

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest
To-night; 'tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, and droop'd, took it most deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. — Fie, fie! no thought of him; [*Ex. Attend.*
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoils upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him
Be till a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Pau. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh

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