

2 *Lady*. She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

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

*Mam*. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Her*. As merry as you will.

*Mam*. A sad tale's best  
For winter: I have one of sprights and goblins.

*Her*. Let us have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best,  
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

*Mam*. There was a man —

*Her*. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam*. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly:  
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her*. Come on then, and give it me in mine ear.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.*

*Leo*. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

*Lord*. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them  
On even to their ships.

*Leo*. How blest am I  
In my just censure! in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

*Camillo* was his help in this, his pander:

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