

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,
But, first, I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing. [*laying down the child.*]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not so;

I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so entit'ling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard. [*to Ant.*]
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd, unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

Pau. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Pau. So I would you did! then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leo.