

# The Winters Tale.

## Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

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

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

*Arch.* Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: 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—— Wee will giue you sleepe Drinckes, that your Sences (vnintelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

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

*Arch.* 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouerkind to Bohemia: They were trayn'd together in their Childhoods;

and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorneyed with enterchange of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

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

iect, 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 die?

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

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

*Exeunt.*

## **Scœna Secunda.**

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

*Pol.* Nine Changes of the Watry#Starre hath been  
The Shepherds Note, since we haue left our Throne  
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe  
Would be #ll'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,  
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 Thanks 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 vpon our absence, that may blow  
No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,  
This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd  
To tyre your Royaltie.

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

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One Seue'night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.

*Leo.* Wee'le part the time between's then: and in that  
Ile no gaine#saying.

*Pol.* Presse me not ('beseech you) so:  
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th'World  
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 euen drag me home#ward: which to hinder,  
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,  
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,  
Farewell (our Brother.)

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

*Her.* I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill  
 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 aduventure  
 The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia  
 You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,  
 To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest  
 Pre#x'd for's parting: yet (good#deed) Leontes,  
 I loue thee not a larre o'th'Clock, behind  
 What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay:

*Pol.* No, Madame.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not verily.

*Her.* Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,  
 Though you would seek t'vnsphere 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 saue your Thanks. 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.

*Her.* Was not my Lord

The veryer Wag o'th'two?

*Pol.* We were as twyn'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, nor dream'd

That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,

And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen

Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,

Hereditarie ours.

*Her.* By this we gather

You haue tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,

Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for

In those vn#edg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;

Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young Play#fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, least you say

Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,

Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,

If you #rst sinn'd with vs: and that with vs

You did continue fault; and that you slipt not

With any, but with vs.

*Leo.* Is he woon yet?

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

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

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spok'st

To better purpose.

*Her.* Neuer?

*Leo.* Neuer, but once.

*Her.* What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?

I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,

Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.

Our prayses 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 entreat his stay.

What was my #rst: it ha's an elder Sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.

But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?

Nay, let me haue't: I long.

*Leo.* Why, that was when

Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselues to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,  
I am yours for euer.

*Her.* 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why lo#you now; I haue spoke to th'purpose twice:  
The one, for euer 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 haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,  
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie  
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,  
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:  
But to be padling 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, but cleanly, Captaine:  
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Neat. 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 pash, & the shoots that I haue

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 Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false  
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that #xes  
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 so held,  
 Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)  
 With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,  
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
 Thou may'st co#ioyne with something, and thou do'st,  
 (And that beyond Commission) and I find it,  
 (And that to the infection of my Braines,  
 And hardning of my Browes.)

*Pol.* What meanes Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seemes vnsetled.

*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 mou'd (my Lord?)

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
 It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime  
 To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes  
 Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle  
 Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn#breech'd,  
 In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzled,  
 Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue  
 (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 #ght.

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

*Pol.* If at home (Sir)

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;  
 Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;  
 My Parasite, my Souldier: States#man; all:  
 He makes a lulyes day, short as December,  
 And with his varying child#nesse, cures in me  
 Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this Squire

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

*Her.* If you would seeke vs,

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 perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)

Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?

And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife

To her allowing Husband. Gone already,

Ynch#thick, 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 Graue: Contempt and Clamor

Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been

(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,

And many a man there is (euen at this present,

Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,

That little thinkes she ha's been sluyc'd in's absence,

And his Pond #sh'd by his next Neighbor (by

Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd

(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire

That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind

Would hang themselues. Physick 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 will let in and out the Enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

*Mam.* I am like you 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 perceiue 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 entreatie.

*Leo.* At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,  
 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
 By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?  
 For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in  
 More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,  
 But of the #ner Natures? by some Seueralls  
 Of Head#peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes  
 Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

*Cam.* Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand  
 Bohemia stayes here longer.

*Leo.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stayes here longer.

*Leo.* I, but why?

*Cam.* To satis#e your Highnesse, and the Entreaties  
 Of our most gracious Mistresse.

*Leo.* Satis#e?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satis#e?  
 Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (Camillo)  
 With all the neerest things to my heart, as well  
 My Chamber#Councels, wherein (Priest#like) thou  
 Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed  
 Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been  
 Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd  
 In that which seemes so.

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

*Leo.* To bide vpon'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 Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,  
 And therein negligent: or else a Foole,  
 That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,  
 And tak'st it all for ieast.

*Cam.* My gracious Lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,  
 In euery one of these, no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, feare,  
 Among the in#nite doings of the World,  
 Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)  
 If euer I were wilfull#negligent,



It was my folly: if industriously  
 I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end: if euer 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 In#rmities, that honestie  
 Is neuer 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 haue, 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, that do's not thinke)  
 My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,  
 Or else be impudently negatiue,  
 To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say  
 My Wife's a Holy#Horse, deserues a Name  
 As ranke as any Flax#Wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth#plight: say't, and iustify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander#by, to heare

My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
 You neuer 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, Minutes? Noone, Mid#night? and all Eyes  
 Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,  
 That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?  
 Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
 The couering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
 My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd

Of this diseases'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 lyeest Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,  
Or else a houering Temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,  
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer  
Infected (as her life) she would not liue  
The running of one Glasse.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging  
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I  
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine Honor, as their Pro#ts,  
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that  
Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou  
His Cup#bearer, whom I from meaner forme  
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see  
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,  
How I am gall'd, might'st be#spice a Cup,  
To giue 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  
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse  
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)  
I haue lou'd thee,

*Leo.* Make that thy question, and goe rot:

Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,  
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?  
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes  
(Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,  
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspses)  
Giue scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,  
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)  
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must beleeue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:

Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse  
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at #rst,  
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou do'st aduise me,

Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:  
Ile giue 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 haue wholesome Beueridge,  
Account me not your Seruant.

*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 wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'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 haue  
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,  
Promotion followes: If I could find example  
Of thousand's that had struck anynted Kings,  
And #ourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since  
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,  
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must  
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine  
To me a breake#neck. Happy Starre raigne now,  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange: Me thinks

My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?  
Good day Camillo.

*Cam.* Hayle 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 Prouince, and a Region  
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him

With customarie complement, when hee  
 Wafting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling  
 A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and  
 So leaues 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 partie in this alteration, finding  
 My selfe thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sicknesse

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 haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better  
 By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo,  
 As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto  
 Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes  
 Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,  
 In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,  
 If you know ought which do's behoue 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 coniure 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 ghesse of harme  
 Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,  
 Which way to be preuented, 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 eu'n as swiftly followed, as  
 I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,

Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,  
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument  
To vice you to't, that you haue 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 sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill  
Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,  
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection  
That ere was heard, or read.

*Cam.* Swear his thought ouer  
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and  
By all their In#uences; you may as well  
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,  
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake  
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation  
Is pyl'd vpon 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  
Auoid 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 will whisper to the Businesse,  
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,  
Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my selfe, Ile put  
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here  
By this discoverie lost.) Be not vncertaine,  
For by the honor of my Parents, I  
Haue vttered Truth: which if you seeke to proue,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:  
Thereon his Execution sworne.

*Pol.* I doe beleeeue thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Giue 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 lealousie  
 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 conceiue,  
 He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer  
 Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges 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 vs auoid.

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

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.*

*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 loue you better.

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

*Mam.* Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet black#browes they say  
 Become some Women best, so that there be not  
 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
 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 are your eye#browes?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

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

*Lady.* Harke ye,

2e Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall

Present our seruices to a #ne new Prince  
 One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,  
 If we would haue you.

2. *Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

*Her.* What wisdoms stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,  
 And tell's a Tale.

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

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter:

I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

*Her.* Let's haue 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 giu't me in mine eare.

*Leon.* Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with  
 him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer  
 Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them  
 Euen to their Ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?  
 Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'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 haue drunke, and seene the Spider.  
 Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:  
 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 Trick  
 For them to play at will: how came the Posternes  
 So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authority,

Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.

Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:  
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you  
Haue 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 shee's big#with, for 'tis Polixenes  
Ha's made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But Il'd say he had not;

And Ile be sworne you would beleue 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 iustice of your hearts will thereto adde  
'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;  
Prayse her but for this her without#dore#Forme,  
(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight  
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty#brands  
That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,  
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare  
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,  
When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,  
Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne  
(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)  
Shee'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 haue 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 vse to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,  
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said  
Shee's an Adultresse, I haue 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 shee's  
 A Bed#swaruer, euen as bad as those  
 That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy  
 To this their late escape.

*Her.* No (by my life)

Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus haue 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 vpon,  
 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.* There's some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heauens looke  
 With an aspect more faorable. 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 haue  
 That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes  
 Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)  
 With thoughts so quali#ed, 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 deseru'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 neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now  
 I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

*Leo.* Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

*Antig.* Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your lustice

Proue 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)

Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse  
 I'th'eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane  
 In this, which you accuse her.)

*Antig.* If it proue

Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where  
 I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:  
 Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:  
 For euey ynch of Woman in the World,  
 I, euey dram of Womans #esh is false,  
 If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my Lord.

*Antig.* It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
 That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,  
 I would Land#damne him: be she honor##aw'd,  
 I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;  
 The second, and the third, nine: and some #ue:  
 If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor  
 Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see  
 To bring false generations: they are co#heyres,  
 And I had rather glib my selfe, then they  
 Should not produce faire issue.

*Leo.* Cease, no more:

You smell this businesse with a sence 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.

*Antig.* If it be so,

We neede no graue to burie honesty,  
 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 haue her Honor true, then your suspition  
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leo.* Why what neede we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
 Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue  
 Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse  
 Imparts this: which, if you, or stupi#ed,  
 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
 Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,

We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,  
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,  
Is all properly ours

*Antig.* And I wish (my Liege)

You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,  
Without more ouerture.

*Leo.* How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wer't borne a foole: Camillo's #ight  
Added to their Familiarity  
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,  
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation  
But onely seeing, all other circumstances  
Made vp to'th deed) doth push#on this proceeding.  
Yet, for a greater con#rmation  
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere  
Most pitteous to be wilde) I hane dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Appollo's Temple,  
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd#sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle  
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had  
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

*Lord.* Well done (my Lord.)

*Leo.* Though I am satis#de, and neede no more

Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle  
Giue rest to th'mindes of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not  
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good  
From our free person, she should be con#nde,  
Least that the treachery of the two, #ed hence,  
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,  
We are to speake in publike: for this businesse  
Will raise vs 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 haue knowledge who 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, who much I honour.

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

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

*Pau.* Here's a#do, to locke vp honesty & honour from  
Th'accesse 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.

*Pau.* I pray now call her:  
With#draw your selues.

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

*Pau.* Well: be't so: prethee.  
Heere's such a#doe, to make no staine, a staine,  
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious Lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorne  
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes  
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

*Pau.* A boy?

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

*Pau.* I dare be sworne:  
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:  
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,  
If I proue hony#mouth'd, let my tongue blister.  
And neuer to my red#look'd Anger bee  
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 vndertake to bee  
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Perswades, when speaking failes.

*Emil.* Most worthy Madam,

Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,  
 That your free vndertaking cannot misse  
 A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing  
 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 honour  
 Least she should be deny'd.

*Paul.* Tell her (Emilia)

Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit #ow from't  
 As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted  
 I shall do good,

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it.

Ile 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,  
 Hauing no warrant.

*Pau.* You neede not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is  
 By Law and processe 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 trespasse of the Queene.

*Gao.* I do beleeeue it.

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

*Exeunt*

## Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, 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'Adultresse: for the harlot#King  
 Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke  
 And leuell of my braine: plot#prooffe: but shee,  
 I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,  
 Giuen to the #re, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me againe. Whose there?

*Ser.* My Lord.

*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,  
 Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.  
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,  
 Fasten'd, and #x'd the shame on't in himselfe:  
 Threw#off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,  
 And down#right languish'd. Leauē me solely: goe,  
 See how he fares: Fie, #e, no thought of him,  
 The very thought of my Reuenges that way  
 Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,  
 And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,  
 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 iealous.

*Antig.* That's enough.

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

*Pau.* 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.* Who noyse there, hoe?

*Pau.* No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,  
 About some Gossips 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 haue 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 Seruant, your Physitian,  
 Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares  
 Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,  
 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.

*Pau.* Let him that makes but tri#es of his eyes  
 First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,  
 B1t #rst, 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? Giue her the Bastard,  
 Thou dotard, thou art woman#tyr'd: vnroosted  
 By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard,  
 Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.

*Paul.* For euer

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
 Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse  
 Which he ha's put vpon't.

*Leo.* He dreads his Wife.

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

*Leo.* A nest of Traitors.

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

*Pau.* Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,  
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 remoue  
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,  
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.

*Leo.* A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,  
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,  
It is the Issue of Polixenes.  
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,  
Commit them to the #re.

*Paul.* It is yours:

And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)  
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter  
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,  
The trick 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, Nayle, 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, 'mongst 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'le leaue your selfe  
Hardly one Subiect.

*Leo.* Once more take her hence.

*Paul.* A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord

Can doe no more.

*Leo.* Ile ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,  
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:  
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene



(Not able to produce more accusation  
Then your owne weake#hindg'd Fancy) something sauors  
Of Tyrannie, 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, Ile be gone.  
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: loue send her  
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?  
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,  
Will neuer doe 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? euen thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.  
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:  
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;  
The Bastard#braynes with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the #re,  
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: my Royall Liege,  
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

*Leo.* You're lyers all.

*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:  
We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'  
So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,  
(As recompence of our deare seruices  
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

*Leo.* I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:  
Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,  
And call me Father? better burne it now,  
Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.

It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:  
 You that haue beene so tenderly officious  
 With Lady Margerie, your Mid#wife there,  
 To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,  
 So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,  
 To saue this Brats life?

*Antig.* Any thing (my Lord)

That my abilitie may vndergoe,  
 And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;  
 Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,  
 To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible: Sweare 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 enioyne thee,  
 As thou art Liege#man to vs, 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 leaue it  
 (Without more mercy) to it owne protection,  
 And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune  
 It came to vs, I doe in lustice charge thee,  
 On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
 Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

*Antig.* I sweare to doe this: though a present death  
 Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)  
 Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens  
 To be thy Nurs1s. Wolues and Beares, they say,  
 (Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done  
 Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous  
 In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing  
 Against this Crueltie, #ght on thy side  
 (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.)

*Exit.*

*Leo.* No: Ile not reare  
 Anothers Issue.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Seru.* Please' your Highnesse, Posts  
 From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come  
 An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,

Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to th'Court.

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

*Leo.* Twentie three days  
They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore#tells  
The great Apollo suddenly will haue  
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 haue  
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,  
And thinke vpon my bidding.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Cleomines and Dion.*

*Cleo.* 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 thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence  
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacri#ce,  
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn#earthly  
It was i'th'Offring?

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

*Dio.* If th'euent o'th'lourney  
Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)  
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,  
The time is worth the vse on't.

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

*Dio.* The violent carriage of it  
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle  
(Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp)  
Shall the Contents discover: something rare  
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,

And gracious be the issue.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scœna Secunda.**

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

*Leo.* This Sessions (to our great grieffe we pronounce)

Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,  
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one  
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,  
Euen 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.*

*Leo.* Reade the Indictment.

*Officer.* Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King  
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Trea  
son, 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 circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con  
trary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst coun  
saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to #ye 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 Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)  
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine  
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)  
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make  
False Accusation 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 vnhappy; which is more  
Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'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 deriuatiue 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 vncurrant, I  
 Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond  
 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will  
 That way enclining, hardned be the hearts  
 Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin  
 Cry #e vpon my Graue.

*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 #rst.

*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 lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:  
 With such a kind of Loue, as might become  
 A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,  
 So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:  
 Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me  
 Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude  
 To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,  
 Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,  
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'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 themselues  
 (Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know

What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence.

*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, concernes more then auailles: for as  
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,  
No Father owning it (which is indeed  
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou  
Shalt feele our lustice; 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 commoditie;  
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 loy,  
And #rst Fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort  
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast  
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)  
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euey Post  
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred  
The Child#bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs  
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before  
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)  
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,  
That I should feare to die? 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 lealousies 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

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 aliue, and here beholding  
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see

The #atnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes  
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

*Officer.* You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,  
That you (Cleomines and Dion) haue  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought  
This seal'd#vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd  
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,  
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,  
Nor read the Secrets in't.

*Cleo.* Dio. All this we sweare.

*Leo.* Breake vp the Seales, and read.

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

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo.

*Her.* Praysed.

*Leo.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offic.* I (my Lord) euen 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 Heauens themselues,  
Doe strike at my Iniustice. 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 recouer.

I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon

My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woe 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 reuenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been 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 #ll'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest  
 Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here  
 (Which you knew great) and to the hazard  
 Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,  
 No richer then his Honor: How he glisters  
 Through my 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 #t is this? good Lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?  
 What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What #aying? boyling?  
 In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture  
 Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues  
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny  
 (Together working with thy lealousies,  
 Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle  
 For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,  
 And then run mad indeed: starke#mad: for all  
 Thy by#gone fooleries were but spices of 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 haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby#daughter,  
 To be or none, or little; though a Deuill  
 Would haue shed water out of #re, ere don't;  
 Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death  
 Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
 That could conceiue 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 haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,  
 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  
 Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye  
 Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you  
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,  
 Do not repent these things, for they are heauier  
 Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,  
 Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter  
 In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods  
 To looke that way thou wer't.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd  
 All tongues to talke their bittrest.

*Lord.* Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue 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 haue 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 receiue affliction  
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)  
 Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:  
 The loue 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 receyue much better,  
 Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,  
 One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall  
 The causes of their death appeare (vnto  
 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 vp with this exercise, so long

I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me  
To these sorrowes.

*Exeunt*

## **Scæna Tertia.**

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.*

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

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

*Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,  
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before  
I call vpon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, 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 vpon'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 haue 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,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow  
So #ll'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 leaue it crying: and for the babe  
Is counted lost for euer, Perdita

I prethee call't: For this vngentle 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 toyes,  
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
 Apollo would (this being indeede the issue  
 Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide  
 (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth  
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,  
 There lye, and there thy charracter: 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 enioyn'd to this. Farewell,  
 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue  
 A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw  
 The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?  
 Well may I get aboard: This is the Chace,  
 I am gone foreuer.

*Exit pursued by a Beare.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and  
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:  
 for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen  
 ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,  
 #ghting, hearke you now: would any but these boyld  
 braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea  
 ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,  
 which I feare the Wolfe will sooner #nde then the Mai  
 ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea#side, brou  
 zing of luy. Good#lucke (and't be thy will) what haue  
 we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A  
 boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie  
 one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I  
 can reade Waiting#Gentlewoman in the scape: this has  
 beene some staire#worke, some Trunke#worke, some be  
 hinde#doore worke: they were warmer that got this,  
 then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet  
 Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen 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'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I haue seene two such sights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be#twixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

*Shep.* Why boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp 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'ld thrust a Corke into a hogs#head. And then for the Land#seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder#bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and said his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea #ap dragon'd it: but #rst, 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 haue not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

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

*Shep.* Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing#cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (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 olde man: If the sinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Go1d.

*Shep.* This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp

with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer 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.

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

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

*Exeunt*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror  
 Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,  
 Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)  
 To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime  
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
 Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride  
 Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
 To orethrow Law, and in one selfe#borne howre  
 To plant, and ore#whelme Custome. Let me passe  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,  
 Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to  
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
 To th'freshest 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 giue my Scene such growing  
 As you had slept betweene: Leontes leauing  
 Th'effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing  
 That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me  
 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be  
 In faire Bohemia, and remember well,  
 I mentioned 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 insues

I list not prophesie: but let Times newes  
 Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh (ter  
 And what to her adheres, which followes after,  
 Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,  
 If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:  
 If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

*Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

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

*Cam.* It is #fteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:  
 though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-  
 sire 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 lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest  
 of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of  
 thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to  
 haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made  
 me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can suffici-  
 ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,  
 or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:  
 which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I  
 cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my stu-  
 die, and my pro#te therein, the heaping friendshippes.  
 Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more,  
 whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance  
 of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King  
 my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene &  
 Children, are euen now to be a#fresh lamented. Say to  
 me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings  
 are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then  
 they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their  
 Vertues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what  
 his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I  
 haue (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 haue considered so much (Camillo) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue 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 vnspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I haue 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 vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo, we must disguise our selues.

*Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

When Daffadils begin to peere,  
 With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,  
 Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,  
 For the red blood rains in y4 winters pale.  
 The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,  
 With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:  
 Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,  
 For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.  
 The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,  
 With heigh, the Thrush and the lay:  
 Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts  
 While we lye tumbling in the hay.  
 I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three  
 pile, but now I am out of seruice.  
 But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)  
 the pale Moone shines by night:  
 And when I wander here, and there  
 I then do most go right.  
 If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,  
 and beare the Sow#skin Bowget,

Then my account I well may giue,  
and in the Stockes auouch#it.

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to  
lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolicus, who be  
ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a  
snapper#vp of vnconsidered tri#es: With Dye and drab,  
I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly  
Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on  
the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:  
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A  
prize, a prize.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Let me see, euery Leauen#weather toddes, euery  
tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: #fteene hundred  
shorne, what comes the wooll too?

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

*Clo.* I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see,  
what am I to buy for our Sheepe#shearing#Feast? Three  
pound of Sugar, #ue 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 four and twenty Nose#gayes for the shea  
rers (three#man song#men, all, and very good ones) but  
they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puri  
tan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne#pipes.  
I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace:  
Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen;  
a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure  
pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

*Clo.* Alas poore soule.

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

*Clo.* How now? Canst stand?

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

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

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

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

*Aut.* A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll#my#dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

*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 Processe#seruer (a Baylffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing #owne ouer many knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him Autolicus.

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

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

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

*Aut.* I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am

false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

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

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

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

*Clo.* Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our  
sheepe#shearing.

*Exit.*

*Aut.* Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot e  
nough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your  
sheepe#shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out  
another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold,  
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, Seruants, Autolicus.*

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

*Perd.* 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 haue obscur'd  
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)  
Most Goddesses#like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts  
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders  
Digest with a Custome, I should blush  
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,  
To shew my selfe a glasse.

*Flo.* I blesse the time  
When my good Falcon, made her #ight a#crosse  
Thy Fathers ground.

*Perd.* Now loue affoord you cause:

To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse  
 Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen 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 vp? What would he say? Or how  
 Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold  
 The sternesse of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues  
 (Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken  
 The shapes of Beasts vpon 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 neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,  
 Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
 Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts  
 Burne hotter then my Faith.

*Perd.* O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King:  
 One of these two must be necessities,  
 Which then will speake, that you must change this pur (pose,  
 Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou deer'st Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not  
 The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or Ile 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 vp your countenance, as it were the day  
 Of celebration of that nuptiall, which  
 We two haue sworne shall come.

*Perd.* O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

*Flo.* See, your Guests approach,

Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,  
 And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon

This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,  
 Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,  
 Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere  
 At vpper 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 vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is  
 A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.  
 Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe  
 That which you are, Mistris o'th'Feast. Come on,  
 And bid vs welcome to your sheepe#shearing,  
 As your good #ocke shall prosper.

*Perd.* Sir, welcome:

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

*Pol.* Shepherdesse,

(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages  
 With #owres of Winter.

*Perd.* Sir, the yeare growing ancient,

Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth  
 Of trembling winter, the fayrest #owres o'th season  
 Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly#vors,  
 (Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind  
 Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not  
 To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

*Perd.* For I haue 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 ouer 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 conceyue a barke of baser kinde  
 By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art  
 Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but  
 The Art it selfe, is Nature.

*Perd.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make you Garden rich in Gilly' vors,  
 And do not call them bastards.

*Perd.* Ile 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 #owres for you:  
 Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,  
 The Mary#gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,  
 And with him rises, weeping: These are #owres  
 Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen  
 To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leaue grasing, were I of your #ocke,  
 And onely liue by gazing.

*Perd.* Out alas:

You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary  
 Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst (Friend,  
 I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might  
 Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,  
 That weare vpon your Virgin#branches yet  
 Your Maiden#heads growing: O Proserpina,  
 For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall  
 From Dysses Waggon: Daffadils,  
 That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
 The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,  
 But sweeter then the lids of Iuno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath) pale Prime#roses,  
 That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie  
 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?

*Perd.* No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:  
 Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,  
 But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your #ours,  
 Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do

In Whitson#Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine  
Do's change my disposition:

*Flo.* What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)  
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,  
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,  
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do  
Nothing but that: moue 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,  
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd  
With wisdom, I might feare (my Doricles)  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I thinke you haue

As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose  
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,  
Your hand (my Perdita:) so Turtles paire  
That neuer meane to part.

*Perd.* Ile sweare for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest Low#borne Lasse, that euer  
Ran on the greene#sord: Nothing she do's, or seems  
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.

*Clb.* Come on: strike vp.

*Dorcas.* Mopsa must be your Mistris: marry Garlick  
to mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now in good time.

*Clb.* Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,  
Come, strike vp.

*Heere a Daunce of Shepherds and Shephearddesses.*

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

*Shep.* They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe  
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it

Vpon his owne report, and I beleeeue it:  
 He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,  
 I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone  
 Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade  
 As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,  
 I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose  
 Who loues another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

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

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the  
 doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and  
 Pipe: no, the Bag#pipe could not moue you: hee singes  
 seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters  
 them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to  
 his Tunes.

*Clo.* He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:  
 I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter  
 merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and  
 sung lamentably.

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

*Pol.* This is a braue fellow.

*Clo.* Beleeeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con  
 ceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,  
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,  
Gloues as sweete as Damaske 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 giue their deers:  
Pins, and poaking#stickes 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 loue with Mopsa, thou shouldst  
take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will  
also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

*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 giue him  
again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? Will they  
weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces?  
Is there not milking#time? 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 haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry  
lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

*Clo.* Haue 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, ther  
fore it behooues men to be wary.

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

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

*Clo.* What hast heere? Ballads?



*Mop.* Pray now buy some: I loue 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 baggs 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.* Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

*Aut.* Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist. Tale#Porter, and #ue or six honest Wiues, that were present.

Why should I carry lyes abroad?

*Mop.* 'Pray you now buy it.

*Clo.* Come#on, lay it by: and let's #rst see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold #sh, for she wold not exchange #esh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

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

*Autol.* Fiue lustices 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 haue 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: Haue 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 go thether:

*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 Loue to be,

*Mop:* Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

*Clo.* Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the #rst choice; follow me girls.

*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 news't, and #ns't, #ns't weare#a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth vtter all mens ware#a.

*Exit.*

*Seruant.* Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat#herds, three Swine#herds yT that haue made themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally#maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

*Pol.* You wearie those that refresh vs: 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 iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'squire.

*Shep.* Leau 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 twelue Satyres*

*Pol.* O Father, you'l 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 minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,  
 And handed loue, as you do; I was wont  
 To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt  
 The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it  
 To her acceptance: you haue let him go,  
 And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse  
 Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
 Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited  
 For a reply at least, if you make a care  
 Of happie holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such tri#es as these are:  
 The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt  
 Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,  
 But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life  
 Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)  
 Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,  
 As soft as Doues#downe, and as white as it,  
 Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted  
 By th'Northerne blasts, twice ore.

*Pol.* What follows this?

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

*Flo.* Do, and be witesse too't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;  
 That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch  
 Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth  
 That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge  
 More then was euer mans, I would not prize them  
 Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,  
 Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,  
 Or to their owne perdition.

*Pol.* Fairely offer'd.

*Cam.* This shewes a sound affection.

*Shep.* 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 puritie of his.

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

*Flo.* O, that must bee  
 I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,  
 I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,  
 Enough then for your wonder: but come#on,  
 Contract vs fore these Witnesses.

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

*Pol.* Soft Swaine a#while, beseech you,  
 Haue you a Father?

*Flo.* I haue: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knowes he of this?

*Flo.* 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 affayres? Is he not stupid  
 With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?  
 Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?  
 Lies 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 haue of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
 You offer him (if this be so) a wrong  
 Something vn#lliall: Reason my sonne  
 Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason  
 The Father (all whose ioy 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 graue 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 greeue  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:

Marke our Contract.

*Pol.* Marke your diuorce (yong sir)

Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base  
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters 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 peece  
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know  
The royall Foole thou coap'st with.

*Shep.* Oh my heart.

*Pol.* Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made

More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)  
If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer  
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,  
Farre then Deucalion off: (marke thou my words)  
Follow vs 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 himselfe (but for our Honor therein)  
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou  
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,  
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee  
As thou art tender to't.

*Exit.*

*Perd.* Euen heere vndone:

I was not much a#fear'd: for once, or twice  
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,  
The selfe#same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,  
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but  
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?  
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you  
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine  
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,  
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

*Cam.* Why how now Father,

Speake ere thou dyest.

*Shep.* I cannot speake, nor thinke,  
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,  
You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,  
That thought to #ll his graue in quiet: yea,  
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,  
To lye close by his honest bones; but now  
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me  
Where no Priest shouels#in dust. Oh cursed wretch,  
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduventure  
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:  
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd  
To die when I desire.

*Exit.*

*Flo.* Why looke you so vpon me?

I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,  
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:  
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following  
My leash vnwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my Lord,

You know my Fathers temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse  
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;  
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle  
Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it:

I thinke Camillo.

*Cam.* Euen he, my Lord.

*Per.* How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said my dignity would last  
But till 'twere knowne?

*Flo.* It cannot faile, but by

The violation of my faith, and then  
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,  
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:  
From my succession wipe me (Father) I  
Am heyre to my affection.

*Cam.* Be aduis'd.

*Flo.* I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason

Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:  
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate (sir.)

*Flo.* So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:

I needs must thinke it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may  
 Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides  
 In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath  
 To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
 As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,  
 When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not  
 To see him any more) cast your good counsailes  
 Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliuer, I am put to Sea  
 With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:  
 And most opportune to her neede, I haue  
 A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this designe. What course I meane to hold  
 Shall nothing bene#t your knowledge, nor  
 Concerne me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord,

I would your spirit were easier for aduice,  
 Or stronger for your neede.

*Flo.* Hearke Perdita,

Ile heare you by and by.

*Cam.* Hee's irremouable,

Resolu'd for #ight: Now were I happy if  
 His going, I could frame to serue my turne,  
 Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,  
 Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,  
 And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious businesse, that  
 I leaue out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I thinke

You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue  
 That I haue borne your Father?

*Flo.* Very nobly

Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke  
 To speake your deeds: not little of his care  
 To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well (my Lord)

If you may please to thinke I loue the King,  
 And through him, what's neerest to him, which is

Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,  
 If your more ponderous and settled proiect  
 May suffer alteration. On mine honor,  
 Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing  
 As shall become your Highnesse, where you may  
 Enjoy your Mistris; from the whom, I see  
 There's no disiunction to be made, but by  
 (As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,  
 And with my best endeouours, in your absence,  
 Your discontenting Father, striue to quali#e  
 And bring him vp to liking.

*Flo.* How Camillo

May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
 That I may call thee something more then man,  
 And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Haue you thought on

A place whereto you'l go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

But as th'vnthought#on accident is guiltie  
 To what we wildely do, so we professe  
 Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and #yes  
 Of euery winde that blowes.

*Cam.* Then list to me:

This followes, if you will not change your purpose  
 But vndergo this #ight: make for Sicillia,  
 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,  
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes;  
 She shall be habited, as it becomes  
 The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see  
 Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping  
 His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,  
 As 'twere i'th'Fathers person: kisses the hands  
 Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,  
 'Twixt his vnkindnesse, 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 vp before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your Father

To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,  
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
 What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,  
 Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,



The which shall point you forth at euery sitting  
 What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,  
 But that you haue 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 selues  
 To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'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'le be loth to be: besides you know,  
 Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,  
 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
 Affliction alters.

*Perd.* One of these is true:

I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
 But not take#in the Mind.

*Cam.* Yea? say you so?

There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen 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 lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
 To most that teach.

*Perd.* Your pardon Sir, for this,

Ile blush you Thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.

But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)  
 Preseruer 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 Sicilia.

*Cam.* My Lord,

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

*Enter Autolicus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table#booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe#tye, Bracelet, Horne#Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy #rst, 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 vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty#toes, 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 haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod#peece of a Purse: I would haue #ll'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 Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: 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 aliue in the whole Army.

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

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

*Cam.* Shall satis#e your Father.

*Perd.* Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

*Cam.* Who haue we here?

Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may giue vs aide.

*Aut.* If they haue ouer#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 no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out#side of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis#case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie 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 enough.)

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

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

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.

*Aut.* Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie  
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe  
Into some Couert; take your sweet#hearts Hat  
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
Dis#mantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship#boord  
Get vndescry'd.

*Perd.* I see the Play so lyes,  
That I must beare a part.

*Cam.* No remedie:

Haue you done there?

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

*Cam.* Nay, you shall haue no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?  
'Pray you a word.

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

*Flo.* Fortune speed vs:

Thus we set on (Camillo) to th'Sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

*Exit.*

*Aut.* I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick 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 vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?

Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

*Enter Clowne and Shepheard.*

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

*Clowne.* See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to 2ll the King she's a Changeling, and none of your #esh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but heare me.

*Clow.* Nay; but heare me.

*Shep.* Goe too then.

*Clow.* She being none of your #esh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your #esh 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, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes 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 haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)

*Shep.* Well: let vs 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 #ight of my Master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at'Pallace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. 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 hauing? breeding, and any thing that is #tting to be knowne, discover?

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

*Aut.* A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they of ten giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

*Clo.* Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

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

*Aut.* Whether it lke 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? Receiues not thy Nose Court#Odour from me? Re#ect I not on thy Basenesse, Court#Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am there#fore no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap#a#pe; and one that will eyther push#on, or pluck#back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

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

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

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

*Clo.* Aduocate's the Court#word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

*Shep.* None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdaine.

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

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

*Clo.* He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: 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 hee 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'st capable of things serious, thou must know

the King is full of griefe.

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

*Aut.* If that Shepheard be not in hand#fast, let him #ye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

*Clo.* Thinke you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heaue, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd #ftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang#man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe#whistling Rogue, a Ram#tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee 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.

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

*Aut.* Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be #ayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Progno stication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick#wall, (the Sunne looking with a South#ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly#Rascals, whose mi series are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue 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 authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stub borne Beare, yet hee 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 ston'd, and #ay'd aliue.

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

*Aut.* After I haue done what I promised?

*Shep.* I Sir.

*Aut.* Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

*Clow.* In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pit tiffull one, I hope I shall not be #ayd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

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

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

*Clow.* We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen bless'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee 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 aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind#ones, aboard him: if he thinke it #t to shoare them againe, and that the Com plaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooffe 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, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd  
A Saint#like Sorrow: No fault could you make,  
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe  
More penitence, then done trespas: At the last  
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,  
With them, forgiue your selfe.

*Leo.* Whilst 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 vnparallell'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 haue spoken a thousand things, that would  
 Haue done the time more bene#t, and grac'd  
 Your kindnesse better.

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

*Dio.* If you would not so,

You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance  
 Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,  
 What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,  
 May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure  
 Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,  
 Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?  
 What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,  
 For present comfort, and for future good,  
 To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe  
 With a sweet Fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,

(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods  
 Will haue ful#ll'd their secret purposes:  
 For ha's not the Diuine Apollo said?  
 Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,  
 That King Leontes shall not haue 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 Graue,  
 And come againe to me: who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councill,



My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,  
 The Crowne will #nd an Heire. Great Alexander  
 Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good Paulina,

Who hast the memorie of Hermione  
 I know in honor: O, that euer I  
 Had squar'd me to thy councill: then, euen now,  
 I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,  
 Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

*Paul.* And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:

No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,  
 And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit  
 Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage  
 (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule#vext,  
 And begin, why to me?

*Paul.* Had she such power,

She had iust such cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me

To murther her I married.

*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 shrieke, that euen your eares  
 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 haue no Wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you sweare

Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

*Leo.* Neuer (Paulina) so be bless'd my Spirit.

*Paul.* Then good my Lords, beare witnessse to his Oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him ouer#much.

*Paul.* Vnlesse another,

As like Hermione, as is her Picture,  
 Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good Madame, I haue done.

*Paul.* Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;

No remedie but you will: Giue 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 #rst Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy  
 To see her in your armes.

*Leo.* My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

*Paul.* That

Shall be when your #rst Queene's againe in breath:  
 Neuer till then.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* One that giues out himselfe Prince Florizell,  
 Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princesse (she  
 The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse  
 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 vs,  
 'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
 By need, and accident. What Trayne?

*Ser.* But few,

And those but meane.

*Leo.* His Princesse (say you) with him?

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

*Paul.* Oh Hermione,

As euery present Time doth boast it selfe  
 Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue  
 Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe  
 Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now  
 Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,  
 Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse  
 Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
 To say you haue seene a better.

*Ser.* Pardon, Madame:

The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)  
 The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,  
 Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,  
 Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale  
 Of all Professors else; make Proselytes  
 Of who she but bid Follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Ser.* Women will loue 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 vpon vs.

*Exit.*

*Paul.* Had our Prince

(Ilewell of Children) seene 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 Wedlock, Prince,  
 For she did print your Royall Father off,  
 Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie 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 vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,  
 And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth  
 Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as  
 You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost  
 (All mine owne Folly) the Societie,  
 Amitie too of your braue Father, whom  
 (Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life  
 Once more to looke on him.

*Flo.* By his command

Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him  
 Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)  
 Can send his Brother: and but In#rmitie  
 (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd  
 His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe  
 The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,  
 Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues  
 (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,  
 And those that beare them, liuing.

*Leo.* Oh my Brother,

(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stire  
 Afresh within me: and these thy offices  
 (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters  
 Of my behind#hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,

As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vsage  
 (At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,  
 To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,  
 Th'aduenture 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 lou'd?

*Flo.* Most Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter  
 His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence  
 (A prosperous South#wind friendly) we haue cross'd,  
 To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,  
 For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine  
 I haue from your Sicilian Shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signi#e  
 Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)  
 But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie  
 Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods

Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you  
 Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,  
 A graceful Gentleman, against whose person  
 (So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,  
 For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)  
 Haue left me Issue#lesse: and your Father's bless'd  
 (As he from Heauen merits it) with you,  
 Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,  
 Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue 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 Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)  
 Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with  
 A Shepherds Daughter.

*Leo.* Where's Bohemia? speake:

*Lord.* Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.

I speake amazedly, and it becomes  
 My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court

Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,  
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way  
The Father of this seeming Lady, and  
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,  
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* Camillo ha's betray'd me;  
Whose honor, and whose honestie 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. Neuer saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;  
Forsweare themselues as often as they speake:  
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them  
With diuers deaths, in death.

*Perd.* Oh my poore Father:  
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue  
Our Contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:  
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes #rst:  
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 haue broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,  
Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Deare, looke vp:  
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,  
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot  
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech 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 graunt precious things, as Tri#es.

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

*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,

Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition  
Is yet vn#answer'd: I will to your Father:  
Your Honor not o're#throwne by your desires,  
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand  
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,  
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

## Scœna Secunda.

*Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

*Gent. 1.* I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepherd deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

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

*Gent. 1.* I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and Camillo, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases 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 loy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

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

*Gent. 2.* Nothing but Bon##res: the Oracle is full'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, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which

is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

*Gent. 3.* Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le swere you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene Hermiones: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

*Gent. 2.* No.

*Gent. 3.* Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for Ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne<sup>in</sup>Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather<sup>bitten</sup> Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encounter; which Iames Report to follow it, and vndo'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 haue matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepherds Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iusti<sup>e</sup> him, but a Hand<sup>kerchief</sup> and Rings of his, that Paulina knows.

*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 euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,

that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, and ther eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

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

*Gent. 3.* One of the prettyest 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 shee came to't, brauely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swounded, all sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe had bene vniuersall.

*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 Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would be guile 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 shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of Hermione, visited that remoued House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

*Gent. 1.* Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Access? euerie winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifitie 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 Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but



he at that time ouer#fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea#sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the #nder#out of this Secret, it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepheard and Clowne.*

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

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

*Clow.* You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee 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. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

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

*Clow.* I, and haue been so any time these foure hours.

*Shep.* And so haue I, Boy.

*Clow.* So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee 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 wee wept: and there was the #rst Gentleman#like teares that euer we shed.

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

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

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

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

*Clow.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

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

*Clow.* Giue 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.

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

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

*Clow.* 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 proue so (Sir) to my power.

*Clow.* I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters.

*Exeunt.*

## Scœna Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,*

*Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.*

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

*Paul.* What (Soueraigne Sir)

I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices  
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue 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 neuer  
My life may last to answeere.

*Leo.* O Paulina,

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

*Paul.* As she liu'd peerelesse,

So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeeue  
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,  
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it  
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer  
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.  
I like your silence, it the more shewes#off  
Your wonder: but yet speake, #rst 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 Infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)  
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our Caruers excellence,  
Which lets goe#by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her  
As she liu'd now.

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

*Perd.* And giue me leaue,  
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that  
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,  
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,  
Giue 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 sore lay'd#on,  
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,  
So many Summers dry: scarce any loy  
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,  
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

*Pol.* Deere my Brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre  
To take#off so much grieffe from you, as he  
Will peece vp in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed my Lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image  
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)  
Il'd not haue shew'd it.

*Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie  
May thinke anon, it moues.

*Leo.* Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.  
(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 vpon 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'le thinke anon it liues.

*Leo.* Oh sweet Paulina,

Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:  
No settled Sences of the World can match  
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I haue 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 thinks  
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell  
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kisse her.

*Paul.* Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:  
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne  
With Oylly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

*Leo.* No: not these twentie yeeres.

*Perd.* So long could I

Stand#by, a looker#on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you  
For more amazement: if you can behold it,  
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'le 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 moue.

*Paul.* It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:

On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse

I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed:

No foot shall stire.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:

Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:

Ile #ll your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:

Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,

Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue 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 Magick, 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 liu'd,

Or how stolne from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is liuing,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,

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 preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle

Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd

My selfe, to see the yssue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that,

Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble

Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together  
 You precious winners all: your exultation  
 Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
 My Mate (that's neuer 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 how, is to be question'd: for I saw her  
 (As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many  
 A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre  
 (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee  
 An honourable husband. Come Camillo,  
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty  
 Is richly noted: and heere iusti#ed  
 By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.  
 What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,  
 That ere I put betweene your holy looks  
 My ill suspition: This your Son#in#law,  
 And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing  
 Is troth#plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
 Leade vs from hence, where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand, and answere to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since #rst  
 We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

*Exeunt.*

## The Names of the Actors.

- LEontes, King of Sicillia.
- Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
- • Camillo.}
- Antigonus.
- Cleomines.
- Dion.
- Foure Lords of Sicillia.
- 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.
- Autolicus, a Rogue.
- Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
- Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
- Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.

FINIS.