

*Leo.* A callat  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Pau.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valleys,  
The dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,  
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't! lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's.

*Leo.* A gross hag!  
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leo.* Once more, take her hence.

*Pau.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leo.* I'll ha' thee burn'd.

*Pau.* I care not;  
It is an heretick that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,

Yea,