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**Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, and tragedies**

**Shakespeare, William**

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The Winters Tale

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## The Winters Tale:

### Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Eenter Camillo and Archidamus.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I thinke, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our Entertainement shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed—

*Cam.* 'Beseech you—

*Arch.* Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say — We will give you sleepey Drinkes, that your Sences ( un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deale too deare, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* 'Beeleve me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honettie puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe over-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them thep such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their encounters ( though not Personall ) have bene royally attorneyed with eate-charge of Gift, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as over a Vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

*Arch.* I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakeable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentl man of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to dye?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Eenter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.*

*Pol.* Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath bene

The Shepherds Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thankes, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

*Leo.* Stay your Thankes a while, And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

*Leo.* We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One Seve'night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.

*Leo.* Wee'ie part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

*Pol.* Presse me not ('beseech you) so:

There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th' Would So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both, Farewell (our brother.)

*Leo.* Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

*Her.* I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaim'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.* Well said, *Hermione*.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay, Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your royall presence, Ile adventure The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-heed) *Leontes*, I love thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

A a

What

What Lady she her Lord: You'le stay?

*Pol.* No, Madame.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not verily.

*Her.* Verily?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,  
Though you would seek t' unspere the Stars with Oaths,  
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely  
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely is  
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?  
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,  
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees  
When you depart, and save your Thankes. How say you?  
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread verely,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your Guest then Madame:  
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;  
Which is for me lesse easie to commit,  
Then you to punish.

*Her.* Not your Gaoler then,  
But your kind Hostesse, Come, Ile question you  
Of my Lords Tricks and yours, when you were Boyes:  
You were pretty Lordings then?

*Pol.* We were (faire Queene)  
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to morrow, as to day,  
And to be boy eternall.

*Hel.* Was not my Lord  
The verier Wag o' th' two?

*Pol.* We were astwyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i' th' Sun  
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was Innocence, for innocence: we knew not  
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd  
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weake Spirits ne're beene higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven  
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,  
Hereditarie ours.

*Hel.* By this we gather  
You have tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,  
Temptations have since then beene borne to's: for  
In those un fledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;  
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my youag Play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot:  
Of this make no conclusion, leaft you say  
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,  
Th' offences we have made you doe, wee'le answer,  
If you first sinn'd with us: and that with us  
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not  
With any, but with us.

*Leo.* Is he wonne yet?

*Her.* Hee'le stay, (my Lord.)

*Leo.* At my request, he would not:

*Hermione* (my dearest) thou never spok'st  
To better purpose,

*Her.* Never?

*Leo.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't before?  
I prethee tell me: cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,  
Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.  
Our prayes are our Wages, You may ride's  
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere  
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed was to intreate his stay.

What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace*,  
But once before I spok to th' purpose? when?  
Nay, let me have't: I long.

*Leo.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
And clap thy selfe, my Love; then didst thou utter,  
I am yours for ever.

*Her.* 'Tis *Grace* indeed.  
Why lo-you now; I have spok to th' purpose twice:  
The one for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;  
Th' other, for some while a Friend.

*Leo.* Too hot, too hot:  
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.  
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,  
But not for joy; nor joy. This entertainment  
May a free face put on: derives a Libertie  
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,  
And we'l become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:  
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles  
As in a Looking-Glasse: and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The Mort o' th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment  
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,  
Art thou my Boy?

*Mam.* I my good Lord.

*Leo.* I'fecks:  
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?  
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,  
We must be neat; not neat, cleanly Captaine:  
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Neate. Still Virginalling  
Vpon his palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)  
Art thou my Calfe?

*Mam.* Yes if you will (my Lord.)

*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough path, & the shootes that I have  
To be full, like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,  
(That will say any thing,) But were they false  
As o're-dy'd Blackes, as Wind, as Waters; false  
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,  
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)  
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine.  
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be  
Affection? thy intention stabs the Center.  
Thou do'st make possible things not be so held,  
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)  
With what's unrell: thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st co-joyne with something, and thou do'st,  
(And that beyond commission) and I finde it,  
(And that to the infection of my Braines,  
And hardning of my Browes.)

*Pol.* What meanes *Sicilia*?

*Her.* He something seemes unsetled.

*Pol.* How? my Lord?

*Leo.* What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

*Her.* You look as if you held a brow of much distraction,  
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's tenderneffe? and make it selfe a Pastime  
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle  
Twentie three yeares, and saw my selfe unbreech'd,  
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,  
Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove  
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:  
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,  
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest friend,  
Will you take egges for Money?

*Mam.* No (my Lord) Ile fight.

*Leo.* You will: why happy man be's dole: My Brother  
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we  
Doc seeme to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home (Sir)

Hee's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;  
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;  
My parasite, my Souldier: Statef-man; all:  
He makes a luyes day, short as December,  
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me  
Thoughts, that should thicke my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)  
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*  
How thou lou'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome;  
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:  
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rover, hee's  
Apparant to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seeke us,

We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

*Leo.* To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,  
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,  
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)  
Goe to, goe to.

How she holds up the Neb? the Byll to him?  
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife  
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,  
Yach-thicke, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.  
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor  
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been  
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,  
And many a man there is (even at this present,  
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,  
That little thinks she ha's bene sluy'd in's absence,  
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by  
Sir *Smile,* his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd  
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair  
Tha' have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physicke for't, there's none:  
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:  
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,  
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,  
It wil let in and out the Enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's  
Have the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

*Mam.* I am like you they say.

*Leo.* Why, that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

*Cam.* I, my good Lord,

*Leo.* Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:  
*Camillo*, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,  
When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leo.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions, made  
His businesse more materiall.

*Leo.* Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:  
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,  
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)  
That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good Queenes intreatie.

*Leo.* At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls  
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes  
Parchance are to this businesse purblind? say.

*Cam.* Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most understand  
*Bohemia* staves heere longer.

*Leo.* Ha?

*Cam.* Staves here longer.

*Leo.* I, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties  
Of our most gracious Mistris.

*Leo.* Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)  
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well  
My Chamber-Councils, wherein (Priest-like) thou  
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have bene  
Deceiv'd in thy integritie, deceiv'd  
In that which seemes so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid (my Lord.)

*Leo.* To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,  
Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning  
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted  
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,  
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,  
That see'st a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,  
And tak'st it all for jeast.

*Cam.* My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,  
In every one of these, no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,  
Amongst the infinite doing of the World,  
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)  
If ever I were wilfull-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I plai'd the foole, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull  
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance. 'twas a feare  
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)  
Are such allow'd Infirmities that honestie  
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace  
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespas  
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leo.* Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glasse  
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?  
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor  
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation  
Resides not in that man, tha' do's not thinke)

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say  
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name  
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to heare  
My Sovereigne Mistresse clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you lesse  
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deepe as that, though true.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?  
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere  
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible  
Of breaking honestie) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?  
Houres, Minates? the Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes  
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,  
That would unscene be wicked? Is this nothing?  
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,  
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my Lord.

*Leo.* It is: you lye, you lye:  
I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave,  
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evill,  
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver  
Infected (as her life) she would not live  
The running of one Glasse.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging  
About his necke (*Bohemia*) who, if I  
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine Honor, as their profits,  
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that  
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou  
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme  
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't see  
Plainely, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,  
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a Cup,  
To give mine Enemy a lasting Winke:  
Which Draught to me, were cordiall,

*Cam.* Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,  
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke  
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot  
Beleeve this Cracke to be in my dread Mistresse  
(So soveraignly being Honorable.)  
I have lov'd thee.

*Leo.* Make that thy question, and goe rot:  
Do't thinke I am so muddy, sounsetled,  
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?  
Sully the puritie and whiteneffe of my Sheetes  
(Which to preserve, is Sleepe: which being spotted,  
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tailles of Waspes)  
Give scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,  
(Who I doethinke is mine, and love as mine)

Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must beleeve you (Sir)  
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
Provided, that when she's remov'd, your Highnesse  
Will take againe your *Queene*, as yours at first,  
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou do'st advise me,  
Even so as I mine owne course have set downe:  
Ile give no blemish to her Honor, none.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare  
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,  
And with your *Queene*: I am his Cup-bearer,  
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,  
Account me not your Servant.

*Leo.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

*Cam.* Ile do't, my Lord.

*Leo.* I will seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable Lady. But for me!  
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner  
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,  
Is the obedience to a Master; one,  
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will have  
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find example  
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since  
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,  
Let Villany it selfe forswert. I must  
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine  
To me a breake-necke. Happy Starre raigne now,  
Here comes *Bohemia* *Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange: Me thinkes  
Me fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?  
Good day *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Hoyle most royall Sir.

*Pol.* What is the Newes i'th' Court?

*Cam.* None rare (my Lord.)

*Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some Province, and a Region  
Lov'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him  
With customary complement, when he  
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his Manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know (my Lord.)

*Pol.* How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?  
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:  
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,  
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sicknes  
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but  
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.

I look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so : *Camillo*,  
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto  
Clerke-like expedienc'd, which no lesse adorne  
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,  
In whose successe we are gentle : I beseech you,  
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealement.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well ?  
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,  
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,  
Which honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least  
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidencie thou do'st gesse of harme  
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,  
Which way to be prevented, if to be :  
If not, how best to beare it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you,  
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him  
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,  
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as  
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,  
Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Cam.* I appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo* ?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what ?

*Cam.* He thinkes, nay with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turne  
To an infected Gelly, and my Name  
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best :  
Turne then my freshest Reputation to  
A favour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay hated too, worse then the great st infection  
That ere was heard, or read.

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and  
By all their influences; you may as well  
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,  
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsaile) shake  
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation  
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue  
The standing of his Body.

*Pol.* How should this grow ?

*Cam.* I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.  
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,  
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you  
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,  
Your Followers I wil whisper to the Businesse,  
And will by twoes, and threes, at severall Posternes,  
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put  
My fortunes to your service (which are here  
By this discoverie lost.) Be not uncertaine,  
For by the honor of my Parents, I  
Have uttered Truth : which if you seeke to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
Then one condemned by the Kings owne mouth:  
Thereon his Execution sworne.

*Pol.* I doe beleevve thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.  
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two dayes agoe. This ieaousie  
Is for a precious Creature : as shee's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,  
Must it be violent : and, as he do's conceive,  
He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever  
Profess'd to him: why his Revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,  
I will respect thee as a Father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authoritie to command  
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse  
To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Hermione*, *Mamillius*, *Ladies*; *Leontes*,  
*Antigonus*, *Lord*.

*Her.* Take the Boy to you : he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)

*Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

*2. Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

*Mam.* Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet blacke-browes they say  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
Too much haire there, but in a Semicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

*2. Lady.* Who taught this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,  
What colour be your eye-browes ?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock : I have seene a Ladies Nose  
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

*Lady.* Hearke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new Prince  
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*2. Lady.* She is spread of Late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

*Her.* What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now  
I am for you againe : Pray you sit by us,  
And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't, be?

*Hel.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter :  
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

*Hel.* Let's have that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your sprights : you're powrefull at it.

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come sit downe: then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,  
Yond Crickets shall not heare it,

*Her.* Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare. *Enter L.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his Trainee? *Camillo* with him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never  
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them  
Even to their Ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my just Censure? in my true Opinion?  
Alack, for lesse knowledge, how accur'd,  
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup  
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,  
And yet partake no venome; (for his knowledge  
Is not infected) but if one present  
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne  
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
With violent Hefts: I have drunke, and seene the Spider.

*Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pander:  
There is a plot against my Life, my Crowne;  
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I  
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Tricke  
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes  
So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authoritie,  
Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so,  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:  
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? Sport?

*Leo.* Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,  
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe  
With that she's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*  
Ha's made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not;  
And Ile be sworne you would beleve my saying,  
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

*Leo.* You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about  
To say she is a goodly Lady, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto adde  
'Tis pittie she's not honest: Honorable;  
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,  
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight  
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands  
That Calumnie doth use; Oh I am out,  
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare  
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,  
When you have said she's goodly, come betweene,  
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't knowne  
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)  
She's an Adultresse.

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

*Leo.* You have mistooke (my Lady)

*Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,  
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,  
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,  
Betwixt the Prince and Begger :) I have said  
Shee's an Adultresse, I have said with whom:  
More; Shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is  
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes  
What she should shame to know her selfe,  
But with her most vild Principall; that she's  
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That Vulgars give bold st Titles; I, and privie  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No (by my life)

Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leo.* No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,  
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare  
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:  
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,  
But that he speakes.

*Her.* Thers's some ill planet raignes:  
I must be patient, till the Heavens looke  
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,  
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex  
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew  
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have  
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes  
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)  
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The Kings will be perform'd.

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes  
My women may be with me, for you see  
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)  
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris)  
Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Teares,  
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,  
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)  
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now  
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.

*Leo.* Goe doe our bidding: hence.

*Lord.* 'beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

*Ant.* Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Justice  
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

*Lord.* For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)  
Pleafe you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse  
I th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane  
In this, which you accuse her.)

*Antig.* If it prove

She's other wise, Ile keepe my Stables where  
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:  
Then when I feele, and see her, no further trust her:  
For every ynch of Woman in the World,  
I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,  
If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my Lord.

*Antig.* It is for you we speake, not for our selves:  
You are abus'd, by some putter on,  
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him : be she honor-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven:  
The second, and the third, nine : and sonnes five:  
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honor  
Ile gell'd em all : foureteene they shall not see  
To bring false generations : they are co-heires,  
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they  
Should not produce faire issue.

*Leo.* Cease, no more :

You smell this businesse with a fence as cold  
As is a dead-mans nose : but I do see't, and feel't,  
As you feele doing thus : and see withall  
The Instruments that feele.

*Ant.* If it be so,

We neede no grave to burie honestie,  
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy-earth.

*Leo.* What? lacke I credit?

*Lord.* I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)  
Vpon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her Honor true, then your suspicion  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leo.* Why what neede we  
Commune with you for this? but rather follow  
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative  
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse  
Imparts this : which, if you, or stupified,  
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
Relish a truth, like us : informe your selves  
We neede no more of your advice : the matter,  
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,  
Is all properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish (my Liege)

You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,  
Without more overtur.

*Leo.* How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wer't borne a foole : *Camillo's* flight  
Added to their Familiarity  
(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation  
But onely seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to'th deed) doth push on this proceeding,  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most pitious to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,  
*Cleomines* and *Deon*, whom you know  
Of stuff'd-sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle  
They will bring al, whose spirituall counsaile had,  
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done (my Lord.)

*Leo.* Though I am satisfide, and neede no more  
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle  
Give rest to th' mindes of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good  
From our free person, she should be confinde,  
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,  
We are to speake in publike : for this businesse  
Will raise us all.

*Antig.* To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth, were knowne.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.*

*Paul.* The Keeper of the prison, call to him :  
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,  
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,  
You know me, do you not?

*Gao.* For a worthy Lady,  
And one, whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the Queene.

*Gao.* I may not (Madam)  
To the contrary I have expresse commandment.

*Paul.* Here's a-do, to locke up honestie and honor from  
Th' access of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you  
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

*Gao.* So please you (Madam)  
To put a-part these your attendants, I  
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

*Paul.* I pray you now call her :  
Withdraw your selves.

*Gao.* And Madam,  
I must be present at your Conference.

*Paul.* Well : be't so : prethee.  
Here's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,  
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,  
How fares one gracious Lady?

*Enter  
Emilia.*

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorne  
May hold together : On her frights, and greefes  
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live : the Queene receives  
Much comfort in't : Sayes, my poore prisoner,  
I am innocent as you,

*Paul.* I dare be sworne :  
These dangerous, unsafe Lanes i'th' King, beshrew them,  
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't upon me,  
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.  
And never to my red-look'd Anger be  
The Trumpet any more : pray you (*Emilia*)  
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be  
Her Advocate to'th lowd'it. We doe not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'ch' Childe :  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Perfwades, when speaking failes.

*Emil.* Most worthy Madam,  
Your honour, and your goodnesse is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot misse  
A thriving issue : there is no Lady living  
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship  
To visit the next roome, Ile presently  
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,  
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honor  
Least she should be deny'd.

*Paul.*

*Paul.* Tell her (*Emilia*)  
 Ile use that tongue I have : If wit flow from't  
 As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it.  
 Lie to the Queene : please you come something neerer.

*Gao.* Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,  
 Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not feare it (sir)  
 This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is  
 By Law and proceffe of great Nature, thence  
 Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to  
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of  
 (If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

*Gao.* I do beleve it.

*Paul.* Do not you feare : upon mine honor, I  
 Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus,  
 and Lords.*

*Leo.* Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse  
 To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if  
 The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,  
 She, th' Adulteresse; for the harlot-King  
 Is quite beyond mine arme: out of the blanke  
 And levell of my braine : plot-prooffe : but she,  
 I can hooke to me : say that she were gone,  
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me againe. Whose there ?

*Ser.* My Lord. *Enter.*

*Leo.* How do's the boy ?

*Ser.* He tooke good rest to night : 'tis hop'd  
 His sicknesse is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his Noblenesse,  
 Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother,  
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,  
 Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe :  
 Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,  
 And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : goe,  
 See how he fares : Fie, fie, no thought of him,  
 The very thought of my Revenges that way  
 Recoyle upon me : in himselfe too mighty,  
 Vntill a time may serue, For present vengeance  
 Take it on her : *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*  
 Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
 Shall she, within my powre.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:  
 Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)  
 Then the Queenes life ? A gracious innocent soule,  
 More free, then he is ieaious.

*Antig.* That's enough.

*Ser.* Madam ; he hath not slept to night, commanded  
 None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot (good Sir)  
 I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe  
 At each his needlesse heauings: such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
 Do come with words, as medicinall, as true ;  
 (Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,  
 That presses him from sleepe.

*Leo.* What noyse there, hoe ?

*Paul.* No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,  
 About some Gofsips for your Highnesse.

*Leo.* How ?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*  
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,  
 I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so (my Lord)  
 On your displeasures perill and on mine,  
 She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? canst not rule her ?

*Paul.* From all dishonestie he can : in this  
 (Vnlesse he take the course that you have done)  
 Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,  
 He shall not rule me :

*Ant.* La-you now, you heare,  
 When she will take the raine, I let her run,  
 But shee'l not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege I come:  
 And I beseech you heare me: who professes  
 My selfe your loyall servant, your Phisitian,  
 Your most obedient Counsaillor : yet that dares  
 Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Evilles,  
 Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come  
 From your good Queene.

*Leo.* Good Queene ?

*Paul.* Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,  
 I say good Queene,  
 And would by combate, make her good so, were I  
 A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
 First hand me : on mine owne accord, Ile off,  
 But first; Ile do my errand. The good Queene  
 (For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,  
 Heere 'tis : Commends it to your blessing.

*Leo.* Out :

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore :  
 A most intelligencing bawd.

*Paul.* Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you,  
 In so entit'ling me : and no lesse honest  
 Then you are mad : which is enough, Ile warrant  
 (As this world goes) to passe for honest.

*Leo.* Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Give her the Bastard,  
 Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : unroosted  
 By thy dame *Parlet* heere. Take up the Bastard,  
 Take't up, I say : giue't to the Croane.

*Paul.* For ever

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
 Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced basenesse  
 Which he ha's put upon't.

*Leo.* He dreads his Wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt  
 You'd call your children, yours.

*Leo.* A nest of Traitors.

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I : nor any

But one that's heere : and that's himselfe: for he,

The

The sacred honor of himselfe, his Queenes,  
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to slander;  
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not  
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse  
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove  
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever Oake, or stone was found.

Leo. A Callat  
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,  
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.  
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,  
Committhem to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:  
And might we lay th' old Proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)  
Although the print be little, the whole Matter  
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,  
The tricke of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,  
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:  
The very Mold, and frame of hand, naye, Finger.)  
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the Mind too, amongst all Colours  
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,  
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:  
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands  
That cannot doe that Feat, you'l leave your selfe  
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.  
Paul. A most unworthy, and unnaturall Lord  
Can doe no more.

Leo. He ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:  
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,  
Not she which burnes in't. He not call you Tyrant:  
But this most cruell usage of your Queene  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something favors  
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your allegiance,  
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, He be gone.  
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *love* send her  
A better guiding Spirit. What neede these hands?  
You that are thus so tender o're his Follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.  
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done.  
(And by good testimonie) or He seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;  
The Bastard-braines with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Goe take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:  
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,  
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can't my Royall Liege,  
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, give us better credit:  
We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech  
So to esteeme of us: and on our knees we begge,  
(As recompence of our deare services  
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Leade on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:  
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele,  
And call me Father? better burne it now,  
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.  
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:  
You that have beene so tenderly officious  
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,  
To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,  
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,  
To save this Brats life?

Antig. Anything (my Lord)  
That my abilitie may undergoe,  
And Noblenesse impose: at last thus much;  
He pawne the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword  
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke and performe it: seest thou? for the faile  
Of any point in't, shall not onely be  
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,  
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,  
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it  
To some remote and desart place, quite out  
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it  
(Without much mercy) to it owne protection,  
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune,  
It came to us, I doe in Justice charge thee,  
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture;  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up.

Antig. I swear to doe this: though a present death  
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)  
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Ravens  
To be thy Nurfes. Wolves and Beares, they say,  
(Casting their savagenesse aside) have done  
Like offices of pittie. Sir, be prosperous  
In more then this deed do's require; and blessing  
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side  
(Poore Thing condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: He not rare

Another's Issue.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Please your Highnesse, Posts  
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come  
An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed  
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes  
They have beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells  
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The truth of this appeare : Prepare you Lords,  
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne  
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath  
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open Triall. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
And thinke upon my bidding.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Cleomines and Dion.*

*Cle.* The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,  
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing  
The common prayse it beares.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,  
(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reverence  
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.  
How ceremonious, solemne, and un-earthly  
It wasi'th' Offring?

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the care-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,  
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,  
That I was nothing.

*Dio.* If th'event o'th' Iourney  
Prove as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)  
As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedie,  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleo.* Great *Apollo*  
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

*Dio.* The violent carriage of it  
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle  
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)  
Shall the Contents discover: something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,  
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her  
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

*Leo.* This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,  
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one  
Of us too much belou'd. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in Iustice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:  
Produce the Prisoner.

*Officer.* It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene  
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence. Enter*

*Leo.* Reade the Indictment.  
*Officer.* *Hermione*, *Queene* to the worthy *Leontes*, King of  
*Sicilia*, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason,  
in committing Adultery with *Polixenes* King of *Bohemia*,

and conspiring with *Camillo* to take away the Life of our Soue-  
raigne Lord the King, thy royall husband: the pretence whereof  
being by circumstance partly layd open, thou (*Hermione*) con-  
trarie to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst coun-  
saile and ayde them, for their better safesse, to flye away by  
Night.

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
Which contradicts my Accusation, and  
The testimonie on my part, no other  
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me  
To say, Not guiltie: mine integritie  
Being counted Falshehood, shall (as I expresse it)  
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres divine  
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
Falshe Accusations blush, and Tyrannie  
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know  
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life  
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Then historie can patterne, though devis'd,  
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,  
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe  
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,  
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing  
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore  
Who please to come and heare. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare :) For Honor,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And onely that I stand for. I appeale  
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*  
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so: Since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrant, I  
Have strayn'd 't appeare thus; if one jot beyond  
The bound of honor, or in act, or will  
That way enclining, hardened be the hearts  
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin  
Cry fie upon my grave.

*Leo.* I ne're heard yet,  
That any of these bolder Vices wanted  
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,  
Then to performe it first.

*Her.* That's true enough,  
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not owne it.

*Her.* More then Mistresse of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*  
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse  
I lov'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:  
With such a kind of Love, as might become  
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,  
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:  
Which, not to have done, I thinke had beene in me  
Both Disobedience, and ingratitude  
To you, and toward your friends, whole love had spoke,  
Even since it could speake, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be diu'd  
For me to try how: All I know of it,  
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves  
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'ne to doe in's absence.

*Her. Sir*

*Her.* Sir,  
you speake a Language that I vnderstand not:  
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,  
Which Ile lay downe.

*Leo.* Your Actions are my Dreames.  
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,  
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;  
Which to deny, concerne more then auails: for as  
Thy Brat hath beene cast out, like to it selfe,  
No Father owning it (which is indeed  
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou  
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,  
Looke for no lesse then death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your Threats:  
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:  
To me can Life be no commodity;  
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)  
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,  
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort  
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast  
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)  
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on every Post  
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred  
The Child-bed-priviledge deny'd, which longs  
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre before  
I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should feare to dye? Therefore proceed:  
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,  
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,  
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd  
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,  
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you  
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,  
I doe referre me to the Oracle:

*Apollo* be my Iudge.

*Lord.* This your request *Enter Dion and Cleomines.*  
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth  
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my Father,  
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding  
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see  
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not Revenge.

*Officer.* You heere shall sweare upon the Sword of Iustice,  
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have  
Beene both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,  
You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,  
Nor read the Secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dio.* All this we sweare.

*Leo.* Breake up the Seales, and reade.

*Officer.* *Hermione is cast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo  
a true Subiect, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe  
truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heire, if that  
which is lost, be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

*Her.* Prayfed.

*Leo.* Haft thou read truth?

*Offic.* I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

*Ser.* My Lord the King: the King?

*Leo.* What is the businesse?

*Ser.* O Sir I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit and feare  
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

*Leo.* How? gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* *Apollo's* angry, and the heavens themselves  
Doe strike at my Injustice. How now there?

*Paul.* This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe  
And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.  
I have too much belev'd mine owne suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon  
My great prophanesse 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New wooe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*  
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Iealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

*Camillo* for the minister, to poyson

My friend *Polixenes*: which had beene done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command: though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest

Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the certaine hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,

No richer then his Honor: How he glisters

Through my darke Rust? and how his Pietie

Do's my deeds make the blacker?

*Paul.* Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)

Breake too.

*Lord.* What fit is this? good Lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments (Tyrant) haft for me?  
What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling? Bur-

In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or new torture (ning,

Must I receive? whose very word deserves

To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny

(Together working with thy Iealousies,

Fancies too weake for boyes, too Greene and idle

For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,

And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices for it.

That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,

(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,

And damnable ingratefull: ) Nor was't much.

Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,

To have him kill a King: poore Trespasser,

More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to Crowes, the Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a Devill

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart

That could conceive a grosse and foolish Sire

Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,

Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,

When I have said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't  
Not drop'd downe yet.

*Lord.* The higher powres forbid.

*Pau.* I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath  
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye  
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you  
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,  
Dot not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,  
Tenthousand yeares together, naked, fasting,  
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter  
In storme perpetuall, could not move the Gods  
To looke that way thou wer't.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I have deserv'd  
All tongnes to talke their bittrest.

*Lord.* Say no more,

How ere the businesse goes you have made fault  
I'th boldnesse of your speech

*Pau.* I am sorry for't,

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much  
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht  
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe  
Should be past greefe: Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)  
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)  
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:  
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,  
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,  
And Ile say nothing,

*Leo.* Thou didst speake but well,

When most the truth: which I receive much better,  
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me  
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Some,  
One grave shall be for both: Vpon them shall  
The causes of their death appeare (unto  
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit  
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature  
Will beare up with this exercise, so long  
I dayly vow to use it. Come, and leade me  
To these sorrowes.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-  
heard, and Clowne.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon  
The Desarts of Bohemia.

*Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare  
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience  
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,  
And frowne upon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: get a-board,  
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your beste haft, and go not  
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,  
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures  
Of prey, that keepe upon't,

*Antig.* Go thou away,  
Ile follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

*Exit*

*Ant.* Come, poore babe;  
I have heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead  
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother  
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometime her head is on one side, some another,  
I never saw a vessell of like sorrow  
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes  
Like very sanctity she did approach  
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,  
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes  
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon  
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,  
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)  
Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out  
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*

I prethee call't: For this ungentle businesse  
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see  
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shriekes  
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toys,  
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeve  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
*Apollo* would (this being indeed the issue  
Of King *Polexenus*) it should heere be laide  
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth  
Of it's right Father. Blessome, speed thee well,  
There lye, and there thy character: there these,  
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)  
And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,  
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd  
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,  
But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I  
To be by oath enjoynd to this. Farewell,  
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have  
A lullabie too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamor?  
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace, *heard.*  
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Beare. Enter a Sheep-*

*Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and  
three and twentie, or that youth would sleepe out the rest:  
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-  
ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,  
fighting, harke you now: would any but these boyde-  
braines of nineteene, and two and twentie hunt this wea-  
ther? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,  
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maj-  
ster; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-  
zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and 't be the will) what have  
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A  
boy, or a Chide I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie  
one) sure some Scape: Though I am not bookish, yet I  
can

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape : this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behind-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore thing is here. Ile take it up for pitty, yet Ile tarry til my sonne come : he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa.

*Shep.* What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ft thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seene two such fights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skye, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

*Sheps* Why boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see'em, and not to see'em; Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hog's-head. And then for the Land-service, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder bone, how he' cride to me for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy; when was this boy?

*Clo.* Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe dia'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had beene by, to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee here boy. Now blesse thy selfe; thou met'ft with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: looke thee heere, take up, take up (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within boy?

*Clo.* You're a mad old man; If the sinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

*Shep.* This is Faiery Gold boy, and'twill prove so: up with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheepe goe: Come (good boy) the next way home.

*Clo.* Goe you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll doe good deeds on't.

*Exeunt*

## Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

*Tim.* I that please some, try all: both joy and terror  
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error.  
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)  
To use my wings: Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre  
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne houre  
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe  
The same I am, ere ancient't Order was,  
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to  
The times that brought them in, so shall I doe  
To th'freshet things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistering of this present, as my Tale  
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,  
I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing  
As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leaving  
Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so greiving  
That he shuts up himselfe, Imagine me  
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be  
In faire *Bohemia*, and remember well,  
I mention here a sonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*  
I now name to you: and with speed so pace  
To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace  
Equall with wond'ring. What of her issues  
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes (daughter  
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds  
And what to her adheres, which followes after,  
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worfe, ere now:  
If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say,  
He wishes carelessly, you never may.

*Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

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

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

*Pol.* As thou lov'lt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Businesse, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankfull to thee, shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punishes me with the remembrance

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of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene and Children, are even now to bee a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no lesse unhappy, their issue not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

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

*Pol.* I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I have eyes under my service, which looke upon his removednesse: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable estate.

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

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not unease to get the cause of my sonnes resort thither. Prethee be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia,

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antolicus singing.*

*When Daffadils begin to peere,  
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o' the yeere,  
For the red blood raisnes in the winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,  
With bey the sweet birds, O how they sing:  
Dork set my pugging tooth an edge,  
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Larke, that tirra-Lyrachants,  
With heigh, with heigh the Thrush and the lay:  
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts  
While we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I have seru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

*But shall I goe mourne for that (my deere)  
the pale Moone shines by night:  
And when I wander here, and there  
I then doe most goe right.  
If Tinkers may have leave to live,  
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
and in the Stockes avouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheets: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Antolicus*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd Caparison, and my Revennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too-powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Let me see, every Leaven-weather toddes, every told yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

*Ant.* If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without Compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me foure and twenty Note-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven; a Race or two of Ginger; but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyfons o'rh Sunne:

*Ant.* Oh, that ever I was borne.

*Clo.* I th' name of me.

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

*Clo.* Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more raggs to lay on thee, rather then have these off.

*Ant.* Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offends mee, more then the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

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

*Ant.* I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

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

*Ant.* A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: if this bea horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot service. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come lend me thy hand.

*Ant.* Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

*Clo.* Alas poore soule.

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

*Clo.* How now? Canst stand?

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

*Clo.* Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

*Ant.* No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

*Ant.* A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

*Clo.*

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

*Aut.* Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Proceffe-server (a Bayliffe) then he compass't a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and living lyes ; and (having flowne over many knavish professions) he settled only in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

*Clo.* Out upon him : Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faïres, and Bearc-baitings

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

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

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

*Clo.* How doe you now ?

*Aut.* Sweet Sir, much better then I was : I can stand, and walke : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

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

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

*Clo.* Then farewell, I must goe to buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

*Aut.* Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice : He be with you at your sheepe-shearing too : If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be unrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Log-on, log-on, the foot-path way,*  
*And merrily hent the stile-a.*  
*A merry heart goes all the day,*  
*Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.*

*Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.*

*Flo.* These your unnsuall weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life : no Shepherdesse, but *Flora* Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queene on't.

*Per.* Sir : my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me : (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obscur'd Witha Swaines wearing : and me (poore lowly Maide) Most goddesse-like prank'd up : But that our Feasts In every Messe, have folly ; and the Feeders Disgest it witha Custome, I should blush To see you so attyrd : sworne I thinke, To shew my selfe a glasse.

*Flo.* I blesse the time When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse Thy fathers ground.

*Per.* Now Iove affoord you cause: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not bene us'd to feare :) even now I tremble To thinke your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did : Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Vildely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The sterntnesse of his presence ?

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but jolity : the Goddess themselves (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Iupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd : the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleated : and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I seeme now. Their transformations, Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way so chaite : since my desires Runne not before mine honor : nor my Lusts, Burne hotter then my Faith.

*Perd.* O but deere sir, Yur resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'power of the King : One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life. *(poise,*

*Flo.* Thou deereft *Perdita*, With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th' Feast : Or He be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are comming : Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two have sworne shall come.

*Perd.* O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

*Enter All.*

*Flo.* See, your Guests approach, Adresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fye (daughter) when my old wife liv'd : upon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Servant : Welcom'd all : serv'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne : now heere At upper end o'th Table ; now, i'th middle : On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retyred, As if you were a feasted one : and not The Hostesse of the meeting : Pray you bid These unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make us better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good focke shall prosper.

*Perd.* Sir, welcome :

It is my Fathers will, I should take on me The Hostesseship o'th' day, your're welcome sir Give me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*.) Reverend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and favour all the Winter long : Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing,

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*Pol.*

*Pol.* Shepherdesse,  
(A faire one are you :) well you fit our ages  
With flowres of Winter.

*Perd.* Sir, the yeare growing ancient,  
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season  
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,  
(Which some cail Natures bastards) of that kind  
Our rusticke Garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore (gentle Maiden)  
Doe you neglect them.

*Perd.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares  
With great creating-Nature.

*Pol.* Say there be:  
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,  
But Nature makes that Meane : so over that Art,  
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art  
That Nature makes : you see (sweet Maid) we marry  
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke;  
And make conceive a barke of baser kind  
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art  
Which do's mend Nature : change it rather, but  
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your Garden rich in Gillyvors,  
And doe not call them bastards.

*Per.* He not put  
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them :  
No more then were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well : and onely therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you :  
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Mariorum,  
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,  
And with him rises, weeping : These are flowres  
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are given  
To men of middleage. Y'are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flocke,  
And onely live by gazing.

*Per.* Out alas :  
You'd be so leane, that blasts of January (Friend,  
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst  
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might  
Become your time of day : and yours, and yours,  
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet  
Your Maiden-heads growing : O *Proserpina*,  
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall  
From *Diffes* Waggon : *Daffadils*,  
That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
The windes of March with beauty : *Violets* (dian,  
But sweeter then the lids of *Luno's* eyes,  
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,  
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright *Phoebus* in his strength (a Malady  
Most incident to Maids :) bold *Oxlips*, and  
The Crowne Imperiall : *Lillies* of all kinds,  
(The flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,  
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o're, and ore.

*Flo.* What? like a Coarse?

*Per.* No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on :  
Not like a Coarse : or if : not to be buried.  
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,  
Me thinks I play as I have seene them doe  
In Whitson-Pastorals : Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition :

*Flo.* What you doe,  
Still betters what is done. When you speake (sweet)  
I'd have you doe it ever : When you sing,  
I'd have you buy, and sell so : so give Almes,  
Pray so : and for the ord'ring your Affayres,  
To sing them too. When you doe dance, I wish you  
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever doe  
Nothing but that : move still, still so :  
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,  
(So singular, in each particular)  
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,  
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

*Perd.* O *Doricles*,  
Your praises are too large : but that your youth  
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,  
Doe plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd  
With wisdom, I might feare (my *Doricles*)  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I thinke you have  
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose  
To put you to't. But come, our daunce I pray,  
Your hand (my *Perdita* :) so *Turtles* paire  
That never meane to part.

*Perd.* He sweare for 'em,

*Pol.* This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever  
Ran on the greene-ford : Nothing she do's, or seemes  
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,  
Too Noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tels her something  
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is  
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

*Clo.* Come on : strike up.

*Das.* *Mopsa* must be your Mistris : marry *Garlicke* to  
mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now in good time,

*Clo.* Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,  
Come, strike up.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and  
Shepheardesses.

*Pol.* Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,  
Which dances with your daughter ?

*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe  
To have a worthy Feeding ; but I have it  
Vpon his owne report, and I beleve it :  
He lookes like sooth : he sayes he loves my daughter,  
I thinke so too ; for never gaz'd the Moone  
Vpon the water, as he'll stand and reade  
As 'twere my daughter eyes : and to be plaine,  
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she do's any thing, though I report it  
That should be silent : if yong *Doricles*  
Doe light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Servant.

*Ser.* O Master : if you did but heare the Pedler at the  
doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and  
Pipe : no, the Bag-pipe could not move you : he sings  
severall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money : he utters  
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to  
his Tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better : he shall come in :  
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter  
merrily set downe : or a very pleasant thing indeed, and  
sung lamentably.

Ser.

*Ser.* He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Love songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Lump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a foule gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoope, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, flights him, with *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Beleewe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Warres:

*Ser.* He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainbow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse: Inckles, Caddysfes, Cambricks, Lawnes: why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesfes: you would thinke a Smocke were a she-Angell, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

*Clo.* Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing,

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

*Clo.* You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister)

*Per.* I good brother, or goe about to thinke.

*Enter Autolichus singing.*

*Lawne as white as driven Snow,  
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,  
Gloves as sweet as Damasky Roses,  
Maskes for faces, and for noses:  
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber.  
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:  
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers  
For my Lads, to give their deers:  
Pins, and poaking-sticks of Steele.  
What Maids lacke from head to heele:  
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,  
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloves.

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

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

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe.

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

*Mop.* I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloves.

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

*Aut.* And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

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

*Aut.* I hope so fir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast heere? Ballads?

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

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

*Mop.* Is it true, thinke you?

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

*Dor.* Bless'e me from marrying a Vsurer.

*Aut.* Here's the Midwives name to't: one *Mistris Tale-Porter*, and five or six honett Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

*Mop.* 'Pray you now buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of Aprill, forty thousand fadom aboue water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maides: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

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

*Aut.* Five Iustices hands at it: and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too; another.

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

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

*Aut.* I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*

*Aut.* *Where it fits not you to know.*

*Dor.* *Whether?*

*Mop.* *O whether?*

*Dor.* *Whether?*

*Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

*Dor.* *Me too. Let me goe thither:*

*Mop.* *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*

*Dor.* *If to either thou dost ill,*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *What neither?*

*Aut.* *Neither:*

*Dor.* *Thou hast sworne my Love to be,*

*Mop.* *Thou hast sworne it more to me.*

*Then whether goest? Say whether?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by our selves: My father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, and we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy packe after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choyce; fellow me girles. *Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*

*My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?*

*Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head*

*Of the new's t, and fins' t, fins' t weare-a.*

*Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,*

*That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

*Exit.*

*Ser.* Matter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made them-

themselves all men of haire, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally-maufray of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away: We'll none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foote and a halfe by th'squire.

*Shep.* Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at doore Sir.

*Heere a Dance of twelve Satires.*

*Pol.* O Father, you'll know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed love, as you doe; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would have ranfackt The Pedlers silk en Treasury, and have pow'd it To her acceptance: you have let him goe, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts shee lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, who (it should seeme) Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves downe, and as white as it, Or *Ethiopian* tooth, or the fan'd snow, That's bolted by th'Northerne blast, twice ore.

*Pol.* What followes this? How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before? I have put you out, But to your protestation: Let me heare What you professe.

*Flo.* Doe, and be witnesse too't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge More than was ever mans, I would not prize them Without her Love; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her service, Or to their owne perdition.

*Pol.* Fairely offer'd.

*Cam.* This shewes a sound affection.

*She.* But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

*Per.* I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargaine; And friends unknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

*Flo.* O, that must be I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall have more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on: Contract us'fore these Witnesse.

*Shep.* Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft Swaine a-while: befeech you, Have you a Father?

*Pol.* I have: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knowes he of this?

*Pol.* He neither do's, nor shall.

*Pol.* Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reasonable affaires? Is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare? Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate? Lyes he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childish?

*Flo.* No good Sir: He has his health, and ampler strength indeed Then most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something unfiliall: Reason my sonne Should choose himselfe a wite, but as good reason The Father (all whose joy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

*Flo.* I yeeld all this; But for some other reasons (my grave Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this businesse.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prethee let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeve At knowing of thy choyce.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not: Marke our Contract.

*Pol.* Marke your divorce (yong Sir) Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepter's heire, That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peccc Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know The royall Foole thou coap'ft with.

*Shep.* Oh my heart.

*Pol.* Ile have thy beauty scratcht with briers and made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may ever know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt never see this knacke (as never I meane thou shalt) we'll barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre than *Dencalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it: And you Enchantment,

Worthy enough a Heardsman : yea him too,  
That makes himfelfe (but for our Honor therein)  
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou  
Thefe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,  
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,  
I will devife a death, as cruell for thee  
As thou art tender to't.

*Perd.* Even heere undone :

I was not much a-fear'd : for once, or twice  
I was about to fpeake, and tell him plainly,  
The felfe-fame Sun, that shines upon his Court,  
Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but  
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gon?  
I told you what would come of this : Befeech you  
Of your owne ftate take care : This dreame of mine  
Being now awake, Ile Queené it no inch farther,  
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

*Cam.* Why how now Father,  
Speake ere thou dyeft.

*Shep.* I cannot fpeake, nor thinke,  
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,  
You have undone a man of fourefcore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet : yea,  
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,  
To lye clofe by his honeft bones ; but now  
Some Hangman muft put on my throwd, and lay me  
Where no Prieft fhovels-in duft. Oh curfed wretch,  
That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldft adventure  
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, undone :  
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd  
To dye when I defire.

*Flo.* Why looke you fo upon me?  
I am but forry, not affear'd : delaid,  
But nothing alfred : What I was, I am :  
More ftraining on, for plucking backe ; not following  
My leafhunwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my Lord,  
You know your Fathers temper : at this time  
He will allow no fpeech : (which I doe gheffe  
You doe not purpofe to him :) and as hardly  
Will he endure your fight, as yet I feare ;  
Then till the fury of his Highneffe settle  
Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpofe it :  
I thinke *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Even he, my Lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus?  
How often faid, my dignity would laft  
But till 'twere knowne ?

*Flo.* It cannot faile, but by  
The violation of my faith, and then  
Let Nature cruft the fides o'th earth together,  
And marre the feeds within. Lift up thy looks :  
From my fucceffion wipe me (Father) I  
Am heyre to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am : and by my fancy, if my Reason  
Will thereto be obedient : I have reason :  
If not, my fences better (pleas'd with madneffe)  
Doe bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate (fir)

*Vio.* So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :  
I needs muft thinke it honefty. *Camillo*,  
Not for *Bobemia*, nor the pompe that may  
Be thereat gleaned : for all that the Sun fees, or  
The clofe earth wombes, or the profound fea hide

*Exit.*

In unknowne fadomes, will I break e my oath  
To this my faire belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have euer bin my Fathers friend,  
When he shall miffe me, as (in faith I meane not  
To fee him any more) caft your good counfailes  
Vpon his paffion : Let my felfe, and Fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And fo deliver, I am put to Sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on fhore :  
And moft opportune to her need, I have  
A Veffell rides faft by, but not prepar'd  
For this defigne. What courfe I meane to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concerne me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord,  
I would your fpirit were eafier for aduice,  
Or ftronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hearke *Perdita*,  
Ile heare you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremoveable,  
Rofolv'd tor flight : Now were I happy, if  
His going, I could frame to ferve my turne.  
Save him from danger, doe him love and honour,  
Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicilia,  
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom  
I fo much thirft to fee.

*Flo.* Now good *Camillo*,  
I am fo fraught with curious bufineffe, that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I thinke  
You have heard of my poore fervices, i'th love  
That I have borne your Father ?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deferv'd : It is my Fathers Muficke  
To fpeake your deeds : not little of his care  
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well (my Lord)  
If you may please to thinke I love the King,  
And through him, what's neereft to him, which is  
Your gracious felfe ; embrace but my direction,  
If your more ponderous and fetled project  
May fuffer alteration : On mine honor,  
Ile point you where you shall have fuch receiving  
As shall become your Highneffe, where you may  
Enjoy your Miftris ; from the whom, I fee  
There's no difunction to be made, but by  
(As heavens forefend) your ruine : Marry her,  
And with my beft endeavours, in youe abfence,  
Your difcontenting Father, ftrive to qualifie  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How *Camillo*  
May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
That I may call thee fomething more than man,  
And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll goe ?

*Flo.* Not any yet :  
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly doe, fo we profefse  
Our felves to be the flaves of chance, and flies  
Of every winde that blowes.

*Cam.* Then lift to me :  
This fo lowes, if you will not change your purpofe  
But undergoe this flight ; make for Sicilia,  
And there present your felfe, and your faire Princeffe,  
(For fo I fee fhe muft be) 'fore *Leontes* ;

She

She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see  
*Leontes* opening his free Armes, and weeping  
His Welcomes forth : asks thee there Sonne forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person : kisses the hands  
Of your fresh Princeesse ; ore and ore divides him,  
'Twi'th his unkindnesse, and his kindnesse : th'one  
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster then Thought, or Time.

*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,

What colour for my Visitation, shall I  
Hold up before him ?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,  
Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your fathers Bosome there,  
And speake his very Heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you :  
There is some sappe in this.

*Cam.* A Course more promising,  
Then a wild dedication of your selves  
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores ; most certaine,  
To Miseries enough : no hope to helpe you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another :  
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who  
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,  
Where you'l be loth to be : besides you know,  
Prosperitie's the very bond of Love,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true :  
I thiake Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
But not take-in the Mind,

*Cam.* Yea ? say you so ?  
There shall not, at your fathers house, these seven yeeres  
Be borne another such,

*Flo.* My good *Camillo*,  
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as  
She is i'th' reare' our Birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pittie  
She lackes instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon Sir, for this.  
Ile blush you Thankes.

*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita*.  
But O, the Thornes we stand upon : (*Camillo*)  
Preserver of my Father, now of me,  
The Medicine of our House : how shall we doe ?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,  
Nor shall appeare in *Sicily*.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Feare none of this : I thinke you know my fortunes  
Doe all lye there : it shall be so my care,  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The Scane you play, were mine. For instance Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want : one word.

*Enter Antoliscus.*

*Aut.* Ha ha, what a foole Honesty is ? and Trust (his  
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold  
all my Tromperie : not a counterfeit Stone, nor a Ribbon,  
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,  
Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Packe from fastning : they throng who should buy  
first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought  
a benediction to the buyer : by which meanes, I saw  
whose Purse was best in Picture ; and what I saw, to my  
good use, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but  
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with  
the Wenches Song, that he would not stirre his Pettytoes  
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the  
rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke  
in Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was sense-  
lesse, 'twas nothing to gield a Cod-peece of a Purse : I  
would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes :  
no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring  
the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I  
pick'd and cut most of their Festivall Purfes : And had  
not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his  
Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes  
from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole  
Army.

*Cam.* Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there  
So soone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes* ?

*Cam.* Shall satisfie your Father.

*Perd.* Happy be you :  
All that you speake, shewes faire.

*Cam.* Who have we here ?  
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit  
Nothing may give us ayde.

*Aut.* If they have over-heard me now : why hanging.

*Cam.* How now (good Fellow)  
Why shak'st thou so ? Feare not (man)  
Here's no harme intended to thee,

*Aut.* I am a poore fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still : here's nobody will steale that  
from thee : yet for the out-side of thy poverty, we must  
make an exchange ; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou  
must thinke there's a necessity in't) and change garments  
with this Gentleman : Though the penny-worth (on his  
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir : (I know ye well e-  
nough.)

*Cam.* Nay prethee dispatch : the Gentleman is halfe  
fled already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir ? (I smell the tricke on't.)

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.

*Aut.* Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with  
conscience take it.

*Cam.* Vnbuckle, unbuckle.  
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecy  
Come home to ye :) you must retire your selfe  
Into some Covert ; take your sweet-hearts Hat  
And plucke it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-board  
Get undescry'd.

*Per.* I see the Play solyes,  
That I must beare a part.

*Cam.* No remedy :  
Have you done there ?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my Father,  
He would not call me Sonne.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no Hat :  
Come Lady, come : Farewell (my friend.)

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita* : what have we twaine forgot ?

'Pray

'Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I doe next, shall be to tell the King  
Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;  
Whereis, my hope is, I shall so prevaile,  
To force him after : in whose company  
I shall re-view *Sicilia* ; for whose sight,  
I have a Womans Longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us :  
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

*Exit.*

*Aut.* I understand the businesse, I heare it : to have an  
open eare, a quicke eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for  
a Cut-purse ; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out  
worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the  
unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been,  
without boot ? What a boot is here, with this exchange ;  
Sure the gods doe this yeere connive at us, and we may  
doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about  
a peece of iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with  
his Clog at his heeles :) if I thought it were a peece of  
honesty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't :  
I hold it the more knavery to conceale it ; and therein am  
I constant to my Profession.

*Enter Clowne, and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every  
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds  
a carefull man worke.

*Clow.* See, see : what a man you are now ? there is no  
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and  
none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but heare me.

*Clow.* Nay ; but heare me.

*Shep.* Goe to then.

*Clow.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your  
flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your  
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those  
things you found about her (those secret things, all but  
what she ha's with her :) This being done, let the Law goe  
whistle : I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his  
Sonnnes prancks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man,  
neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me  
the Kings Brother in Law.

*Clow.* Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you  
could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene  
the deerer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)

*Shep.* Wel: let us to the King : there is that in this  
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this Complaint may  
be to the sight of my Master.

*Clow.* Pray heartily he beat Pallace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-  
times by chance : Let me pocket up my Pedlers excre-  
ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound ?

*Shep.* To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

*Aut.* Your Affaires there ? what ? with whom ? the  
Condition of that Farthell ? the place of your dwelling ?  
your names ? your ages ? of what having ? breeding, and  
any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover ?

*Clow.* We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

*Aut.* A Lye : you are rough, and hayrie : Let me have  
no lying ; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they of-  
ten give us (Souldiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it  
with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they  
doe not give us the Lye.

*Clow.* Your Worship had like to have given us one, if  
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir ?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest  
thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings ? Hath  
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court ? Receiv's not  
thy Nose Court-Odour from me ? Reflect I not on thy  
Basenesse, Court-Contempt ? Think'ft thou, for that I  
insinuate, or toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am there-  
fore no Courtier ? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe* ; and one that  
will either push-on, or pluck-backe, thy Businesse there :  
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

*Shep.* My businesse, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What Aduocate ha'ft thou to him ?

*Shep.* I know not (and't like you.)

*Clow.* Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant : say  
you have none.

*Shep.* None, Sir : I have no Pheazant Cocke, nor Hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men ?  
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdaine.

*Clow.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His Garments are rich, but he weares them not  
handsomely.

*Clow.* He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-  
sticall : a great man, Ile warrant ; I know by the picking  
on's Teeth.

*Aut.* The Farthell there ? What's i'th' Farthell ?  
Wherefore that Box ?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such secrets in this Farthell and  
Box, which none must know but the King, and which he  
shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech  
of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why Sir ?

*Aut.* The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard  
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe : for  
if thou bee'ft capable of things serious, thou must know  
the King is full of griefe.

*Shep.* So'tis said (Sir :) about his Sonne, that should  
have marryed a Shepherds Daughter.

*Aut.* If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him  
flye, the Curfes he shall have, the Tortures he shall feele,  
will breake the backe of Man, the heart of Monster.

*Clow.* Thinke you so, Sir ?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make  
heavy, and Vengeance bitter ; but those that are Iermaine  
to him (though remov'd fifty times) shall all come under  
the Hang-man : which, though it be great pittie, yet it is  
necessary. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-ten-  
der, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace ? Some  
say he shall be ston'd : but that death is too soft for him  
(say I :) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat ? all deaths  
are too few, the sharpest too easie.

*Clow.* Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)  
and't like you, Sir ?

*Aut.* He ha's a Sonne : who shall be flayd alive, then  
'noynted over with Hoey, set on the head of a Waspes  
Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ;  
then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot  
Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognos-  
tication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall  
(the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him ;  
where he is to behold him, with Flyes blowne to death.)  
But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose mi-  
series are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall ?

Tell

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King : being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves ; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

*Clo.* He seemes to be of great authority : close with him, give him Gold : and though Authority be a stubborn Beare, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold : shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember iton'd, and slay'd alive.

*Shep.* And't please you (Sir) to undertake the Businesse for us, here is that Gold I have : Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

*Ant.* After I have done what I promised ?

*Shep.* I sir.

*Ant.* Well, give me the Moity : Are you a party in this Businesse ?

*Clo.* In some sort, Sir : but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

*Ant.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne : hang him, he'le be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort : We must to the King, and shew our strange sights : he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister : we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old mando's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

*Ant.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blest'd, in this man : as I may say, even blest'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to doe us good. *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion : (gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good ; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my advancement ?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proove against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants Florizel, Perdita.*

*Clo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow : No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trespas : At the last Doe, as the Heavens have done ; forget your evill, With them, forgive your selfe.

*Leo.* Whilest I remember Her and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe : which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

*Paul.* Too true (my Lord :)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman ; she you kill'd, Would be unparallell'd.

*Leo.* I thinke so. Kill'd ?

She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter

Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good Lady :

You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

*Paul.* You are one of those Would have him wed againe.

*Dio.* If you would not so, You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Sovereigne Name : Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well ? What holier, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Majesty againe With a sweet fellow to't ?

*Paul.* There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone :) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'n their secret purposes : For ha's not the Divine Apollo said ? Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found ? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave, And come againe to me : who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councill, My Lord should to the Heavens be contray, Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th' Worthiest : so his Successor Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*, Who hast the memory of *Hermione* I know in honor : O, that ever I Had squar'd me to thy councill : then, even now, I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

*Paul.* And left them More rich, for what they yeilded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth : No more such Wives, therefore no Wife : one worse, And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we offenders now appeare) Soule-vest, And begin, why to me ;

*Paul.* Had she such power, She had just such cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me To murder her I marry'd.

*Paul.*

Paul. I should so :

Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her : then Il'd shriek, that even your cares  
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,  
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,  
And all eyes else, dead coales : feare thou no Wife ;  
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you sweare  
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Vnlesse another,  
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,  
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry : if you will, Sir ;  
No remedy but you will : Give me the office  
To chuse you a Queene : she shall not be so young  
As was your former, but she shall be such  
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy  
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That  
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath :  
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,  
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his princeesse (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires accessse  
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him ? he comes not  
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse : his approach  
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells us,  
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What Trayne ?

Ser. But few,  
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princeesse (say you) with him ?

Ser. I : the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,  
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,  
As every present Time doth boast it selfe  
Above a better, gone ; so must thy Grave  
Give way to what's scene now. Sir, you your selfe  
Have said, and writ so ; but your writing now  
Is colder then that Theame : she had not bene,  
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse  
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you have scene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam :  
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon :)  
The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,  
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,  
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale  
Of all Professors else ; make Profelytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman  
More worth then any Man : Men, that she is  
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,  
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
He thus should steale upon us.

Exit.

Paul. Had our Prince.

(*Iewell of Children*) scene this houre, he had payr'd  
Well with this Lord ; there was not full a moneth  
Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more ; cease : thou know'st  
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of : sure  
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter *Florizell*, *Perdita*, *Cleomines*, and others.

Your Mother was most true to *Wedlocke*, Prince,  
For she did print your Royall Father off,  
Conceiving you, Were I but twenty one,  
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,  
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,  
As I did him, and speake of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,  
And your faire Princeesse (*Goddesse*) oh : alas,  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You (gracious Couple) doe : and then I lost  
(All mine owne Folly) the Society,  
Amity too of your brave Father, whom  
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life  
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command

Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)  
Can send his Brother : and but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd Ability, he had himselfe  
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his  
Measur'd, to looke upon you ; whom he loves  
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,  
And those that beare them, living.

Leo. Oh my brother,  
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre  
A fresh within me : and these thy offices  
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters  
Of my behind-hard slackenesse. Welcome hither,  
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull usage  
(At least ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,  
To greet a man, not worth her paines ; much lesse,  
Th' adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my Lord,  
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,  
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,  
From thence : from him, whose Daughter  
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her : thence  
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,  
For visiting your Highnesse : My best Traine  
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie  
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (sir)  
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in safety  
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our Ayre, whilest you  
Doe Clymate here : you have a holy Father,  
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,  
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)  
Have left me Issue-lesse : and your Father's blest'd  
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have beene,  
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you ?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most Noble Sir,  
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,  
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)  
*Bohemia* greets you from himselfe, by me :  
Desires you to attach his sonne, who ha's  
(His Dignity, and Duty both cast off)  
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with  
A Shepherds Daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bohemia*? speake :

*Lor.* Heere, in your Citty : I now came from him.  
I speake amazedly, and it becomes  
My mervaille, and my Message. To your Court  
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,  
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way  
The Father of this seeming Lady, and  
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,  
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* *Camillo* ha's betray'd me ;  
Whose honor, and whose honesty till now,  
Endur'd all Weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge :  
He's with the King your Father.

*Leo.* Who? *Camillo* ?

*Lord.* *Camillo* (Sir :) I spake with him : who now  
Ha's these poore men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneele, they kisse the Earth ;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speake :  
*Bohemia* stops his eares, and threatens them  
With divers deaths, in death.

*Per.* Oh my poore Father :  
The Heaven sets Spyes upon us, will not have  
Our Contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are marryed ?

*Flo.* We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be :  
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first :  
The oddes for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My Lord,  
Is this the Daughter of a King ?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my Wife.

*Leo.* That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,  
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry  
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in duty : and as sorry,  
Your Choyse is not so rich in Worth, as Beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Deare looke up :  
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,  
Should chase us, with my Father : powre no jot  
Hath she to change our Loves. Befeech you (Sir)  
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time  
Then I doe now : with thought of such Affections,  
Step forth mine Aduocate : at your request,  
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

*Leo.* Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris  
Which he counts but a Trifle.

*Paul.* Sir (my Liege)  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes  
Then what you looke on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Even in these Lookes I made. But your Petition  
Is yet un-answer'd : I will to your Father :  
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,  
I am friend to them, and you : upon which Errand  
I now goe toward him : therefore follow me,  
And marke what way I make : Come good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-  
lation ?

*Gen. 1.* I was by at the opening of the Fathell, heard  
the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it :  
whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-  
manded out of the Chamber : onely this (me thought) I  
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*Gen. 1.* I make a broken delivery of the Businesse :  
but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were  
very Notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with star-  
ring on one another, to teare the Cafes of their Eyes.  
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their  
very gesture : they look'd as they had heard of a World  
ransom'd, or one destroyed : a notable passion of Wonder  
appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew  
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were  
Joy, or Sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must  
needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more :  
The Newes, *Rogero*.

*Gen. 2.* Nothing but Bonfires : the Oracle is fulfill'd :  
the Kings Daughter is found : such a deale of wonder is  
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot  
be able to expresse it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver  
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which  
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is  
in strong suspicion : Ha's the King found his Heire ?

*Gen. 3.* Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by  
Circumstance : That which you heare, you'l swear  
you see, there is such unity in the proofes. The Mantle  
of Queene *Hermiones* : her Jewell about the Necke of it :  
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know  
to be his Character ; the Majesty of the Creature, in  
resemblance of the Mother : the Affection of Noblenesse,  
which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many o-  
ther Evidences, proclaime her, with all certainty, to be  
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two  
Kings ?

*Gen. 2.* No.

*Gen. 3.* Then have you lost a Sight which was to be  
seene, cannot be spoken of. There might you have be-  
held one Joy crowne another, so and in such manner, that  
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them : for their  
Joy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, hol-  
ding up of hands, with Countenance of such distraction,  
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and undo's description to doe it.

*Gent. 2.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

*Gent. 3.* Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches the Shepherds Sonne, who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to justifie him, but a handkerchiefe and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

*Gent. 1.* What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

*Gent. 3.* Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so lockes her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

*Gent. 1.* The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

*Gent. 3.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confests'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveness wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) she did (with an *Ass*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swoyned, all torrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene universall.

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

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

*Gent. 2.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company peece the rejoicing?

*Gent. 1.* Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceffe? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

*Aut.* Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a *Fartbell*, and I know not what: but

he at that time over-fond of the Shepherds daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this secret, it would not have rellish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepheard, and Clowne.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

*Shep.* Come boy, I am past more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

*Clown.* You are well met (Sir;) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

*Aut.* I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

*Clown.* I, and have beene so any time these foure houres.

*Shep.* And so have I, Boy.

*Clown.* So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father; for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince (my brother) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live (Sonne) to shed many more.

*Clown.* I: or else 'twere hard lucke, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

*Shep.* Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

*Clown.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* I, and it like your good Worship.

*Clown.* Give me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not sweare it.

*Clown.* Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

*Shep.* How if it be false (Sonne?)

*Clown.* If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

*Clown.* I, by any meanes prove a tall Fellow: if I doe not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Matter. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.*

*Leo.* O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Cc

Paul.

*Paul.* What (Soveraigne Sir)  
I did not well, I meant well : all my Services  
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd  
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted  
Heires of your kingdomes) my poore House to visit;  
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honor you with trouble : but we came  
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,  
The Statue of her Mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerlesse,  
So her dead likenesse I doo well beleave  
Excell's what ever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of Man hath done : therefore I keepe it  
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still Sleepe mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.  
I like your silence, it the more shewes off  
Your wonder : but yet speake, first you (my Liege)  
Comes it not something neere ?

*Leo.* Her naturall Posture.  
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed  
Thou art *Hermione* ; or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding : for she was as tender  
As infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seemes.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.  
*Paul.* So much the more our Carvers excellence.  
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yceres, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,  
Even with such Life of Majesty (warne Life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.  
I am asham'd : Do's not the Stone rebuke me,  
For being more Stone then it ? Oh Royall Peerce :  
There's Magicke in thy Majesty, which ha's  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and  
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,  
Standing like Stone with thee ;

*Ferd.* And give me leave,  
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that  
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,  
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kisse.

*Paul.* O, patience :  
The Statue is but newly fix'd ; the Colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on,  
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,  
So many Summers dry : scarce any toy  
Did ever so long live ; no Sorrow,  
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

*Pol.* Deere my Brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre  
To take off so much griefe from you, as he  
Will peerce up in himselfe.

*Paul.* Indeed my Lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image  
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not have shew'd it.

*Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.  
*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancy  
May thinke anon, it moves.

*Leo.* Let be, let be.  
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already.  
(What was he that did make it ?) See (my Lord)  
Would you not deeme it breath'd and that those veines  
Did verily beare blood ?

*Pol.* Masterly done.  
The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.  
*Leo.* The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with Art.

*Paul.* Ile draw the Curtaine :  
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that  
Hee'll thinke anon it lives.

*Leo.* Oh sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to thinke so twenty yeeres together :  
No settled Sences of the World can match  
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stir'd you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leo.* Doe *Paulina* :  
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet  
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes  
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell  
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mocke me,  
For I will kisse her,

*Paul.* Good me Lord forbear ;  
The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet :  
You'll marre it, if you kisse it ; staine your owne  
With Oylly Painting : shall I draw the Curtaine ?

*Leo.* No : not these twenty yeeres.

*Ferd.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you  
For more amazement : if you can behold it,  
Ile make the Statue move indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll thinke  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked Powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her doe,  
I am content to looke on : what to speake,  
I am content to heare : for 'tis as easie  
To make her speake, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You doe awake you Faith : then, all stand still :  
On : those that thinke it is unlawfull Businesse  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed :  
No foot shall stirre.

*Paul.* Musicke ; awake her : Strike :  
'Tis time : descend : be Stone no more : approach :  
Strike all that looke upon with mervaile : Come :  
Ile fill your Grave up : stirre : nay, come away :  
Bequeath to Death your numnesse : (for from him,  
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceive she stirres :  
Start not : her Actions shall be holy, as  
You heare my spell is lawfull : doe not shun her,  
Vntill you see her dye againe ; for then  
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her : now, in age,  
Is she become the Suitor ?

*Leo.* Oh she's warme :  
If this be Magicke, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his necke,

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

*Pol.* I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,  
Or how stolne from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she lives,  
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:  
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,  
And pray your Mothers blessing; turne good Lady,  
Our *Perdita* is found.

*Her.* You gods looke downe,  
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces  
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)  
Where hast thou bin preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found  
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I  
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
My selfe, to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Least they desire (upon this push) to trouble  
Your joyes, with like Relation. Goe together  
You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)  
Lament, till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace *Paulina*:  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,  
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,  
But stow, is to be question'd: for I saw her  
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vaine) said many  
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not seeke farre  
(For him, I partly know his minde) to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,  
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty  
Is richly noted: and heere justified  
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.  
What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,  
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes  
My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,  
And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,  
Leade us from hence, where we may leysurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first  
We were dislever'd. Hastily leade away.

*Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

**L** *Leontes*, King of Sicilia.

*Mamillius*, yong Prince of Sicilia.

*Camillo*.

*Antigonus*.

*Four.*

*Cleomines*.

*Lords of Sicilia.*

*Dion*.

*Hermione*, Queene to *Leontes*.

*Perdita*, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

*Paulina*, wife to *Antigonus*.

*Emilia*, a Lady.

*Polixenes*, King of Bohemia.

*Florizell*, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

Clowne his Sonne.

*Autolycus*, a Rogue.

*Archidamus*, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheards, and Shephear ddeses.

FIN IS.



