

## A WINTER'S TALE

By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae.

Sicilians:

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.  
HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.  
MAMILLIUS, Son to Leontes and Hermione.  
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

CAMILLO,        }  
ANTIGONUS,    }       Lords of Sicilia.  
CLEOMENES,    }  
DION,            }

PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a Lady,        }  
1st LADY, 2nd LADY,   }       Attending on Hermione.

1st LORD, Other Lords.  
1st SERVANT, 2nd SERVANT, Other Servants.  
1st GENTLEMAN, 2nd GENTLEMAN, 3rd GENTLEMAN.  
A GAOLER.

Attendants, Gentleman, Officers, Guards.

Bohemians:

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.  
FLORIZEL, Son to Polixenes.  
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

An old SHEPHERD, reputed Father of Perdita.  
CLOWN, Son to the Old Shepherd.  
SERVANT, to the Old Shepherd.

A MARINER.  
MOPSA,        }  
DORCAS,       } Shepherdesses.

Other Shepherdesses  
Shepherds

Twelve Countrymen disguised as SATYRS

TIME, as Chorus.

Scene: Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 1.

Scene 1. Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

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

Camillo I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Archidamus Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for indeed -

Camillo Beseech you -

Archidamus Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence, in so rare -I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Camillo You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Archidamus Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Camillo Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Archidamus I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius. It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Camillo I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant

child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Archidamus    Would they else be content to die?

Camillo    Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Archidamus    If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Sicilia. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Polixenes    Nine changes of the watery star hath been  
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne  
Without a burden. Time as long again  
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should for perpetuity  
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more  
That go before it.

Leontes                            Stay your thanks a while,  
And pay them when you part.

Polixenes                            Sir, that's tomorrow.  
I am questioned by my fears of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say  
"This is put forth too truly". Besides, I have stayed  
To tire your royalty.

Leontes                            We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

Polixenes                            No longer stay.

Leontes    One sennight longer.

Polixenes                            Very sooth, tomorrow.

Leontes    We'll part the time between's then; and in that  
I'll no gainsaying.

Polixenes                            Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,  
So soon as yours could win me. So it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay  
To you a charge and trouble. To save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

Leontes                                      Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

Hermione    I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until  
          You had drawn oaths 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 proclaimed. Say this to him,  
          He's beat from his best ward.

Leontes                                      Well said, Hermione.

Hermione    To tell he longs to see his son were strong;  
          But let him say so then, and let him go;  
          But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
          We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
          [To POLIXENES.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
          The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
          You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
          To let him there a month behind the gest  
          Prefixed for's parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,  
          I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind  
          What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Polixenes                                      No, madam.

Hermione    Nay, but you will.

Polixenes                                      I may not, verily.

Hermione    Verily?  
          You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
          Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,  
          Should yet say `Sir, no going'. Verily,  
          You shall not go. A lady's `verily' 's  
          As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
          Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
          Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees  
          When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?  
          My prisoner, or my guest? By your dread `verily',  
          One of them you shall be.

Polixenes                                      Your guest then, madam.  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

Hermione                                      Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.  
You were pretty lordings then?

Polixenes                                      We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day tomorrow as today,  
And to be boy eternal.

Hermione    Was not my lord the verier wag o'th' two?

Polixenes    We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i'th' sun  
And bleat the one at th' other. What we changed  
Was innocence for innocence. We knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed  
That any did. Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared  
With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven  
Boldly 'Not guilty', the imposition cleared  
Hereditary ours.

Hermione                                      By this we gather  
You have tripped since.

Polixenes                                      O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's, for  
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

Hermione                                      Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on;  
Th' offences we have made you do we'll answer,  
If you first sinned with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not  
With any but with us.

Leontes                                      Is he won yet?

Hermione    He'll stay, my lord.

Leontes                                      At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

To better purpose.

Hermione                      Never?

Leontes                         Never but once.

Hermione    What, have I twice said well? When was't before,  
I prithee tell me? Cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? It has 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 have't; I long.

Leontes                         Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
And clap thyself my love. Then didst thou utter  
"I am yours for ever".

Hermione                       'Tis grace indeed.  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:  
The one for ever earned a royal husband,  
The other for some while a friend.  
[Gives her hand to POLIXENES.]

Leontes                         [Aside.] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances,  
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment  
May a free face put on, derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent -'t may, I grant.  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practised smiles  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o'th' deer. -O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

Mamillius                      Ay, my good lord.

Leontes                         I'fecks!  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutched thy nose?  
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,

We must be neat -not neat, but cleanly, Captain.  
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all called neat. Still virginalling  
 Upon his palm? How now, you wanton calf;  
 Art thou my calf?

Mamillius    Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leontes    Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,  
 To be full like me. Yet they say we are  
 Almost as like as eggs. Women say so,  
 That will say anything. But were they false  
 As o'erdyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false  
 As dice are to be wished by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!  
 Most dear'st! My collop! Can thy dam? -May't be?  
 Affection, thy intention stabs the centre.  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
 Communicat'st with dreams -How can this be? -  
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent  
 Thou mayst co-join with something -and thou dost;  
 And that beyond commission -and I find it,  
 And that, to the infection of my brains  
 And hard'ning of my brows.

Polixenes    What means Sicilia?

Hermione    He something seems unsettled.

Polixenes    How, my lord!  
 What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Hermione    You look  
 As if you held a brow of much distraction.  
 Are you moved, my lord?

Leontes    No, in good earnest.  
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
 Of my boy's face methoughts I did recoil  
 Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreeched,  
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled  
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
 How like methought I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mamillius No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leontes You will? Why, happy man be's dole! My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

Polixenes If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.  
He makes a July's day short as December,  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leontes So stands this squire  
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

Hermione If you would seek us,  
We are yours i'th' garden. Shall's attend you there?

Leontes To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,  
Be you beneath the sky. [Aside.] I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to!  
How she holds up the net, the bill to him,  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]

Gone already?  
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one!  
Go play, boy, play. Thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been,  
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now,  
And many a man there is even at this present,  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,  
And his pond fished by his next neighbour -by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates opened,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair



That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant -and 'tis powerful, think 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  
Have the disease and feel't not. How now, boy!

Mamillius I am like you, they say.

Leontes Why, that's some comfort.  
What! Camillo there?

Camillo Ay, my good lord.

Leontes Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.  
[Exit MAMILLIUS.  
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Camillo You had much ado to make his anchor hold;  
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leontes Didst note it?

Camillo He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.

Leontes Didst perceive it?  
[Aside.] They're here with me already, whisp'ring, rounding,  
"Sicilia is a so-forth". 'Tis far gone  
When I shall gust it last. -How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

Camillo At the good queen's entreaty.

Leontes At the queen's be't. `Good' should be pertinent;  
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks. Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? By some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

Camillo Business, my lord? I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leontes Ha?

Camillo Stays here longer.

Leontes Ay, but why?

Camillo To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leontes Satisfy  
Th' entreaties of your mistress? Satisfy?  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom -I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reformed. But we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived  
In that which seems so.

Camillo Be it forbid, my lord.

Leontes To bide upon't: thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course required; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

Camillo My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I played the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,  
Are such allowed infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage. If I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

Leontes Ha' not you seen, Camillo -  
But that's past doubt; you have, or your eyeglass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn -or heard -  
For to a vision so apparent rumour  
Cannot be mute -or thought -for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think -  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess -  
Or else be impudently negative  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought -then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.

Camillo I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

Leontes Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? -a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift;  
Hours minutes, noon midnight? And all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings  
If this be nothing.

Camillo Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leontes Say it be, 'tis true.

Camillo No, no, my lord!

Leontes It is; you lie, you lie.  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

Camillo Who does infect her?



Leontes   This is all.  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Camillo   I'll do't, my lord.

Leontes     I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.  
[Exit.]

Camillo     O miserable lady! But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since  
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Here comes Bohemia.

Polixenes                                     This is strange. Methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, Camillo.

Camillo                                     Hail, most royal sir!

Polixenes     What is the news i'th' court?

Camillo                                     None rare, my lord.

Polixenes     The king hath on him such a countenance  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he,  
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

Camillo                                     I dare not know, my lord.

Polixenes     How, dare not? Do not? Do you know, and dare not  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;

For to yourself what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus altered with't.

Camillo    There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

Polixenes    How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.  
I have looked on thousands who have sped the better  
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo -  
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle -I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be informed, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

Camillo    I may not answer.

Polixenes      A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answered. Dost thou hear, Camillo?  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidence thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

Camillo    Sir, I will tell you,  
Since I am charged in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be e'en as swiftly followed as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry lost, and so good night.

Polixenes    On, good Camillo.

Camillo      I am appointed him to murder you.

Polixenes      By whom, Camillo?

Camillo    By the king.

Polixenes

For what?

Camillo He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have touched his queen  
Forbiddenly.

Polixenes O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunned,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

Camillo Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

Polixenes

How should this grow?

Camillo I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawned, away tonight!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have uttered truth, which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

Polixenes

I do believe thee;  
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature -as she's rare

Must it be great; and as his person's mighty  
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonoured by a man which ever  
Professed to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me.  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come, Camillo,  
I will respect thee as a father if  
Thou bear'st my life off. Hence, let us avoid!

Camillo It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away!  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 2.

Scene 1. Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and 1st and 2nd LADY.

Hermione Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1st Lady Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mamillius No, I'll none of you.

1st Lady Why, my sweet lord?

Mamillius You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2nd Lady And why so, my lord?

Mamillius Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon, made with a pen.

2nd Lady Who taught' this?

Mamillius I learned it out of women's faces. Pray now,  
What colour are your eyebrows?



1st Lady Blue, my lord.

Mamillius Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1st Lady Hark ye,  
The queen your mother rounds apace. We shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

2nd Lady She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!

Hermione What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now  
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

Mamillius Merry or sad, shall't be?

Hermione As merry as you will.

Mamillius A sad tale's best for winter. I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.

Hermione Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mamillius There was a man -

Hermione Nay, come sit down, then on.

Mamillius Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly,  
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Hermione Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and LORDS.

Leontes Was he met there? His train? Camillo with him?

1st Lord Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

Leontes How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
Is not infected; but if one present  
Th' abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.  
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar.  
There is a plot against my life, my crown.  
All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain  
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.  
He has discovered my design, and I  
Remain a pinched thing, yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
So easily open?

1st Lord                                      By his great authority,  
Which often hath no less prevailed than so  
On your command.

Leontes                                      I know't too well.  
[To HERMIONE.]  
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him:  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

Hermione                                      What is this? Sport?

Leontes    Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.  
Away with him, and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.  
[Exit ATTENDANT with MAMILLIUS.]

Hermione                                      But I'd say he had not;  
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
How e'er you lean to the nay-ward.

Leontes                                      You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say "she is a goodly lady", and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add  
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable".  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
- Which, on my faith deserves high speech -and straight  
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands  
That calumny doth use -O, I am out! -  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself -these shrugs, these hum's and ha's,  
When you have said she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say "she's honest". But be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adultrass.

Hermione                                   Should a villain say so,  
The most replenished villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

Leontes                                   You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said  
She's an adultrass -I have said with whom -  
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is  
A federary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

Hermione                                   No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have published me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say  
You did mistake.

Leontes                                   No; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison!  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

Hermione                                   There's some ill planet reigns.  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are -the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities -but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be performed.

Leontes

Shall I be heard?

Hermione Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness  
My women may be with me, for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,  
There is no cause. When you shall know your mistress  
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out. This action I now go on  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord;  
I never wished to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leontes Go, do our bidding. Hence!  
[Exit HERMIONE, guarded, and LADIES.]

1st Lord Beseech your highness call the queen again.

Antigonus Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1st Lord For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I'th' eyes of heaven and to you -I mean  
In this which you accuse her.

Antigonus If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

Leontes Hold your peaces.

1st Lord Good my lord -

Antigonus It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.  
You are abused, and by some putter-on  
That will be damned for't. Would I knew the villain!  
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flawed,  
I have three daughters -the eldest is eleven,  
The second and the third, nine and some five -  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,  
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see  
To bring false generations. They are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.



1st Lord Well done, my lord.

Leontes Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good  
From our free person she should be confined,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public, for this business  
Will raise us all.

Antigonus [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Sicilia. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, a GENTLEMAN, and ATTENDANTS.

Paulina The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am.  
[Exit GENTLEMAN.

Good lady,  
No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter GENTLEMAN, with GAOLER.

Now good sir,  
You know me, do you not?

Gaoler For a worthy lady,  
And one who much I honour.

Paulina Pray you, then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler I may not, madam;  
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paulina Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gaoler So please you, madam,

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

Paulina I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves.  
[Exeunt GENTLEMAN and ATTENDANTS.]

Gaoler And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

Paulina Well, be't so, prithee.  
[Exit GAOLER.  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

Re-enter GAOLER with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?

Emilia As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together. On her frights and griefs,  
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,  
She is something before her time delivered.

Paulina A boy?

Emilia A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live. The queen receives  
Much comfort in't; says "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you".

Paulina I dare be sworn.  
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' king, beshrew them!  
He must be told on't, and he shall. The office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-looking anger be  
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen.  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emilia Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue. There is no lady living  
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,  
 Who but today hammered of this design,  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be denied.

Paulina    Tell her, Emilia,  
 I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from't  
 As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

Emilia    Now be you blest for it!  
 I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer.

Gaoler    Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

Paulina    You need not fear it, sir;  
 This child was prisoner to the womb, and is,  
 By law and process of great nature, thence  
 Freed and enfranchised; not a party to  
 The anger of the king, nor guilty of,  
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaoler    I do believe it.

Paulina    Do not you fear. Upon mine honour, I  
 Will stand betwixt you and danger.  
 [Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES.

Leontes    Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness  
 To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If  
 The cause were not in being -part o'th' cause,  
 She, th' adultrous; for the harlot king  
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
 And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she  
 I can hook to me -say that she were gone,  
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me again.

Enter 1st SERVANT.





That presses him from sleep.

Leontes                                What noise there, ho?

Paulina    No noise, my lord, but needful conference  
              About some gossips for your highness.

Leontes                                How?  
              Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
              I charged thee that she should not come about me.  
              I knew she would.

Antigonus                             I told her so, my lord,  
              On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
              She should not visit you.

Leontes                                What, canst not rule her?

Paulina    From all dishonesty he can. In this,  
              Unless he take the course that you have done -  
              Commit me for committing honour -trust it,  
              He shall not rule me.

Antigonus                             La you now, you hear.  
              When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
              But she'll not stumble.

Paulina                                Good my liege, I come -  
              And I beseech you hear me, who professes  
              Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
              Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares  
              Less appear so in comforting your evils  
              Than such as most seem yours -I say, I come  
              From your good queen.

Leontes                                Good queen?

Paulina    Good queen, my lord, good queen. I say good queen,  
              And would by combat make her good, so were I  
              A man, the worst about you.

Leontes                                Force her hence.

Paulina    Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
              First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off;  
              But first, I'll do my errand. The good queen,  
              For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
              - Here 'tis -

[Laying down the babe.  
                          commends it to your blessing.



"So like you, 'tis the worse". Behold, my lords,  
 Although the print be little, the whole matter  
 And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
 The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,  
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles,  
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, 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, lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's.

Leontes                                      A gross hag!  
 And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged,  
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Antigonus                                      Hang all the husbands  
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
 Hardly one subject.

Leontes                                      Once more, take her hence.

Paulina    A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
 Can do no more.

Leontes                                      I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paulina                                      I care not.  
 It is a heretic that makes the fire,  
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
 But this most cruel usage of your queen -  
 Not able to produce more accusation  
 Than your own weak-hinged fancy -something savours  
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leontes                                      On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
 Where were her life? She durst not call me so  
 If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paulina    I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
 Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours. Jove send her  
 A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?  
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
 Will never do him good, not one of you.  
 So, so. Farewell; we are gone.

[Exit.

Leontes    Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? Away with't! Even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
And see it instantly consumed with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Antigonus I did not, sir.  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

Lords We can, my royal liege;  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leontes You're liars all.

1st Lord Beseech your highness, give us better credit.  
We have always truly served you, and beseech  
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,  
As recompense of our dear services  
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leontes I am a feather for each wind that blows.  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But be it. Let it live.  
It shall not neither.  
[To ANTIGONUS.] You sir, come you hither,  
You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life -for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey -what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

Antigonus Anything, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose; at least thus much:  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent -anything possible.

Leontes It shall be possible. Swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Antigonus

I will, my lord.

Leontes Mark and perform it, seest thou? For the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to it own protection,  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Antigonus I swear to do this, though a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require; and blessing  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemned to loss.

[Exit with the babe.]

Leontes

No; I'll not rear

Another's issue.

Enter 2nd SERVANT.

2nd Servant

Please your highness, posts

From those you sent to th' oracle are come  
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' court.

1st Lord

So please you, sir, their speed

Hath been beyond account.

Leontes

Twenty-three days

They have been absent; 'tis good speed: foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding.  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 3.

Scene 1. A Seaport in Sicilia.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleomenes     The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

Dion                             I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
- Methinks I so should term them -and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice;  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'th' off'ring!

Cleomenes                             But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'th' oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,  
That I was nothing.

Dion                             If th' event o'th' journey  
Prove as successful to the queen -O be't so! -  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleomenes                             Great Apollo  
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

Dion                             The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle,  
Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses!  
And gracious be the issue.

[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 2. Sicilia. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS.

Leontes This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart -the party tried  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much beloved. Let us be cleared  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

Officer It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person, here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE as to her trial; PAULINA, and LADIES attending.

Leontes Read the indictment.

Officer [Reads.] "Hermione, queen 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 I away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Hermione Since what I am to say, must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part, no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say `Not guilty'. Mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devised  
And played to take spectators. For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal



To your own 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 uncurrent I  
Have strained t'appear thus; if one jot beyond  
The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry `Fie!' upon my grave.

Leontes                                  I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

Hermione                                  That's true enough,  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leontes    You will not own it.

Hermione                                  More than mistress of  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accused, I do confess  
I loved him as in honour he required,  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;  
Which, not to have done, I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dished  
For me to try how. All I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leontes    You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Hermione    Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not.  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

Leontes                                  Your actions are my dreams.  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dreamed it. As you were past all shame -



Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered  
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then  
You have not dared to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleomenes &  
Dion                                  All this we swear.

Leontes    Break up the seals, and read.

Officer    [Reads.]    "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a  
true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and  
the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found."

Lords    Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Hermione                                  Praised!

Leontes    Hast thou read truth?

Officer                                  Ay, my lord, even so  
As it is here set down.

Leontes    There is no truth at all i'th' oracle;  
The sessions shall proceed. This is mere falsehood.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant    My lord the king, the king!

Leontes                                  What is the business?

Servant    O sir, I shall be hated to report it.  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leontes                                  How, gone?

Servant                                  Is dead.

Leontes    Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice.

[HERMIONE swoons.

How now there!

Paulina    This news is mortal to the queen. Look down  
And see what death is doing.

Leontes                                  Take her hence.  
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.

I have too much believed mine own suspicion.  
 Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
 Some remedies for life.  
 [Exeunt PAULINA and LADIES, with HERMIONE.]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle.  
 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
 New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
 For, being transported by my jealousies  
 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 filled with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard  
 Of all uncertainties himself commended,  
 No richer than his honour. How he glisters  
 Thorough my rust! And how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paulina	Woe the while!
O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, Break too!	

1st Lord	What fit is this, good lady?
----------	------------------------------

Paulina   What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
 What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying, boiling  
 In leads or oils? What old or newer torture  
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,  
 Together working with thy jealousies,  
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
 For girls of nine, O, think what they have done  
 And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all  
 Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betrayed'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
 And damnable ingrateful; nor was't much  
 Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honour  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon



And I'll say nothing.

Leontes                      Thou didst speak but well  
When most the truth, which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.  
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows.

[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 3. Bohemia. A Desert Shore.

Enter ANTIGONUS with the BABE, and a MARINER.

Antigonus    Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touched upon  
                The deserts of Bohemia?

Mariner                      Ay, my lord, and fear  
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

Antigonus    Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;  
                Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before  
                I call upon thee.

Mariner                      Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

Antigonus                      Go thou away;  
                I'll follow instantly.

Mariner                      I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o'th' business.  
[Exit.

Antigonus                      Come, poor babe.  
                I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o'th' dead  
                May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother

Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So filled, and so becoming; in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay, thrice bowed before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: `Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee call't. For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;  
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffered death, and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Babe.

There lie, and there thy character.

[Laying down a bundle.

There these,  
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,  
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed  
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds, and most accursed am I  
To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell!  
The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have  
A lullaby too rough; I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day.

[Horns.

A savage clamour!  
Well may I get aboard. This is the chase;  
I am gone for ever!

[Exit, pursued by a BEAR.

Enter an old SHEPHERD.

Shepherd I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.  
[Horns.

Hark you now, would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will.  
[Seeing the BABE.

What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne! A very pretty barne. A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some scape. Though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work. They were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity -yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloed but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa!

Enter CLOWN.

Clown Hilloa, loa!

Shepherd What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou man?

Clown I have seen two such sights by sea and by land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky. Betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shepherd Why, boy, how is it?

Clown I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore. But that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-head. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shepherd Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shepherd Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clown I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.



Shepherd Heavy matters, heavy matters. But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee. Look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't. So, let's see -it was told me I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. Open't. What's within, boy?

Clown You're a made old man. If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

Shepherd This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shepherd That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shepherd 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.  
[Exeunt.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 4.

Scene 1.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time I that please some, try all; both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was  
Or what is now received. I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving -  
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself -imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia, and remember well  
I mentioned a son o'th' king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. A Room in Polixenes' Palace.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Polixenes I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'Tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Camillo It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Polixenes As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done, which, if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Camillo Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than

formerly he hath appeared.

Polixenes I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Camillo I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polixenes That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd, from whose simplicity I think it not un-easy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Camillo I willingly obey your command.

Polixenes My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.  
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Bohemia. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Autolycus [Sings.] When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh, the doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o'the year,  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh, 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 lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
With heigh, with heigh, the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me. For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize!

Enter CLOWN.

Clown Let me see. Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Autolycus [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice -what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and basses, but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace, dates, none -that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'th' sun.

Autolycus O that ever I was born!  
[Groveling on the ground.]

Clown I'th' name of me!

Autolycus O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clown Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autolycus O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

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

Autolycus I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown What, by a horseman or a footman?

Autolycus A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Autolycus O, good sir, tenderly -O!

Clown Alas, poor soul!

Autolycus O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown How now? Canst stand?

Autolycus Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autolycus No, good sweet sir, no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you. That kills my heart.

Clown What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Autolycus A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown His vices, you would say. There's no virtue whipped out of the court, they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Autolycus Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server (a bailiff) then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clown Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig! He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autolycus Very true, sir; he, sir, he. That's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia. If you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autolycus I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart

that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown How do you now?

Autolycus Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown Shall I bring thee on the way?

Autolycus No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.  
[Exit.

Autolycus Prosper you, sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue.

[Sings.] Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Bohemia. The Feast. A Lawn before the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL dressed as a countryman, and PERDITA dressed as Queen of the Feast and garlanded with flowers.

Florizel These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life -no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

Perdita Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me -  
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddesslike pranked up. But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired; swoon, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

Florizel I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

Perdita                                      Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did. O the Fates!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

Florizel                                      Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

Perdita                                      O but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis  
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the king.  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,  
Or I my life.

Florizel                                      Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o'th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything 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 anything  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come.

Perdita                                      O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

Enter old SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised; CLOWN,

MOPSA,  
DORCAS, and OTHERS.

Florizel   See, your guests approach.  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

Shepherd   Fie, daughter, when my old wife lived, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all,  
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here  
At upperend o'th' table, now i'th' middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire  
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perdita   [To POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome.  
It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o'th' day.  
   [To CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir.  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long.  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing.

Polixenes   Shepherdess,  
- A fair one are you -well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

Perdita   Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season  
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

Polixenes   Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

Perdita   For I have heard it said



There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

Polixenes                                  Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature -change it rather -but  
The art itself is nature.

Perdita                                  So it is.

Polixenes    Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

Perdita                                  I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi'th' sun  
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.  
[She gives them flowers.]

Camillo    I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

Perdita                                  Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.  
                                [To FLORIZEL.] Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o'th' spring that might  
Become your time of day;  
                                [To MOPSA and DORCAS.] and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! -daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses

That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack  
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Florizel   What, like a corse?

Perdita    No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,  
          Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
          But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.  
          Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
          In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine  
          Does change my disposition.

Florizel   What you do  
          Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
          I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,  
          I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
          Pray so, and, for the ord'ring your affairs,  
          To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
          A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do  
          Nothing but that, move still, still so,  
          And own no other function. Each your doing,  
          So singular in each particular,  
          Crowns what you are doing, in the present deeds,  
          That all your acts are queens.

Perdita   O Doricles,  
          Your praises are too large. But that your youth,  
          And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,  
          Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,  
          With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
          You wooed me the false way.

Florizel   I think you have  
          As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
          To put you to't. But come, our dance, I pray.  
          Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair  
          That never mean to part.

Perdita   I'll swear for 'em.

Polixenes   This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
          Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems  
          But smacks of something greater than herself,  
          Too noble for this place.

Camillo                                      He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown                                      Come on, strike up!

Dorcas    Mopsa must be your mistress. Marry, garlic to mend her kissing with!

Mopsa    Now, in good time!

Clown    Not a word, a word. We stand upon our manners.  
Come, strike up!

Music.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Polixenes    Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Which dances with your daughter?

Shepherd    They call him Doricles; and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter;  
I think so too, for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes, and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

Polixenes                                      She dances featly.

Shepherd    So she does anything, though I report it  
That should be silent. If young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant    O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would  
never dance again after a tabor and pipe. No, the bagpipe could not move you.  
He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had  
eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown    He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but  
even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant  
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Servant    He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so  
fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so  
without bawdry, which is strange, with such delicate burdens of dildos and  
fadings, `jump her and thump her'; and where some stretch-mouthed rascal

would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer `Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with `Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Polixenes This is a brave fellow.

Clown Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Servant He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

Clown Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Perdita Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.  
[Exit SERVANT.]

Clown You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Perdita Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Autolycus [Sings.] Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cypress black as e'er was crow,  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses,  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber,  
Golden quoifs and stomachers  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel.  
Come buy of me, come, come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry. Come buy.

Clown If I were not in love with Mopsa thou shouldst take no money of me, but, being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mopsa I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dorcas He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mopsa He hath paid you all he promised you. May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mopsa I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Autolycus And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown What hast here? Ballads?

Mopsa Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mopsa Is it true, think you?

Autolycus Very true, and but a month old.

Dorcas Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Autolycus Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mopsa Pray you now, buy it.

Clown Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Autolycus Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dorcas Is it true too, think you?

Autolycus Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will

hold.

Clown Lay it by too. Another.

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

Mopsa Let's have some merry ones.

Autolycus Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'. There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dorcas We had the tune on't a month ago.

Autolycus I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you.

[They sing.]

Autolycus [Sings.] Get you hence, for I must go  
Where it fits not you to know.

Dorcas [Sings.] Whither?

Mopsa [Sings.] O whither?

Dorcas [Sings.] Whither?

Mopsa [Sings.] It becomes thy oath full well  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dorcas [Sings.] Me too; let me go thither.

Mopsa [Sings.] Or thou goest to th' grange or mill.

Dorcas [Sings.] If to either, thou dost ill.

Autolycus [Sings.] Neither.

Dorcas [Sings.] What, neither?

Autolycus [Sings.] Neither.

Dorcas [Sings.] Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mopsa [Sings.] Thou hast sworn it more to me.  
[Sings.] Then whither goest? Say, whither?

Clown We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the

gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA.]

Autolycus And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Sings.] Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar;  
Money's a meddler  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exit.]

Enter SERVANT.

Servant Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shepherd Away! We'll none on't. Here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Polixenes You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Servant One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Shepherd Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in. But quickly now.

Servant Why, they stay at door, sir.

[Exit.]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Polixenes [To SHEPHERD.]

O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[To CAMILLO.]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much.

[To FLORIZEL.] How now, fair shepherd!  
Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young  
And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked  
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it  
To her acceptance. You have let him go  
And nothing mated with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

Florizel                                      Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are.  
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
But not delivered. O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted  
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

Polixenes                                      What follows this?  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out.  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

Florizel                                      Do, and be witness to't.

Polixenes      And this my neighbour too?

Florizel                                      And he, and more  
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;  
That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love; for her employ them all,  
Commend them and condemn them to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

Polixenes                                      Fairly offered.

Camillo      This shows a sound affection.

Shepherd                                      But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?









Camillo [Revealing himself.] Even he, my lord.

Perdita How often have I told you 'twould be thus?  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known?

Florizel It cannot fail but by  
The violation of my faith; and then  
Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together  
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks.  
From my succession wipe me, father; I  
Am heir to my affection.

Camillo Be advised.

Florizel I am, and by my fancy. If my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

Camillo This is desperate, sir.

Florizel So call it, but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat gleaned, for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honoured friend,  
When he shall miss me -as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more -cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

Camillo O my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

Florizel [Drawing PERDITA aside.] Hark, Perdita -  
[To CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.







So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Florizel And those that you'll procure from King Leontes?

Camillo Shall satisfy your father.

Perdita Happy be you!  
All that you speak shows fair.

Camillo [Seeing AUTOLYCUS.] Who have we here?  
We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

Autolycus [Aside.] If they have overheard me now, why -hanging.

Camillo How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Autolycus I am a poor fellow, sir.

Camillo Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly -thou must think there's a necessity in't -and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Autolycus I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside.] I know ye well enough.

Camillo Nay, prithee, dispatch. The gentleman is half flayed already.

Autolycus Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside.] I smell the trick on't.

Florizel Dispatch, I prithee.

Autolycus Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Camillo Unbuckle, unbuckle.  
[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress -let my prophecy  
Come home to ye! -you must retire yourself  
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;  
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming, that you may -  
For I do fear eyes over -to shipboard  
Get undescried.

Perdita I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.





Clown Nay, but hear me.

Shepherd Go to, then.

Clown She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant you.

Shepherd I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Autolycus [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies.

Shepherd Well, let us to the king. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Autolycus [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown Pray heartily he be at palace.

Autolycus [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.  
[Takes off his false beard.

How now, rustics! Whither are you bound?

Shepherd To th' palace, an it like your worship.

Autolycus Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown We are but plain fellows, sir.

Autolycus A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying, it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shepherd Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Autolycus Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the

court? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shepherd My business, sir, is to the king.

Autolycus What advocate hast thou to him?

Shepherd I know not, an't like you.

Clown Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shepherd None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Autolycus How blessed are we that are not simple men!  
Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shepherd His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Autolycus The fardel there? What's i'th' fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shepherd Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Autolycus Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shepherd Why, sir?

Autolycus The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself; for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shepherd So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Autolycus If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown Think you so, sir?

Autolycus Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance

bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a shepcote? All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, and't like you, sir?

Autolycus He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king. Being something gently considered, I'll 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 suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown [To SHEPHERD.] He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember `stoned', and `flayed alive'.

Shepherd An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Autolycus After I have done what I promised?

Shepherd Ay, sir.

Autolycus Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clown In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Autolycus O, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown [To SHEPHERD.] Comfort, good comfort. We must to the king and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.

[To AUTOLYCUS.] Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Autolycus I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside. Go on the right



Say so but seldom.

Cleomenes                                Not at all, good lady.  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and graced  
Your kindness better.

Paulina                                    You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

Dion                                        If you would not so,  
You pity not the state nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name, consider little  
What dangers by his highness' fail of issue  
May drop upon his kingdom and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paulina                                    There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me, who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.

[To LEONTES.] Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander  
Left his to th' worthiest, so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

Leontes                                    Good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour -O, that ever I  
Had squared me to thy counsel! Then, even now,  
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips -

Paulina                                    And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.







Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.  
[Exit CLEOMENES.

Still, 'tis strange  
He thus should steal upon us.

Paulina Had our prince -  
Jewel of children -seen this hour, he had paired  
Well with this lord. There was not full a month  
Between their births.

Leontes Prithee, no more; cease. Thou know'st  
He dies to me again when talked of. Sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES and OTHERS.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess -goddess! O, alas!  
I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as  
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost -  
All mine own folly -the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

Florizel By his command  
Have I here touched Sicilia, and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king at friend  
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,  
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized  
His wished ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves,  
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres  
And those that bear them living.

Leontes O my brother -  
Good gentleman! -the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind-hand slackness. -Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th' adventure of her person?

Florizel   Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

Leontes   Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honoured lord, is feared and loved?

Florizel    Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter  
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence,  
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have crossed,  
To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness. My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's in safety  
Here where we are.

Leontes   The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been  
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,  
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a LORD.

Lord   Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has,  
- His dignity and duty both cast off -  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

Leontes   Where's Bohemia? Speak.

Lord    Here in your city; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning -in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple -meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

Florizel                                        Camillo has betrayed me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endured all weathers.

Lord                                        Lay't so to his charge;  
He's with the king your father.

Leontes                                        Who? Camillo?

Lord    Camillo, sir; I spake with him, who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

Perdita                                        O my poor father!  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

Leontes                                        You are married?

Florizel    We are not, sir, nor are we like to be.  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leontes                                        My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

Florizel                                        She is,  
When once she is my wife.

Leontes    That `once', I see by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

Florizel                                        Dear, look up.  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
Than I do now. With thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leontes    Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
          Which he counts but a trifle.

Paulina                                    Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month  
'Fore your queen died she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

Leontes                                    I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.  
          [To FLORIZEL.] But your petition  
Is yet unanswered. I will to your father.  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him. Therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Sicilia. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.

Autolycus    Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1st Gentleman   I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd  
deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we  
were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the  
shepherd say he found the child.

Autolycus    I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1st Gentleman   I make a broken delivery of the business, but the changes I  
perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed  
almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There  
was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as  
they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of  
wonder appeared in them, but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but  
seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the  
extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter a SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2nd Gentleman Nothing but bonfires! The oracle is fulfilled: the king's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it!

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3rd Gentleman Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences; proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2nd Gentleman No.

3rd Gentleman Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his son-in-law, then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2nd Gentleman What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3rd Gentleman Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence -which seems much -to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1st Gentleman What became of his bark and his followers?

3rd Gentleman Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that

'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1st Gentleman The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3rd Gentleman One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes -caught the water though not the fish -was when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an `Alas', I would fain say bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1st Gentleman Are they returned to the court?

3rd Gentleman No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina -a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

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

1st Gentleman Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.  
[Exeunt GENTLEMEN.]

Autolycus 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 son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time overfond of the shepherd's daughter -so he then took her to be -who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter old SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

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

Shepherd Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolycus I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shepherd And so have I, boy.

Clown So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shepherd We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autolycus I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shepherd Prithee, son, do, for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autolycus Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shepherd How if it be false, son?

Clown If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend; and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Autolycus I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.

[Flourish within.

Hark! The kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Sicilia. A Chapel in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

Leontes O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

Paulina What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsafed,  
With your crowned brother and these your contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace which never  
My life may last to answer.

Leontes O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble. But we came  
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery  
Have we passed through, not without much content  
In many singularities, but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

Paulina As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you looked upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare  
To see the life as lively mocked as ever  
Still sleep mocked death. Behold, and say 'tis well.

PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue.

I like your silence; it the more shows off  
Your wonder. But yet speak. First you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?





I'd not have showed it.

Leontes Do not draw the curtain.

Paulina No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon it moves.

Leontes Let be, let be!  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already.  
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

Polixenes Masterly done.  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leontes The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mocked with art.

Paulina I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported that  
He'll think anon it lives.

Leontes O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together!  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paulina I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but  
I could afflict you further.

Leontes Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

Paulina Good my lord, forbear.  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leontes No, not these twenty years.

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

Paulina Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think -  
Which I protest against -I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

Leontes                                 What you can make her do  
I am content to look on; what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak as move.

Paulina                                 It is required  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
Or those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

Leontes                                 Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

Paulina                                 Music, awake her; strike!  
[Music.

'Tis time -descend. Be stone no more. Approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,  
I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away.  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. -You perceive she stirs.

[HERMIONE comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.  
When she was young you wooed her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor?

Leontes                                 O, she's warm!  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

Polixenes                                 She embraces him!

Camillo    She hangs about his neck!  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Polixenes    Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,  
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paulina                                 That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.



