

Enter Emilia.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, my poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn:

These dang'rous, unsafe lunes i'th' king, beshrew them!
He must be told of it, and shall; the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd on this design,

But