

Must I receive? whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny,
 Together working with thy jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine, o! think what they have done,
 And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee of a soul inconstant
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,
 To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
 To be, or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly lay'd to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Lay'd to thy answer; but the last, o, lords,
 When I have said, cry, wo! the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
 Not drop'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Pau. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods. But, o thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all thy vows can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

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