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*****The Winters Tale*****

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The Winters Tale

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2248]

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*****The Winters Tale*****

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Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixth

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . . in great detail. . . and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . . with this caveat. . . we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is.

The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Winters Tale

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

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

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

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

Cam. 'Beseech you-

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence- in so rare- I know not what to say- Wee will giue you sleepe Drinke, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs

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

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

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

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

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

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

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

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it

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

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

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

Pol. No longer stay

Leo. One Seue' night longer

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow

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

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

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

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

Leo. Well said, Hermione

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ile 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
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,
I loue thee not a larre o'th' Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?

Pol. No, Madame

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely

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

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:

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

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

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

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow

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

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st
To better purpose

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long

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

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

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

Mam. I, my good Lord

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

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

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,

To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes Sicilia?
Her. He something seemes vnsettled

Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?
Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight

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

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:
He makes a lulyes day, short as December,
And with his varying childnesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood

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

Her. If you would seeke vs,

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

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

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes she ha's been sluyd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you say

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

Cam. I, my good Lord

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

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

Leo. Didst note it?

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

Leo. Didst perceiue it?

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

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie

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

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

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer

Leo. I, but why?

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

Leo. Satisfie?

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

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

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

Cam. My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In euery one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)

Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine

Leo. Ha' not you seene Camillo?
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true

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

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

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true

Cam. No, no, my Lord

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyeest Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,

Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) she would not liue
The running of one Glasse

Cam. Who do's infect her?

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

Cam. Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,

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

Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours

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

Cam. My Lord,

Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant

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

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me.

Exit

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

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

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir

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

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

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

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

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

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

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement

Cam. I may not answere

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

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

Pol. On, good Camillo

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:

Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discoverie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue 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

Pol. I doe beleeeue thee:

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

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

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

Mam. No, Ile none of you

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better

2.Lady. And why so (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2.Lady. Who taught 'this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'l'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you

2.Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale

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

Her. As merry as you will

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

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

Mam. There was a man

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on

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

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare

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

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

Leo. How blest am I
In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,
On your command

Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him

Her. What is this? Sport?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke

With an aspect more 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 lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe

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

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

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

Leo. Hold your peaces

Lord. Good my Lord

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor

Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue

Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele

Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth

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

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

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture

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

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

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

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

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene

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

Pau. Here's ado, to locke vp honesty & honour from
Th' accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

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

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

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

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

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne

May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd

Pau. A boy?

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

Pau. I dare be sworne:

These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'le shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th' lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes

Emil. Most worthy Madam,

Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot misse
A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd

Paul. Tell her (Emilia)

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

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant

Pau. You neede not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene

Gao. I do beleeeue it

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

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

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

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

Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd

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

Lord. You must not enter

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

Antig. That's enough

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded

None should come at him

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)

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

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse

Leo. How?

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

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

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

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

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:

And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene

Leo. Good Queene?

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

Leo. Force her hence

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,

Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing

Leo. Out:

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

Paul. Not so:

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

Leo. Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroosted
By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane

Paul. For euer

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

Leo. He dreads his Wife

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

Leo. A nest of Traitors

Ant. I am none, by this good light

Pau. Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound

Leo. A Callat

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

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay th' old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,

The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands

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

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect

Leo. Once more take her hence

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt

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

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

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: loue send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.
Enter.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife

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

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

Leo. You're lyers all

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

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

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

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

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune

It came to vs, I doe in lustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp

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

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Issue.
Enter a Seruant.

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

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

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenly will haue
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

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

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,

(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

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

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

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

Leo. Reade the Indictment

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High 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 Subject, didst counsaile
and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by
Night

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

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

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

Leo. You will not owne it

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes

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

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence

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

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

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Faur)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second loy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:

But yet heere this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your lealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge

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

Her. The Emperour of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge

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

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read

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

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo

Her. Praysed

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

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

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

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

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

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my Injustice. How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.
I have too much beleev'd 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 lealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, 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 fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:

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

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserues
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy lealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't;
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet

Lord. The higher powres forbid

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

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech

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

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receyue much better,

Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

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

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

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

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

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

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly

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

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,

And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
 Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
 Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
 Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
 Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out
 Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
 Is counted lost for euer, Perdita
 I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
 Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shriekes
 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
 Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
 (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
 There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,
 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
 A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw
 The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
 Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
 I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Beare.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:
 for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches
 with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,
 fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyldebraines
 of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather?
 They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
 which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maister;
 if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing
 of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue
 we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A
 boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
 one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I
 can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has
 beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some
 behinde-doore

worke: they were warmer that got this,
then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet
Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.
Whoa-ho-hoa.
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa

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

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

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

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

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these
sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now

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

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

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

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your
youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all
Gold

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

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go
see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they
are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolde 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 powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and orewhelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betweene: Leontes leauing
Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

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

Cam. It is fiftene 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

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest
of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made
me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can 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 profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.
Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more,
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance
of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene &
Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to
me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings
are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then
they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their
Vertues

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

Pol. I haue considered so much (Camillo) and with
some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice,

which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue
this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a
most homely sheheard: a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
is growne into an vnspeakable estate

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

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

Cam. I willingly obey your command

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

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing

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

(as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a
snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly
Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A
prize, a prize.
Enter Clowne.

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

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

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

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne

Clo. I'th' name of me

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

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

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

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

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell
tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon
me

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

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments

he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh

Clo. Alas poore soule

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

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-seruer (a Bayliffe) 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 flowne ouer many knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him Autolicus

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

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

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

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

Clo. How do you now?

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

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

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

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our
sheepe-shearing.
Enter.

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

Song. log-on, log-on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the Stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

Enter.

Scena Quarta.

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

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

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddess-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse

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

Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now loue affoord you cause:

To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith

Perd. O but Sir,

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

Flo. Thou deer'st Perdita,

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

Perd. O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious

Flo. See, your Guests approach,

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

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

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

Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,
Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcpe to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper

Perd. Sir, welcome:

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

Pol. Shepherdesse,

(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter

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

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them

Perd. For I haue heard it said,

There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature

Pol. Say there be:

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

Perd. So it is

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

Perd. Ile not put

The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome

Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing

Perd. Out alas:

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

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinks I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes

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

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

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em

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

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

Clo. Come on: strike vp

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

Mop. Now in good time

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

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddesses.

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

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,

I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best

Pol. She dances featly

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

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

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

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

Pol. This is a braue fellow

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

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

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing

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

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

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.
Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Maskes for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-stickes of steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy

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

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

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

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

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

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdrylace,
and a paire of sweet Gloues

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

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

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here
Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels
of charge

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

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

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

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist[ris]. Tale-Porter, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present.

Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it

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

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

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you

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

Clo. Lay it by too; another

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

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones

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

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

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

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

Song

Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

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

Dor: Me too: Let me go thether:

Mop: Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,

Dor: If to either thou dost ill,

Aut: Neither

Dor: What neither?

Aut: Neither:

Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Mop: Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

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

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a.

Exit

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

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

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see
these foure-threes of Heardsmen

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

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

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

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

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

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

Flo. Do, and be witnessse too't

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

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

Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,
Or to their owne perdition

Pol. Fairely offer'd

Cam. This shewes a sound affection

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his

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

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

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours

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

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall

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

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most haue of his age

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else

But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse

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

Pol. Let him know't

Flo. He shall not

Pol. Prethee let him

Flo. No, he must not

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

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

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foole thou coap'st with

Shep. Oh my heart

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deucalion off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.
Enter.

Perd. Euen heere vndone:

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

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest

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

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

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

Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke Camillo

Cam. Euen he, my Lord

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

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:

From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection

Cam. Be aduis'd

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

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

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

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for aduice,
Or stronger for your neede

Flo. Hearke Perdita,
Ile heare you by and by

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

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leaue out ceremony

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

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

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

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

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, so we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flies
Of euery winde that blowes

Cam. Then list to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart

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

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

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

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such

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

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks

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

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if

The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.
Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction
to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vse, 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 Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse;
'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd
and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter,
and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole
Army

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

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

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father

Perd. Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire

Cam. Who haue we here?

Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may giue vs aide

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)

Here's no harme intended to thee

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou

must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot

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

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

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

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee

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

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,

Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd

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

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?

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

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

Aut. Adieu, Sir

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

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

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

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
Enter.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.
Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

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

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

Shep. Nay, but heare me

Clow. Nay; but heare me

Shep. Goe too then

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

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

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

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

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

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

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace

Aut. 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?

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

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

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, 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

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

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

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basenese, Court-Contempt? Think'st 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 push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King

Aut. What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?

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

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

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

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

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier

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

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

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?

Wherefore that Box?

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

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour

Shep. Why Sir?

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

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

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

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

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

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

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd 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 consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it

Clow. 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 in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd aliue

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

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?
Shep. I Sir

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit 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 prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

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

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldome

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better

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

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

With a sweet Fellow to't?

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

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

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

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

Paul. Had she such power,
She had iust such cause

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married

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

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

Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

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

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

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much

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

Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done

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

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

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince Florizell,
Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence

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

Ser. But few,
And those but meane

Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?

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

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

Ser. Pardon, Madame:

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

Paul. How? not women?

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

Leo. Goe Cleomines,

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

Paul. Had our Prince

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

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st

He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.
Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him

Flo. By his command

Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd

His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, liuing

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th' aduerture of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia

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

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

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?
Enter a Lord.

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

A Shepherds Daughter

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince

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

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

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death

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

Leo. You are married?

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

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

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife

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

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time

Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles

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

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

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

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old 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

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it

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

Enter another Gentleman.

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

Gent.2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.
Enter another Gentleman.

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

Gent.3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene Hermiones: her lewell 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 about her Breeding, and many other
Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent.2. No

Gent.3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue beheld
one loy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their
loy 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 loy were now become a
Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes
Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:
then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her.
Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like
a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I
neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report
to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it

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

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

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

Gent.3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters
death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the
Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen

then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,
that 'twixt loy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee
had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another
elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the
Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing,
as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no
more be in danger of loosing

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

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

Gent.1. Are they returned to the Court?

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

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

Gent.1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit
of Accessee? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace
will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our
Knowledge. Let's along.
Enter.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in
me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the
old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I
heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but
he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so
he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick,
and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing,
this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all

one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret,
it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.
Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

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

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

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

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

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

Shep. And so haue I, Boy

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

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

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

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

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

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship

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

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let

Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

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

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power

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

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

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

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

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answeere

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

Paul. As she liu'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.

I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.

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

Pol. Oh, not by much

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

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

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse

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

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

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

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

It'd not haue shew'd it

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine

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

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

Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art

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

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

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

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

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

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres

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

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappell, or 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 you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted

By wicked Powers

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

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

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre

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

Leo. Oh, she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating

Pol. She embraces him

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too

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

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

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gaued hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd

My selfe, to see the yssue

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost

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

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
Foure
Lords of Sicillia.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.

FINIS. The Winters Tale.
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