

**LEONTES**

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

**CAMILLO**

You had much ado to make his anchor hold:  
When you cast out, it still came home.

**LEONTES**

Didst note it?

**CAMILLO**

He would not stay at your petitions: made  
His business more material.

**LEONTES**

Didst perceive it?

*[Aside]*

They're here with me already, whispering, rounding  
'Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last. -- How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

**CAMILLO**

At the good queen's entreaty.

**LEONTES**

At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent  
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?

**CAMILLO**

I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

**LEONTES**

Ay, but why?

**CAMILLO**

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

**LEONTES**

Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived  
In that which seems so.

**CAMILLO**

My gracious lord,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

**LEONTES**

Ha' not you seen, Camillo,--  
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,--or heard,--  
For to a vision so apparent rumour  
Cannot be mute,--or thought,--for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think,--  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-pledge: say't and justify't.

**CAMILLO**

I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

**LEONTES**

Say it be, 'tis true.

**CAMILLO**

No, no, my lord.

**LEONTES**

It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.