

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA

No noise, my lord, but needful conference.

LEONTES How?—

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
What, canst not rule her?

PAULINA

From all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done—
Commit me for committing honor—trust it,
He shall not rule me.

ANTIGONUS

When she will take the rein I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

PAULINA Good my liege, I come—

And I beseech you hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils
Than such as most seem yours—I say I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen?

PAULINA

Good queen, my lord, good queen, I say “good
queen,”
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter—
Here 'tis—commends it to your blessing.
She lays down the baby.

LEONTES Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door.

PAULINA, *to Antigonus* Forever

Unvenerable be thy hands if thou
Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't.

LEONTES He dreads his wife.

PAULINA

So I would you did. Then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES

This brat is none of mine.
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire.

PAULINA It is yours,

So like you 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father—eye, nose, lip,
The pretty dimples of her chin and cheek, her
smiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made her
So like to him that got her, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all humors
No madness in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

LEONTES *to Paulina* I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not.

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something
savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEONTES, *to Antigonus*

Away with her!

PAULINA, *to Antigonus*

I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone.—
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours.