

# *The Winter's Tale*

Act III, sc. 2 (line 173)

## PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done  
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,  
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter  
To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,--O lords,  
When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the queen,  
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't  
Not dropp'd down yet.