

# The Winters Tale

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The Winters Tale

Aa1

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2 *Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

3 *Arch.*

4 If you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on  
5 the like occasion whereon my seruices are now  
6 on- foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great dif-ference  
7 betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

8 *Cam.* I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of  
9 *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which hee  
10 iustly owes him.

11 *Arch.* Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we  
12 will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed—

13 *Cam.* 'Beseech you—

14 *Arch.* Verely I speake it in the freedome of my know-ledge:  
15 we cannot with such magnificence— in so rare—  
16 I know not what to say— Wee will giue you sleepe  
17 Drinkes, that your Sences (vn- intelligent of our insuffi-  
18 cience) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little ac-  
19 cuse

20 *Cam.* You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen  
21 freely.

22 *Arch.* 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding in-structs  
23 me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

24 *Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer- kind to *Bohe-  
25 mia*:  
26 They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods;  
27 and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection,  
28 which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more  
29 mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperati-  
30 on  
31 of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perso-nall)  
32 hath been Royally attorneyed with enter- change of  
33 Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to  
34 be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast;  
35 and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds.  
36 The Heauens continue their Loues.

37 *Arch.* I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice  
38 or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort  
39 of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the  
40 greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

41 *Cam.* I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him:

40 it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Sub-iect,  
 41 makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches  
 42 ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.  
 43 *Arch.* Would they else be content to die?  
 44 *Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should  
 45 desire to liue.  
 46 *Arch.* If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to  
 47 liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

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***Scoena Secunda.***

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49 *Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.*  
 50 *Pol.* Nine Changes of the Watry- Starre hath been  
 51 The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne  
 52 Without a Burthen: Time as long againe  
 53 Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,  
 54 And yet we should, for perpetuitie,  
 55 Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher  
 56 (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply  
 57 With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,  
 58 That goe before it.  
 59 *Leo.* Stay your Thanks a while,  
 60 And pay them when you part.  
 61 *Pol.* Sir, that's to morrow:  
 62 I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,  
 63 Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow  
 64 No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,  
 65 This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd  
 66 To tyre your Royaltie.  
 67 *Leo.* We are tougher (Brother)  
 68 Then you can put vs to't.  
 69 *Pol.* No longer stay.  
 70 *Leo.* One Seue' night longer.  
 71 *Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.  
 72 *Leo.* Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that  
 73 Ile no gaine- saying.  
 74 *Pol.* Presse me not ('beseech you) so:  
 75 There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World  
 76 So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
 77 Were there necessitie in your request, although  
 78 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires  
 79 Doe euen drag me home- ward: which to hinder,  
 80 Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,  
 81 To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,

82 Farewell (our Brother.)  
83 *Leo.* Tongue- ty'd our Queene? speake you.  
84 *Her.* I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill  
85 You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)  
86 Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure  
87 All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction,  
88 The by- gone- day proclaym'd, say this to him,  
89 He's beat from his best ward.  
90 *Leo.* Well said, *Hermione.*  
91 *Her.* To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:  
92 But let him say so then, and let him goe;  
93 But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,  
94 Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.  
95 Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture  
96 The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*  
97 You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,  
98 To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest  
99 Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good- deed) *Leontes,*  
100 I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind [Aa1v  
101 What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?  
102 *Pol.* No, Madame.  
103 *Her.* Nay, but you will?  
104 *Pol.* I may not verely.  
105 *Her.* Verely?  
106 You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,  
107 Though you would seek t' vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,  
108 Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely  
109 You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is  
110 As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?  
111 Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,  
112 Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees  
113 When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?  
114 My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,  
115 One of them you shall be.  
116 *Pol.* Your Guest then, Madame:  
117 To be your Prisoner, should import offending;  
118 Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,  
119 Then you to punish.  
120 *Her.* Not your Gaoler then,  
121 But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you  
122 Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:  
123 You were pretty Lordings then?  
124 *Pol.* We were (faire Queene)  
125 Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
126 But such a day to morrow, as to day,  
127 And to be Boy eternall.

128 *Her.* Was not my Lord  
 129 The veryer Wag o'th' two?  
 130 *Pol.* We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,  
 131 And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
 132 Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not  
 133 The Doctrine of ill- doing, nor dream'd  
 134 That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,  
 135 And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd  
 136 With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen  
 137 Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,  
 138 Hereditarie ours.  
 139 *Her.* By this we gather  
 140 You haue tript since.  
 141 *Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,  
 142 Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for  
 143 In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;  
 144 Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes  
 145 Of my young Play- fellow.  
 146 *Her.* Grace to boot:  
 147 Of this make no conclusion, least you say  
 148 Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,  
 149 Th' offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,  
 150 If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs  
 151 You did continue fault; and that you slipt not  
 152 With any, but with vs.  
 153 *Leo.* Is he woon yet?  
 154 *Her.* Hee'le stay (my Lord.)  
 155 *Leo.* At my request, he would not:  
 156 *Hermione* (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st  
 157 To better purpose.  
 158 *Her.* Neuer?  
 159 *Leo.* Neuer, but once.  
 160 *Her.* What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?  
 161 I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's  
 162 As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,  
 163 Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.  
 164 Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's  
 165 With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere  
 166 With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:  
 167 My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.  
 168 What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,  
 169 Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.  
 170 But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?  
 171 Nay, let me haue't: I long.  
 172 *Leo.* Why, that was when  
 173 Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselues to death,



174 Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
 175 A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,  
 176 I am yours for euer.  
 177 *Her.* 'Tis Grace indeed.  
 178 Why lo- you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:  
 179 The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;  
 180 Th' other, for some while a Friend.  
 181 *Leo.* Too hot, too hot:  
 182 To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.  
 183 I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,  
 184 But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment  
 185 May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie  
 186 From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,  
 187 And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:  
 188 But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,  
 189 As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles  
 190 As in a Looking- Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 191 The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment  
 192 My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,  
 193 Art thou my Boy?  
 194 *Mam.* I, my good Lord.  
 195 *Leo.* I'fecks:  
 196 Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?  
 197 They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,  
 198 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:  
 199 And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,  
 200 Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling  
 201 Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)  
 202 Art thou my Calfe?  
 203 *Mam.* Yes, if you will (my Lord.)  
 204 *Leo.* Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue  
 205 To be full, like me: yet they say we are  
 206 Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,  
 207 (That will say any thing.) But were they false  
 208 As o're- dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false  
 209 As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
 210 No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,  
 211 To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)  
 212 Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,  
 213 Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be  
 214 Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.  
 215 Thou do'st make possible things not so held,  
 216 Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)  
 217 With what's vnreal: thou coactiue art,  
 218 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
 219 Thou may'st co- ioyne with something, and thou do'st,

220 (And that beyond Commission) and I find it,  
 221 (And that to the infection of my Braines,  
 222 And hardning of my Browes.)  
 223 *Pol.* What meanes *Sicilia*?  
 224 *Her.* He something seemes vnsetled.  
 225 *Pol.* How? my Lord?  
 226 *Leo.* What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?  
 227 *Her.* You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:  
 228 Are you mou'd (my Lord?)  
 229 *Leo.* No, in good earnest.  
 230 How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
 231 It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime  
 232 To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes [Aa2  
 233 Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle  
 234 Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn- breech'd,  
 235 In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,  
 236 Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue  
 237 (As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:  
 238 How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,  
 239 This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,  
 240 Will you take Egges for Money?  
 241 *Mam.* No (my Lord) Ile fight.  
 242 *Leo.* You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother  
 243 Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we  
 244 Doe seeme to be of ours?  
 245 *Pol.* If at home (Sir)  
 246 He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;  
 247 Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;  
 248 My Parasite, my Souldier: States- man; all:  
 249 He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,  
 250 And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me  
 251 Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.  
 252 *Leo.* So stands this Squire  
 253 Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)  
 254 And leaue you to your grauer steps. *Hermione*,  
 255 How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;  
 256 Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:  
 257 Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's  
 258 Apparant to my heart.  
 259 *Her.* If you would seeke vs,  
 260 We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?  
 261 *Leo.* To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,  
 262 Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,  
 263 (Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)  
 264 Goe too, goe too.  
 265 How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?

266 And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife  
 267 To her allowing Husband. Gone already,  
 268 Ynch- thick, knee- deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.  
 269 Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I  
 270 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
 271 Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor  
 272 Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been  
 273 (Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,  
 274 And many a man there is (euen at this present,  
 275 Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,  
 276 That little thinkes she ha's been sluyc'd in's absence,  
 277 And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by  
 278 Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,  
 279 Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd  
 280 (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire  
 281 That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind  
 282 Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:  
 283 It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike  
 284 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:  
 285 From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,  
 286 No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,  
 287 It will let in and out the Enemy,  
 288 With bag and baggage: many thousand on's  
 289 Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?  
 290 *Mam.* I am like you say.  
 291 *Leo.* Why, that's some comfort.  
 292 What? *Camillo* there?  
 293 *Cam.* I, my good Lord.  
 294 *Leo.* Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:  
 295 *Camillo*, this great Sir will yet stay longer.  
 296 *Cam.* You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,  
 297 When you cast out, it still came home.  
 298 *Leo.* Didst note it?  
 299 *Cam.* He would not stay at your Petitions, made  
 300 His Businesse more materiall.  
 301 *Leo.* Didst perceiue it?  
 302 They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:  
 303 Sicilia is a so- forth: 'tis farre gone,  
 304 When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)  
 305 That he did stay?  
 306 *Cam.* At the good Queenes entreatie.  
 307 *Leo.* At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,  
 308 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
 309 By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?  
 310 For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in  
 311 More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,

312 But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls  
 313 Of Head- peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes  
 314 Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.  
 315 *Cam.* Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand  
 316 *Bohemia* stayes here longer.  
 317 *Leo.* Ha?  
 318 *Cam.* Stayes here longer.  
 319 *Leo.* I, but why?  
 320 *Cam.* To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties  
 321 Of our most gracious Mistresse.  
 322 *Leo.* Satisfie?  
 323 Th' entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?  
 324 Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)  
 325 With all the neerest things to my heart, as well  
 326 My Chamber- Councels, wherein (Priest- like) thou  
 327 Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed  
 328 Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been  
 329 Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd  
 330 In that which seemes so.  
 331 *Cam.* Be it forbid (my Lord.)  
 332 *Leo.* To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or  
 333 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,  
 334 Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning  
 335 From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted  
 336 A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,  
 337 And therein negligent: or else a Foole,  
 338 That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,  
 339 And tak'st it all for ieast.  
 340 *Cam.* My gracious Lord,  
 341 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,  
 342 In euery one of these, no man is free,  
 343 But that his negligence, his folly, feare,  
 344 Among the infinite doings of the World,  
 345 Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)  
 346 If euer I were wilfull- negligent,  
 347 It was my folly: if industriously  
 348 I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,  
 349 Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull  
 350 To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 351 Whereof the execution did cry out  
 352 Against the non- performance, 'twas a feare  
 353 Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)  
 354 Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie  
 355 Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace  
 356 Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas  
 357 By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,

358 'Tis none of mine.  
 359 *Leo.* Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?  
 360 (But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye- glasse  
 361 Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?  
 362 (For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor  
 363 Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation  
 364 Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke) [Aa2v  
 365 My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,  
 366 Or else be impudently negatiue,  
 367 To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say  
 368 My Wife's a Holy- Horse, deserues a Name  
 369 As ranke as any Flax- Wench, that puts to  
 370 Before her troth- plight: say't, and iustify't.  
 371 *Cam.* I would not be a stander- by, to heare  
 372 My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without  
 373 My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
 374 You neuer spoke what did become you lesse  
 375 Then this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 376 As deepe as that, though true.  
 377 *Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
 378 Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?  
 379 Kissing with in- side Lip? stopping the Cariere  
 380 Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible  
 381 Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?  
 382 Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?  
 383 Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid- night? and all Eyes  
 384 Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,  
 385 That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?  
 386 Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
 387 The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,  
 388 My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,  
 389 If this be nothing.  
 390 *Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd  
 391 Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,  
 392 For 'tis most dangerous.  
 393 *Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.  
 394 *Cam.* No, no, my Lord.  
 395 *Leo.* It is: you lye, you lye:  
 396 I say thou lyeest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
 397 Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,  
 398 Or else a houering Temporizer, that  
 399 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,  
 400 Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer  
 401 Infected (as her life) she would not liue  
 402 The running of one Glasse.  
 403 *Cam.* Who do's infect her?

404 *Leo.* Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging  
 405 About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I  
 406 Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes  
 407 To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,  
 408 (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that  
 409 Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou  
 410 His Cup- bearer, whom I from meaner forme  
 411 Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see  
 412 Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,  
 413 How I am gall'd, might'st be- spice a Cup,  
 414 To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:  
 415 Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

416 *Cam.* Sir (my Lord)  
 417 I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,  
 418 But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke  
 419 Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot  
 420 Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse  
 421 (So soueraignely being Honorable.)  
 422 I haue lou'd thee,

423 *Leo.* Make that thy question, and goe rot:  
 424 Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,  
 425 To appoint my selfe in this vexation?  
 426 Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes  
 427 (Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,  
 428 Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)  
 429 Giue scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,  
 430 (Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)  
 431 Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?  
 432 Could man so blench?

433 *Cam.* I must beleeue you (Sir)  
 434 I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
 435 Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse  
 436 Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,  
 437 Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
 438 The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
 439 Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

440 *Leo.* Thou do'st aduise me,  
 441 Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:  
 442 Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

443 *Cam.* My Lord,  
 444 Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare  
 445 As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,  
 446 And with your Queene: I am his Cup- bearer,  
 447 If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,  
 448 Account me not your Seruant.

449 *Leo.* This is all:

450 Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;  
 451 Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.  
 452 *Cam.* Ile do't, my Lord.  
 453 *Leo.* I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me. *Exit*  
 454 *Cam.* O miserable Lady. But for me,  
 455 What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner  
 456 Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,  
 457 Is the obedience to a Master; one,  
 458 Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue  
 459 All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,  
 460 Promotion follows: If I could find example  
 461 Of thousand's that had struck anynted Kings,  
 462 And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since  
 463 Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,  
 464 Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must  
 465 Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine  
 466 To me a breake- neck. Happy Starre raigne now,  
 467 Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes*.  
 468 *Pol.* This is strange: Me thinkes  
 469 My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?  
 470 Good day *Camillo*.  
 471 *Cam.* Hayle most Royall Sir.  
 472 *Pol.* What is the Newes i'th' Court?  
 473 *Cam.* None rare (my Lord.)  
 474 *Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
 475 As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region  
 476 Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him  
 477 With customarie complement, when hee  
 478 Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
 479 A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and  
 480 So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,  
 481 That changes thus his Manners.  
 482 *Cam.* I dare not know (my Lord.)  
 483 *Pol.* How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?  
 484 Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:  
 485 For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,  
 486 And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
 487 Your chang'd complexion are to me a Mirror,  
 488 Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
 489 A partie in this alteration, finding  
 490 My selfe thus alter'd with't.  
 491 *Cam.* There is a sicknesse  
 492 Which puts some of vs in distemper, but  
 493 I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught  
 494 Of you, that yet are well.  
 495 *Pol.* How caught of me?

496 Make me not sighted like the Basilisque. [Aa3  
 497 I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better  
 498 By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,  
 499 As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto  
 500 Clerke- like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes  
 501 Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,  
 502 In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,  
 503 If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,  
 504 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
 505 In ignorant concealement.  
 506 *Cam.* I may not answere.  
 507 *Pol.* A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?  
 508 I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,  
 509 I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,  
 510 Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least  
 511 Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare  
 512 What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme  
 513 Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,  
 514 Which way to be preuented, if to be:  
 515 If not, how best to beare it.  
 516 *Cam.* Sir, I will tell you,  
 517 Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him  
 518 That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,  
 519 Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as  
 520 I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,  
 521 Cry lost, and so good night.  
 522 *Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.  
 523 *Cam.* I am appointed him to murther you.  
 524 *Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?  
 525 *Cam.* By the King.  
 526 *Pol.* For what?  
 527 *Cam.* He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,  
 528 As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument  
 529 To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene  
 530 Forbiddenly.  
 531 *Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turne  
 532 To an infected Gelly, and my Name  
 533 Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:  
 534 Turne then my freshest Reputation to  
 535 A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill  
 536 Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,  
 537 Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection  
 538 That ere was heard, or read.  
 539 *Cam.* Swear his thought ouer  
 540 By each particular Starre in Heauen, and  
 541 By all their Influences; you may as well



542 Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,  
 543 As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake  
 544 The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation  
 545 Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue  
 546 The standing of his Body.  
 547 *Pol.* How should this grow?  
 548 *Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
 549 Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.  
 550 If therefore you dare trust my honestie,  
 551 That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you  
 552 Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,  
 553 Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,  
 554 And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,  
 555 Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put  
 556 My fortunes to your seruice (which are here  
 557 By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,  
 558 For by the honor of my Parents, I  
 559 Haue vttered Truth: which if you seeke to proue,  
 560 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
 561 Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:  
 562 Thereon his Execution sworne.  
 563 *Pol.* I doe beleeeue thee:  
 564 I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,  
 565 Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall  
 566 Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and  
 567 My people did expect my hence departure  
 568 Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie  
 569 Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,  
 570 Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,  
 571 Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,  
 572 He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer  
 573 Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must  
 574 In that be made more bitter. Feare ore- shades me:  
 575 Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 576 The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing  
 577 Of his ill- ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,  
 578 I will respect thee as a Father, if  
 579 Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.  
 580 *Cam.* It is in mine authoritie to command  
 581 The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse  
 582 To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

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584 *Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,*  
 585 *Antigonus, Lords.*  
 586 *Her.* Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
 587 'Tis past enduring.  
 588 *Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
 589 Shall I be your play- fellow?  
 590 *Mam.* No, Ile none of you.  
 591 *Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)  
 592 *Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
 593 I were a Baby still. I loue you better.  
 594 *2.Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)  
 595 *Mam.* Not for because  
 596 Your Browes are blacker (yet black- browes they say  
 597 Become some Women best, so that there be not  
 598 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
 599 Or a halfe- Moone, made with a Pen.)  
 600 *2.Lady.* Who taught 'this?  
 601 *Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,  
 602 What colour are your eye- browes?  
 603 *Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)  
 604 *Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose  
 605 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye- browes.  
 606 *Lady.* Harke ye,  
 607 The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall  
 608 Present our seruices to a fine new Prince  
 609 One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,  
 610 If we would haue you.  
 611 *2.Lady.* She is spread of late  
 612 Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)  
 613 *Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now  
 614 I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,  
 615 And tell's a Tale.  
 616 *Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?  
 617 *Her.* As merry as you will.  
 618 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter:  
 619 I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.  
 620 *Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
 621 Come- on, sit downe, come- on, and doe your best,  
 622 To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it. [Aa3v  
 623 *Mam.* There was a man.  
 624 *Her.* Nay, come sit downe: then on.  
 625 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church- yard: I will tell it softly,  
 626 Yond Crickets shall not heare it.  
 627 *Her.* Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

628     *Leon.* Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with  
629     him?  
630     *Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer  
631     Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them  
632     Euen to their Ships.  
633     *Leo.* How blest am I  
634     In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?  
635     Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,  
636     In being so blest? There may be in the Cup  
637     A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,  
638     And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge  
639     Is not infected) but if one present  
640     Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne  
641     How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
642     With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.  
643     *Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pandar:  
644     There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;  
645     All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,  
646     Whom I employ'd, was pre- employ'd by him:  
647     He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I  
648     Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick  
649     For them to play at will: how came the Posternes  
650     So easily open?  
651     *Lord.* By his great authority,  
652     Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,  
653     On your command.  
654     *Leo.* I know't too well.  
655     Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:  
656     Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you  
657     Haue too much blood in him.  
658     *Her.* What is this? Sport?  
659     *Leo.* Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,  
660     Away with him, and let her sport her selfe  
661     With that shee's big- with, for 'tis *Polixenes*  
662     Ha's made thee swell thus.  
663     *Her.* But Il'd say he had not;  
664     And Ile be sworne you would beleeeue my saying,  
665     How e're you leane to th' Nay- ward.  
666     *Leo.* You (my Lords)  
667     Looke on her, marke her well: be but about  
668     To say she is a goodly Lady, and  
669     The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde  
670     ' Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;  
671     Prayse her but for this her without- dore- Forme,  
672     (Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight  
673     The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty- brands

674 That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,  
 675 That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare  
 676 Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,  
 677 When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,  
 678 Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne  
 679 (From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)  
 680 Shee's an Adultresse.

681 *Her.* Should a Villaine say so,  
 682 (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)  
 683 He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)  
 684 Doe but mistake.

685 *Leo.* You haue mistooke (my Lady)  
 686 *Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,  
 687 (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,  
 688 Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)  
 689 Should a like Language vse to all degrees,  
 690 And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,  
 691 Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said  
 692 Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:  
 693 More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is  
 694 A Federarie with her, and one that knowes  
 695 What she should shame to know her selfe,  
 696 But with her most vild Principall: that shee's  
 697 A Bed- swaruer, euen as bad as those  
 698 That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy  
 699 To this their late escape.

700 *Her.* No (by my life)  
 701 Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,  
 702 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 703 You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,  
 704 You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say  
 705 You did mistake.

706 *Leo.* No: if I mistake  
 707 In those Foundations which I build vpon,  
 708 The Centre is not bigge enough to beare  
 709 A Schoole- Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:  
 710 He who shall speake for her, is a farre- off guiltie,  
 711 But that he speakes.

712 *Her.* There's some ill Planet raignes:  
 713 I must be patient, till the Heauens looke  
 714 With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,  
 715 I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex  
 716 Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew  
 717 Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue  
 718 That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes  
 719 Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)

720 With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities  
 721 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
 722 The Kings will be perform'd.  
 723 *Leo.* Shall I be heard?  
 724 *Her.* Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes  
 725 My Women may be with me, for you see  
 726 My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)  
 727 There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris  
 728 Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,  
 729 As I come out; this Action I now goe on,  
 730 Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)  
 731 I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now  
 732 I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.  
 733 *Leo.* Goe, doe our bidding: hence.  
 734 *Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.  
 735 *Antig.* Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice  
 736 Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
 737 Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.  
 738 *Lord.* For her (my Lord)  
 739 I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)  
 740 Please you t' accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse  
 741 I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane  
 742 In this, which you accuse her.)  
 743 *Antig.* If it proue  
 744 Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where  
 745 I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:  
 746 Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:  
 747 For euery ynch of Woman in the World,  
 748 I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,  
 749 If she be.  
 750 *Leo.* Hold your peaces.  
 751 *Lord.* Good my Lord.  
 752 *Antig.* It is for you we speake, not for our selues:  
 753 You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
 754 That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine, [Aa4  
 755 I would Land- damne him: be she honor- flaw'd,  
 756 I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;  
 757 The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:  
 758 If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor  
 759 Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see  
 760 To bring false generations: they are co- heyres,  
 761 And I had rather glib my selfe, then they  
 762 Should not produce faire issue.  
 763 *Leo.* Cease, no more:  
 764 You smell this businesse with a sence as cold  
 765 As is a dead- mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,

766 As you feele doing thus: and see withall  
 767 The Instruments that feele.  
 768 *Antig.* If it be so,  
 769 We neede no graue to burie honesty,  
 770 There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten  
 771 Of the whole dungy- earth.  
 772 *Leo.* What? lacke I credit?  
 773 *Lord.* I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)  
 774 Vpon this ground: and more it would content me  
 775 To haue her Honor true, then your suspition  
 776 Be blam'd for't how you might.  
 777 *Leo.* Why what neede we  
 778 Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
 779 Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue  
 780 Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse  
 781 Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,  
 782 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
 783 Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,  
 784 We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,  
 785 The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,  
 786 Is all properly ours.  
 787 *Antig.* And I wish (my Liege)  
 788 You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,  
 789 Without more ouerture.  
 790 *Leo.* How could that be?  
 791 Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
 792 Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight  
 793 Added to their Familiarity  
 794 (Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,  
 795 That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation  
 796 But onely seeing, all other circumstances  
 797 Made vp to'th deed) doth push- on this proceeding.  
 798 Yet, for a greater confirmation  
 799 (For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere  
 800 Most pitteous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,  
 801 To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,  
 802 *Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know  
 803 Of stuff'd- sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle  
 804 They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had  
 805 Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?  
 806 *Lord.* Well done (my Lord.)  
 807 *Leo.* Though I am satisfide, and neede no more  
 808 Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle  
 809 Giue rest to th' mindes of others; such as he  
 810 Whose ignorant credulitie, will not  
 811 Come vp to th' truth. So haue we thought it good

812 From our free person, she should be confinde,  
 813 Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
 814 Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,  
 815 We are to speake in publique: for this businesse  
 816 Will raise vs all.  
 817 *Antig.* To laughter, as I take it,  
 818 If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Secunda.***

---

820 *Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.*  
 821 *Paul.* The Keeper of the prison, call to him:  
 822 Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,  
 823 No Court in Europe is too good for thee,  
 824 What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,  
 825 You know me, do you not?  
 826 *Gao.* For a worthy Lady,  
 827 And one, who much I honour.  
 828 *Pau.* Pray you then,  
 829 Conduct me to the Queene.  
 830 *Gao.* I may not (Madam)  
 831 To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.  
 832 *Pau.* Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from  
 833 Th' accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you  
 834 To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*  
 835 *Gao.* So please you (Madam)  
 836 To put a- part these your attendants, I  
 837 Shall bring *Emilia* forth.  
 838 *Pau.* I pray now call her:  
 839 With- draw your selues.  
 840 *Gao.* And Madam,  
 841 I must be present at your Conference.  
 842 *Pau.* Well: be't so: prethee.  
 843 Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,  
 844 As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,  
 845 How fares our gracious Lady?  
 846 *Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorne  
 847 May hold together: On her frights, and greefes  
 848 (Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)  
 849 She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.  
 850 *Pau.* A boy?  
 851 *Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
 852 Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues  
 853 Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,

854 I am innocent as you,  
 855 *Pau.* I dare be sworne:  
 856 These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them:  
 857 He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
 858 Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,  
 859 If I proue hony- mouth'd, let my tongue blister.  
 860 And neuer to my red- look'd Anger bee  
 861 The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)  
 862 Commend my best obedience to the Queene,  
 863 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 864 I'le shew't the King, and vndertake to bee  
 865 Her Aduocate to th' lowd'st. We do not know  
 866 How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:  
 867 The silence often of pure innocence  
 868 Perswades, when speaking failes.  
 869 *Emil.* Most worthy Madam,  
 870 Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,  
 871 That your free vndertaking cannot misse  
 872 A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing  
 873 So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship  
 874 To visit the next roome, Ile presently  
 875 Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,  
 876 Who, but to day hammered of this designe,  
 877 But durst not tempt a minister of honour  
 878 Least she should be deny'd. [Aa4v  
 879 *Paul.* Tell her (*Emilia*)  
 880 Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't  
 881 As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted  
 882 I shall do good,  
 883 *Emil.* Now be you blest for it.  
 884 Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.  
 885 *Gao.* Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,  
 886 I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,  
 887 Hauing no warrant.  
 888 *Pau.* You neede not feare it (sir)  
 889 This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is  
 890 By Law and processe of great Nature, thence  
 891 Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to  
 892 The anger of the King, nor guilty of  
 893 (If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.  
 894 *Gao.* I do beleeeue it.  
 895 *Paul.* Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I  
 896 Will stand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

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*Scaena Tertia.*

---

898 *Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,*  
899 *and Lords.*  
900 *Leo.* Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse  
901 To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if  
902 The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,  
903 She, th' Adultresse: for the harlot- King  
904 Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke  
905 And leuell of my braine: plot- prooffe: but shee,  
906 I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,  
907 Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
908 Might come to me againe. Whose there?  
909 *Ser.* My Lord.  
910 *Leo.* How do's the boy?  
911 *Ser.* He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd  
912 His sicknesse is discharg'd.  
913 *Leo.* To see his Noblenesse,  
914 Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.  
915 He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,  
916 Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:  
917 Threw- off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,  
918 And down- right languish'd. Leaue me solely: goe,  
919 See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,  
920 The very thought of my Reuenges that way  
921 Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,  
922 And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,  
923 Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance  
924 Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*  
925 Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:  
926 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
927 Shall she, within my powre.  
928 *Enter Paulina.*  
929 *Lord.* You must not enter.  
930 *Paul.* Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:  
931 Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)  
932 Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,  
933 More free, then he is iealous.  
934 *Antig.* That's enough.  
935 *Ser.* Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded  
936 None should come at him.  
937 *Pau.* Not so hot (good Sir)  
938 I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you  
939 That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe  
940 At each his needlesse heauings: such as you  
941 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

942 Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;  
 943 (Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,  
 944 That presses him from sleepe.  
 945 *Leo.* Who noyse there, hoe?  
 946 *Pau.* No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,  
 947 About some Gossips for your Highnesse.  
 948 *Leo.* How?  
 949 Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*  
 950 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,  
 951 I knew she would.  
 952 *Ant.* I told her so (my Lord)  
 953 On your displeasures perill, and on mine,  
 954 She should not visit you.  
 955 *Leo.* What? canst not rule her?  
 956 *Paul.* From all dishonestie he can: in this  
 957 (Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)  
 958 Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,  
 959 He shall not rule me:  
 960 *Ant.* La- you now, you heare,  
 961 When she will take the raine, I let her run,  
 962 But shee'l not stumble.  
 963 *Paul.* Good my Liege, I come:  
 964 And I beseech you heare me, who professes  
 965 My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,  
 966 Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares  
 967 Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,  
 968 Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come  
 969 From your good Queene.  
 970 *Leo.* Good Queene?  
 971 *Paul.* Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,  
 972 I say good Queene,  
 973 And would by combate, make her good so, were I  
 974 A man, the worst about you.  
 975 *Leo.* Force her hence.  
 976 *Pau.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
 977 First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,  
 978 But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene  
 979 (For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,  
 980 Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.  
 981 *Leo.* Out:  
 982 A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o' dore:  
 983 A most intelligencing bawd.  
 984 *Paul.* Not so:  
 985 I am as ignorant in that, as you,  
 986 In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest  
 987 Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant

988 (As this world goes) to passe for honest:  
 989 *Leo.* Traitors;  
 990 Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,  
 991 Thou dotard, thou art woman- tyr'd: vnroosted  
 992 By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,  
 993 Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.  
 994 *Paul.* For euer  
 995 Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
 996 Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse  
 997 Which he ha's put vpon't.  
 998 *Leo.* He dreads his Wife.  
 999 *Paul.* So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt  
 1000 Youl'd call your children, yours.  
 1001 *Leo.* A nest of Traitors.  
 1002 *Ant.* I am none, by this good light.  
 1003 *Pau.* Nor I: nor any  
 1004 But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he, [Aa5  
 1005 The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,  
 1006 His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,  
 1007 Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not  
 1008 (For as the case now stands, it is a Curse  
 1009 He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue  
 1010 The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,  
 1011 As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.  
 1012 *Leo.* A Callat  
 1013 Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,  
 1014 And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,  
 1015 It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.  
 1016 Hence with it, and together with the Dam,  
 1017 Commit them to the fire.  
 1018 *Paul.* It is yours:  
 1019 And might we lay th' old Prouerb to your charge,  
 1020 So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)  
 1021 Although the Print be little, the whole Matter  
 1022 And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,  
 1023 The trick of's Frowne, his Fore- head, nay, the Valley,  
 1024 The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:  
 1025 The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)  
 1026 And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it  
 1027 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 1028 The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours  
 1029 No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,  
 1030 Her Children, not her Husbands.  
 1031 *Leo.* A grosse Hagge:  
 1032 And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 1033 That wilt not stay her Tongue.

1034 *Antig.* Hang all the Husbands  
 1035 That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe  
 1036 Hardly one Subiect.  
 1037 *Leo.* Once more take her hence.  
 1038 *Paul.* A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord  
 1039 Can doe no more.  
 1040 *Leo.* Ile ha' thee burnt.  
 1041 *Paul.* I care not:  
 1042 It is an Heretique that makes the fire,  
 1043 Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:  
 1044 But this most cruell vsage of your Queene  
 1045 (Not able to produce more accusation  
 1046 Then your owne weake- hindg'd Fancy) something sauors  
 1047 Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,  
 1048 Yea, scandalous to the World.  
 1049 *Leo.* On your Allegeance,  
 1050 Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,  
 1051 Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
 1052 If she did know me one. Away with her.  
 1053 *Paul.* I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.  
 1054 Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* send her  
 1055 A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?  
 1056 You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,  
 1057 Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.  
 1058 So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*  
 1059 *Leo.* Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.  
 1060 My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast  
 1061 A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,  
 1062 And see it instantly consum'd with fire.  
 1063 Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:  
 1064 Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,  
 1065 (And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,  
 1066 With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,  
 1067 And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;  
 1068 The Bastard- braynes with these my proper hands  
 1069 Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,  
 1070 For thou sett'st on thy Wife.  
 1071 *Antig.* I did not, Sir:  
 1072 These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,  
 1073 Can cleare me in't.  
 1074 *Lords.* We can: my Royall Liege,  
 1075 He is not guiltie of her comming hither.  
 1076 *Leo.* You're lyers all.  
 1077 *Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:  
 1078 We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'  
 1079 So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,

1080 (As recompence of our deare seruices  
 1081 Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,  
 1082 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 1083 Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.  
 1084 *Leo.* I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:  
 1085 Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,  
 1086 And call me Father? better burne it now,  
 1087 Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.  
 1088 It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:  
 1089 You that haue beene so tenderly officious  
 1090 With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid- wife there,  
 1091 To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,  
 1092 So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,  
 1093 To saue this Brats life?  
 1094 *Antig.* Any thing (my Lord)  
 1095 That my abilitie may vndergoe,  
 1096 And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;  
 1097 Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,  
 1098 To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.  
 1099 *Leo.* It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword  
 1100 Thou wilt performe my bidding.  
 1101 *Antig.* I will (my Lord.)  
 1102 *Leo.* Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile  
 1103 Of any point in't, shall not onely be  
 1104 Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd- tongu'd Wife,  
 1105 (Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,  
 1106 As thou art Liege- man to vs, that thou carry  
 1107 This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it  
 1108 To some remote and desart place, quite out  
 1109 Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it  
 1110 (Without more mercy) to it owne protection,  
 1111 And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune  
 1112 It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,  
 1113 On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,  
 1114 That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
 1115 Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.  
 1116 *Antig.* I swear to doe this: though a present death  
 1117 Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)  
 1118 Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens  
 1119 To be thy Nurses. Wolues and Beares, they say,  
 1120 (Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done  
 1121 Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous  
 1122 In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing  
 1123 Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side  
 1124 (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*  
 1125 *Leo.* No: Ile not reare

1126 Another's Issue. *Enter a Seruant.*  
 1127 *Seru.* Please' your Highnesse, Posts  
 1128 From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come  
 1129 An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,  
 1130 Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
 1131 Hasting to th' Court.  
 1132 *Lord.* So please you (Sir) their speed  
 1133 Hath beene beyond accompt.  
 1134 *Leo.* Twentie three dayes  
 1135 They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore- tells  
 1136 The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue [Aa5v  
 1137 The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,  
 1138 Summon a Session, that we may arraigne  
 1139 Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath  
 1140 Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue  
 1141 A iust and open Triall. While she liues,  
 1142 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leau me,  
 1143 And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.***

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1145 *Enter Cleomines and Dion.*  
 1146 *Cleo.* The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,  
 1147 Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing  
 1148 The common prayse it beares.  
 1149 *Dion.* I shall report,  
 1150 For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,  
 1151 (Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence  
 1152 Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,  
 1153 How ceremonious, solemne, and vn- earthly  
 1154 It was i'th' Offring?  
 1155 *Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
 1156 And the eare- deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,  
 1157 Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,  
 1158 That I was nothing.  
 1159 *Dio.* If th' euent o'th' Iourney  
 1160 Proue as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)  
 1161 As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,  
 1162 The time is worth the vse on't.  
 1163 *Cleo.* Great *Apollo*  
 1164 Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,  
 1165 So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,  
 1166 I little like.  
 1167 *Dio.* The violent carriage of it

1168 Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle  
 1169 (Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)  
 1170 Shall the Contents discouer: something rare  
 1171 Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,  
 1172 And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

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***Scoena Secunda.***

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1174 *Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her*  
 1175 *Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*  
 1176 *Leo.* This Sessions (to our great grieffe we pronounce)  
 1177 Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,  
 1178 The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one  
 1179 Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd  
 1180 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
 1181 Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,  
 1182 Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:  
 1183 Produce the Prisoner.  
 1184 *Officer.* It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene  
 1185 Appaere in person, here in Court. *Silence.*  
 1186 *Leo.* Reade the Indictment.  
 1187 *Officer.* *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King*  
 1188 *of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Trea-son,*  
 1189 *in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,*  
 1190 *and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soue-raigne*  
 1191 *Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof*  
 1192 *being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con-trary*  
 1193 *to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect, didst coun-saile*  
 1194 *and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by*  
 1195 *Night.*  
 1196 *Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 1197 Which contradicts my Accusation, and  
 1198 The testimonie on my part, no other  
 1199 But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me  
 1200 To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie  
 1201 Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)  
 1202 Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine  
 1203 Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)  
 1204 I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make  
 1205 False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie  
 1206 Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know  
 1207 (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life  
 1208 Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 1209 As I am now vnhappy; which is more

1210 Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,  
 1211 And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,  
 1212 A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe  
 1213 A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,  
 1214 The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing  
 1215 To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore  
 1216 Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it  
 1217 As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,  
 1218 'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,  
 1219 And onely that I stand for. I appeale  
 1220 To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*  
 1221 Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,  
 1222 How merited to be so: Since he came,  
 1223 With what encounter so vncurrant, I  
 1224 Haue strayn'd t' appeare thus; if one iot beyond  
 1225 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will  
 1226 That way enclining, hardned be the hearts  
 1227 Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin  
 1228 Cry fie vpon my Graue.  
 1229 *Leo.* I ne're heard yet,  
 1230 That any of these bolder Vices wanted  
 1231 Lesse Impudence to gaine- say what they did,  
 1232 Then to performe it first.  
 1233 *Her.* That's true enough,  
 1234 Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.  
 1235 *Leo.* You will not owne it.  
 1236 *Her.* More then Mistresse of,  
 1237 Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not  
 1238 At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*  
 1239 (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse  
 1240 I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:  
 1241 With such a kind of Loue, as might become  
 1242 A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,  
 1243 So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:  
 1244 Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me  
 1245 Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude  
 1246 To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,  
 1247 Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,  
 1248 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,  
 1249 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
 1250 For me to try how: All I know of it,  
 1251 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
 1252 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues  
 1253 (Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.  
 1254 *Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 1255 What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence. [Aa6



1256 *Her.* Sir,  
 1257 You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:  
 1258 My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,  
 1259 Which Ile lay downe.  
 1260 *Leo.* Your Actions are my Dreames.  
 1261 You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,  
 1262 And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,  
 1263 (Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;  
 1264 Which to deny, concernes more then auailles: for as  
 1265 Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,  
 1266 No Father owning it (which is indeed  
 1267 More criminall in thee, then it) so thou  
 1268 Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,  
 1269 Looke for no lesse then death.  
 1270 *Her.* Sir, spare your Threats:  
 1271 The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:  
 1272 To me can Life be no commoditie;  
 1273 The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)  
 1274 I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,  
 1275 But know not how it went. My second Ioy,  
 1276 And first Fruits of my body, from his presence  
 1277 I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort  
 1278 (Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast  
 1279 (The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)  
 1280 Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post  
 1281 Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred  
 1282 The Child- bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs  
 1283 To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
 1284 Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before  
 1285 I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)  
 1286 Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,  
 1287 That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:  
 1288 But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,  
 1289 (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,  
 1290 Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd  
 1291 Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,  
 1292 But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you  
 1293 'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,  
 1294 I doe referre me to the Oracle:  
 1295 *Apollo* be my Iudge.  
 1296 *Lord.* This your request  
 1297 Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth  
 1298 (And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.  
 1299 *Her.* The Emperour of Russia was my Father.  
 1300 Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding  
 1301 His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see

1302 The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes  
 1303 Of Pitty, not Reuenge.  
 1304 *Officer.* You here shal swere vpon this Sword of Iustice,  
 1305 That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue  
 1306 Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought  
 1307 This seal'd- vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd  
 1308 Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,  
 1309 You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,  
 1310 Nor read the Secrets in't.  
 1311 *Cleo. Dio.* All this we swere.  
 1312 *Leo.* Breake vp the Seales, and read.  
 1313 *Officer.* *Hermione is chast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo*  
 1314 *a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe*  
 1315 *truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that*  
 1316 *which is lost, be not found.*  
 1317 *Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo.*  
 1318 *Her.* Praysed.  
 1319 *Leo.* Hast thou read truth?  
 1320 *Offic.* I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.  
 1321 *Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:  
 1322 The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.  
 1323 *Ser.* My Lord the King: the King?  
 1324 *Leo.* What is the businesse?  
 1325 *Ser.* O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.  
 1326 The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare  
 1327 Of the Queenes speed, is gone.  
 1328 *Leo.* How? gone?  
 1329 *Ser.* Is dead.  
 1330 *Leo.* *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themselues  
 1331 Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?  
 1332 *Paul.* This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe  
 1333 And see what Death is doing.  
 1334 *Leo.* Take her hence:  
 1335 Her heart is but o're- charg'd: she will recouer.  
 1336 I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:  
 1337 'Beseech you tenderly apply to her  
 1338 Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon  
 1339 My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.  
 1340 Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes,*  
 1341 New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*  
 1342 (Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)  
 1343 For being transported by my Iealousies  
 1344 To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose  
 1345 *Camillo* for the minister, to poyson  
 1346 My friend *Polixenes:* which had been done,  
 1347 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

1348 My swift command: though I with Death, and with  
 1349 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
 1350 Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,  
 1351 And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest  
 1352 Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here  
 1353 (Which you knew great) and to the hazard  
 1354 Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,  
 1355 No richer then his Honor: How he glisters  
 1356 Through my Rust? and how his Pietie  
 1357 Do's my deeds make the blacker?  
 1358 *Paul.* Woe the while:  
 1359 O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)  
 1360 Breake too.  
 1361 *Lord.* What fit is this? good Lady?  
 1362 *Paul.* What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?  
 1363 What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?  
 1364 In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture  
 1365 Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues  
 1366 To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny  
 1367 (Together working with thy Iealousies,  
 1368 Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle  
 1369 For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,  
 1370 And then run mad indeed: starke- mad: for all  
 1371 Thy by- gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 1372 That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,  
 1373 (That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,  
 1374 And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.  
 1375 Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,  
 1376 To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,  
 1377 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
 1378 The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby- daughter,  
 1379 To be or none, or little; though a Deuill  
 1380 Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't;  
 1381 Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death  
 1382 Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts  
 1383 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
 1384 That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire  
 1385 Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,  
 1386 Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,  
 1387 When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene, [Aa6v  
 1388 The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't  
 1389 Not drop'd downe yet.  
 1390 *Lord.* The higher powres forbid.  
 1391 *Pau.* I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath  
 1392 Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring  
 1393 Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye

1394 Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you  
 1395 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,  
 1396 Do not repent these things, for they are heauier  
 1397 Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee  
 1398 To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,  
 1399 Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,  
 1400 Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter  
 1401 In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods  
 1402 To looke that way thou wer't.  
 1403 *Leo.* Go on, go on:  
 1404 Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd  
 1405 All tongues to talke their bittrest.  
 1406 *Lord.* Say no more;  
 1407 How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault  
 1408 I'th boldnesse of your speech.  
 1409 *Pau.* I am sorry for't;  
 1410 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
 1411 I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much  
 1412 The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht  
 1413 To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe  
 1414 Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction  
 1415 At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
 1416 Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you  
 1417 Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)  
 1418 Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:  
 1419 The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)  
 1420 Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:  
 1421 Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,  
 1422 (Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,  
 1423 And Ile say nothing.  
 1424 *Leo.* Thou didst speake but well,  
 1425 When most the truth: which I receyue much better,  
 1426 Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me  
 1427 To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,  
 1428 One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall  
 1429 The causes of their death appeare (vnto  
 1430 Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit  
 1431 The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there  
 1432 Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature  
 1433 Will beare vp with this exercise, so long  
 1434 I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me  
 1435 To these sorrowes. *Exeunt*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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1437 *Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard,*  
 1438 *and Clowne.*  
 1439 *Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon  
 1440 The Desarts of *Bohemia*.  
 1441 *Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare  
 1442 We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,  
 1443 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience  
 1444 The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,  
 1445 And frowne vpon's.  
 1446 *Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: go get a- boord,  
 1447 Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before  
 1448 I call vpon thee.  
 1449 *Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
 1450 Too- farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,  
 1451 Besides this place is famous for the Creatures  
 1452 Of prey, that keepe vpon't.  
 1453 *Antig.* Go thou away,  
 1454 Ile follow instantly.  
 1455 *Mar.* I am glad at heart  
 1456 To be so ridde o'th businesse. *Exit*  
 1457 *Ant.* Come, poore babe;  
 1458 I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead  
 1459 May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother  
 1460 Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame  
 1461 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
 1462 Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
 1463 I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow  
 1464 So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes  
 1465 Like very sanctity she did approach  
 1466 My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,  
 1467 And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes  
 1468 Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon  
 1469 Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,  
 1470 Since Fate (against thy better disposition)  
 1471 Hath made thy person for the Thrower- out  
 1472 Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,  
 1473 Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
 1474 There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe  
 1475 Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*  
 1476 I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse  
 1477 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see  
 1478 Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shriekes  
 1479 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,  
 1480 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought

1481 This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,  
 1482 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
 1483 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue  
 1484 *Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
 1485 *Apollo* would (this being indeede the issue  
 1486 Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide  
 1487 (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth  
 1488 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,  
 1489 There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,  
 1490 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)  
 1491 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,  
 1492 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd  
 1493 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,  
 1494 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I  
 1495 To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,  
 1496 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue  
 1497 A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw  
 1498 The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?  
 1499 Well may I get a- boord: This is the Chace,  
 1500 I am gone for euer. *Exit pursued by a Beare.*  
 1501 *Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and  
 1502 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:  
 1503 for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-ches  
 1504 with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,  
 1505 fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boylde-braines  
 1506 of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-ther?  
 1507 They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,  
 1508 which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-ster;  
 1509 if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea- side, brou-zing  
 1510 of Iuy. Good- lucke (and't be thy will) what haue  
 1511 we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A  
 1512 boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie  
 1513 one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I [Bb1  
 1514 can reade Waiting- Gentlewoman in the scape: this has  
 1515 beene some staire- worke, some Trunke- worke, some be-hinde- doore  
 1516 worke: they were warmer that got this,  
 1517 then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet  
 1518 Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.  
 1519 Whoa- ho- hoa.  
 1520 *Enter Clowne.*  
 1521 *Clo.* Hilloa, loa.  
 1522 *Shep.* What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to  
 1523 talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither:  
 1524 what ayl'st thou, man?  
 1525 *Clo.* I haue seene two such sights, by Sea & by Land:  
 1526 but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-twixt

1527 the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins  
 1528 point.  
 1529 *Shep.* Why boy, how is it?  
 1530 *Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-ges,  
 1531 how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point:  
 1532 Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes  
 1533 to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring  
 1534 the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed  
 1535 with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hogs-head.  
 1536 And then for the Land- seruice, to see how the  
 1537 Beare tore out his shoulder- bone, how he cride to mee  
 1538 for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman:  
 1539 But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd  
 1540 it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and  
 1541 the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roa-red,  
 1542 and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder  
 1543 then the sea, or weather.  
 1544 *Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this boy?  
 1545 *Clo.* Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these  
 1546 sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the  
 1547 Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.  
 1548 *Shep.* Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde  
 1549 man.  
 1550 *Clo.* I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue  
 1551 help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.  
 1552 *Shep.* Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee  
 1553 heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things  
 1554 dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee:  
 1555 Looke thee, a bearing- cloath for a Squires childe: looke  
 1556 thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it  
 1557 was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some  
 1558 Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?  
 1559 *Clo.* You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your  
 1560 youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all  
 1561 Gold.  
 1562 *Shep.* This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp  
 1563 with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We  
 1564 are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but  
 1565 secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next  
 1566 way home.  
 1567 *Clo.* Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go  
 1568 see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how  
 1569 much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they  
 1570 are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.  
 1571 *Shep.* That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by  
 1572 that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight

1573 of him.  
 1574 *Clowne.* 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him  
 1575 i'th' ground.  
 1576 *Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds  
 1577 on't. *Exeunt*

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*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

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1579 *Enter Time, the Chorus.*  
 1580 *Time.* I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror  
 1581 Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolde error,  
 1582 Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)  
 1583 To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime  
 1584 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
 1585 Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride  
 1586 Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre  
 1587 To orethrow Law, and in one selfe- borne howre  
 1588 To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe  
 1589 The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,  
 1590 Or what is now receiu'd. I wnesse to  
 1591 The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
 1592 To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
 1593 The glistering of this present, as my Tale  
 1594 Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,  
 1595 I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing  
 1596 As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leauing  
 1597 Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing  
 1598 That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me  
 1599 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be  
 1600 In faire Bohemia, and remember well,  
 1601 I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which *Florizell*  
 1602 I now name to you: and with speed so pace  
 1603 To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace  
 1604 Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues  
 1605 I list not prophesie: but let Times newes  
 1606 Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-|(ter  
 1607 And what to her adheres, which followes after,  
 1608 Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,  
 1609 If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:  
 1610 If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,  
 1611 He wishes earnestly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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1613 *Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

1614 *Pol.* I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate:  
1615 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing: a death to  
1616 grant this.

1617 *Cam.* It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:  
1618 though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire  
1619 to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King  
1620 (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes  
1621 I might be some allay, or I owee to thinke so) which  
1622 is another spurre to my departure.

1623 *Pol.* As thou lou'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest  
1624 of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of  
1625 thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to  
1626 haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made  
1627 me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently  
1628 manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,  
1629 or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:  
1630 which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I  
1631 cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie,  
1632 and my profite therein, the heaping friendshipes.  
1633 Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more,  
1634 whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance [Bb1v  
1635 of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King  
1636 my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene &  
1637 Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to  
1638 me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings  
1639 are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then  
1640 they are in loosing them, when they haue approoued their  
1641 Vertues.

1642 *Cam.* Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what  
1643 his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I  
1644 haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from  
1645 Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then  
1646 formerly he hath appeared.

1647 *Pol.* I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with  
1648 some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice,  
1649 which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue  
1650 this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a  
1651 most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very  
1652 nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,  
1653 is growne into an vnspeakable estate.

1654 *Cam.* I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a  
1655 daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended  
1656 more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage

1657 *Pol.* That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I  
 1658 feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou  
 1659 shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not ap-pearing  
 1660 what we are) haue some question with the shep-heard;  
 1661 from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to  
 1662 get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my  
 1663 present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts  
 1664 of Sicillia.  
 1665 *Cam.* I willingly obey your command.  
 1666 *Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

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***Scena Tertia.***

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1668 *Enter Autolicus singing.*  
 1669 *When Daffadils begin to peere,*  
 1670 *With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,*  
 1671 *Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,*  
 1672 *For the red blood raigns in y winters pale.*  
 1673 *The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,*  
 1674 *With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:*  
 1675 *Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,*  
 1676 *For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*  
 1677 *The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,*  
 1678 *With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:*  
 1679 *Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts*  
 1680 *While we lye tumbling in the hay.*  
 1681 I haue seru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three  
 1682 pile, but now I am out of seruice.  
 1683 *But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)*  
 1684 *the pale Moone shines by night:*  
 1685 *And when I wander here, and there*  
 1686 *I then do most go right.*  
 1687 *If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,*  
 1688 *and beare the Sow- skin Bowget,*  
 1689 *Then my account I well may giue,*  
 1690 *and in the Stockes auouch- it.*  
 1691 My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to  
 1692 lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who be-ing  
 1693 (as I am) lytter'd vnder *Mercurie*, was likewise a  
 1694 snapper- vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,  
 1695 I purchas'd this *Caparison*, and my *Reuennew* is the silly  
 1696 Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on  
 1697 the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:  
 1698 For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A

1699 prize, a prize.

1700 *Enter Clowne.*

1701 *Clo.* Let me see, euery Leauen- weather toddes, euery  
1702 tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred  
1703 shorne, what comes the wooll too?

1704 *Aut.* If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

1705 *Clo.* I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see,  
1706 what am I to buy for our Sheepe- shearing- Feast? Three  
1707 pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What  
1708 will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath  
1709 made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee  
1710 hath made- me four and twenty Nose- gayes for the shea-rers  
1711 (three- man song- men, all, and very good ones) but  
1712 they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puri-tan  
1713 amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne- pipes.  
1714 I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace:  
1715 Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen;  
1716 a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure  
1717 pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

1718 *Aut.* Oh, that euer I was borne.

1719 *Clo.* I'th' name of me.

1720 *Aut.* Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these  
1721 ragges: and then, death, death.

1722 *Clo.* Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags  
1723 to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

1724 *Aut.* Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee,  
1725 more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie  
1726 ones and millions.

1727 *Clo.* Alas poore man, a million of beating may come  
1728 to a great matter.

1729 *Aut.* I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and ap-parrell  
1730 tane from me, and these detestable things put vp-on  
1731 me.

1732 *Clo.* What, by a horse- man, or a foot- man?

1733 *Aut.* A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

1734 *Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments  
1735 he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it  
1736 hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe  
1737 thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

1738 *Aut.* Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

1739 *Clo.* Alas poore soule.

1740 *Aut.* Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my  
1741 shoulder- blade is out.

1742 *Clo.* How now? Canst stand?

1743 *Aut.* Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done  
1744 me a charitable office.

1745 *Clo.* Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for  
1746 thee.

1747 *Aut.* No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue  
1748 a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto  
1749 whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie  
1750 thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes  
1751 my heart.

1752 *Clow.* What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd  
1753 you?

1754 *Aut.* A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about  
1755 with Troll- my- dames: I knew him once a seruant of the  
1756 Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Ver-tues  
1757 it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the  
1758 Court. [Bb2

1759 *Clo.* His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt  
1760 out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there;  
1761 and yet it will no more but abide.

1762 *Aut.* Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well,  
1763 he hath bene since an Ape- bearer, then a Processe- seruer  
1764 (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall  
1765 sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where  
1766 my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer ma-ny  
1767 knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some  
1768 call him *Autolicus*.

1769 *Clo.* Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts  
1770 Wakes, Faires, and Beare- baitings.

1771 *Aut.* Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that  
1772 put me into this apparrell.

1773 *Clo.* Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If  
1774 you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld haue  
1775 runne.

1776 *Aut.* I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am  
1777 false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

1778 *Clo.* How do you now?

1779 *Aut.* Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand,  
1780 and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace soft-ly  
1781 towards my Kinsmans.

1782 *Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

1783 *Aut.* No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

1784 *Clo.* Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our  
1785 sheepe- shearing. *Exit.*

1786 *Aut.* Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot e-nough  
1787 to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your  
1788 sheepe- shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out  
1789 another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold,  
1790 and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

1791 Song. *Iog- on, Iog- on, the foot- path way,*  
 1792 *And merrily hent the Stile- a:*  
 1793 *A merry heart goes all the day,*  
 1794 *Your sad tyres in a Mile- a. Exit.*

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***Scena Quarta.***

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1796 *Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Ca-millo,*  
 1797 *Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.*  
 1798 *Flo.* These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you  
 1799 Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*  
 1800 Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe- shearing,  
 1801 Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,  
 1802 And you the Queene on't.  
 1803 *Perd.* Sir: my gracious Lord,  
 1804 To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:  
 1805 (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe  
 1806 The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd  
 1807 With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)  
 1808 Most Goddesses- like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts  
 1809 In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders  
 1810 Digest with a Custome, I should blush  
 1811 To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,  
 1812 To shew my selfe a glasse.  
 1813 *Flo.* I blesse the time  
 1814 When my good Falcon, made her flight a- crosse  
 1815 Thy Fathers ground.  
 1816 *Perd.* Now Ioue affoord you cause:  
 1817 To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse  
 1818 Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble  
 1819 To thinke your Father, by some accident  
 1820 Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,  
 1821 How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,  
 1822 Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how  
 1823 Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold  
 1824 The sternnesse of his presence?  
 1825 *Flo.* Apprehend  
 1826 Nothing but iollity: the Goddesses themselues  
 1827 (Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken  
 1828 The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,  
 1829 Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune  
 1830 A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire- roab'd- God  
 1831 Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,  
 1832 As I seeme now. Their transformations,

1833 Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,  
 1834 Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
 1835 Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts  
 1836 Burne hotter then my Faith.  
 1837 *Perd.* O but Sir,  
 1838 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 1839 Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King:  
 1840 One of these two must be necessities,  
 1841 Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-|(pose,  
 1842 Or I my life.  
 1843 *Flo.* Thou deer'st *Perdita*,  
 1844 With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not  
 1845 The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)  
 1846 Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be  
 1847 Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if  
 1848 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
 1849 Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)  
 1850 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
 1851 That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:  
 1852 Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day  
 1853 Of celebration of that nuptiall, which  
 1854 We two haue sworne shall come.  
 1855 *Perd.* O Lady Fortune,  
 1856 Stand you auspicious.  
 1857 *Flo.* See, your Guests approach,  
 1858 Adresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,  
 1859 And let's be red with mirth.  
 1860 *Shep.* Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon  
 1861 This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,  
 1862 Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,  
 1863 Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere  
 1864 At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:  
 1865 On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire  
 1866 With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it  
 1867 She would to each one sip. You are retyred,  
 1868 As if you were a feasted one: and not  
 1869 The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid  
 1870 These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is  
 1871 A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.  
 1872 Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe  
 1873 That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,  
 1874 And bid vs welcome to your sheepe- shearing,  
 1875 As your good flocke shall prosper.  
 1876 *Perd.* Sir, welcome:  
 1877 It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee  
 1878 The Hostessship o'th' day: you're welcome sir.

1879 Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,  
 1880 For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe  
 1881 Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long:  
 1882 Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,  
 1883 And welcome to our Shearing. [Bb2v  
 1884 *Pol.* Shepherdesse,  
 1885 (A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages  
 1886 With flowres of Winter.  
 1887 *Perd.* Sir, the yeare growing ancient,  
 1888 Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth  
 1889 Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season  
 1890 Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly- vors,  
 1891 (Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind  
 1892 Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not  
 1893 To get slips of them.  
 1894 *Pol.* Wherefore (gentle Maiden)  
 1895 Do you neglect them.  
 1896 *Perd.* For I haue heard it said,  
 1897 There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares  
 1898 With great creating- Nature.  
 1899 *Pol.* Say there be:  
 1900 Yet Nature is made better by no meane,  
 1901 But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,  
 1902 (Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art  
 1903 That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry  
 1904 A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,  
 1905 And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde  
 1906 By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art  
 1907 Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but  
 1908 The Art it selfe, is Nature.  
 1909 *Perd.* So it is.  
 1910 *Pol.* Then make you Garden rich in Gilly' vors,  
 1911 And do not call them bastards.  
 1912 *Perd.* Ile not put  
 1913 The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:  
 1914 No more then were I painted, I would wish  
 1915 This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore  
 1916 Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:  
 1917 Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,  
 1918 The Mary- gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,  
 1919 And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres  
 1920 Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen  
 1921 To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.  
 1922 *Cam.* I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,  
 1923 And onely liue by gazing.  
 1924 *Perd.* Out alas:

1925 You'ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary  
 1926 Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst |(Friend,  
 1927 I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might  
 1928 Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,  
 1929 That weare vpon your Virgin- branches yet  
 1930 Your Maiden- heads growing: O *Proserpina*,  
 1931 For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall  
 1932 From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,  
 1933 That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
 1934 The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,  
 1935 But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno*'s eyes,  
 1936 Or *Cytherea*'s breath) pale Prime- roses,  
 1937 That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold  
 1938 Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie  
 1939 Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and  
 1940 The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,  
 1941 (The Flowre- de- Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,  
 1942 To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,  
 1943 To strew him o're, and ore.  
 1944 *Flo.* What? like a Coarse?  
 1945 *Perd.* No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:  
 1946 Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,  
 1947 But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,  
 1948 Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do  
 1949 In Whitson- Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine  
 1950 Do's change my disposition:  
 1951 *Flo.* What you do,  
 1952 Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)  
 1953 I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,  
 1954 I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,  
 1955 Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,  
 1956 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
 1957 A wauē o'th Sea, that you might euer do  
 1958 Nothing but that: moue still, still so:  
 1959 And owne no other Function. Each your doing,  
 1960 (So singular, in each particular)  
 1961 Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,  
 1962 That all your Actes, are Queenes.  
 1963 *Perd.* O *Doricles*,  
 1964 Your praises are too large: but that your youth  
 1965 And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,  
 1966 Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd  
 1967 With wisdomē, I might feare (my *Doricles*)  
 1968 You woo'd me the false way.  
 1969 *Flo.* I thinke you haue  
 1970 As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose



1971 To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,  
 1972 Your hand (my *Perdita*;) so Turtles paire  
 1973 That neuer meane to part.  
 1974 *Perd.* Ile sweare for 'em.  
 1975 *Pol.* This is the prettiest Low- borne Lasse, that euer  
 1976 Ran on the greene- sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes  
 1977 But smackes of something greater then her selfe,  
 1978 Too Noble for this place.  
 1979 *Cam.* He tels her something  
 1980 That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is  
 1981 The Queene of Curds and Creame.  
 1982 *Clo.* Come on: strike vp.  
 1983 *Dorcas.* *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick  
 1984 to mend her kissing with.  
 1985 *Mop.* Now in good time.  
 1986 *Clo.* Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,  
 1987 Come, strike vp.  
 1988 *Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and*  
 1989 *Shephearddesses.*  
 1990 *Pol.* Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,  
 1991 Which dances with your daughter?  
 1992 *Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe  
 1993 To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it  
 1994 Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:  
 1995 He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,  
 1996 I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone  
 1997 Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade  
 1998 As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,  
 1999 I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose  
 2000 Who loues another best.  
 2001 *Pol.* She dances featly.  
 2002 *Shep.* So she do's any thing, though I report it  
 2003 That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*  
 2004 Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that  
 2005 Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*  
 2006 *Ser.* O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the  
 2007 doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and  
 2008 Pipe: no, the Bag- pipe could not moue you: hee singes  
 2009 seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters  
 2010 them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to  
 2011 his Tunes.  
 2012 *Clo.* He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:  
 2013 I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter  
 2014 merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and  
 2015 sung lamentably. [Bb3  
 2016 *Ser.* He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:

2017 No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has  
 2018 the prettiest Loue- songs for Maids, so without bawdrie  
 2019 (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-do's  
 2020 and Fadings: lump- her, and thump- her; and where  
 2021 some stretch- mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane  
 2022 mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee  
 2023 makes the maid to answeare, *Whoop, doe me no harme good*  
 2024 *man*: put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no*  
 2025 *harme good man*.

2026 *Pol*. This is a braue fellow.

2027 *Clo*. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-ceited  
 2028 fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

2029 *Ser*. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow;  
 2030 Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can  
 2031 learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse:  
 2032 Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings  
 2033 em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would  
 2034 thinke a Smocke were a shee- Angell, he so chauntes to  
 2035 the sleeue- hand, and the worke about the square on't.

2036 *Clo*. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach sin-ging.

2038 *Perd*. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words  
 2039 in's tunes.

2040 *Clow*. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in  
 2041 them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

2042 *Perd*. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

2043 *Enter Autolicus singing*.

2044 *Lawne as white as driuen Snow,*  
 2045 *Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,*  
 2046 *Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,*  
 2047 *Masks for faces, and for noses:*  
 2048 *Bugle- bracelet, Necke- lace Amber,*  
 2049 *Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:*  
 2050 *Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers*  
 2051 *For my Lads, to giue their deers:*  
 2052 *Pins, and poaking- stickes of steele.*

2053 *What Maids lacke from head to heele:*

2054 *Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,*  
 2055 *Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

2056 *Clo*. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst  
 2057 take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will  
 2058 also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

2059 *Mop*. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they  
 2060 come not too late now.

2061 *Dor*. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there  
 2062 be lyars.

2063 *Mop*. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be

2064 he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him  
 2065 againe.

2066 *Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? Will they  
 2067 weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces?  
 2068 Is there not milking- time? When you are going to bed?  
 2069 Or kill- hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must  
 2070 be tittle- tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are  
 2071 whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

2072 *Mop.* I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace,  
 2073 and a paire of sweet Gloues.

2074 *Clo.* Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the  
 2075 way, and lost all my money.

2076 *Aut.* And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-fore  
 2077 it behooues men to be wary.

2078 *Clo.* Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

2079 *Aut.* I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels  
 2080 of charge.

2081 *Clo.* What hast heere? Ballads?

2082 *Mop.* Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a  
 2083 life, for then we are sure they are true.

2084 *Aut.* Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers  
 2085 wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at  
 2086 a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and  
 2087 Toads carbonado'd.

2088 *Mop.* Is it true, thinke you?

2089 *Aut.* Very true, and but a moneth old.

2090 *Dor.* Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

2091 *Aut.* Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist[r]is]. *Tale- Porter,*  
 2092 and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present.  
 2093 Why should I carry lyes abroad?

2094 *Mop.* 'Pray you now buy it.

2095 *Clo.* Come- on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-lads:  
 2096 Wee'l buy the other things anon.

2097 *Aut.* Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared  
 2098 vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie  
 2099 thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against  
 2100 the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-man,  
 2101 and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not ex-change  
 2102 flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very  
 2103 pittifull, and as true.

2104 *Dor.* Is it true too, thinke you.

2105 *Autol.* Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more  
 2106 then my packe will hold.

2107 *Clo.* Lay it by too; another.

2108 *Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

2109 *Mop.* Let's haue some merry ones.

2110 *Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the  
 2111 tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide  
 2112 westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.  
 2113 *Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou  
 2114 shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.  
 2115 *Dor.* We had the tune on't, a month agoe.  
 2116 *Aut.* I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-cupation:  
 2117 Haue at it with you:  
 2118 Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*  
 2119 *Aut.* *Where it fits not you to know.*  
 2120 *Dor.* *Whether?*  
 2121 *Mop.* *O whether?*  
 2122 *Dor.* *Whether?*  
 2123 *Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,*  
 2124 *Thou to me thy secrets tell.*  
 2125 *Dor:* *Me too: Let me go thether:*  
 2126 *Mop:* *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*  
 2127 *Dor:* *If to either thou dost ill,*  
 2128 *Aut:* *Neither.*  
 2129 *Dor:* *What neither?*  
 2130 *Aut:* *Neither:*  
 2131 *Dor:* *Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,*  
 2132 *Mop:* *Thou hast sworne it more to mee.*  
 2133 *Then whether goest? Say whether?*  
 2134 *Clo.* Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My  
 2135 Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble  
 2136 them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile  
 2137 buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow  
 2138 me girles. *Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.  
 2139 Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*  
 2140 *My dainty Ducke, my deere- a?*  
 2141 *Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head*  
 2142 *Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare- a.*  
 2143 *Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,*  
 2144 *That doth vtter all mens ware- a. Exit*  
 2145 *Seruant.* Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-herds,  
 2146 three Neat- herds, three Swine- herds y haue made [Bb3v  
 2147 themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers,  
 2148 and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gal-ly- maufrey  
 2149 of Gambols, because they are not in't: but  
 2150 they themselues are o'th' minde (if it bee not too rough  
 2151 for some, that know little but bowling) it will please  
 2152 plentifully.  
 2153 *Shep.* Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too  
 2154 much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wea-rie  
 2155 you.

2156 *Pol.* You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see  
 2157 these foure- threes of Heardsmen.  
 2158 *Ser.* One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,)  
 2159 hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the  
 2160 three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th' squire.  
 2161 *Shep.* Leaue your prating, since these good men are  
 2162 pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.  
 2163 *Ser.* Why, they stay at doore Sir.  
 2164 *Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.*  
 2165 *Pol.* O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:  
 2166 Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,  
 2167 He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)  
 2168 Your heart is full of something, that do's take  
 2169 Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,  
 2170 And handed loue, as you do; I was wont  
 2171 To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt  
 2172 The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it  
 2173 To her acceptance: you haue let him go,  
 2174 And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse  
 2175 Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
 2176 Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited  
 2177 For a reply at least, if you make a care  
 2178 Of happie holding her.  
 2179 *Flo.* Old Sir, I know  
 2180 She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
 2181 The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt  
 2182 Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,  
 2183 But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life  
 2184 Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)  
 2185 Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,  
 2186 As soft as Doues- downe, and as white as it,  
 2187 Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted  
 2188 By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.  
 2189 *Pol.* What followes this?  
 2190 How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash  
 2191 The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out,  
 2192 But to your protestation: Let me heare  
 2193 What you professe.  
 2194 *Flo.* Do, and be witsse too't.  
 2195 *Pol.* And this my neighbour too?  
 2196 *Flo.* And he, and more  
 2197 Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;  
 2198 That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch  
 2199 Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth  
 2200 That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge  
 2201 More then was euer mans, I would not prize them

2202 Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,  
 2203 Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,  
 2204 Or to their owne perdition.  
 2205 *Pol.* Fairely offer'd.  
 2206 *Cam.* This shewes a sound affection.  
 2207 *Shep.* But my daughter,  
 2208 Say you the like to him.  
 2209 *Per.* I cannot speake  
 2210 So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better  
 2211 By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out  
 2212 The puritie of his.  
 2213 *Shep.* Take hands, a bargaine;  
 2214 And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnessse to't:  
 2215 I giue my daughter to him, and will make  
 2216 Her Portion, equall his.  
 2217 *Flo.* O, that must bee  
 2218 I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,  
 2219 I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,  
 2220 Enough then for your wonder: but come- on,  
 2221 Contract vs fore these Witnesses.  
 2222 *Shep.* Come, your hand:  
 2223 And daughter, yours.  
 2224 *Pol.* Soft Swaine a- while, beseech you,  
 2225 Haue you a Father?  
 2226 *Flo.* I haue: but what of him?  
 2227 *Pol.* Knowes he of this?  
 2228 *Flo.* He neither do's, nor shall.  
 2229 *Pol.* Me- thinkes a Father,  
 2230 Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest  
 2231 That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more  
 2232 Is not your Father growne incapeable  
 2233 Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid  
 2234 With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?  
 2235 Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?  
 2236 Lies he not bed- rid? And againe, do's nothing  
 2237 But what he did, being childish?  
 2238 *Flo.* No good Sir:  
 2239 He has his health, and ampler strength indeede  
 2240 Then most haue of his age.  
 2241 *Pol.* By my white beard,  
 2242 You offer him (if this be so) a wrong  
 2243 Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne  
 2244 Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason  
 2245 The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else  
 2246 But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile  
 2247 In such a businesse.

2248 *Flo.* I yeeld all this;  
 2249 But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)  
 2250 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
 2251 My Father of this businesse.  
 2252 *Pol.* Let him know't.  
 2253 *Flo.* He shall not.  
 2254 *Pol.* Prethee let him.  
 2255 *Flo.* No, he must not.  
 2256 *Shep.* Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue  
 2257 At knowing of thy choice.  
 2258 *Flo.* Come, come, he must not:  
 2259 Marke our Contract.  
 2260 *Pol.* Marke your diuorce (yong sir)  
 2261 Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base  
 2262 To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,  
 2263 That thus affects a sheepe- hooke? Thou, old Traitor,  
 2264 I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can  
 2265 But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece  
 2266 Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know  
 2267 The royall Foole thou coap'st with.  
 2268 *Shep.* Oh my heart.  
 2269 *Pol.* Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made  
 2270 More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)  
 2271 If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,  
 2272 That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer  
 2273 I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,  
 2274 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,  
 2275 Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)  
 2276 Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time  
 2277 (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee  
 2278 From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment, [Bb4  
 2279 Worthy enough a Hearsman: yea him too,  
 2280 That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)  
 2281 Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou  
 2282 These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,  
 2283 Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,  
 2284 I will devise a death, as cruell for thee  
 2285 As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*  
 2286 *Perd.* Euen heere vndone:  
 2287 I was not much a- fear'd: for once, or twice  
 2288 I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,  
 2289 The selfe- same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,  
 2290 Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but  
 2291 Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?  
 2292 I told you what would come of this: Beseech you  
 2293 Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine

2294 Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,  
 2295 But milke my Ewes, and weepe.  
 2296 *Cam.* Why how now Father,  
 2297 Speake ere thou dyest.  
 2298 *Shep.* I cannot speake, nor thinke,  
 2299 Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,  
 2300 You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,  
 2301 That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,  
 2302 To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,  
 2303 To lye close by his honest bones; but now  
 2304 Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me  
 2305 Where no Priest shouels- in dust. Oh cursed wretch,  
 2306 That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture  
 2307 To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:  
 2308 If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd  
 2309 To die when I desire. *Exit.*  
 2310 *Flo.* Why looke you so vpon me?  
 2311 I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,  
 2312 But nothing altred: What I was, I am:  
 2313 More straining on, for plucking backe; not following  
 2314 My leash vnwillingly.  
 2315 *Cam.* Gracious my Lord,  
 2316 You know my Fathers temper: at this time  
 2317 He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse  
 2318 You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly  
 2319 Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;  
 2320 Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle  
 2321 Come not before him.  
 2322 *Flo.* I not purpose it:  
 2323 I thinke *Camillo.*  
 2324 *Cam.* Euen he, my Lord.  
 2325 *Per.* How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?  
 2326 How often said my dignity would last  
 2327 But till 'twere knowne?  
 2328 *Flo.* It cannot faile, but by  
 2329 The violation of my faith, and then  
 2330 Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,  
 2331 And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:  
 2332 From my succession wipe me (Father) I  
 2333 Am heyre to my affection.  
 2334 *Cam.* Be aduis'd.  
 2335 *Flo.* I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason  
 2336 Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:  
 2337 If not, my senses better pleas'd with madnesse,  
 2338 Do bid it welcome.  
 2339 *Cam.* This is desperate (sir.)



2340 *Flo.* So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:  
 2341 I needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo,*  
 2342 Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may  
 2343 Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or  
 2344 The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides  
 2345 In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath  
 2346 To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
 2347 As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,  
 2348 When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not  
 2349 To see him any more) cast your good counsailes  
 2350 Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune  
 2351 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 2352 And so deliuer, I am put to Sea  
 2353 With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:  
 2354 And most opportune to her neede, I haue  
 2355 A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 2356 For this designe. What course I meane to hold  
 2357 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 2358 Concerne me the reporting.  
 2359 *Cam.* O my Lord,  
 2360 I would your spirit were easier for aduice,  
 2361 Or stronger for your neede.  
 2362 *Flo.* Hearke *Perdita*,  
 2363 Ile heare you by and by.  
 2364 *Cam.* Hee's irremouable,  
 2365 Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if  
 2366 His going, I could frame to serue my turne,  
 2367 Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,  
 2368 Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,  
 2369 And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom  
 2370 I so much thirst to see.  
 2371 *Flo.* Now good *Camillo*,  
 2372 I am so fraught with curious businesse, that  
 2373 I leaue out ceremony.  
 2374 *Cam.* Sir, I thinke  
 2375 You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue  
 2376 That I haue borne your Father?  
 2377 *Flo.* Very nobly  
 2378 Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke  
 2379 To speake your deeds: not little of his care  
 2380 To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.  
 2381 *Cam.* Well (my Lord)  
 2382 If you may please to thinke I loue the King,  
 2383 And through him, what's neerest to him, which is  
 2384 Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,  
 2385 If your more ponderous and setled proiect

2386 May suffer alteration. On mine honor,  
 2387 Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing  
 2388 As shall become your Highnesse, where you may  
 2389 Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see  
 2390 There's no disiunction to be made, but by  
 2391 (As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,  
 2392 And with my best endeouours, in your absence,  
 2393 Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie  
 2394 And bring him vp to liking.  
 2395 *Flo.* How *Camillo*  
 2396 May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
 2397 That I may call thee something more then man,  
 2398 And after that trust to thee.  
 2399 *Cam.* Haue you thought on  
 2400 A place whereto you'l go?  
 2401 *Flo.* Not any yet:  
 2402 But as th' vnthought- on accident is guiltie  
 2403 To what we wildely do, so we professe  
 2404 Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes  
 2405 Of euery winde that blowes.  
 2406 *Cam.* Then list to me:  
 2407 This followes, if you will not change your purpose  
 2408 But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,  
 2409 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,  
 2410 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*; [Bb4v  
 2411 She shall be habited, as it becomes  
 2412 The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see  
 2413 *Leontes* opening his free Armes, and weeping  
 2414 His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,  
 2415 As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands  
 2416 Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,  
 2417 'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one  
 2418 He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow  
 2419 Faster then Thought, or Time.  
 2420 *Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,  
 2421 What colour for my Visitation, shall I  
 2422 Hold vp before him?  
 2423 *Cam.* Sent by the King your Father  
 2424 To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,  
 2425 The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
 2426 What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,  
 2427 Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,  
 2428 The which shall point you forth at euery sitting  
 2429 What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,  
 2430 But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,  
 2431 And speake his very Heart.

2432 *Flo.* I am bound to you:  
 2433 There is some sappe in this.  
 2434 *Cam.* A Course more promising,  
 2435 Then a wild dedication of your selues  
 2436 To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,  
 2437 To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,  
 2438 But as you shake off one, to take another:  
 2439 Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who  
 2440 Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,  
 2441 Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,  
 2442 Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,  
 2443 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
 2444 Affliction alters.  
 2445 *Perd.* One of these is true:  
 2446 I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
 2447 But not take- in the Mind.  
 2448 *Cam.* Yea? say you so?  
 2449 There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres  
 2450 Be borne another such.  
 2451 *Flo.* My good *Camillo*,  
 2452 She's as forward, of her Breeding, as  
 2453 She is i'th' reare' our Birth.  
 2454 *Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pittie  
 2455 She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
 2456 To most that teach.  
 2457 *Perd.* Your pardon Sir, for this,  
 2458 Ile blush you Thanks.  
 2459 *Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita*.  
 2460 But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)  
 2461 Preseruer of my Father, now of me,  
 2462 The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?  
 2463 We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,  
 2464 Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.  
 2465 *Cam.* My Lord,  
 2466 Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes  
 2467 Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,  
 2468 To haue you royally appointed, as if  
 2469 The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,  
 2470 That you may know you shall not want: one word.  
 2471 *Enter Autolicus.*  
 2472 *Aut.* Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his  
 2473 sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold  
 2474 all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,  
 2475 Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table- booke, Ballad, Knife,  
 2476 Tape, Gloue, Shooe- tye, Bracelet, Horne- Ring, to keepe  
 2477 my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,

2478 as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-nediction  
 2479 to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose  
 2480 Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good  
 2481 vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-thing  
 2482 to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the  
 2483 Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty- toes,  
 2484 till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest  
 2485 of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in  
 2486 Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sence-lesse;  
 2487 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod- peece of a Purse: I  
 2488 would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no  
 2489 hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the  
 2490 Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd  
 2491 and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the  
 2492 old- man come in with a Whoo- bub against his Daugh-ter,  
 2493 and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from  
 2494 the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole  
 2495 Army.  
 2496 *Cam.* Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there  
 2497 So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.  
 2498 *Flo.* And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?  
 2499 *Cam.* Shall satisfie your Father.  
 2500 *Perd.* Happy be you:  
 2501 All that you speake, shewes faire.  
 2502 *Cam.* Who haue we here?  
 2503 Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit  
 2504 Nothing may giue vs aide.  
 2505 *Aut.* If they haue ouer- heard me now: why hanging.  
 2506 *Cam.* How now (good Fellow)  
 2507 Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)  
 2508 Here's no harme intended to thee.  
 2509 *Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir.  
 2510 *Cam.* Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that  
 2511 from thee: yet for the out- side of thy pouertie, we must  
 2512 make an exchange; therefore dis- case thee instantly (thou  
 2513 must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments  
 2514 with this Gentleman: Though the penny- worth (on his  
 2515 side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.  
 2516 *Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well  
 2517 enough.)  
 2518 *Cam.* Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe  
 2519 fled already.  
 2520 *Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)  
 2521 *Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.  
 2522 *Aut.* Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with  
 2523 conscience take it.

2524 *Cam.* Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.  
 2525 Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie  
 2526 Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe  
 2527 Into some Couert; take your sweet- hearts Hat  
 2528 And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
 2529 Dis- mantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
 2530 The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
 2531 (For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship- boord  
 2532 Get vndescry'd.  
 2533 *Perd.* I see the Play so lyes,  
 2534 That I must beare a part.  
 2535 *Cam.* No remedie:  
 2536 Haue you done there?  
 2537 *Flo.* Should I now meet my Father,  
 2538 He would not call me Sonne.  
 2539 *Cam.* Nay, you shall haue no Hat:  
 2540 Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)  
 2541 *Aut.* Adieu, Sir.  
 2542 *Flo.* O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot? [Bb5  
 2543 'Pray you a word.  
 2544 *Cam.* What I doe next, shall be to tell the King  
 2545 Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
 2546 Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,  
 2547 To force him after: in whose company  
 2548 I shall re- view *Sicilia*; for whose sight,  
 2549 I haue a Womans Longing.  
 2550 *Flo.* Fortune speed vs:  
 2551 Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea- side.  
 2552 *Cam.* The swifter speed, the better. *Exit.*  
 2553 *Aut.* I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an  
 2554 open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for  
 2555 a Cut- purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out  
 2556 worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the  
 2557 vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been,  
 2558 without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?  
 2559 Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may  
 2560 doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about  
 2561 a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with  
 2562 his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of ho- nestie  
 2563 to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I  
 2564 hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am  
 2565 I constant to my Profession.  
 2566 *Enter Clowne and Shepheard.*  
 2567 Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery  
 2568 Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds  
 2569 a carefull man worke.

2570 *Clowne.* See, see: what a man you are now? there is no  
 2571 other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and  
 2572 none of your flesh and blood.  
 2573 *Shep.* Nay, but heare me.  
 2574 *Clow.* Nay; but heare me.  
 2575 *Shep.* Goe too then.  
 2576 *Clow.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your  
 2577 flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your  
 2578 flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those  
 2579 things you found about her (those secret things, all but  
 2580 what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe  
 2581 whistle: I warrant you.  
 2582 *Shep.* I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his  
 2583 Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man,  
 2584 neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me  
 2585 the Kings Brother in Law.  
 2586 *Clow.* Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you  
 2587 could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene  
 2588 the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.  
 2589 *Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)  
 2590 *Shep.* Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this  
 2591 Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.  
 2592 *Aut.* I know not what impediment this Complaint  
 2593 may be to the flight of my Master.  
 2594 *Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace.  
 2595 *Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-times  
 2596 by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-ment.  
 2597 How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?  
 2598 *Shep.* To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)  
 2599 *Aut.* Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the  
 2600 Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?  
 2601 your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and  
 2602 any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?  
 2603 *Clo.* We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.  
 2604 *Aut.* A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue  
 2605 no lying; it becomes none but Trades- men, and they of-ten  
 2606 giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it  
 2607 with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they  
 2608 doe not giue vs the Lye.  
 2609 *Clo.* Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if  
 2610 you had not taken your selfe with the manner.  
 2611 *Shep.* Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?  
 2612 *Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest  
 2613 thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath  
 2614 not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not  
 2615 thy Nose Court- Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy

2616 Basenesse, Court- Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I  
 2617 insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am there-fore  
 2618 no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that  
 2619 will eyther push- on, or pluck- back, thy Businesse there:  
 2620 whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.  
 2621 *Shep.* My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.  
 2622 *Aut.* What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?  
 2623 *Shep.* I know not (and't like you.)  
 2624 *Clo.* Aduocate's the Court- word for a Pheazant: say  
 2625 you haue none.  
 2626 *Shep.* None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.  
 2627 *Aut.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men?  
 2628 Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,  
 2629 Therefore I will not disdaine.  
 2630 *Clo.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.  
 2631 *Shep.* His Garments are rich, but he weares them not  
 2632 handsomely.  
 2633 *Clo.* He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-sticall:  
 2634 A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking  
 2635 on's Teeth.  
 2636 *Aut.* The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?  
 2637 Wherefore that Box?  
 2638 *Shep.* Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and  
 2639 Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee  
 2640 shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech  
 2641 of him.  
 2642 *Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.  
 2643 *Shep.* Why Sir?  
 2644 *Aut.* The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard  
 2645 a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for  
 2646 if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know  
 2647 the King is full of grieffe.  
 2648 *Shep.* So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should  
 2649 haue married a Shepherds Daughter.  
 2650 *Aut.* If that Shepherd be not in hand- fast, let him  
 2651 flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,  
 2652 will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.  
 2653 *Clo.* Thinke you so, Sir?  
 2654 *Aut.* Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make  
 2655 heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine  
 2656 to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder  
 2657 the Hang- man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is  
 2658 necessarie. An old Sheepe- whistling Rogue, a Ram- ten-der,  
 2659 to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some  
 2660 say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him  
 2661 (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep- Coat? all deaths

2662 are too few, the sharpest too easie.  
 2663 *Clo.* Ha's the old- man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)  
 2664 and't like you, Sir?  
 2665 *Aut.* Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then  
 2666 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Waspes  
 2667 Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead:  
 2668 then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot  
 2669 Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Progno-  
 2670 proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick- wall,  
 2671 (the Sunne looking with a South- ward eye vpon him;  
 2672 where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.)  
 2673 But what talke we of these Traitorly- Rascals, whose mi-series  
 2674 are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? [Bb5v  
 2675 Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you  
 2676 haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile  
 2677 bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his  
 2678 presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in  
 2679 man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man  
 2680 shall doe it.  
 2681 *Clow.* He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with  
 2682 him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stub-borne  
 2683 Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold:  
 2684 shew the in- side of your Purse to the out- side of his  
 2685 hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd  
 2686 aliue.  
 2687 *Shep.* And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse  
 2688 for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much  
 2689 more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it  
 2690 you.  
 2691 *Aut.* After I haue done what I promised?  
 2692 *Shep.* I Sir.  
 2693 *Aut.* Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in  
 2694 this Businesse?  
 2695 *Clow.* In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pit-tifull  
 2696 one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.  
 2697 *Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne:  
 2698 hang him, hee'le be made an example.  
 2699 *Clow.* Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King,  
 2700 and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of  
 2701 your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I  
 2702 will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Bu-sinesse  
 2703 is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne  
 2704 till it be brought you.  
 2705 *Aut.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side,  
 2706 goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the  
 2707 Hedge, and follow you.



2708 *Clow.* We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen  
 2709 bless'd.  
 2710 *Shep.* Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to  
 2711 doe vs good.  
 2712 *Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would  
 2713 not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am  
 2714 courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means  
 2715 to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes  
 2716 how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will  
 2717 bring these two Moales, these blind- ones, aboard him: if  
 2718 he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Com-plaint  
 2719 they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let  
 2720 him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am  
 2721 proofe against that Title, and what shame else belongs  
 2722 to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in  
 2723 it. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.***

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2725 *Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants:*  
 2726 *Florizel, Perdita.*  
 2727 *Cleo.* Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd  
 2728 A Saint- like Sorrow: No fault could you make,  
 2729 Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe  
 2730 More penitence, then done trespas: At the last  
 2731 Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,  
 2732 With them, forgiue your selfe.  
 2733 *Leo.* Whilest I remember  
 2734 Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget  
 2735 My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of  
 2736 The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,  
 2737 That Heire- lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and  
 2738 Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man  
 2739 Bred his hopes out of, true.  
 2740 *Paul.* Too true (my Lord:)  
 2741 If one by one, you wedded all the World,  
 2742 Or from the All that are, tooke something good,  
 2743 To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,  
 2744 Would be vnparallell'd.  
 2745 *Leo.* I thinke so. Kill'd?  
 2746 She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me  
 2747 Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter  
 2748 Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,  
 2749 Say so but seldome.

2750 *Cleo.* Not at all, good Lady:  
 2751 You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would  
 2752 Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
 2753 Your kindnesse better.  
 2754 *Paul.* You are one of those  
 2755 Would haue him wed againe.  
 2756 *Dio.* If you would not so,  
 2757 You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance  
 2758 Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,  
 2759 What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,  
 2760 May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure  
 2761 Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,  
 2762 Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?  
 2763 What holier, then for Royalties repayre,  
 2764 For present comfort, and for future good,  
 2765 To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe  
 2766 With a sweet Fellow to't?  
 2767 *Paul.* There is none worthy,  
 2768 (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods  
 2769 Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
 2770 For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?  
 2771 Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,  
 2772 That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,  
 2773 Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,  
 2774 Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,  
 2775 As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,  
 2776 And come againe to me: who, on my life,  
 2777 Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,  
 2778 My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,  
 2779 Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,  
 2780 The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*  
 2781 Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor  
 2782 Was like to be the best.  
 2783 *Leo.* Good *Paulina*,  
 2784 Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*  
 2785 I know in honor: O, that euer I  
 2786 Had squar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,  
 2787 I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,  
 2788 Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.  
 2789 *Paul.* And left them  
 2790 More rich, for what they yeilded.  
 2791 *Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:  
 2792 No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,  
 2793 And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit  
 2794 Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage  
 2795 (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule- vext,

2796 And begin, why to me?  
 2797 *Paul.* Had she such power,  
 2798 She had iust such cause.  
 2799 *Leo.* She had, and would incense me  
 2800 To murther her I marryed. [Bb6  
 2801 *Paul.* I should so:  
 2802 Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke  
 2803 Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
 2804 You chose her: then Il'd shrieke, that euen your eares  
 2805 Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,  
 2806 Should be, Remember mine.  
 2807 *Leo.* Starres, Starres,  
 2808 And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;  
 2809 Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina.*  
 2810 *Paul.* Will you swaere  
 2811 Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?  
 2812 *Leo.* Neuer (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit.  
 2813 *Paul.* Then good my Lords, beare witnessse to his Oath.  
 2814 *Cleo.* You tempt him ouer- much.  
 2815 *Paul.* Vnlesse another,  
 2816 As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,  
 2817 Affront his eye.  
 2818 *Cleo.* Good Madame, I haue done.  
 2819 *Paul.* Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;  
 2820 No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office  
 2821 To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young  
 2822 As was your former, but she shall be such  
 2823 As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy  
 2824 To see her in your armes.  
 2825 *Leo.* My true *Paulina*,  
 2826 We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.  
 2827 *Paul.* That  
 2828 Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:  
 2829 Neuer till then.  
 2830 *Enter a Seruant.*  
 2831 *Ser.* One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,  
 2832 Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she  
 2833 The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse  
 2834 To your high presence.  
 2835 *Leo.* What with him? he comes not  
 2836 Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach  
 2837 (So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,  
 2838 'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
 2839 By need, and accident. What Trayne?  
 2840 *Ser.* But few,  
 2841 And those but meane.

2842 *Leo.* His Princesse (say you) with him?  
 2843 *Ser. I:* the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,  
 2844 That ere the Sunne shone bright on.  
 2845 *Paul.* Oh *Hermione*,  
 2846 As euery present Time doth boast it selfe  
 2847 Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue  
 2848 Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe  
 2849 Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now  
 2850 Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,  
 2851 Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse  
 2852 Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
 2853 To say you haue seene a better.  
 2854 *Ser.* Pardon, Madame:  
 2855 The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)  
 2856 The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,  
 2857 Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,  
 2858 Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale  
 2859 Of all Professors else; make Proselytes  
 2860 Of who she but bid follow.  
 2861 *Paul.* How? not women?  
 2862 *Ser.* Women will loue her, that she is a Woman  
 2863 More worth then any Man: Men, that she is  
 2864 The rarest of all Women.  
 2865 *Leo.* Goe *Cleomines*,  
 2866 Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)  
 2867 Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
 2868 He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*  
 2869 *Paul.* Had our Prince  
 2870 (Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd  
 2871 Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth  
 2872 Betweene their births.  
 2873 *Leo.* 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st  
 2874 He dyes to me againe, when talk'd- of: sure  
 2875 When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches  
 2876 Will bring me to consider that, which may  
 2877 Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.  
 2878 *Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.*  
 2879 Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,  
 2880 For she did print your Royall Father off,  
 2881 Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,  
 2882 Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,  
 2883 (His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,  
 2884 As I did him, and speake of something wildly  
 2885 By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,  
 2886 And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,  
 2887 I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth

2888 Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as  
 2889 You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost  
 2890 (All mine owne Folly) the Societie,  
 2891 Amitie too of your braue Father, whom  
 2892 (Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life  
 2893 Once more to looke on him.  
 2894 *Flo.* By his command  
 2895 Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
 2896 Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)  
 2897 Can send his Brother: and but Infirmities  
 2898 (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd  
 2899 His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe  
 2900 The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,  
 2901 Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues  
 2902 (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,  
 2903 And those that beare them, liuing.  
 2904 *Leo.* Oh my Brother,  
 2905 (Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre  
 2906 Afresh within me: and these thy offices  
 2907 (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters  
 2908 Of my behind- hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,  
 2909 As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too  
 2910 Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage  
 2911 (At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,  
 2912 To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,  
 2913 Th' aduenture of her person?  
 2914 *Flo.* Good my Lord,  
 2915 She came from *Libia*.  
 2916 *Leo.* Where the Warlike *Smalus*,  
 2917 That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?  
 2918 *Flo.* Most Royall Sir,  
 2919 From thence: from him, whose Daughter  
 2920 His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence  
 2921 (A prosperous South- wind friendly) we haue cross'd,  
 2922 To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,  
 2923 For visiting your Highnesse: My best Trainee  
 2924 I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;  
 2925 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie  
 2926 Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)  
 2927 But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie  
 2928 Here, where we are.  
 2929 *Leo.* The blessed Gods  
 2930 Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you  
 2931 Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,  
 2932 A graceful Gentleman, against whose person [Bb6v  
 2933 (So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,

2934 For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)  
 2935 Haue left me Issue- lesse: and your Father's bless'd  
 2936 (As he from Heauen merits it) with you,  
 2937 Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,  
 2938 Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,  
 2939 Such goodly things as you?  
 2940 *Enter a Lord.*  
 2941 *Lord.* Most Noble Sir,  
 2942 That which I shall report, will beare no credit,  
 2943 Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)  
 2944 *Bohemia* greets you from himselfe, by me:  
 2945 Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's  
 2946 (His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)  
 2947 Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with  
 2948 A Shepherds Daughter.  
 2949 *Leo.* Where's *Bohemia*? speake:  
 2950 *Lord.* Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.  
 2951 I speake amazedly, and it becomes  
 2952 My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court  
 2953 Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,  
 2954 Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way  
 2955 The Father of this seeming Lady, and  
 2956 Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,  
 2957 With this young Prince.  
 2958 *Flo.* *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;  
 2959 Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,  
 2960 Endur'd all Weathers.  
 2961 *Lord.* Lay't so to his charge:  
 2962 He's with the King your Father.  
 2963 *Leo.* Who? *Camillo*?  
 2964 *Lord.* *Camillo* (Sir:) I spake with him: who now  
 2965 Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I  
 2966 Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;  
 2967 Forswear themselues as often as they speake:  
 2968 *Bohemia* stops his eares, and threatens them  
 2969 With diuers deaths, in death.  
 2970 *Perd.* Oh my poore Father:  
 2971 The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue  
 2972 Our Contract celebrated.  
 2973 *Leo.* You are married?  
 2974 *Flo.* We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:  
 2975 The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes first:  
 2976 The oddes for high and low's alike.  
 2977 *Leo.* My Lord,  
 2978 Is this the Daughter of a King?  
 2979 *Flo.* She is,

2980 When once she is my Wife.  
 2981 *Leo.* That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,  
 2982 Will come- on very slowly. I am sorry  
 2983 (Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,  
 2984 Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,  
 2985 Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,  
 2986 That you might well enioy her.  
 2987 *Flo.* Deare, looke vp:  
 2988 Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemie,  
 2989 Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot  
 2990 Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)  
 2991 Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time  
 2992 Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,  
 2993 Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,  
 2994 My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.  
 2995 *Leo.* Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,  
 2996 Which he counts but a Trifle.  
 2997 *Paul.* Sir (my Liege)  
 2998 Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth  
 2999 'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,  
 3000 Then what you looke on now.  
 3001 *Leo.* I thought of her,  
 3002 Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition  
 3003 Is yet vn- answer'd: I will to your Father:  
 3004 Your Honor not o're- throwne by your desires,  
 3005 I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand  
 3006 I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,  
 3007 And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.  
 3008 *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Secunda.*

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3010 *Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.*  
 3011 *Aut.* Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-lation?  
 3013 *Gent.1.* I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard  
 3014 the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:  
 3015 Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-manded  
 3016 out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I  
 3017 heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.  
 3018 *Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.  
 3019 *Gent.1.* I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;  
 3020 but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were  
 3021 very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-ring  
 3022 on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes.

3023 There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their  
 3024 very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World  
 3025 ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-der  
 3026 appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew  
 3027 no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were  
 3028 Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must  
 3029 needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*  
 3030 Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:  
 3031 The Newes, *Rogero.*  
 3032 *Gent.2.* Nothing but Bon- fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:  
 3033 the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is  
 3034 broken out within this houre, that Ballad- makers cannot  
 3035 be able to expresse it. *Enter another Gentleman.*  
 3036 Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer  
 3037 you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which  
 3038 is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is  
 3039 in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?  
 3040 *Gent.3.* Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by  
 3041 Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare  
 3042 you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle  
 3043 of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it:  
 3044 the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know  
 3045 to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in re-semblance  
 3046 of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,  
 3047 which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-ther  
 3048 Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be  
 3049 the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the  
 3050 two Kings?  
 3051 *Gent.2.* No.  
 3052 *Gent.3.* Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee  
 3053 seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-held  
 3054 one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that  
 3055 it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their  
 3056 Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-ding  
 3057 vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,  
 3058 that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. [Cc1  
 3059 Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of  
 3060 his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a  
 3061 Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks  
 3062 *Bohemia* forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne- in- Law:  
 3063 then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her.  
 3064 Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like  
 3065 a Weather- bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I  
 3066 neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Re-port  
 3067 to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.  
 3068 *Gent.2.* What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that



3069 carryed hence the Child?

3070 *Gent.3.* Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter  
3071 to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o-pen;  
3072 he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches  
3073 the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence  
3074 (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand- kerchief  
3075 and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

3076 *Gent.1.* What became of his Barke, and his Fol-lowers?

3078 *Gent.3.* Wrackt the same instant of their Masters  
3079 death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the  
3080 Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen  
3081 then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,  
3082 that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee  
3083 had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, ano-ther  
3084 eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the  
3085 Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing,  
3086 as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no  
3087 more be in danger of loosing.

3088 *Gent.1.* The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-dience  
3089 of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3090 *Gent.3.* One of the prettyest touches of all, and that  
3091 which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though  
3092 not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes  
3093 death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely con-fess'd,  
3094 and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse  
3095 wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to  
3096 another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed  
3097 Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was  
3098 most Marble, there changed colour: some swounded, all  
3099 sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe  
3100 had beene vniuersall.

3101 *Gent.1.* Are they returned to the Court?

3102 *Gent.3.* No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers  
3103 Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many  
3104 yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare  
3105 Italian Master, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himselve Eter-nitie,  
3106 and could put Breath into his Worke) would be-guile  
3107 Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape:  
3108 He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they  
3109 say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.  
3110 Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone,  
3111 and there they intend to Sup.

3112 *Gent.2.* I thought she had some great matter there in  
3113 hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer  
3114 since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued House.  
3115 Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Re-ioycing?

3117 *Gent.* I. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit  
 3118 of Accesse? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace  
 3119 will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifitie to our  
 3120 Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*  
 3121 *Aut.* Now (had I not the dash of my former life in  
 3122 me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the  
 3123 old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I  
 3124 heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but  
 3125 he at that time ouer- fond of the Shepherds Daughter (so  
 3126 he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea- sick,  
 3127 and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather conti-nuing,  
 3128 this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all  
 3129 one to me: for had I beene the finder- out of this Secret,  
 3130 it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.  
 3131 *Enter Shepheard and Clowne.*  
 3132 Here come those I haue done good to against my will,  
 3133 and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For-tune.  
 3135 *Shep.* Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy  
 3136 Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.  
 3137 *Clow.* You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight  
 3138 with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman  
 3139 borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not,  
 3140 and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best  
 3141 say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the  
 3142 Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman  
 3143 borne.  
 3144 *Aut.* I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.  
 3145 *Clow.* I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.  
 3146 *Shep.* And so haue I, Boy.  
 3147 *Clow.* So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne be-fore  
 3148 my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the  
 3149 hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings  
 3150 call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Bro-ther)  
 3151 and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father;  
 3152 and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman- like  
 3153 teares that euer we shed.  
 3154 *Shep.* We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.  
 3155 *Clow.* I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposte-rous  
 3156 estate as we are.  
 3157 *Aut.* I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the  
 3158 faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue  
 3159 me your good report to the Prince my Master.  
 3160 *Shep.* 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now  
 3161 we are Gentlemen.  
 3162 *Clow.* Thou wilt amend thy life?  
 3163 *Aut.* I, and it like your good Worship.

3164 *Clow.* Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince,  
 3165 thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.  
 3166 *Shep.* You may say it, but not sweare it.  
 3167 *Clow.* Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let  
 3168 Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.  
 3169 *Shep.* How if it be false (Sonne?)  
 3170 *Clow.* If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may  
 3171 sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to  
 3172 the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that  
 3173 thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fel-low  
 3174 of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile  
 3175 sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of  
 3176 thy hands.  
 3177 *Aut.* I will proue so (Sir) to my power.  
 3178 *Clow.* I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not  
 3179 wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being  
 3180 a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and Prin-ces  
 3181 (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture.  
 3182 Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters. *Exeunt.*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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3184 *Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,*  
 3185 *Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.*  
 3186 *Leo.* O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort  
 3187 That I haue had of thee? [Cc1v  
 3188 *Paul.* What (Soueraigne Sir)  
 3189 I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices  
 3190 You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd  
 3191 (With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted  
 3192 Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;  
 3193 It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer  
 3194 My life may last to answeare.  
 3195 *Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
 3196 We honor you with trouble: but we came  
 3197 To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie  
 3198 Haue we pass'd through, not without much content  
 3199 In many singularities; but we saw not  
 3200 That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,  
 3201 The Statue of her Mother.  
 3202 *Paul.* As she liu'd peerelesse,  
 3203 So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeeue  
 3204 Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,  
 3205 Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it

3206 Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
 3207 To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer  
 3208 Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.  
 3209 I like your silence, it the more shewes- off  
 3210 Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)  
 3211 Comes it not something neere?  
 3212 *Leo.* Her naturall Posture.  
 3213 Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed  
 3214 Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,  
 3215 In thy not chiding: for she was as tender  
 3216 As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)  
 3217 *Hermione* was not so much wrinckled, nothing  
 3218 So aged as this seemes.  
 3219 *Pol.* Oh, not by much.  
 3220 *Paul.* So much the more our Caruers excellence,  
 3221 Which lets goe- by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her  
 3222 As she liu'd now.  
 3223 *Leo.* As now she might haue done,  
 3224 So much to my good comfort, as it is  
 3225 Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,  
 3226 Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warne Life,  
 3227 As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.  
 3228 I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,  
 3229 For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:  
 3230 There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's  
 3231 My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and  
 3232 From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,  
 3233 Standing like Stone with thee.  
 3234 *Perd.* And giue me leaue,  
 3235 And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that  
 3236 I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,  
 3237 Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,  
 3238 Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.  
 3239 *Paul.* O, patience:  
 3240 The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's  
 3241 Not dry.  
 3242 *Cam.* My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd- on,  
 3243 Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,  
 3244 So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy  
 3245 Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,  
 3246 But kill'd it selfe much sooner.  
 3247 *Pol.* Deere my Brother,  
 3248 Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre  
 3249 To take- off so much grieffe from you, as he  
 3250 Will peece vp in himselfe.  
 3251 *Paul.* Indeed my Lord,

3252 If I had thought the sight of my poore Image  
 3253 Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)  
 3254 Il'd not haue shew'd it.  
 3255 *Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.  
 3256 *Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie  
 3257 May thinke anon, it moues.  
 3258 *Leo.* Let be, let be:  
 3259 Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.  
 3260 (What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)  
 3261 Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines  
 3262 Did verily beare blood?  
 3263 *Pol.* 'Masterly done:  
 3264 The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.  
 3265 *Leo.* The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,  
 3266 As we are mock'd with Art.  
 3267 *Paul.* Ile draw the Curtaine:  
 3268 My Lord's almost so farre transported, that  
 3269 Hee'le thinke anon it liues.  
 3270 *Leo.* Oh sweet *Paulina*,  
 3271 Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:  
 3272 No settled Sences of the World can match  
 3273 The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.  
 3274 *Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but  
 3275 I could afflict you farther.  
 3276 *Leo.* Doe *Paulina*:  
 3277 For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet  
 3278 As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes  
 3279 There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell  
 3280 Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
 3281 For I will kisse her.  
 3282 *Paul.* Good my Lord, forbear:  
 3283 The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:  
 3284 You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne  
 3285 With Oylly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.  
 3286 *Leo.* No: not these twentie yeeres.  
 3287 *Perd.* So long could I  
 3288 Stand- by, a looker- on.  
 3289 *Paul.* Either forbear,  
 3290 Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you  
 3291 For more amazement: if you can behold it,  
 3292 Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,  
 3293 And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke  
 3294 (Which I protest against) I am assisted  
 3295 By wicked Powers.  
 3296 *Leo.* What you can make her doe,  
 3297 I am content to looke on: what to speake,

3298 I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie  
 3299 To make her speake, as moue.  
 3300 *Paul.* It is requir'd  
 3301 You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:  
 3302 On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse  
 3303 I am about, let them depart.  
 3304 *Leo.* Proceed:  
 3305 No foot shall stirre.  
 3306 *Paul.* Musick; awake her: Strike:  
 3307 'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:  
 3308 Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:  
 3309 Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:  
 3310 Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,  
 3311 Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:  
 3312 Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as  
 3313 You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,  
 3314 Vntill you see her dye againe; for then  
 3315 You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:  
 3316 When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,  
 3317 Is she become the Suitor?  
 3318 *Leo.* Oh, she's warme:  
 3319 If this be Magick, let it be an Art [Cc2  
 3320 Lawfull as Eating.  
 3321 *Pol.* She embraces him.  
 3322 *Cam.* She hangs about his necke,  
 3323 If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.  
 3324 *Pol.* I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,  
 3325 Or how stolne from the dead?  
 3326 *Paul.* That she is liuing,  
 3327 Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
 3328 Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,  
 3329 Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:  
 3330 Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,  
 3331 And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,  
 3332 Our *Perdita* is found.  
 3333 *Her.* You Gods looke downe,  
 3334 And from your sacred Viols poure your graces  
 3335 Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)  
 3336 Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found  
 3337 Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I  
 3338 Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle  
 3339 Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd  
 3340 My selfe, to see the yssue.  
 3341 *Paul.* There's time enough for that,  
 3342 Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble  
 3343 Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together

3344 You precious winners all: your exultation  
 3345 Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)  
 3346 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
 3347 My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)  
 3348 Lament, till I am lost.  
 3349 *Leo.* O peace *Paulina:*  
 3350 Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
 3351 As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,  
 3352 And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,  
 3353 But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her  
 3354 (As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many  
 3355 A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre  
 3356 (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee  
 3357 An honourable husband. Come *Camillo,*  
 3358 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty  
 3359 Is richly noted: and heere iustified  
 3360 By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.  
 3361 What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,  
 3362 That ere I put betweene your holy looks  
 3363 My ill suspition: This your Son- in- law,  
 3364 And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing  
 3365 Is troth- plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina,*  
 3366 Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely  
 3367 Each one demand, and answere to his part  
 3368 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first  
 3369 We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

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**The Names of the Actors.**

3371 *Leontes, King of Sicillia.*  
 3372 *Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.*  
 3373 *Camillo.*  
 3374 *Antigonus.*  
 3375 *Cleomines.*  
 3376 *Dion.*  
 3377 *Foure*  
 3378 *Lords of Sicillia.*  
 3379 *Hermione, Queene to Leontes.*  
 3380 *Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*  
 3381 *Paulina, wife to Antigonus.*  
 3382 *Emilia, a Lady.*  
 3383 *Polixenes, King of Bohemia.*  
 3384 *Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.*  
 3385 *Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.*  
 3386 *Clowne, his Sonne.*  
 3387 *Autolicus, a Rogue.*

3388 *Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.*

3389 *Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.*

3390 *Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.*

3391 FINIS.

**The Winters Tale.**

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