The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

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

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

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed---

Cam. 'Beseech you---

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

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

Arch. 'Beleeve me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, ad as mine honestie puts it to utterance.

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

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

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

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

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

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

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it.
Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.
Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Lep. One Seve'night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.
Leo. Wee'le part the time between's then: and in that
Ile no gaine-saying.
Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moves; none, none i'th'World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were these necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both,
Farewell (our Brother.)
Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.
Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you(Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*
Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ile adventure
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes,*
I love thee not a Jarre o'th'Clocke, behind

What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verily' is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
but such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk I'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.
Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been borne to's: for
In those unfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with us.
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou never spoak'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace.*
But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneth had sowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I have spoke to th'purpose twice:
The one, for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th'Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius,*
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Upon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shootes that I have
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's unreall: thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-joine with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia?*
Her. He something seemes unsetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray It's folly?
It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe un-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?
Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?
Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then myne Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:
He makes a Julyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.
Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brothers welcomes;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rover, he's
Apparant to my heart.
Her. If you would seeke us,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How she holds up the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Go play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes she ha'd been sluyc'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile,* his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the Disease, and feel't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you say.
Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius)* thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.
Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.
Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most understand
Bohemia stayes here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stayes here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integritie, deceive'd
In that which seemes so.
Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for jeast.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-oerformance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo?*
(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Soveraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would unseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord,be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyest *Camillo,* and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasse.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainely, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soveraignely being Honorable.)
I have lov'd thee.
Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so unsetled,
To appoit my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preserve, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)
Give scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as mine)

Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must beleeve you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when hee's remov'd, your Highnesse
Will take again your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yors.
Leo. Thou do'st advise me,
Even so as I mine owne course have set downe:
Ile give no blemish to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia,*
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes,* and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one
Who in Rbellion with himselfe, will have
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia.* *Enter Polixenes.*
*Pol.*This is strange: Me thinkes
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo.*
Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wasting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I have

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo,*
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement.
Cam. I may not answere.
Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo,*
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo.*
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arrive, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Cam. Sweare his though over
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at severall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this discoverie lost.) Be not uncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have uttred Truth: which if you seeke to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.
Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.
2.Lady. And why so (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)
2. Lady. Who taught 'this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.
Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: your're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare.
Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with
him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? Ther may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I have drunke, and seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so,
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with, for'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.
Her. But Il'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleeve my saying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable;
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth use: Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's. for Calumnie will scare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said shee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
Shee's an Adultresse.
Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.
Leo. You have mistooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I have said
Shee's an Adultresse, I have said with whom:
More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; I, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No (by my life)
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.
Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.
Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honoragle Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you alll (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.
Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th' eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accues her.)
Antig. If it prove
Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
For every ynch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: and some five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.
Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.
Antig. If it be so,
We neede no grave to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lacke I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her Honor true, then your suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like us: informe your selves,
We neede no more of your advice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos,* to *Apollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion,* whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring al, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise us all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honor.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresse commandment.
Pau. Here's a-do, to locke up honesty & honour from
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*
Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selves.
Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.
Pau. Well: be't so: prethee.
Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes,
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queene receives
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you.
Pau. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And never to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'le shew't the King, and undertake to bee
Her Advocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes.
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot misse
A thriving yssue: there is no Lady living
So meete for this great errand; please your Lordship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd.

Pau

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile use that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it.
Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You neede not feare it (sir)
This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(if any be) the trespasse of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeve it.
Paul. Do not you feare: upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

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

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th'cause,
She, th'Adultresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And levell of my braine: plot-proofe: but shee,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.
Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyving the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in him selfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyle upon me : in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Untill a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo,* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule.
More free, then he is jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.
Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heavings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.
Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?
Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leo. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Unlesse he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Servant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Evilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And I would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.
Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:
*Leo.*Traitors:
Will you not push her out? Give her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: unroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take up the Bastard,
Take't up, I say: give't to thy Croane.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put upon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A nest of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,

The

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or Stone was found.
Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polexenes.*
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddesse *Nature,* which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A grosse Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.
Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leave your selfe
Hardly one Subject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can doe no more.
Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell usage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something savors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.
Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*
Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
a heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire.
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.
Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.
Leo. You're lyers all.
Lord, Beseech your Highnesse, give us better credit:
We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech'
So to esteeme of us: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare services
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.
Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margarie,* your Mid.wife there,
To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To save this Brats life?
Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may undergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I have left,
To save the Innocent: any thing possible.
Leo. It shall be possible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.
Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the saile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to us, I doe in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules peerill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up.
Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Ravens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Casting their savagenesse aside) have done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Pooe Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*
Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Issue. *Enter a Servant.*
Serv. Please' your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion,*
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th'Court.
Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt.
Leo. Twentie three dayes
They have beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemne, and un-earthly
It was i'th'Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Joves* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Di. If th'event o'th'Journey
Prove as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th'best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione,*
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

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

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
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 Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia,*

and conspiring with Camillo *to take away the Life of our Sove-raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou* (Hermione), *con-trary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subject didst coun-saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.*

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

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

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

Leo. You will not owne it.

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

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

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I understand not:
My Life stands in the levell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes,*
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then availes: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Justice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.
Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Favor)
I doe give lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like oe infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on every Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed privilege deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before
I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.
Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle,
Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Revenge.
Officer. You here shall sweare upon this Sword of Justice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo Dio. All this we sweare.
Leo. Breake up the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione *is chaste,* Polixenes *blamelesse,*Camillo *a true Subject,* Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heire, if that which is lost, be not found.*
Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo.*
Her. Praysed.
Leo. Hast thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the businesse?
Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heavens themselves
Doe strike at my Injustice. How now there?
Paul. this newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're charg'd: she will recover.
I have too much beleev'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes,*
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend *Polixenes:*which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? 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 weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes,* 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull☺ Nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devill
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The sweet'st[.] deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Pau. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Then thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talke their bitterest.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you have made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech.
Pam. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.
Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receyve much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grave shall be for both: Upon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare up with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to use it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

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

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Desarts of *Bohemia.*
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's.
Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: do get a-boord,
Look to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe upon't.
Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ridde o'th businesse. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I have heard (but not beleev'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus,*
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, addording to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia,*
There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ungentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeve
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes)* it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullabie too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Beare.*
Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maister; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what have we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can

can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it up for pity, yet Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

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

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

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

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

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To use my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one self0borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th'freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing
As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leaving
Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so greeving
That he shuts up himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which follwes after, (ter
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse, ere now:
If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing.

When Daffodils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere.
For the red blood raigns in [ye] winters pale.

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

The Larke, that tirri-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

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

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather toddes, every tod yeeldes pound and odd shilling: fifteene hundfed shorne, what comes the wooll too?

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

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

Aut. O, that ever I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

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

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

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I have received, whidh are mightie ones and millions.

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

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

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

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

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

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore soule.

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

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

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

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

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

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

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

Clo.

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

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-server (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and (having flowne over many knavish professeions) he setled onely in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus.*

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

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

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

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

Clo. How do you now?

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

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

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

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

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

Song. *Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

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

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

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

Flo. I blesse the time
When my good Falcon, made heer slight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Jove affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not beene us'd to feare:) even now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vildly bounnd up? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Goddes themselves
(Humbling their Dieties to love) have taken
The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.
Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-
Or I my life. (pose,
Flo. thou deer'st *Perdica,*
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two have sworne shall come.
Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious.
Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: serv'd all.
Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere
At upper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
the Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknowne friends to's welome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th'Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.
Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostesseship o'th'day: you're welome sir.
Give me those Flowers there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosmary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and favour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Grdens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so over that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Natue makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyve a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefor
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, tht blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst
I would I had some Flowres o'th'Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina,*
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (A Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Course?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on:
Not like aCoarse: of if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I have seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done, When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld have you do it ever: When you sing,
I'ld have you buy, and sell so: so give Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
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 owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles,*
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd [Sphepherd]
With wisedome, I might feare (my *Doricles)*
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I thinke you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) so Turtles paire
That never meane to part.
Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.
Po. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever
Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on:strike up.
Dorcas. Mopsa must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up.
Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shepneardesses.
Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances withyour daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles,* and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his owne report, and I beleeve it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke so too; for never gaz'd the Moone
Upon the water, as hee'l stand and read
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loves another best.
*Pol.*She dances featly.
Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would never dance again after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee singes
severall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.
Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.
Ser.

Ser. 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 bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it weere) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harme good man:* put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. [Beleeee] mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-ceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

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

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

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

Clow. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

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

Enter Autolicus singing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-fore it behooves men to be wary-

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

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

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?:

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

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

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Usurer.

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

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

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

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

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Five Justices hands at it, and withesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

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

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

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

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

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

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

Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*
Aut. *Where it fits you not to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou dost ill,*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou hast sworne my Love to be,*
Mop *Thou hast sworne it more to mee.*
Then whether gooest? Say whether?

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

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

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds [yt] have made

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

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

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

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

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

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelve Satyres.

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

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

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

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

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

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

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

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nore meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends unknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.
Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contract us fore these Witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,
Have you a Father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knowes he of this?
Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.
Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And again, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish?
Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something unfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose joy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse.
Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prethee let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Marke our Contract.
Pol. Marke your divorce (yong sir)
Whome sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a sheepe-hooke?
Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
but shorten thy life one weeke, And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foole thou coap'st with.
Shep. Oh my heart.
Pol. Ile have thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knacke(as never
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Wor

Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*
Perd. Even heere undone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
The selfe-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.
Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.
Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone:
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *Exit.*
Flo. Why looke you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke *Camillo.*
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How oftn said my digity would last
But till 'twer knowne?
Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th'earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift up thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I have reason:
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate (sir.)
Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia,* nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Upon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I have
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne my the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.
Flo. Hearke *Perdica,*
Ile heare you by and by.
Cam. Hee's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serve my turne,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight again of deere Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now good *Camillo,*
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.
*Cam.*Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore services, i'th love
That I have borne your Father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds: not a little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and setled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Mistris; from the whom, I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, so we professe
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flyes
Of every winde that blowes.
Cam. Then list to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes;*

Shee

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgivenesse,
As'twere i'th'Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster the Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo,*
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold up before him.
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To upath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another.
Nothing so certaine, as you Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you knnow,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seven yeeres
Be borne another such.
Flo. My good *Camillo,*
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is I'th'reare' our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say,'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.
Flo. My prettiest *Perdita.*
But O, the Thornes we stand upon: (*Camillo)*
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia.*
Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
Tht you may know you shall not want, one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomender,, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

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

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

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

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

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

Cam. Who have we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aide.

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

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

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy povertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

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

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

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

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

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

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

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

Cam. No remedie:
Have you done there?

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

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

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

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

'Pray

'Pray you a word.

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

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

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. *Exit.*

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

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

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

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

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

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

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

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

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

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

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

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

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

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

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

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him?

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

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant: say you have none.

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

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

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

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

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

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

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

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

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

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

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

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

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

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

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

Tell

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

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stub-borne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive.

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

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

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

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pit-tifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd our of it.

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

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

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

Clow. We are bless'd, in his man: as I may say, even bless'd.

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

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

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

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

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and heer Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.
Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldome.
Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed againe.
Dio. If you would not so,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soveraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure
Incertaine lookers on? What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To blesse the Bed of Majestie againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone) besides the Gods
Will have fulfull'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your cuncell,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to te the best.
Leo. Good *Paulina,*
Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy councell: then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.
Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps; and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appreare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.
Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'ld shrieke, that even your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina.*
*Paul.*Will you sweare
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare withesse to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unlesse another,
As like *Hermione,* as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina,*
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florizell,*
Sonne of *Polixenes,* with his Princesse (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And those but meane.
Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione,*
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame,
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Seer. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines,*
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale upon us. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd –of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.
Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia,* and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, living.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune,*
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia.*
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus,*
That Noble honor'd Lord,is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Tears proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person
(so

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

Enter a Lord.

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

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* speake:

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

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

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

Leo. Who. *Camillo?*

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

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

*Leo.*You are marryed?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘Fore your Queene dy’d, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer’d: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o’re-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.
Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) wre you present at this Relation?
Gent.1. I was by the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.
Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
Gent.1. I make a broken deliverie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo,* were very Notes of admiration: they seem’d almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture: they look’d as they had heard of a World ransom’d, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th’importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: the Newes, *Rogero.*
Gent.2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill’d: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes the Lady *Paulina’s* Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call’d true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition: Ha’s the King found his Heire?
Gent.3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you’le sweare you see, there is such unitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones:* her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Majestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?
Gent.2. No.
Gent.3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem’d Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Joy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.
Our

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gent.1. Are they returned to the Court?

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

*Gent.2.*I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione,* visited that removed House. Shall wee thither, and with out companie peece the Rejoycing?

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

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

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

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

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

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

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

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

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

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

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

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

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

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

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

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

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

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

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

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

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

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

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

Scena Tertia.

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

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

Paul. What (Soveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answere.
Leo. O *Paulina,*
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeve
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?
Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As nfancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina)*
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Majestie, which ha's
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kisse.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peee up in himselfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

I'ld not have shew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixture of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it lives.
Leo. O sweet *Paulina,*
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No setled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina:*
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: Shall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
*Paul.*Either forbeare,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed; descent,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is unlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre.
Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke upon with mervaile: Come:
Ile fill your Grave up: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceive she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Untill you see her dye again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh. she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law-

Lawfull as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.
Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd.
Or how stolne from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Upon my daughteers head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina,* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (upon this push) to trouble
Your joyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation

The Names

L *Eontes, King of Sicillia.*
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia
Camillo \
Antigonus, \ *Foure*
Cleomines,/ *Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion, /
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.
Leo. O peace *Paulina:*
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thee a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vaine) said many
A'prayer upon her grave. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his mind) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo,*
And take her by the hand: whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere justified
By Us, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina,*
Leade us from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

of the Actors.

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardesses.

FINIS.

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(Transcribers note: This is the right side of a blank page.)
(Page 1: The Life and Death of King John, follows.