

Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel —

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither; [to Ant.
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray) what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; what's possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it; see'st thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it to some stranger place,
Where chance may nurse or end it: take it up.

Ant.