

At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,  
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,  
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
 With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you, and towards your friend; whose love had spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how; all I know of it,  
 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not:  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
 Which I'll lay down.

*Leo.* Your actions are my dreams.  
 You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,  
 And I but dream'd it: as you are past all shame,  
 (Those of your fact are) so you're past all truth;  
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails:  
 For as thy brat's cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage  
 Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;  
 The bug, which you would fright we with, I seek:  
 To me can life be no commodity;  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do