

The Winter's Tale

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 295 - Verse)

Camillo

LEONTES

*To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.*

CAMILLO

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Where of the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty

Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage: if I then deny it,

'Tis none of mine.