The Winter's Tale

Act III, sc. 2 (line 173)

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture

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 fool, inconstant

And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,

Thou wouldst 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 done't:

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,

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Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire

Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,

Laid to thy answer: but the last,--O lords,

When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.