

The Winter's Tale

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 157 - Verse)

Leontes

Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say anything but were they false

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?--may't be?--

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held,

Communicatest with dreams;--how can this be?--

With what's unreal thou coactive art,

And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent

Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains

And hardening of my brows.