

# *The Winter's Tale*

Act III, sc. 2 (line 160)

## LEONTES

*Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.*

*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE*

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the hazard

Of all encertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his pity

Does my deeds make the blacker!