say you?My prisoner? Or my guest? By your dread 'Verily,'One of them you shall be.

## PAULO

## Your guest, then, madam:To be your prisoner should import offending;Which is for me less easy to commitThan 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: