

# The Winter's Tale

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 160 - Verse)

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## 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!