

The Winter's Tale

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 1 (line 130 - Verse)

Hermione

There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

Commonly are; the want of which vain dew

Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have

That honourable grief lodged here which burns

Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The king's will be perform'd!

LEONTES

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears

As I come out: this action I now go on

Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.