

**HERMIONE (Winters Tale 3.2):**

Sir spare your threats:

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life: your favor:

I do give lost for I do feel it gone

But know not how it went: My second joy

And first-fruits of my body from his presence

I am barr'd like one infectious: My third comfort

Starr'd most unluckily is from my breast

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth

Haled out to murder: myself on every post

Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred

The child-bed privilege denied which 'longs

To women of all fashion: lastly hurried

Here to this place i' the open air before

I have got strength of limit: