

Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, as they do,  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusations blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
 Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd  
 And play'd to take spectators: for behold me  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before *Polixenes*  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so: since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent have  
 I strain'd t' appear thus? if one jot beyond  
 The bounds of honour, or in act or will  
 That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry, fie, upon my grave!

*Leo.* I never heard yet  
 That any of those bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
 Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough,  
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than I'm mistress of,  
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

Y y y 2

At