

The Winters Tale from Mr. William Shakespeares
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The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

rem

remArch.

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

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remArch.

Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed

rem

remCam.

'Beseech you

rem

remArch.

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 sleepeie Drinkes, that your Sences (vnintelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

rem

remCam.

You pay a great deale to deare, for whats giuen freely.

rem

remArch.

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

rem

remCam.

Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouerkind to Bohemia: They were traynd 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 seemd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embracd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

rem

remArch.

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

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remArch.

Would they else be content to die?

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remArch.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

rem

remPol.

Nine Changes of the WatryStarre hath been

The Shepherds Note, since we haue left our Throne

Without a Burthen: Time as long againe

Would be lld 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.*

rem

remLeo.

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

rem

remPol.

Sir, thats to morrow:

*I am questiond 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 stayd
 To tyre your Royaltie.*

rem

remLeo.

*We are tougher (Brother)
 Then you can put vs tot.*

rem

remPol.

No longer stay.

rem

remLeo.

One Seuenuight longer.

rem

remPol.

Very sooth, to morrow.

rem

remLeo.

Weele part the time betweenes then: and in that Ile no gainesaying.

rem

remPol.

Presse me not ('beseech you) so:

*There is no Tongue that moues; none, none ithWorld
 So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
 Were there necessitie in your request, although
 'Twere needfull I denyd it. My Affaires
 Doe euen drag me homeward: 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.)*

rem

remLeo.

Tonguetyd our Queene? speake you.

rem

remHer.

*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 Bohemias well: this satisfaction,
 The bygoneday proclaimd, say this to him,
 Hes beat from his best ward.*

rem

remLeo.

Well said, Hermione.

rem

remHer.

*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,
 Weel thwack him hence with Distaffes.
 Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture
 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
 Prexd fors parting: yet (gooddeed) Leontes,
 I loue thee not a Iarre othClock, behind
 What Lady she her Lord. Youle stay:*

rem

remPol.

No, Madame.

rem

remHer.

Nay, but you will?

rem

remPol.

I may not verily.

rem

remHer.

Verely?

*You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
 Though you would seek tvnsphere 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.*

rem

remPol.

Your Guest then, Madame:

*To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
 Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
 Then you to punish.*

rem

remHer.

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?*

rem

remPol.

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.*

rem

remHer.

Was not my Lord

The veryer Wag otthtwo?

rem

remPol.

We were as twynd Lambs, that did frisk ithSun,

*And bleat the one at thother: what we changd,
 Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
 The Doctrine of illdoing, nor dreamd
 That any did: Had we pursud that life,
 And our weake Spirits nere been higher reard
 With stronger blood, we should haue answerd Heauen
 Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition cleard,
 Hereditarie ours.*

rem

remHer.

By this we gather

You haue tript since.

rem

remPol.

O my most sacred Lady,

Temptations haue since then been borne tos: for

In those vnedgd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;

Your precious selfe had then not crossd the eyes

Of my young Playfellow.

rem

remHer.

Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, least you say

Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,

Thoffences we haue made you doe, weele answer,

If you rst sinnd with vs: and that with vs

You did continue fault; and that you slipt not

With any, but with vs.

rem

remLeo.

Is he woon yet?

rem

remHer.

Heele stay (my Lord.)

rem

remLeo.

At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoakst

To better purpose.

rem

remHer.

Neuer?

rem

remLeo.

Neuer, but once.

rem

remHer.

What? haue I twice said well? when wast before?

I prethee tell me: crams with prayse, and makes

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

Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.

Our prayses are our Wages. You may rides

With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere

With Spur we heat an Acre. But to thGoale:

*My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
 What was my rst: it has an elder Sister,
 Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
 But once before I spoke to thpurpose? when?
 Nay, let me hauet: I long.*

rem

remLeo.

Why, that was when

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

rem

remHer.

'Tis Grace indeed.

*Why loyou now; I haue spoke to thpurpose twice:
 The one, for euer earnd a Royall Husband;
 Thother, for some while a Friend.*

rem

remLeo.

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 practisd Smiles
 As in a LookingGlasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The Mort othDeere: oh, that is entertainment
 My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillius,
 Art thou my Boy?*

rem

remMam.

I, my good Lord.

rem

remLeo.

Ifecks:

*Why thats my Bawcock: what? Hast smutchd 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 calld Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?*

rem

remMam.

Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

rem

remLeo.

*Thou wantst 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 oredyd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wishd, 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 dearst, my Collop: Can thy Dam, mayt be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatst with Dreames (how can this be?)
With whats vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellowst nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou mayst coioyne with something, and thou dost,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)*

rem

remPol.

What meanes Sicilia?

rem

remHer.

He something seemes vnsettled.

rem

remPol.

How? my Lord?

rem

remLeo.

What cheere? how ist with you, best Brother?

rem

remHer.

You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction: Are you moud (my Lord?)

rem

remLeo.

No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray its folly?

Its tenderness? 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 vnbreechd,

In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzled,

Least it should bite its Master, and so proue

(As Ornaments oft dos) 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?

rem

remMam.

No (my Lord) Ile ght.

rem

remLeo.

You will: why happy man bes dole. My Brother

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we

Doe seeme to be of ours?

rem

remPol.

If at home (Sir)

Hes all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;

Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;

My Parasite, my Souldier: Statesman; all:

He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,

And with his varying childnesse, cures in me

Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

rem

remLeo.

So stands this Squire

Offid with me: We two will walke (my Lord)

And leaue you to your grauer steps. Hermione,

How thou loust vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;

Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:

Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, hes

Apparant to my heart.

rem

remHer.

If you would seeke vs,

We are yours ithGarden: shalls attend you there?

rem

remLeo.

To your owne bents dispose you: youle 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,

Ynchthick, kneedeepe; ore head and eares a forkd one.

Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I

Play too; but so disgracd 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 deceiud) Cuckolds ere now,

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

Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by thArme,

That little thinkes she has been sluycd ins absence,

And his Pond shd by his next Neighbor (by

Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, theres comfot int,

Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates opend

(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire

That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind

Would hang themselues. Physick fort, theres 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. Knowt,

It will let in and out the Enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand ons

Haue the Disease, and feelet not. How now Boy?

rem

remMam.

I am like you say.

rem

remLeo.

Why, thats some comfot.

What? Camillo there?

rem

remCam.

I, my good Lord.

rem

remLeo.

Goe play (Mamillius) thourt an honest man:

 Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

rem

remCam.

You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,

 When you cast out, it still came home.

rem

remLeo.

Didst note it?

rem

remCam.

He would not stay at your Petitions, made His Businesse more materiall.

rem

remLeo.

Didst perceiue it?

 Theyre here with me already; whispring, rounding:

 Sicilia is a soforth: 'tis farre gone,

 When I shall gust it last. How camt (Camillo)

 That he did stay?

rem

remCam.

At the good Queenes entreatie.

rem

remLeo.

At the Queenes bet: 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, ist,

 But of the ner Natures? by some Seueralls

 Of Headpeece extraordinarie? Lower Messes

 Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remLeo.

Ha?

rem

remCam.

Stayes here longer.

rem

remLeo.

I, but why?

rem

remCam.

To satise your Highnesse, and the Entreaties Of our most gracious Mistresse.

rem

remLeo.

Satise?

Thentreaties of your Mistresse? Satise?

Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (Camillo)

With all the neerest things to my heart, as well

My ChamberCouncels, wherein (Priestlike) thou

Hast cleansd my Bosome: I, from thee departed

Thy Penitent reformd: but we haue been

Deceiud in thy Integritie, deceiud

In that which seemes so.

rem

remCam.

Be it forbid (my Lord.)

rem

remLeo.

To bide vpont: thou art not honest: or

If thou inclinst that way, thou art a Coward,

Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning

From Course requird: or else thou must be counted

A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,

And therein negligent: or else a Foole,

That seest a Game playd home, the rich Stake drawne,

And takst it all for ieast.

rem

remCam.

My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,

In euey one of these, no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, feare,

Among the innite doings of the World,

Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)

If euer I were wilfullnegligent,

It was my folly: if industriously

*I playd 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 nonperformance, 'twas a feare
 Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
 Are such allowd Inrmities, that honestie
 Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
 Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
 By its owne visage; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.*

rem

remLeo.

Ha not you seene Camillo?

*(But thats past doubt: you haue, or your eyeglasse
 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 dos 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 Wifes a HolyHorse, deserues a Name
 As ranke as any FlaxWench, that puts to
 Before her trothplight: sayt, and iustifyt.*

rem

remCam.

I would not be a standerby, 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.*

rem

remLeo.

Is whispering nothing?

*Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
 Kissing with inside 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, Midnight? 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 thats int, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,
If this be nothing.*

rem

remCam.

*Good my Lord, be curd
Of this diseasd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.*

rem

remLeo.

Say it be, 'tis true.

rem

remCam.

No, no, my Lord.

rem

remLeo.

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.*

rem

remCam.

Who dos infect her?

rem

remLeo.

*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 Prots,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cupbearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Benchd, and reard to Worship, who mayst see
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,*

*How I am galld, mightst bespice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.*

rem

remCam.

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 loud thee,*

rem

remLeo.

Make that thy question, and goe rot:

*Dost 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 Waspes)
Giue scandall to the blood othPrince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing tot? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?*

rem

remCam.

I must beleeue you (Sir)

*I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia fort:
Prouided, that when hees remoud, 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 allyd to yours.*

rem

remLeo.

Thou dost aduise me,

*Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none.*

rem

remCam.

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 Cupbearer,
If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.*

rem

remLeo.

This is all:

*Dot, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Dot not, thou splittst thine owne.*

rem

remCam.

Ile dot, my Lord.

rem

remLeo.

I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduisd me.

Exit

rem

remCam.

O miserable Lady. But for me,

*What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to dot,
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 thousands that had struck anoynted Kings,
And ourishd after, Ild not dot: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear. I must
Forsake the Court: to dot, or no, is certaine
To me a breakeneck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bohemia.*

Enter Polixenes.

rem

remPol.

This is strange: Me thinks

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

rem

remCam.

Hayle most Royall Sir.

rem

remPol.

What is the Newes ithCourt?

rem

remCam.

None rare (my Lord.)

rem

remPol.

*The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region
Loud, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to thcontrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.*

rem

remCam.

I dare not know (my Lord.)

rem

remPol.

*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 changd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine changd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alterd witht.*

rem

remCam.

*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.*

rem

remPol.

How caught of me?

*Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I haue lookd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but killd none so: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerkelike experiencd, which no lesse adorne*

*Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
 In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
 If you know ought which dos behoue my knowledge,
 Thereof to be informd, imprisont not
 In ignorant concealement.*

rem

remCam.

I may not answeere.

rem

remPol.

A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?

*I must be answerd. Dost thou heare Camillo,
 I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
 Which Honor dos acknowledge, whereof the least
 Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
 What incidencie thou dost 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.*

rem

remCam.

Sir, I will tell you,

*Since I am chargd in Honor, and by him
 That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
 Which must be eun as swiftly followed, as
 I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
 Cry lost, and so good night.*

rem

remPol.

On, good Camillo.

rem

remCam.

I am appointed him to murther you.

rem

remPol.

By whom, Camillo?

rem

remCam.

By the King.

rem

remPol.

For what?

rem

remCam.

*He thinks, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seent, or beene an Instrument
To vice you tot, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.*

rem

remPol.

*Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoakd 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 approch be shund,
Nay hated too, worse then the greatst Infection
That ere was heard, or read.*

rem

remCam.

*Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Inuences; 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 pyld vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.*

rem

remPol.

How should this grow?

rem

remCam.

*I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auoid whats 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 othCitie: 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 vttred 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.*

rem

remPol.

I doe beleeeue thee:

*I saw his heart ins 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 Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shees rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Persons mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he dos conceiue,
He is dishonord by a man, which euer
Professd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare oreshades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his illtane suspition. Come Camillo,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bearst my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.*

rem

remCam.

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.

rem

remHer.

Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

rem

remLady.

Come (my gracious Lord) Shall I be your playfellow?

rem

remMam.

No, Ile none of you.

rem

remLady.

Why (my sweet Lord?)

rem

remMam.

Youle kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

rem

rem2. Lady.

And why so (my Lord?)

rem

remMam.

Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet blackbrowes they say

Become some Women best, so that there be not

Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,

Or a halfeMoone, made with a Pen.)

rem

rem2. Lady.

Who taught 'this?

rem

remMam.

I learnd it out of Womens faces: pray now, What colour are your eyebrows?

rem

remLady.

Blew (my Lord.)

rem

remMam.

Nay, thats a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose That has beene blew, but not her eyebrows.

rem

remLady.

Harke ye,

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

Present our seruices to a ne new Prince

One of these dayes, and then yould wanton with vs,

If we would haue you.

rem

rem2. Lady.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

rem

remHer.

What wisdoms stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,

And tells a Tale.

rem

remMam.

Merry, or sad, shalt be?

rem

remHer.

As merry as you will.

rem

remMam.

A sad Tales best for Winter:

I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

rem

remHer.

Lets haue that (good Sir.)

Comeon, sit downe, comeon, and doe your best,

To fright me with your Sprights: youre powrefull at it.

rem

remMam.

There was a man.

rem

remHer.

Nay, come sit downe: then on.

rem

remMam.

Dwelt by a Churchyard: I will tell it softly,

Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

rem

remHer.

Come on then, and giut me in mine eare.

rem

remLeon.

Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?

rem

remLord.

Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer

Saw I men scoure so on their way: I eyed them

Euen to their Ships.

rem

remLeo.

How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accursd,

In being so blest? There may be in the Cup

A Spider steepd, and one may drinke; depart,

And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge

*Is not infected) but if one present
 Thabhorn 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;
 Alls true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
 Whom I employd, was preemployd by him:
 He has discoverd my Designe, and I
 Remaine a pinchd Thing; yea, a very Trick
 For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
 So easily open?*

rem

remLord.

*By his great authority,
 Which often hath no lesse preuaild, then so,
 On your command.*

rem

remLeo.

*I knout too well.
 Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
 Though he dos beare some signes of me, yet you
 Haue too much blood in him.*

rem

remHer.

What is this? Sport?

rem

remLeo.

*Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
 Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
 With that shees bigwith, for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.*

rem

remHer.

*But Ild say he had not;
 And Ile be sworne you would beleue my saying,
 How ere you leane to thNayward.*

rem

remLeo.

*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 shees not honest: Honorable;
 Prayse her but for this her withoutdoreForme,
 (Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight
 The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Pettybrands
 That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,
 That Mercy dos, for Calumnie will seare
 Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hums, and Has,
 When you haue said shees goodly, come betweene,
 Ere you can say shees honest: But bet knowne
 (From him that has most cause to grieue it should be)
 Shees an Adultresse.*

rem

remHer.

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

rem

remLeo.

*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
 Shees an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
 More; shees 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 shees
 A Bedswaruer, euen as bad as those
 That Vulgars giue boldst Titles; I, and priuy
 To this their late escape.*

rem

remHer.

*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 publishd me? Gentle my Lord,*

*You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.*

rem

remLeo.

No: if I mistake

*In those Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A SchooleBoyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farreoff guiltie,
But that he speakes.*

rem

remHer.

Theres some ill Planet raignes:

*I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. 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 lodgd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualied, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be performd.*

rem

remLeo.

Shall I be heard?

rem

remHer.

Who ist 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
Has deserud 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 wishd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.*

rem

remLeo.

Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

rem

remLord.

Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

rem

remAntig.

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

rem

remLord.

For her (my Lord)

*I dare my life lay downe, and will dot (Sir)
Please you taccept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
Itheyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuse her.)*

rem

remAntig.

If it proue

*Shees 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 euery ynch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans esh is false,
If she be.*

rem

remLeo.

Hold your peaces.

rem

remLord.

Good my Lord.

rem

remAntig.

It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

*You are abusd, and by some putter on,
That will be damnd fort: would I knew the Villaine,
I would Landdamne him: be she honorawd,
I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some ue:
If this proue true, theyl pay fort. By mine Honor
Ile gelld em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are coheyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.*

rem

remLeo.

Cease, no more:

*You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a deadmans nose: but I do seet, and feelt,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.*

rem

remAntig.

If it be so,

*We neede no graue to burie honesty,
Theres not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungyearth.*

rem

remLeo.

What? lacke I credit?

rem

remLord.

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 blamd fort how you might.*

rem

remLeo.

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 stupied,
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 ordring ont,
Is all properly ours*

rem

remAntig.

And I wish (my Liege)

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

rem

remLeo.

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

*Or thou wert borne a foole: Camillos ight
 Added to their Familiarity
 (Which was as grosse, as euer touchd coniecture,
 That lackd sight onely, nought for approbation
 But onely seeing, all other circumstances
 Made vp toth deed) doth pushon this proceeding.
 Yet, for a greater conrmatation
 (For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
 Most pitteous to be wilde) I hane dispatchd in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Appollos Temple,
 Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuffdsufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
 They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
 Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?*

rem

remLord.

Well done (my Lord.)

rem

remLeo.

*Though I am satisde, and neede no more
 Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
 Giue rest to thminde of others; such as he
 Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
 Come vp to thtruth. So haue we thought it good
 From our free person, she should be connde,
 Least that the treachery of the two, ed hence,
 Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
 We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
 Will raise vs all.*

rem

remAntig.

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

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

rem

remPaul.

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?*

rem

remGao.

For a worthy Lady,

And one, who much I honour.

rem

remPau.

Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queene.

rem

remGao.

I may not (Madam)

To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

rem

remPau.

Heres adoe, to locke vp honesty & honour from

*Thaccesse of gentle visitors. Ist lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?*

rem

remGao.

So please you (Madam)

*To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.*

rem

remPau.

I pray now call her:

Withdraw your selues.

rem

remGao.

And Madam, I must be present at your Conference.

rem

remPau.

Well: bet so: prethee.

*Heeres such adoe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?*

rem

remEmil.

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, deliuerd.

rem

remPau.

A boy?

rem

remEmil.

A daughter, and a goodly babe,

Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues

Much comfort int: Sayes, my poore prisoner,

I am innocent as you,

rem

remPau.

I dare be sworne:

These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes ithKing, beshrew them:

He must be told ont, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best. Ile taket vpon me,

If I proue honymouthd, let my tongue blister.

And neuer to my redlookd 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,

Ile shewt the King, and vndertake to bee

Her Aduocate to thlowdst. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight othChilde:

The silence often of pure innocence

Perswades, when speaking failes.

rem

remEmil.

Most worthy Madam,

Your honor, and your goodnesse is so eident,

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 denyd.

rem

remPaul.

Tell her (Emilia)

Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit ow fromt

As boldnesse from my bosome, let not be doubted

I shall do good,

rem

remEmil.

Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

rem

remGao.

Madam, ift please the Queene to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,

Hauing no warrant.

rem

remPau.

You neede not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is

By Law and processe of great Nature, thence

Freed, and enfranchisd, not a partie to

The anger of the King, nor guilty of

(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

rem

remGao.

I do beleue it.

rem

remPaul.

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

Exeunt

Scna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

rem

remLeo.

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 oth cause,

She, thAdultresse: for the harlotKing

Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke

And leuell of my braine: plotproofe: 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?*

rem

remSer.

My Lord.

rem

remLeo.

How dos the boy?

rem

remSer.

He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hopd

His sicknesse is dischargd.

rem

remLeo.

To see his Noblenesse,

Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.

He straight declind, droopd, tooke it deeply,

Fastend, and xd the shame ont in himselfe:

Threwoff his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,

And downright languishd. Leaue 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.

rem

remLord.

You must not enter.

rem

remPaul.

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.

rem

remAntig.

Thats enough.

rem

remSer.

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

rem

remPau.

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.

rem

remLeo.

Who noyse there, hoe?

rem

remPau.

No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,

About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

rem

remLeo.

How?

Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus,

I chargd thee that she should not come about me,

I knew she would.

rem

remAnt.

I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,

She should not visit you.

rem

remLeo.

What? canst not rule her?

rem

remPaul.

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:

rem

remAnt.

Layou now, you heare,

*When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But sheel not stumble.*

rem

remPaul.

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.*

rem

remLeo.

Good Queene?

rem

remPaul.

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.*

rem

remLeo.

Force her hence.

rem

remPau.

Let him that makes but tries of his eyes

*First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But 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.*

rem

remLeo.

Out:

*A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out odore:
A most intelligencing bawd.*

rem

remPaul.

Not so:

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

rem

remLeo.

Traitors;

*Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art womantyrd: vnroosted
By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Taket vp, I say: giuet to thy Croane.*

rem

remPaul.

For euer

*Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takst vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he has put vpont.*

rem

remLeo.

He dreads his Wife.

rem

remPaul.

So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt

Yould call your children, yours.

rem

remLeo.

A nest of Traitors.

rem

remAnt.

I am none, by this good light.

rem

remPau.

Nor I: nor any

*But one thats heere: and thats himselfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays 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 compelld toot) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.*

rem

remLeo.

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.

rem

remPaul.

It is yours:

*And might we lay thold 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 ofs Frowne, his Forehead, 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 Goddesse 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 int, least she suspect, as he dos,
Her Children, not her Husbands.*

rem

remLeo.

A grosse Hagge:

*And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hangd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.*

rem

remAntig.

Hang all the Husbands

*That cannot doe that Feat, youle leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.*

rem

remLeo.

Once more take her hence.

rem

remPaul.

A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord

Can doe no more.

rem

remLeo.

Ile ha thee burnt.

rem

remPaul.

I care not:

*It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes int. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation*

*Then your owne weakehindgd Fancy) something sauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.*

rem

remLeo.

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.*

rem

remPaul.

I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.

*Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: Ioue send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender ore his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.*

Exit.

rem

remLeo.

Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.

*My Child? away witht? euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender ore it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumd 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 callst thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastardbraynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the re,
For thou settst on thy Wife.*

rem

remAntig.

I did not, Sir:

*These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me int.*

rem

remLords.

We can: my Royall Liege,

He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

rem
remLeo.

Youre lyers all.

rem
remLord.

Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:

We haue alwayes truly serud 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.

rem
remLeo.

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 Midwife there,
To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beards gray. What will you aduenture,
To saue this Brats life?

rem
remAntig.

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.

rem
remLeo.

It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword

Thou wilt performe my bidding.

rem
remAntig.

I will (my Lord.)

rem
remLeo.

Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile

Of any point int, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewdtongud Wife,

*(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liegeman 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 Iustice 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.*

rem

remAntig.

*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 dos require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, ght on thy side
(Poore Thing, condemnd to losse.)*

Exit.

rem

remLeo.

*No: Ile not reare
Anothers Issue.*

Enter a Seruant.

rem

remSeru.

*Please your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to thOracle, are come
An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriud from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to thCourt.*

rem

remLord.

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

rem

remLeo.

Twentie three days

*They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: foretells
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 accusd, 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.

rem

remCleo.

*The Clymats delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.*

rem

remDion.

I shall report,

*For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vnearthly
It was ithOffring?*

rem

remCleo.

But of all, the burst

*And the caredeaffning Voyce othOracle,
Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surprizd my Sence,
That I was nothing.*

rem

remDio.

If theuent othJourney

*Proue as successfull to the Queene (O bet so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse ont.*

rem

remCleo.

Great Apollo

*Turne all to thbest: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon Hermione,
I little like.*

rem

remDio.

The violent carriage of it

*Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollos great Diuine seald vp)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue.*

Exeunt.

Scna Secunda.

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

rem

remLeo.

This Sessions (to our great grieffe we pronounce)

*Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie tryd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much beloud. Let vs be cleard
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.*

rem

remOfficer.

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

Silence.

rem

remLeo.

Reade the Indictment.

rem

remOfficer.

Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to ye away by Night.

rem

remHer.

*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 receiud. 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 deuisd,
And playd, 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 uncurrant, I
Haue straynd tappeare 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 neerst of Kin
Cry e vpon my Graue.*

rem

remLeo.

I nere heard yet,

That any of these bolder Vices wanted

Lesse Impudence to gainesay what they did,

Then to performe it rst.

rem

remHer.

Thats true enough,

Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

rem

remLeo.

You will not owne it.

rem

remHer.

More then Mistresse of,

Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes

(With whom I am accusd) I doe confesse

I loud him, as in Honor he requird:

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 Disobediencie, 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 dishd

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.

rem

remLeo.

You knew of his departure, as you know

What you haue vndertane to doe ins absence.

rem

remHer.

Sir,

You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:

My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,

Which Ile lay downe.

rem

remLeo.

Your Actions are my Dreames.

*You had a Bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: 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 Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.*

rem

remHer.

Sir, spare your Threats:

*The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfourt of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And rst Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bard, like one infectious. My third comfourt
(Stard most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hald out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaymd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Childbed priuiledge denyd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, ithopen 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 condemnd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:*

Apollo be my Iudge.

rem

remLord.

This your request

Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth

(And in Apollos Name) his Oracle.

rem

remHer.

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.

rem

remOfficer.

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 sealdvp Oracle, by the Hand deliuerd

Of great Apollos Priest; and that since then,

You haue not dard to breake the holy Seale,

Nor read the Secrets int.

rem

remCleo.

Dio. All this we sweare.

rem

remLeo.

Breake vp the Seales, and read.

rem

remOfficer.

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

rem

remLords.

Now blessed be the great Apollo.

rem

remHer.

Praysed.

rem

remLeo.

Hast thou read truth?

rem

remOffic.

I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

rem

remLeo.

There is no truth at all ithOracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

rem

remSer.

My Lord the King: the King?

rem

remLeo.

What is the businesse?

rem

remSer.

O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare

Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

rem

remLeo.

How? gone?

rem

remSer.

Is dead.

rem

remLeo.

Apollo angry, and the Heauens themselues,

Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

rem

remPaul.

This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe

And see what Death is doing.

rem

remLeo.

Take her hence:

Her heart is but orechargd: she will recouer.

I haue too much beleeud mine owne suspicion:

'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 lld with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
 Vnclaspd 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
 Dos my deeds make the blacker?*

rem

remPaul.

Woe the while:

*O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
 Breake too.*

rem

remLord.

What t is this? good Lady?

rem

remPaul.

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 Iealousies,
 Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
 For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
 And then run mad indeed: starkemad: for all
 Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
 (That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
 And damnable ingratefull:) Nor wast much.
 Thou wouldst haue poysond good Camillos Honor,
 To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to Crowes, thy Babydaughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a Dewill
 Would haue shed water out of re, ere dont;*

*Nor ist 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
 Blemishd 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 sweetst, deerst creatures dead: & vengeance fort
 Not dropd downe yet.*

rem

remLord.

The higher powres forbid.

rem

remPau.

*I say shes dead: Ile sweart. 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 wert.*

rem

remLeo.

Go on, go on:

*Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deserud
 All tongues to talke their bittrest.*

rem

remLord.

Say no more;

*How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
 Ith boldnesse of your speech.*

rem

remPau.

I am sorry fort;

*All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent: Alas, I haue shewd too much
 The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht*

*To thNoble heart. Whats gone, and whats past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punishd, 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.*

rem

remLeo.

*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 use it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.*

Exeunt

Scna Tertia.

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

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remMar.

*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 vpons.*

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remMar.

*Make your best haste, and go not
Toofarre ith Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpont.*

rem

remAntig.

*Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.*

rem

remMar.

*I am glad at heart
To be so ridde oth businesse.*

Exit.

rem

remAnt.

*Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleעד) the Spirits othdead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me last night: for nere 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 lld, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bowd 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 Throwerout
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 callt: For this vngentle businesse
 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou nere 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 squard by this. I do beleue
 Hermione hath sufferd 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 its 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 exposd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enioynd to this. Farewell,
 The day frownes more and more: thourt 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.

rem

remShep.

*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 wenches with
 childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, ghting, hearke you now: would any but
 these boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue
 scarrd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner nde then the
 Maister; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the seaside, brouzing of Iuy. Goodlucke
 (andt be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy ons, 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 WaitingGentlewoman in the scape: this
 has beene some staireworke, some Trunkeworke, some behindedoore 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 hallowd but euen now. Whoahohoa.*

Enter Clowne.

rem

remClo.

Hilloa, loa.

rem

remShep.

What? art so neere? If thoult see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what aylst thou, man?

rem

remClo.

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, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

rem

remShep.

Why boy, how is it?

rem

remClo.

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the shore, but thats 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 yould thrust a Corke into a hogshead. And then for the Landseruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulderbone, 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 apdragond it: but rst, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mockd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mockd him, both roaring louder then the sea, or weather.

rem

remShep.

Name of mercy, when was this boy?

rem

remClo.

Now, now: I haue not winkd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe dind on the Gentleman: hes at it now.

rem

remShep.

Would I had bin by, to haue helpd the olde man.

rem

remClo.

I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue helpd her; there your charity would haue lackd footing.

rem

remShep.

Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou metst with things dying, I with things new borne. Heres a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearingcloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) opent: so, lets see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: opent: whats within, boy?

rem

remClo.

Youre a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, youre well to liue. Golde, all Go1d.

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remClo.

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.

rem

remShep.

Thats a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to thsight of him.

rem

remClowne.

'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him ithground.

rem

remShep.

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and weel do good deeds ont.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

rem

remTime.

*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 selfeborne howre
 To plant, and orewhelme Custome. Let me passe
 The same I am, ere ancientst Order was,
 Or what is now receiud. I witnesse to
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do
 To thfreshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistening 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
 Theeffects of his fond ieaalousies, so greewing
 That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
 In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
 I mentioned a sonne othKings, which Florizell
 I now name to you: and with speed so pace
 To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
 Equall with wondring. 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 thargument 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.

rem

remPol.

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

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remPol.

As thou loust 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 sufficiently 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 studie, and my prote 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 afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawst 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.

rem

remCam.

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.

rem

remPol.

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 unspeakable estate.

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remPol.

Thats 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.

rem

remCam.

I willingly obey your command.

rem

remPol.

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 othe yeere,
For the red blood raings in the¹ winters pale.
The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:*

¹y4

*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 Iay:
 Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
 While we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I haue serud 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 Sowskin Bowget,
 Then my account I well may giue,
 and in the Stockes auouchit.*

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father namd me Autolicus, who be ing (as I am) lytterd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snappervp of vnconsidered tries: With Dye and drab, I purchasd 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.

*rem
 remClo.*

Let me see, euery Leauenweather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

*rem
 remAut.*

If the sprindge hold, the Cockes mine.

*rem
 remClo.*

I cannot dot without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepes-hearingFeast? 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 mademe four and twenty Nosegayes for the shearers (threeman songmen, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to hornepipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: thats 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 oth Sun.

*rem
 remAut.*

Oh, that euer I was borne.

rem

remClo.

Ithname of me.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remAut.

I am robd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon me.

rem

remClo.

What, by a horseman, or a footman?

rem

remAut.

A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

rem

remClo.

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.

rem

remAut.

Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

rem

remClo.

Alas poore soule.

rem

remAut.

Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulderblade is out.

rem

remClo.

How now? Canst stand?

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remAut.

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.

rem

remClow.

What manner of Fellow was hee that robbd you?

rem

remAut.

A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Trollmydames: 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.

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remAut.

Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Apebearer, then a Processeseruer (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.

rem

remClo.

Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Bearebaitings.

rem

remAut.

Very true sir: he sir hee: thats the Rogue that put me into this apparel.

rem

remClo.

Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; If you had but lookd bigge, and spit at him, heeld haue runne.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

How do you now?

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

rem

remAut.

No, good facd sir, no sweet sir.

rem

remClo.

Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepeshearing.

Exit.

rem

remAut.

Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepeshearing 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.

Iogon, Iogon, the footpath way,

And merrily hent the Stilea:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tyres in a Milea.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

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

rem

remFlo.

These your vnusuall weeds, to each part of you

Dos giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora

Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepeshearing,

Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,

And you the Queene ont.

rem

remPerd.

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 othLand, you haue obscurd

With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)

*Most Goddesselike prankd vp: But that our Feasts
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyrd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.*

rem

remFlo.

I blesse the time

*When my good Falcon, made her ight acrossse
Thy Fathers ground.*

rem

remPerd.

Now Ioue affoord you cause:

*To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene vsd 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 sternnesse of his presence?*

rem

remFlo.

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 bellowd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the FireroabdGod
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.*

rem

remPerd.

O but Sir,

*Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposd (as it must be) by thpowre 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.*

rem

remFlo.

Thou deerst Perdita,

With these forcd thoughts, I prethee darken not

The Mirth othFeast: 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.

rem

remPerd.

O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

rem

remFlo.

See, your Guests approach,

Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,

And lets be red with mirth.

rem

remShep.

Fy (daughter) when my old wife liud: vpon

This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,

Both Dame and Seruant: Welcomd all: serud all,

Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere

At vpper end oth Table; now, ith middle:

On his shoulder, and his: her face ofire

With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it

She would to each one sip. You are retyred,

As if you were a feasted one: and not

The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid

These unknowne friends tos 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 othFeast. Come on,

*And bid vs welcome to your sheepeshearing,
As your good ocke shall prosper.*

rem

remPerd.

Sir, welcome:

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

rem

remPol.

Shepherdesse,

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

rem

remPerd.

Sir, the yeare growing ancient,

*Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest owres oth season
Are our Carnations, and streakd Gillyvors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.*

rem

remPol.

Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

rem

remPerd.

For I haue heard it said,

*There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creatingNature.*

rem

remPol.

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 dos mend Nature: change it rather, but
 The Art it selfe, is Nature.*

rem

remPerd.

So it is.

rem

remPol.

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

rem

remPerd.

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. Heres owres for you:
 Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
 The Marygold, that goes to bed withSun,
 And with him rises, weeping: These are owres
 Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
 To men of middle age. Yare very welcome.*

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remPerd.

Out alas:

*Yould be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
 Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst (Friend,
 I would I had some Flowres oth Spring, that might
 Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
 That weare vpon your Virginbranches yet
 Your Maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
 For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou letst 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 Iunos eyes,*

*Or Cythereas breath) pale Primeroses,
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 FlowredeLuce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him ore, and ore.*

rem

remFlo.

What? like a Coarse?

rem

remPerd.

*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 WhitsonPastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Dos change my disposition:*

rem

remFlo.

What you do,

*Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
Ild haue you do it euer: When you sing,
Ild haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ordring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue oth 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.*

rem

remPerd.

O Doricles,

*Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely throught,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstaind Shepherd
With wisdom, I might feare (my Doricles)
You wood me the false way.*

rem

remFlo.

I thinke you haue

*As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you tot. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdita:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.*

rem

remPerd.

He sweare for 'em.

rem

remPol.

This is the prettiest Lowborne Lasse, that euer

*Ran on the greenesord: Nothing she dos, or seems
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.*

rem

remCam.

He tels her something

*That makes her blood looke ont: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.*

rem

remClo.

Come on: strike vp.

rem

remDorcas.

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

rem

remMop.

Now in good time.

rem

remClo.

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

Heere a Daunce of Shepherds and Shephearddesses.

rem

remPol.

Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,

Which dances with your daughter?

rem

remShep.

They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe

To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it

Vpon his owne report, and I beleuee it:

He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,

*I thinke so too; for neuer gazd the Moone
Vpon the water, as heel 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.*

rem

remPol.

She dances featly.

rem

remShep.

*So she dos 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.

rem

remSer.

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

rem

remClo.

*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.*

rem

remSer.

*He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers
with Gloues: he has the prettiest Louesongs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is
strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildos and Fadings: Iumpher, and thumph;
and where some stretchmouthd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and
breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, Whoop, doe me
no harme good man: puts him off, slights him, with Whoop, doe mee no harme good
man.*

rem

remPol.

This is a braue fellow.

rem

remClo.

*Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided
Wares?*

rem

remSer.

Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours ith Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by thgrosse: Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a sheeAngell, he so chauntes to the sleeuehand, and the worke about the square ont.

rem

remClo.

Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

rem

remPerd.

Forewarne him, that he use no scurrilous words ins tunes.

rem

remClow.

You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then yould thinke (Sister.)

rem

remPerd.

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:
Buglebracelet, Necke lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poakingstickes 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.*

rem

remClo.

If I were not in loue with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthralld as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

rem

remMop.

I was promisd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

rem

remDor.

He hath promisd you more then that, or there be lyars.

rem

remMop.

He hath paid you all he promisd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him againe.

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remMop.

I haue done; Come you promisd me a tawdrylace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

rem

remClo.

Haue I not told thee how I was cozend by the way, and lost all my money.

rem

remAut.

And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooues men to be wary.

rem

remClo.

Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

What hast heere? Ballads?

rem

remMop.

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

rem

remAut.

Heres one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she longd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonadod.

rem

remMop.

Is it true, thinke you?

rem

remAut.

Very true, and but a moneth old.

rem

remDor.

Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

rem

remAut.

Heres the Midwiues name tot: one Mist. TalePorter, and ue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

rem

remMop.

'Pray you now buy it.

rem

remClo.

Comeon, lay it by: and lets rst see moe Ballads: Weel buy the other things anon.

rem

remAut.

Heres 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 turnd into a cold sh, for she wold not exchange esh with one that loud her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

rem

remDor.

Is it true too, thinke you.

rem

remAutol.

Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

rem

remClo.

Lay it by too; another.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remMop.

Lets haue some merry ones.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remMop.

We can both sing it: if thoul't beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

rem

remDor.

We had the tune ont, a month agoe.

rem

remAut.

I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you:

Song

Get you hence, for I must goe

rem

remAut.

Where it fits not you to know.

rem

remDor.

Whether?

rem

remMop.

O whether?

rem

remDor.

Whether?

rem

remMop.

It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

rem

remDor:

Me too: Let me go thether:

rem

remMop:

Or thou goest to thGrange, or Mill,

rem

remDor:

If to either thou dost ill,

rem

remAut:

Neither.

rem

remDor:

What neither?

rem

remAut:

Neither:

rem

remDor:

Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

rem

remMop:

Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

rem

remClo.

Weel haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & weell not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler lets haue the rst choice; follow me girls.

rem

remAut.

And you shall pay well for 'em. Song.

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

My dainty Ducke, my deerea?

*Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the newst, and nst, nst wearea.
Come to the Pedler, Moneys a medler,
That doth vtter all mens warea.*

Exit.

rem
remSeruant.

*Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neatherds, three Swineherds
yT that haue made themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers, and
they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gallymaufrey of Gambols, because
they are not int: but they themselues are othminde (if it bee not too rough for some,
that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.*

rem
remShep.

*Away: Weel none ont; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know
(Sir) wee wearie you.*

rem
remPol.

You wearie those that refresh vs: pray lets see these fourethrees of Heardsmen.

rem
remSer.

*One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath dancd before the King: and not
the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by thsqwire.*

rem
remShep.

*Leaue your prating, since these good men are pleasd, let them come in: but quickly
now.*

rem
remSer.

Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres

rem
remPol.

O Father, youl know more of that heereafter:

*Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
Hes simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that dos 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 powrd 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.*

rem

remFlo.

Old Sir, I know

*She prizes not such tries as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,
But not deliuerd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath sometime loud: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Douesdowne, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fand snow, thats bolted
By thNortherne blasts, twice ore.*

rem

remPol.

What followes this?

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

rem

remFlo.

Do, and be witnessse toot.

rem

remPol.

And this my neighbour too?

rem

remFlo.

And he, and more

*Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crownd 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.*

rem

remPol.

Fairely offerd.

rem

remCam.

This shewes a sound affection.

rem

remShep.

But my daughter,

Say you the like to him.

rem

remPer.

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.

rem

remShep.

Take hands, a bargaine;

And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnessse tot:

I giue my daughter to him, and will make

Her Portion, equall his.

rem

remFlo.

O, that must bee

Ith Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,

I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,

Enough then for your wonder: but comeon,

Contract vs fore these Witnesses.

rem

remShep.

Come, your hand:

And daughter, yours.

rem

remPol.

Soft Swaine awhile, beseech you,

Haue you a Father?

rem

remFlo.

I haue: but what of him?

rem

remPol.

Knowes he of this?

rem

remFlo.

He neither dos, nor shall.

rem

remPol.

Methinkes 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 bedrid? And againe, dos nothing

But what he did, being childish?

rem

remFlo.

No good Sir:

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed

Then most haue of his age.

rem

remPol.

By my white beard,

You offer him (if this be so) a wrong

Something vllliall: 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.

rem

remFlo.

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.

rem

remPol.

Let him knowt.

rem

remFlo.

He shall not.

rem

remPol.

Prethee let him.

rem

remFlo.

No, he must not.

rem

remShep.

Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choice.

rem

remFlo.

Come, come, he must not:

Marke our Contract.

rem

remPol.

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 sheepehooke? 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 coapst with.

rem

remShep.

Oh my heart.

rem

remPol.

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) weel 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 tot.

Exit.

rem

remPerd.

Euen heere vndone:

*I was not much affeard: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
The selfesame 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.*

rem

remCam.

*Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.*

rem

remShep.

*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 dyde,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no Priest shouelsin dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knewst this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liud
To die when I desire.*

Exit.

rem

remFlo.

*Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affeard: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash vnwillingly.*

rem

remCam.

*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.*

*rem
remFlo.*

*I not purpose it:
I thinke Camillo.*

*rem
remCam.*

Euen he, my Lord.

*rem
remPer.*

*How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne?*

*rem
remFlo.*

*It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides oth earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.*

*rem
remCam.*

Be aduisd.

*rem
remFlo.*

*I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:
If not, my sences better pleasd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.*

*rem
remCam.*

This is desperate (sir.)

*rem
remFlo.*

*So call it: but it dos fulll 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 beloud: Therefore, I pray you,
 As you haue euer bin my Fathers honourd 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 prepard
 For this designe. What course I meane to hold
 Shall nothing benet your knowledge, nor
 Concerne me the reporting.*

rem

remCam.

O my Lord,

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

rem

remFlo.

Hearke Perdita,

Ile heare you by and by.

rem

remCam.

Hees irremoueable,

*Resolud 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.*

rem

remFlo.

Now good Camillo,

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

rem

remCam.

Sir, I thinke

You haue heard of my poore seruices, ith loue

That I haue borne your Father?

rem

remFlo.

Very nobly

Haue you deserud: It is my Fathers Musicke

To speake your deeds: not little of his care

To haue them recompencd, as thought on.

rem

remCam.

Well (my Lord)

If you may please to thinke I loue the King,

And through him, whats 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

Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see

Theres 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 qualie

And bring him vp to liking.

rem

remFlo.

How Camillo

May this (almost a miracle) be done?

That I may call thee something more then man,

And after that trust to thee.

rem

remCam.

Haue you thought on

A place whereto youl go?

rem

remFlo.

Not any yet:

But as thvnthoughton 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.

rem

remCam.

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 ithFathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: thone
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.*

rem

remFlo.

Worthy Camillo,

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

rem

remCam.

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.*

rem

remFlo.

I am bound to you:

There is some sappe in this.

rem

remCam.

A Course more promising,

*Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpathd Waters, vndreamd 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 youle be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperities the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.*

rem

remPerd.

One of these is true:

*I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not takein the Mind.*

rem

remCam.

Yea? say you so?

*There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.*

rem

remFlo.

My good Camillo,

*Shes as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is ithreareour Birth.*

rem

remCam.

I cannot say, 'tis pittie

*She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.*

rem

remPerd.

Your pardon Sir, for this,

Ile blush you Thanks.

rem

remFlo.

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 furnishd like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia.*

rem

remCam.

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.

rem

remAut.

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, Tablebooke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooetye, Bracelet, HorneRing, 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 use, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Pettytoes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinchd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Codpeece of a Purse: I would haue lld 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 oldman come in with a Whoobub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scard my Choughes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.

rem

remCam.

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

rem

remFlo.

And those that youle procure from King Leontes?

rem

remCam.

Shall satise your Father.

rem

remPerd.

Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

rem

remCam.

Who haue we here?

Weele make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may giue vs aide.

rem

remAut.

If they haue ouerheard me now: why hanging.

rem

remCam.

How now (good Fellow)

Why shakst thou so? Feare not (man)

Heres no harme intended to thee.

rem

remAut.

I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

rem

remCam.

Why, be so still: heres no body will steale that from thee: yet for the outside of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly (thou must thinke theres a necessitie int) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the pennyworth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, theres some boot.

rem

remAut.

I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

rem

remCam.

Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe ed already.

rem

remAut.

Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick ont.)

rem

remFlo.

Dispatch, I prethee.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remCam.

Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie

Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe

Into some Couert; take your sweethearts Hat

And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and (as you can) disliken

The truth of your owne seeming, that you may

(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Shipboord

Get vndescryd.

rem

remPerd.

I see the Play so lyes,

That I must beare a part.

rem

remCam.

No remedie:

Haue you done there?

rem

remFlo.

Should I now meet my Father,

He would not call me Sonne.

rem

remCam.

Nay, you shall haue no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

rem

remAut.

Adieu, Sir.

rem

remFlo.

O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray you a word.

rem

remCam.

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 reuiew Sicilia; for whose sight,

I haue a Womans Longing.

rem

remFlo.

Fortune speed vs:

Thus we set on (Camillo) to thSea-side.

rem

remCam.

The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

rem

remAut.

I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cutpurse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for thother 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 dot: 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: Euey Lanes end, euey Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

rem

remClowne.

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

rem

remShep.

Nay, but heare me.

rem

remClow.

Nay; but heare me.

rem

remShep.

Goe too then.

rem

remClow.

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

rem

remShep.

I will tell the King all, euey 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.

rem

remClow.

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.

rem

remAut.

Very wisely (Puppies.)

rem

remShep.

Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

rem

remAut.

I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the ight of my Master.

rem

remClo.

'Pray heartily he be at'Pallace.

rem

remAut.

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

rem

remShep.

To thPallace (and it like your Worship.)

rem

remAut.

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?

rem

remClo.

We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

rem

remAut.

A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often 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.

rem

remClo.

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

rem

remShep.

Are you a Courtier, andt like you Sir?

rem

remAut.

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 CourtOdour from me? Rect I not on thy Basenesse, CourtContempt? Thinkst thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Capape; and one that will eyther pushon, or pluckback, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

rem

remShep.

My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

rem

remAut.

What Aduocate hast thou to him?

rem

remShep.

I know not (andt like you.)

rem

remClo.

Aduocates the Courtword for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remAut.

How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdaine.

rem

remClo.

This cannot be but a great Courtier.

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remClo.

He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantasticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking ons Teeth.

rem

remAut.

The Farthell there? Whats ithFarthell? Wherefore that Box?

rem

remShep.

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 thspeakch of him.

rem

remAut.

Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

rem

remShep.

Why Sir?

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClo.

Thinke you so, Sir?

rem

remAut.

Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remoud ftie times) shall all come vnder the

Hangman: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepwhistling Rogue, a Ramtender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be stoned: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a SheepCoat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

rem

remClo.

Has the oldman ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) andt like you, Sir?

rem

remAut.

Hee has 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 recouerd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brickwall, (the Sunne looking with a Southward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these TraitorlyRascals, whose miseries are to be smild at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently considerd, 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.

rem

remClow.

He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the inside of your Purse to the outside of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember stoned, and ayd aliue.

rem

remShep.

Andt 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.

rem

remAut.

After I haue done what I promised?

rem

remShep.

I Sir.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClow.

In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be ayd out of it.

rem

remAut.

Oh, thats the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, heele be made an example.

rem

remClow.

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 dos, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClow.

We are blessd, in this man: as I may say, euen blessd.

rem

remShep.

Lets before, as he bids vs: he was provided to doe vs good.

rem

remAut.

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 blindones, aboard him: if he thinke it t to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint 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 tot: 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.

rem

remCleo.

Sir, you haue done enough, and haue performd

A Saintlike Sorrow: No fault could you make,

Which you haue not redeemed; indeed payd downe

More penitence, then done trespas: At the last

Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,

With them, forgiue your selfe.

rem

remLeo.

Whilest I remember

Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of

The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,

*That Heirelesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
 Destroyd the sweetst Companion, that ere man
 Bred his hopes out of, true.*

rem

remPaul.

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 killd,
 Would be vnparalleld.*

rem

remLeo.

I thinke so. Killd?

*She I killd? I did so: but thou strikst me
 Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
 Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
 Say so but seldom.*

rem

remCleo.

Not at all, good Lady:

*You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
 Haue done the time more benet, and gracd
 Your kindnesse better.*

rem

remPaul.

You are one of those Would haue him wed againe.

rem

remDio.

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 holier, then for Royalties repayre,
 For present comfort, and for future good,
 To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe
 With a sweet Fellow tot?*

rem

remPaul.

There is none worthy,

*(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
 Will haue fulfilld their secret purposes:
 For has not the Diuine Apollo said?
 Ist 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 councell,
 My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
 The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander
 Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor
 Was like to be the best.*

rem

remLeo.

Good Paulina,

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

rem

remPaul.

And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

rem

remLeo.

Thou speakst truth:

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

rem

remPaul.

Had she such power,

She had iust such cause.

rem

remLeo.

She had, and would incense me

To murther her I married.

rem

remPaul.

I should so:

Were I the Ghost that walkd, Ild bid you marke

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part int

You chose her: then Ild shrieke, that euen your eares

Should rift to heare me, and the words that followd,

Should be, Remember mine.

rem

remLeo.

Starres, Starres,

And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;

Ile haue no Wife, Paulina.

rem

remPaul.

Will you sweare

Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

rem

remLeo.

Neuer (Paulina) so be blessd my Spirit.

rem

remPaul.

Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

rem

remCleo.

You tempt him ouermuch.

rem

remPaul.

Vnlesse another,

As like Hermione, as is her Picture,

Affront his eye.

rem

remCleo.

Good Madame, I haue done.

rem

remPaul.

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 (walkd your rst Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy

To see her in your armes.

rem

remLeo.

My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

rem

remPaul.

That

Shall be when your rst Queenes againe in breath:

Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

rem

remSer.

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.

rem

remLeo.

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 framd, but forcd

By need, and accident. What Trayne?

rem

remSer.

But few,

And those but meane.

rem

remLeo.

His Princesse (say you) with him?

rem

remSer.

I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,

That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

rem

remPaul.

Oh Hermione,

As euery present Time doth boast it selfe

Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue

Giue way to whats 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 equalld, thus your Verse

Flowd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebbd,

To say you haue seene a better.

rem

remSer.

Pardon, Madame:

*The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she has obtaynd 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.*

rem

remPaul.

How? not women?

rem

remSer.

Women will loue her, that she is a Woman

*More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.*

rem

remLeo.

Goe Cleomines,

*Your selfe (assisted with your honord Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs.*

Exit.

rem

remPaul.

Had our Prince

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

rem

remLeo.

'Prethee no more; cease: thou knowst

*He dyes to me againe, when talkdof: 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 performd 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.*

rem

remFlo.

By his command

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

rem

remLeo.

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 behindhand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
 As is the Spring to thEarth. And hath he too
 Exposd this Paragon to thfearefull vsage
 (At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
 Thaduenture of her person?*

rem

remFlo.

Good my Lord,

She came from Libia.

rem

remLeo.

Where the Warlike Smalus,

That Noble honord Lord, is feard, and loud?

rem

remFlo.

Most Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter

His Teares proclaymd his parting with her: thence

(A prosperous Southwind friendly) we haue crossd,

To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,

For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine

I haue from your Sicilian Shores dismissd;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signie

Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)

But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie

Here, where we are.

rem

remLeo.

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 Issuelesse: and your Fathers blest

(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,

Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,

Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue lookd on,

Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

rem

remLord.

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 has

(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)

Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with

A Shepherds Daughter.

rem

remLeo.

Wheres Bohemia? speake:

rem

remLord.

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.

rem

remFlo.

Camillo has betrayd me;

Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,

Endurd all Weathers.

rem

remLord.

Layt so to his charge:

Hes with the King your Father.

rem

remLeo.

Who? Camillo?

rem

remLord.

Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now

Has 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.

rem

remPerd.

Oh my poore Father:

The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue

Our Contract celebrated.

rem

remLeo.

You are marryed?

rem

remFlo.

We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:

*The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes rst:
The oddes for high and lows alike.*

rem

remLeo.

My Lord, Is this the Daughter of a King?

rem

remFlo.

She is,

When once she is my Wife.

rem

remLeo.

That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,

Will comeon very slowly. I am sorry

(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,

Where you were tyd in dutie: and as sorry,

Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,

That you might well enioy her.

rem

remFlo.

Deare, looke vp:

Though Fortune, visible an Enemye,

Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot

Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)

Remember, since you owd 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 Tries.

rem

remLeo.

Would he doe so, Ild beg your precious Mistris,

Which he counts but a Trie.

rem

remPaul.

Sir (my Liege)

Your eye hath too much youth int: not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dyd, she was more worth such gazes,

Then what you looke on now.

rem

remLeo.

I thought of her,

Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition

Is yet vnanswerd: I will to your Father:

Your Honor not orethrowne 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.

Scna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

rem

remAut.

Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

rem

remGent. 1.

I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard 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 Shepheard say, he found the Child.

rem

remAut.

I would most gladly know the issue of it.

rem

remGent. 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 seemd 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 lookd as they had heard of a World ransomd, 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 thimportance were Ioy, 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.

rem

remGent. 2.

Nothing but Bonres: the Oracle is fullld: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Balladmakers cannot be able to expresse it. Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulinas Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is calld true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition: Has the King found his Heire?

rem

remGent. 3.

Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, youle swear 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 Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

rem

remGent. 2.

No.

rem

remGent. 3.

Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seemd 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, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his SonneinLaw: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weatherbitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndos description to doe it.

rem

remGent. 2.

What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carryed hence the Child?

rem

remGent. 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 has not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knows.

rem

remGent. 1.

What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

rem

remGent. 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 declind for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fullld: 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.

rem

remGent. 1.

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

rem

remGent. 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 tot, brauely confessed, 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 seent, the Woe had beene vniuersall.

rem

remGent. 1.

Are they returned to the Court?

rem

remGent. 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 performd, by that rare Italian Master, Iulio Romano, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

rem

remGent. 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?

rem

remGent. 1.

Who would be thence, that has the benet of Accesse? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Lets along.

Exit.

rem

remAut.

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 ouerfond of the Shepherds Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Seasick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscoverd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the nderout of this Secret, it would not haue rellishd 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.

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remClow.

You are well met (Sir:) you denyd 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.

rem

remAut.

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

rem

remClow.

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

rem

remShep.

And so haue I, Boy.

rem

remClow.

So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and calld mee Brother: and then the two Kings calld my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princesse (my Sister) calld my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the rst Gentlemanlike teares that euer we shed.

rem

remShep.

We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.

rem

remClow.

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

rem

remAut.

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.

rem

remShep.

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

rem

remClow.

Thou wilt amend thy life?

rem

remAut.

I, and it like your good Worship.

rem

remClow.

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

rem

remShep.

You may say it, but not sweare it.

rem

remClow.

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

rem

remShep.

How if it be false (Sonne?)

rem

remClow.

If it be nere 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 wouldst be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

rem

remAut.

I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

rem

remClow.

I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou darst 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 be thy good Masters.

Exeunt.

Scna Tertia.

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

rem

remLeo.

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

rem

remPaul.

What (Soueraigne Sir)

I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices

You haue payd home. But that you haue vouchsafd

(With your Crownd 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 answer.

rem

remLeo.

O Paulina,

We honor you with trouble: but we came

To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie

*Haue we passd 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.*

rem

remPaul.

*As she liud peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue
Excells what euer yet you lookd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mockd, as euer
Still Sleepe mockd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewesoff
Your wonder: but yet speake, rst you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?*

rem

remLeo.

*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.*

rem

remPol.

Oh, not by much.

rem

remPaul.

*So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goeby some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liud now.*

rem

remLeo.

*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 (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when rst I wood her.
I am ashamd: Dos not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:*

*Theres Magick in thy Maiestie, which has
My Evils coniurd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.*

rem

remPerd.

*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.*

rem

remPaul.

*O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fixd; the Colours
Not dry.*

rem

remCam.

*My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore laydon,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But killd it selfe much sooner.*

rem

remPol.

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

rem

remPaul.

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

rem

remLeo.

Doe not draw the Curtaine.

rem

remPaul.

No longer shall you gaze ont, least your Fancie May thinke anon, it moues.

rem

remLeo.

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 breathd? and that those veines

Did verily beare blood?

rem

remPol.

'Masterly done:

The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

rem

remLeo.

The fixure of her Eye has motion int,

As we are mockd with Art.

rem

remPaul.

Ile draw the Curtaine:

My Lords almost so farre transported, that

Heele thinke anon it liues.

rem

remLeo.

Oh sweet Paulina,

Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:

No settled Sences of the World can match

The pleasure of that madnesse. Lett alone.

rem

remPaul.

I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stird you: but

I could afflict you farther.

rem

remLeo.

Doe Paulina:

For this Affliction has 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.

rem

remPaul.

Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:

Youle marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne

With Oylly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

rem

remLeo.

No: not these twentie yeeres.

rem

remPerd.

So long could I

Standby, a lookeron.

rem

remPaul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you

For more amazement: if you can behold it,

Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,

And take you by the hand: but then youle thinke

(Which I protest against) I am assisted

By wicked Powers.

rem

remLeo.

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.

rem

remPaul.

It is requird

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

On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse

I am about, let them depart.

rem

remLeo.

Proceed:

No foot shall stire.

rem

remPaul.

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 wood her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?*

rem

remLeo.

Oh, shes warme:

*If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating.*

rem

remPol.

She embraces him.

rem

remCam.

She hangs about his necke,

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

rem

remPol.

I, and make it manifest where she has liud,

Or how stolne from the dead?

rem

remPaul.

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.*

rem

remHer.

You Gods looke downe,

*And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preserud? Where liud? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gaued hope thou wast in being, haue preserud
My selfe, to see the yssue.*

rem

remPaul.

Theres 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 every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some witherd bough, and there
My Mate (thats neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.*

rem

remLeo.

O peace Paulina:

*Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweenes by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be questiond: 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 iustied
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Lets from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy looks
My ill suspition: This your Soninlaw,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is trothplight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Performd in this wide gap of Time, since rst
We were disseuerd: 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.