

Bookeen

The Winter's Tale

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

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WRITE TO US! We can be reached at:
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This "Small Print!" by Charles B. Kramer,

Attorney Internet
(72600.2026@compuserve.com); TEL:
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1611

THE WINTER'S TALE

by William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae

LEONTES, King of Sicilia MAMILLIUS, his
son, the young Prince of Sicilia CAMILLO,
lord of Sicilia ANTIGONUS, " " "
CLEOMENES, " " " DION, " " "
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia FLORIZEL,
his son, Prince of Bohemia ARCHIDAMUS,
a lord of Bohemia OLD SHEPHERD,
reputed father of Perdita CLOWN, his son
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue A MARINER A
GAOLER TIME, as Chorus

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes PERDITA,
daughter to Leontes and Hermione
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus EMILIA, a
lady attending on the Queen MOPSA,
shepherdess DORCAS, "

Other Lords, Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers,
Servants, Shepherds, Shepherdesses

SCENE:

Sicilia
Bohemia

and

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ACT I. SCENE I. Sicilia. The palace of
LEONTES

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS

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

summer the King of Sicilia means to pay
Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes
him.

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

CAMILLO. Beseech you- ARCHIDAMUS.

Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my
knowledge: we cannot with such
magnificence, in so rare- I know not what
to say. We will give you sleepy drinks,
that your senses, unintelligent of our

insufficiency, may, though they cannot
praise us, as little accuse us. CAMILLO.
You pay a great deal too dear for what's
given freely. ARCHIDAMUS. Believe me, I
speak as my understanding instructs me
and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.
CAMILLO. Sicilia cannot show himself
overkind to Bohemia. They were train'd
together in their childhoods; and there
rooted betwixt them then such an
affection which cannot choose but branch
now. Since their more mature dignities
and royal necessities made separation of
their society, their encounters, though not
personal, have been royally attorneyed
with interchange of gifts, letters, loving
embassies; that they have seem'd to be
together, though absent; shook hands,
as over a vast; and embrac'd as it were
from the ends of opposed winds. The
heavens continue their loves!
ARCHIDAMUS. I think there is not in the

world either malice or matter to alter it.
You have an unspeakable comfort of your
young Prince Mamillius; it is a
gentleman of the greatest promise that
ever came into my note. CAMILLO. I very
well agree with you in the hopes of him. It
is a gallant child; one that indeed
physics the subject, makes old hearts
fresh; they that went on crutches ere he
was born desire yet their life to see him
a man. ARCHIDAMUS. Would they else
be content to die? CAMILLO. Yes; if there
were no other excuse why they should
desire to live. ARCHIDAMUS. If the
King had no son, they would desire to live
on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Sicilia. The palace of LEONTES

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

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

LEONTES. Stay your thanks a while, And
pay them when you part. POLIXENES. Sir,
that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my
fears of what may chance Or breed upon
our absence, that may blow No sneaping
winds at home, to make us say 'This is
put forth too truly.' Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty. LEONTES. We are
tougher, brother, Than you can put us
to't. POLIXENES. No longer stay.

LEONTES. One sev'night longer.

POLIXENES. Very sooth, to-morrow.

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

POLIXENES. Press me not, beseech you,
so. There is no tongue that moves, none,
none i' th' world, So soon as yours could
win me. So it should now, Were there
necessity in your request, although

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do
even drag me homeward; which to hinder

Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble. To save
both, Farewell, our brother. LEONTES.

Tongue-tied, our Queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE. I had thought, sir, to have held
my peace until You had drawn oaths
from him not to stay. You, sir, Charge
him too coldly. Tell him you are sure All

in Bohemia's well- this satisfaction The
by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward. LEONTES.
Well said, Hermione. HERMIONE. To tell
he longs to see his son were strong; But
let him say so then, and let him go; But
let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. [To
POLIXENES] Yet of your royal presence I'll
adventure the borrow of a week. When
at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give
him my commission To let him there a
month behind the gest Prefix'd for's
parting.- Yet, good deed, Leontes, I love
thee not a jar o' th' clock behind What
lady she her lord.- You'll stay?
POLIXENES. No, madam. HERMIONE.
Nay, but you will? POLIXENES. I may not,
verily. HERMIONE. Verily! You put me
off with limber vows; but I, Though you
would seek t' unsphere the stars with
oaths, Should yet say 'Sir, no going.'

Verily, You shall not go; a lady's 'verily'
is As potent as a lord's. Will go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not
like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks.

How say you? My prisoner or my guest?
By your dread 'verily,' One of them you
shall be. POLIXENES. Your guest, then,

madam: To be your prisoner should
import offending; Which is for me less
easy to commit Than you to punish.

HERMIONE. Not your gaoler then, But
your kind. hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you
were boys. You were pretty lordings
then! POLIXENES. We were, fair Queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more
behind But such a day to-morrow as
to-day, And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE. Was not my lord The verier
wag o' th' two? POLIXENES. We were as
twinn'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 weak spirits ne'er been
higher rear'd With stronger blood, we
should have answer'd heaven Boldly 'Not
guilty,' the imposition clear'd Hereditary
ours. HERMIONE. By this we gather You
have tripp'd since. POLIXENES. O my
most sacred lady, Temptations have
since then been born to 's, for In those
unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; Your
precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young playfellow. HERMIONE.
Grace to boot! Of this make no
conclusion, lest you say Your queen and
I are devils. Yet, go on; Th' offences we
have made you do we'll answer, If you
first sinn'd with us, and that with us You
did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us. LEONTES. Is he

won yet? HERMIONE. He'll stay, my lord.
LEONTES. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose. HERMIONE. Never?
LEONTES. Never but once. HERMIONE.
What! Have I twice said well? When was't
before? I prithee tell me; cram's with
praise, and make's As fat as tame things.
One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs
ere With spur we heat an acre. But to th'
goal: My last good deed was to entreat
his stay; What was my first? It has an
elder sister, Or I mistake you. O, would
her name were Grace! But once before I
spoke to th' purpose- When? Nay, let me
have't; I long. LEONTES. Why, that was
when Three crabbed months had sour'd
themselves to death, Ere I could make
thee open thy white hand And clap

thyself my love; then didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.' HERMIONE. 'Tis Grace indeed. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice: The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; Th' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES]

LEONTES. [Aside] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances, But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment May a free face put on; derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent. 'T may, I grant; But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, As now they are, and making practis'd smiles

As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere The mort o' th' deer. O, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS. Ay, my good lord. LEONTES.

I' fecks! Why, that's my bawcock. What!
hast smutch'd thy nose? They say it is a
copy out of mine. Come, Captain, We
must be neat- not neat, but cleanly,
Captain. And yet the steer, the heifer,
and the calf, Are all call'd neat.- Still
virginalling Upon his palm?- How now,
you wanton calf, Art thou my calf?
MAMILLIUS. Yes, if you will, my lord.
LEONTES. Thou want'st a rough pash and
the shoots that I have, To be full like me;
yet they say we are Almost as like as
eggs. Women say so, That will say
anything. But were they false As
o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters- false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it
true To say this boy were like me. Come,
sir page, Look on me with your welkin
eye. Sweet villain! Most dear'st! my
collop! Can thy dam?- may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.

Thou dost make possible things not so
held, Communicat'st with dreams- how
can this be?- With what's unreal thou
coactive art, And fellow'st nothing. Then
'tis very credent Thou mayst co-join with
something; and thou dost- And that
beyond commission; and I find it, And
that to the infection of my brains And
hard'ning of my brows. POLIXENES. What
means Sicilia? HERMIONE. He something
seems unsettled. POLIXENES. How, my
lord! What cheer? How is't with you, best
brother? HERMIONE. You look As if you
held a brow of much distraction. Are you
mov'd, my lord? LEONTES. No, in good
earnest. How sometimes nature will
betray its folly, Its tenderness, and make
itself a pastime To harder bosoms!
Looking on the lines Of my boy's face,
methoughts I did recoil Twenty-three
years; and saw myself unbreech'd, In my
green velvet coat; my dagger muzzl'd,

Lest it should bite its master and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this
kernel, This squash, this gentleman.
Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs
for money? MAMILLIUS. No, my lord, I'll
fight. LEONTES. You will? Why, happy
man be's dole! My brother, Are you so
fond of your young prince as we Do
seem to be of ours? POLIXENES. If at
home, sir, He's all my exercise, my
mirth, my matter; Now my sworn friend,
and then mine enemy; My parasite, my
soldier, statesman, all. He makes a July's
day short as December, And with his
varying childness cures in me Thoughts
that would thicken my blood. LEONTES. So
stands this squire Offic'd with me. We
two will walk, my lord, And leave you to
your graver steps. Hermione, How thou
lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap; Next

to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart. HERMIONE. If you
would seek us, We are yours i' th'
garden. Shall's attend you there?
LEONTES. To your own bents dispose you;
you'll be found, Be you beneath the sky.
[Aside] I am angling now, Though you
perceive me not how I give line. Go to,
go to! How she holds up the neb, the bill
to him! And arms her with the boldness
of a wife To her allowing husband!

Exeunt POLIXENES,
HERMIONE, and ATTENDANTS

Gone already! Inch-thick, knee-deep,
o'er head and ears a fork'd one! Go,
play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose
issue Will hiss me to my grave.
Contempt and clamour Will be my knell.
Go, play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present, Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't, Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd, As mine, against their will. Should all despair That hath revolted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none; It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis pow'rfull, think it, From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded, No barricado for a belly. Know't, It will let in and out the enemy With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS. I am like you, they say.

LEONTES. Why, that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there? CAMILLO. Ay, my good lord. LEONTES. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

Exit MAMILLIUS Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. CAMILLO. You had much ado to make his anchor hold; When you cast out, it still came home. LEONTES. Didst note it? CAMILLO. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material. LEONTES. Didst perceive it? [Aside] They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding, 'Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone When I shall gust it last.- How came't, Camillo, That he did stay? CAMILLO. At the good Queen's entreaty. LEONTES. 'At the Queen's' be't. 'Good' should be pertinent; But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any understanding pate but thine? For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in More than the common blocks. Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures, by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower
messes Perchance are to this business
purblind? Say. CAMILLO. Business, my
lord? I think most understand Bohemia
stays here longer. LEONTES. Ha?

CAMILLO. Stays here longer. LEONTES.
Ay, but why? CAMILLO. To satisfy your
Highness, and the entreaties Of our most
gracious mistress. LEONTES. Satisfy Th'
entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy! Let
that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as
well My chamber-councils, wherein,
priest-like, thou Hast cleans'd my
bosom- I from thee departed Thy
penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd In that
which seems so. CAMILLO. Be it forbid,
my lord! LEONTES. To bide upon't: thou
art not honest; or, If thou inclin'st that
way, thou art a coward, Which hoxes

honesty behind, restraining From course
requir'd; or else thou must be counted A
servant grafted in my serious trust, And
therein negligent; or else a fool That
seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn, And tak'st it all for jest.

CAMILLO. My gracious lord, I may be
negligent, foolish, and fearful: In every
one of these no man is free But that his
negligence, his folly, fear, Among the
infinite doings of the world, Sometime
puts forth. In your affairs, my lord, If
ever I were wilfull-negligent, It was my
folly; if industriously I play'd the fool, it
was my negligence, Not weighing well
the end; if ever fearful To do a thing
where I the issue doubted, Whereof the
execution did cry out Against the
non-performance, 'twas a fear Which oft
infects the wisest. These, my lord, Are
such allow'd infirmities that honesty Is
never free of. But, beseech your Grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my
trespass By its own visage; if I then deny
it, 'Tis none of mine. LEONTES. Ha' not
you seen, Camillo- But that's past doubt;
you have, or your eye-glass Is thicker
than a cuckold's horn- or heard- For to a
vision so apparent rumour Cannot be
mute- or thought- for cogitation Resides
not in that man that does not think- My
wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess- Or
else be impudently negative, To have
nor eyes nor ears nor thought- then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name

As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.
CAMILLO. I would not be a stander-by to
hear My sovereign mistress clouded so,
without My present vengeance taken.
Shrew my heart! You never spoke what
did become you less Than this; which to
reiterate were sin As deep as that,
though true. LEONTES. Is whispering

nothing? Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is
meeting noses? Kissing with inside lip?
Stopping the career Of laughter with a
sigh?- a note infallible Of breaking
honesty. Horsing foot on foot? Skulking
in corners? Wishing clocks more swift;
Hours, minutes; noon, midnight? And all
eyes Blind with the pin and web but
theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be
wicked- is this nothing? Why, then the
world and all that's in't is nothing; The
covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings, If this be nothing. CAMILLO.
Good my lord, be cur'd Of this diseases'd
opinion, and betimes; For 'tis most
dangerous. LEONTES. Say it be, 'tis true.
CAMILLO. No, no, my lord. LEONTES. It
is; you lie, you lie. I say thou liest,
Camillo, and I hate thee; Pronounce thee
a gross lout, a mindless slave, Or else a
hovering temporizer that Canst with

thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's
liver Infected as her life, she would not
live The running of one glass.

CAMILLO. Who does her? LEONTES.
Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging About his neck, Bohemia; who-
if I Had servants true about me that bare
eyes To see alike mine honour as their
profits, Their own particular thrifts, they
would do that Which should undo more
doing. Ay, and thou, His cupbearer-
whom I from meaner form Have bench'd
and rear'd to worship; who mayst see,
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth
sees heaven, How I am gall'd- mightst
bespice a cup To give mine enemy a
lasting wink; Which draught to me were
cordial. CAMILLO. Sir, my lord, I could
do this; and that with no rash potion, But
with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread
mistress, So sovereignly being
honourable. I have lov'd thee-

LEONTES. Make that thy question, and go
rot! Dost think I am so muddy, so

unsettled, To appoint myself in this
vexation; sully The purity and whiteness
of my sheets- Which to preserve is

sleep, which being spotted Is goads,
thorns, nettles, tails of wasps; Give

scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my son-
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine-

Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do
this? Could man so blench? CAMILLO. I
must believe you, sir. I do; and will fetch

off Bohemia for't; Provided that, when
he's remov'd, your Highness Will take

again your queen as yours at first, Even
for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and
kingdoms Known and allied to yours.

LEONTES. Thou dost advise me Even so

as I mine own course have set down. I'll
give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAMILLO. My lord, Go then; and with a
countenance as clear As friendship
wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia And
with your queen. I am his cupbearer; If
from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant. LEONTES.

This is all: Do't, and thou hast the one
half of my heart; Do't not, thou split'st
thine own. CAMILLO. I'll do't, my lord.

LEONTES. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
advis'd me. Exit CAMILLO. O miserable
lady! But, for me, What case stand I in? I
must be the poisoner Of good Polixenes;
and my ground to do't Is the obedience
to a master; one Who, in rebellion with
himself, will have All that are his so too.
To do this deed, Promotion follows. If I
could find example Of thousands that
had struck anointed kings And flourish'd
after, I'd not do't; but since Nor brass,

nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign
now! Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES

POLIXENES. This is strange. Methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?

Good day, Camillo. CAMILLO. Hail,
most royal sir! POLIXENES. What is the
news i' th' court? CAMILLO. None rare,
my lord. POLIXENES. The King hath on
him such a countenance As he had lost
some province, and a region Lov'd as he
loves himself; even now I met him With
customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;
So leaves me to consider what is
breeding That changes thus his

manners. CAMILLO. I dare not know, my lord. POLIXENES. How, dare not! Do not. Do you know, and dare not Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts; For, to yourself, what you do know, you must, And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't. CAMILLO.

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

Make me not sighted like the basilisk; I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo- As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns Our gentry than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle- I beseech

you, If you know aught which does
behave my knowledge Thereof to be
inform'd, imprison't not In ignorant
concealment. CAMILLO. I may not

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

CAMILLO. Sir, I will tell you; Since I am
charg'd in honour, and by him That I
think honourable. Therefore mark my
counsel, Which must be ev'n as swiftly
followed as I mean to utter it, or both
yourself and me Cry lost, and so
goodnight. POLIXENES. On, good

Camillo. CAMILLO. I am appointed him to

murder you. POLIXENES. By whom,
Camillo? CAMILLO. By the King.

POLIXENES. For what? CAMILLO. He
thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his
queen Forbiddenly. POLIXENES. O,

then my best blood turn To an infected
jelly, and my name Be yok'd with his that
did betray the Best! Turn then my

freshest reputation to A savour that may
strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive,
and my approach be shunn'd, Nay, hated

too, worse than the great'st infection That
e'er was heard or read! CAMILLO. Swear

his thought over By each particular star
in heaven and By all their influences,

you may as well Forbid the sea for to
obey the moon As or by oath remove or

counsel shake The fabric of his folly,
whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith

and will continue The standing of his

body. POLIXENES. How should this grow?

CAMILLO. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born. If therefore you dare trust my honesty, That lies enclosed in this trunk which you Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night. Your followers I will whisper to the business; And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns, Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain, For, by the honour of my parents, I Have utt'red truth; which if you seek to prove, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth, thereon His execution sworn. POLIXENES. I do believe thee: I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand; Be pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and My people did

expect my hence departure Two days
ago. This jealousy Is for a precious
creature; as she's rare, Must it be great;
and, as his person's mighty, Must it be
violent; and as he does conceive He is
dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear
o'ershades me. Good expedition be my
friend, and comfort The gracious Queen,
part of this theme, but nothing Of his
ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will
respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st
my life off hence. Let us avoid. CAMILLO.
It is in mine authority to command The
keys of all the posterns. Please your
Highness To take the urgent hour.
Come, sir, away. Exeunt

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ACT II. SCENE I. Sicilia. The palace of
LEONTES

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES

HERMIONE. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me, 'Tis past enduring. FIRST LADY. Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playfellow? MAMILLIUS. No, I'll none of you. FIRST LADY. Why, my sweet lord? MAMILLIUS. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better. SECOND LADY. And why so, my lord? MAMILLIUS. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle Or a half-moon made with a pen. SECOND LADY. Who taught't this? MAMILLIUS. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now, What colour are your eyebrows? FIRST

LADY. Blue, my lord. MAMILLIUS. Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

FIRST LADY. Hark ye: The Queen your mother rounds apace. We shall Present our services to a fine new prince One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you. SECOND LADY. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her! HERMIONE.

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

Merry or sad shall't be? HERMIONE. As merry as you will. MAMILLIUS. A sad tale's best for winter. I have one Of

sprites and goblins. HERMIONE. Let's have that, good sir. Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites; you're pow'rfull at it.

MAMILLIUS. There was a man-

HERMIONE. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAMILLIUS. Dwelt by a churchyard- I will
tell it softly; Yond crickets shall not hear
it. HERMIONE. Come on then, And
give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
LORDS, and OTHERS

LEONTES. he met there? his train?
Camillo with him? FIRST LORD. Behind
the tuft of pines I met them; never Saw I
men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships. LEONTES. How blest
am I In my just censure, in my true
opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge!
How accurs'd In being so blest! There
may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and
one may drink, depart, And yet partake
no venom, for his knowledge Is not
infected; but if one present Th' abhorr'd
ingredient to his eye, make known How
he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his

sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk,
and seen the spider. Camillo was his
help in this, his pander. There is a plot
against my life, my crown; All's true that
is mistrusted. That false villain Whom I
employ'd was pre-employ'd by him; He
has discover'd my design, and I Remain
a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick For
them to play at will. How came the
posterns So easily open? FIRST LORD.
By his great authority; Which often hath
no less prevail'd than so On your
command. LEONTES. I know't too well.
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not
nurse him; Though he does bear some
signs of me, yet you Have too much
blood in him. HERMIONE. What is this?
Sport? LEONTES. Bear the boy hence; he
shall not come about her; Away with
him; and let her sport herself

 [MAMILLIUS is led out] With
that she's big with- for 'tis Polixenes Has

made thee swell thus. HERMIONE. But I'd
say he had not, And I'll be sworn you
would believe my saying, Howe'er you
lean to th' nayward. LEONTES. You, my
lords, Look on her, mark her well; be but
about To say 'She is a goodly lady' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto ad
'Tis pity she's not honest- honourable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door
form, Which on my faith deserves high
speech, and straight The shrug, the hum
or ha, these petty brands That calumny
doth use- O, I am out!- That mercy does,
for calumny will sear Virtue itself- these
shrugs, these hum's and ha's, When you
have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest. But be't
known, From him that has most cause to
grieve it should be, She's an adultrous.
HERMIONE. Should a villain say so, The
most replenish'd villain in the world, He
were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake. LEONTES. You have
mistook, my lady, Polixenes for Leontes.
O thou thing! Which I'll not call a
creature of thy place, Lest barbarism,
making me the precedent, Should a like
language use to all degrees And
mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said

She's an adultress; I have said with
whom. More, she's a traitor; and Camillo
is A federary with her, and one that
knows What she should shame to know
herself But with her most vile principal-
that she's A bed-swerver, even as bad as
those That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay,
and privy To this their late escape.

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

mistake. LEONTES. No; if I mistake In
those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear A
school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.

He who shall speak for her is afar off
guilty But that he speaks. HERMIONE.
There's some ill planet reigns. I must be
patient till the heavens look With an
aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are- the want of which vain dew

Perchance shall dry your pities- but I
have That honourable grief lodg'd here
which burns Worse than tears drown.
Beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts
so qualified as your charities Shall best
instruct you, measure me; and so The
King's will be perform'd! LEONTES. [To
the GUARD] Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE. Who is't that goes with me?
Beseech your highness My women may
be with me, for you see My plight

requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know
your mistress Has deserv'd prison, then
abound in tears As I come out: this action
I now go on Is for my better grace.
Adieu, my lord. I never wish'd to see you
sorry; now I trust I shall. My women,
come; you have leave. LEONTES. Go, do
our bidding; hence! Exeunt
HERMIONE, guarded, and LADIES FIRST
LORD. Beseech your Highness, call the
Queen again. ANTIGONUS. Be certain
what you do, sir, lest your justice Prove
violence, in the which three great ones
suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.
FIRST LORD. For her, my lord, I dare my
life lay down- and will do't, sir, Please
you t' accept it- that the Queen is spotless
I th' eyes of heaven and to you- I mean
In this which you accuse her.
ANTIGONUS. If it prove She's otherwise,
I'll keep my stables where I lodge my

wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than
when I feel and see her no farther trust
her; For every inch of woman in the
world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh
is false, If she be. LEONTES. Hold your
peaces. FIRST LORD. Good my lord-
ANTIGONUS. It is for you we speak, not for
ourselves. You are abus'd, and by some
putter-on That will be damn'd for't.
Would I knew the villain! I would
land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd- I
have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some
five; If this prove true, they'll pay for 't.
By mine honour, I'll geld 'em all;
fourteen they shall not see To bring false
generations. They are co-heirs; And I
had rather glib myself than they Should
not produce fair issue. LEONTES. Cease;
no more. You smell this business with a
sense as cold As is a dead man's nose;
but I do see't and feel't As you feel doing

thus; and see withal The instruments that
feel. ANTIGONUS. If it be so, We need
no grave to bury honesty; There's not a
grain of it the face to sweeten Of the
whole dungy earth. LEONTES. What! Lack
I credit? FIRST LORD. I had rather you did
lack than I, my lord, Upon this ground;
and more it would content me To have
her honour true than your suspicion, Be
blam'd for't how you might. LEONTES.
Why, what need we Commune with you
of this, but rather follow Our forceful
instigation? Our prerogative Calls not
your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you- or stupified
Or seeming so in skill- cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The
matter, The loss, the gain, the ord'ring
on't, is all Properly ours. ANTIGONUS.
And I wish, my liege, You had only in
your silent judgment tried it, Without

more overture. LEONTES. How could that
be? Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity- Which was
as gross as ever touch'd conjecture, That
lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed- doth push on this
proceeding. Yet, for a greater
confirmation- For, in an act of this
importance, 'twere Most piteous to be
wild- I have dispatch'd in post To sacred
Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes
and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd
sufficiency. Now, from the oracle They
will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
FIRST LORD. Well done, my lord.
LEONTES. Though I am satisfied, and need
no more Than what I know, yet shall the
oracle Give rest to th' minds of others
such as he Whose ignorant credulity will

not Come up to th' truth. So have we
thought it good From our free person
she should be confin'd, Lest that the
treachery of the two fled hence Be left
her to perform. Come, follow us; We are
to speak in public; for this business Will
raise us all. ANTIGONUS. [Aside] To
laughter, as I take it, If the good truth
were known.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Sicilia. A prison

Enter PAULINA, a GENTLEMAN, and ATTENDANTS

PAULINA. The keeper of the prison- call to him; Let him have knowledge who I am. Exit GENTLEMAN Good lady!

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

Re-enter GENTLEMAN with the GAOLER

Now, good sir, You know me, do you not? GAOLER. For a worthy lady, And one who much I honour. PAULINA. Pray you, then, Conduct me to the Queen.

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

PAULINA. Here's ado, to lock up honesty and honour from Th' access of gentle

visitors! Is't lawful, pray you, To see her
women- any of them? EMILIA? GAOLER.
So please you, madam, To put apart
these your attendants, Shall bring Emilia
forth. PAULINA. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. Exeunt
ATTENDANTS GAOLER. And, madam, I
must be present at your conference.
PAULINA. Well, be't so, prithee.
Exit GAOLER Here's such ado to make
no stain a stain As passes colouring.

Re-enter GAOLER, with EMILIA

Dear gentlewoman, How fares our
gracious lady? EMILIA. As well as one so
great and so forlorn May hold together.
On her frights and griefs, Which never
tender lady hath borne greater, She is,
something before her time, deliver'd.
PAULINA. A boy? EMILIA. A daughter,
and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to

live. The Queen receives Much comfort
in't; says 'My poor prisoner, I am as
innocent as you.' PAULINA. I dare be
sworn. These dangerous unsafe lunes i'
th' King, beshrew them! He must be told
on't, and he shall. The office Becomes a
woman best; I'll take't upon me; If I
prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue
blister, And never to my red-look'd
anger be The trumpet any more. Pray
you, Emilia, Commend my best
obedience to the Queen; If she dares
trust me with her little babe, I'll show't
the King, and undertake to be Her
advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails. EMILIA.
Most worthy madam, Your honour and
your goodness is so evident That your
free undertaking cannot miss A thriving
issue; there is no lady living So meet for

this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble
offer Who but to-day hammer'd of this
design, But durst not tempt a minister of
honour, Lest she should be denied.

PAULINA. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that
tongue I have; if wit flow from't As
boldness from my bosom, let't not be
doubted I shall do good. EMILIA. Now
be you blest for it! I'll to the Queen.
Please you come something nearer.

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

PAULINA. You need not fear it, sir. This
child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great Nature thence

Freed and enfranchis'd- not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of, If
any be, the trespass of the Queen.

GAOLER. I do believe it. PAULINA. Do not

you fear. Upon mine honour, I	Will stand
betwixt you and danger.	Exeunt

SCENE III. Sicilia. The palace of LEONTES

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and
SERVANTS

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

FIRST SERVANT. My lord? LEONTES. How
does the boy? FIRST SERVANT. He took
good rest to-night; 'Tis hop'd his
sickness is discharg'd. LEONTES. To see
his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour
of his mother, He straight declin'd,
droop'd, took it deeply, Fasten'd and

fix'd the shame on't in himself, Threw off
his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And
downright languish'd. Leave me solely.
Go, See how he fares. [Exit SERVANT]
Fie, fie! no thought of him! The very
thought of my revenges that way Recoil
upon me- in himself too mighty, And in
his parties, his alliance. Let him be, Until
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
pow'r.

Enter PAULINA, with a CHILD

FIRST LORD. You must not enter.
PAULINA. Nay, rather, good my lords, be
second to me. Fear you his tyrannous
passion more, alas, Than the Queen's
life? A gracious innocent soul, More free

than he is jealous. ANTIGONUS. That's enough. SECOND SERVANT. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded None should come at him. PAULINA. Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh At each his needless heavings- such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking: I Do come with words as medicinal as true, Honest as either, to purge him of that humour That presses him from sleep. LEONTES. What noise there, ho? PAULINA. No noise, my lord; but needful conference About some gossips for your Highness. LEONTES. How! Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus, I charg'd thee that she should not come about me; I knew she would. ANTIGONUS. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you. LEONTES. What, canst not rule her?

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

ANTIGONUS. La you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble. PAULINA. Good my
liege, I come- And I beseech you hear
me, who professes Myself your loyal
servant, your physician, Your most
obedient counsellor; yet that dares Less
appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours- I say I
come From your good Queen.

LEONTES. Good Queen! PAULINA. Good
Queen, my lord, good Queen- I say good
Queen; And would by combat make her
good, so were I A man, the worst about
you. LEONTES. Force her hence.

PAULINA. Let him that makes but trifles of
his eyes First hand me. On mine own
accord I'll off; But first I'll do my errand.

The good Queen, For she is good, hath
brought you forth a daughter; Here 'tis;
commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child]

LEONTES. Out! A mankind witch! Hence
with her, out o' door! A most
intelligencing bawd! PAULINA. Not so. I
am as ignorant in that as you In so
entitling me; and no less honest Than
you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES. Traitors! Will you not push
her out? Give her the bastard. [To

ANTIGONUS] Thou dotard, thou art
woman-tir'd, unroosted By thy Dame

Partlet here. Take up the bastard; Take't
up, I say; give't to thy crone. PAULINA.

For ever Unvenerable be thy hands, if
thou Tak'st up the Princess by that forced
baseness Which he has put upon't!

LEONTES. He dreads his wife. PAULINA.
So I would you did; then 'twere past all

doubt You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES. A nest of traitors! ANTIGONUS.

I am none, by this good light. PAULINA.

Nor I; nor any But one that's here; and

that's himself; for he The sacred honour

of himself, his Queen's, His hopeful son's,

his babe's, betrays to slander, Whose

sting is sharper than the sword's; and will

not- For, as the case now stands, it is a

curse He cannot be compell'd to 't- once

remove The root of his opinion, which is

rotten As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEONTES. A callat Of boundless tongue,

who late hath beat her husband, And

now baits me! This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes. Hence with it,

and together with the dam Commit them

to the fire. PAULINA. 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 copy of the

father- eye, nose, lip, The trick of's
frown, his forehead; nay, the valley, The
pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his
smiles; The very mould and frame of
hand, nail, finger. And thou, good
goddess Nature, which hast made it So
like to him that got it, if thou hast The
ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all
colours No yellow in't, lest she suspect,
as he does, Her children not her
husband's! LEONTES. A gross hag! And,
lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd That
wilt not stay her tongue. ANTIGONUS.
Hang all the husbands That cannot do
that feat, you'll leave yourself Hardly one
subject. LEONTES. Once more, take her
hence. PAULINA. A most unworthy and
unnatural lord Can do no more.
LEONTES. I'll ha' thee burnt. PAULINA. I
care not. It is an heretic that makes the
fire, Not she which burns in't. I'll not call
you tyrant But this most cruel usage of

your Queen- Not able to produce more
accusation Than your own weak-hing'd
fancy- something savours Of tyranny,
and will ignoble make you, Yea,
scandalous to the world. LEONTES. On
your allegiance, Out of the chamber with
her! Were I a tyrant, Where were her
life? She durst not call me so, If she did
know me one. Away with her! PAULINA. I
pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours. Jove
send her A better guiding spirit! What
needs these hands? You that are thus so
tender o'er his follies Will never do him
good, not one of you. So, so. Farewell;
we are gone. Exit LEONTES.
Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child! Away with't. Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight. Within this hour bring me word

'tis done, And by good testimony, or I'll
seize thy life, With that thou else call'st
thine. If thou refuse, And wilt encounter
with my wrath, say so; The bastard
brains with these my proper hands Shall
I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; For thou
set'st on thy wife. ANTIGONUS. I did not,
sir. These lords, my noble fellows, if
they please, Can clear me in't. LORDS.
We can. My royal liege, He is not guilty
of her coming hither. LEONTES. You're
liars all. FIRST LORD. Beseech your
Highness, give us better credit. We have
always truly serv'd you; and beseech So
to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
 As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this
purpose, Which being so horrible, so
bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue.
We all kneel. LEONTES. I am a feather for
each wind that blows. Shall I live on to
see this bastard kneel And call me

father? Better burn it now Than curse it
then. But be it; let it live. It shall not
neither. [To ANTIGONUS] You, Sir, come
you hither. You that have been so
tenderly officious With Lady Margery,
your midwife there, To save this
bastard's life- for 'tis a bastard, So sure
as this beard's grey- what will you
adventure To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS. Anything, my lord, That
my ability may undergo, And nobleness
impose. At least, thus much: I'll pawn the
little blood which I have left To save the
innocent- anything possible. LEONTES. It
shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS. I will, my lord. LEONTES.
Mark, and perform it- seest thou? For the
fail Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd
wife, Whom for this time we pardon. We
enjoin thee, As thou art liegeman to us,

that thou carry This female bastard
hence; and that thou bear it To some
remote and desert place, quite out Of
our dominions; and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to it own
protection And favour of the climate. As
by strange fortune It came to us, I do in
justice charge thee, On thy soul's peril
and thy body's torture, That thou
commend it strangely to some place

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it
up. ANTIGONUS. I swear to do this,

though a present death Had been more
merciful. Come on, poor babe. Some

powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens To be thy nurses! Wolves and

bears, they say, Casting their
savageness aside, have done Like

offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous In
more than this deed does require! And

blessing Against this cruelty fight on thy
side, Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Exit with the child LEONTES. No, I'll not
rear Another's issue.

Enter a SERVANT

SERVANT. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
landed, Hasting to th' court. FIRST
LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account. LEONTES.
Twenty-three days They have been
absent; 'tis good speed; foretells The
great Apollo suddenly will have The
truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives, My
heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

Exeunt

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ACT III. SCENE I. Sicilia. On the road to the Capital

Enter CLEOMENES and DION

CLEOMENES. The climate's delicate, the
air most sweet, Fertile the isle, the
temple much surpassing The common
praise it bears. DION. I shall report, For
most it caught me, the celestial habits-
Methinks I so should term them- and the
reverence Of the grave wearers. O, the
sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn,
and unearthly, It was i' th' off'ring!

CLEOMENES. But of all, the burst And
the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle, Kin
to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense
That I was nothing. DION. If th' event o' th'
journey Prove as successful to the
Queen- O, be't so!- As it hath been to us
rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth
the use on't. CLEOMENES. Great Apollo

Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little
like. DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business. When the
oracle- Thus by Apollo's great divine
seal'd up- Shall the contents discover,
something rare Even then will rush to
knowledge. Go; fresh horses. And
gracious be the issue!
Exeunt

SCENE II. Sicilia. A court of justice

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS

LEONTES. This sessions, to our great grief
we pronounce, Even pushes 'gainst our
heart- the party tried, The daughter of a
king, our wife, and one Of us too much
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
Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in court.

Enter HERMIONE, as to her trial,
PAULINA, and LADIES

Silence! LEONTES. Read the
indictment. OFFICER. [Reads]
'Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes,

King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high treason, in committing
adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia;
and conspiring with Camillo to take
away the life of our sovereign lord the
King, thy royal husband: the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly
laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the
faith and allegiance of true subject, didst
counsel and aid them, for their better
safety, to fly away by night.' HERMIONE.
Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other But
what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me To say 'Not guilty.' Mine
integrity Being counted falsehood shall,
as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus- if
pow'rs divine Behold our human actions,
as they do, I doubt not then but
innocence shall make False accusation
blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.

You, my lord, best know- Who least will
seem to do so- my past life Hath been as
continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now
unhappy; which is more Than history can
pattern, though devis'd And play'd to
take spectators; for behold me- A fellow
of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of
the throne, a great king's daughter, The
mother to a hopeful prince- here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it As I weigh grief, which I would
spare; for honour, 'Tis a derivative from
me to mine, And only that I stand for. I
appeal To your own conscience, sir,
before Polixenes Came to your court,
how I was in your grace, How merited to
be so; since he came, With what
encounter so uncurrent I Have strain'd t'
appear thus; if one jot beyond The
bound of honour, or in act or will That
way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts Of

all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave! LEONTES. I ne'er
heard yet That any of these bolder vices
wanted Less impudence to gainsay what
they did Than to perform it first.
HERMIONE. That's true enough; Though
'tis a saying, sir, not due to me. LEONTES.
You will not own it. HERMIONE. More
than mistress of Which comes to me in
name of fault, I must not At all
acknowledge. For Polixenes, With whom
I am accus'd, I do confess I lov'd him as
in honour 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 yourself commanded; Which not to
have done, I think had been in me Both
disobedience and ingratitude To you
and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke, Ever since it could speak, from
an infant, freely, That it was yours. Now
for conspiracy: 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 than
I, are ignorant. LEONTES. You knew of his
departure, as you know What you have
underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE. Sir, You speak a language
that I understand not. My life stands in
the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay
down. LEONTES. Your actions are my
dreams. You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it. As you were past
all shame- Those of your fact are so- so
past all truth; Which to deny concerns
more than avails; for as Thy brat hath
been cast out, like to itself, No father
owning it- which is indeed More criminal
in thee than it- so thou Shalt feel our
justice; in whose easiest passage Look
for no less than death. HERMIONE. Sir,
spare your threats. The bug which you

would fright me with I seek. To me can
life be no commodity. The crown and
comfort of my life, your favour, I do give
lost, for I do feel it gone, But know not
how it went; my second joy And first
fruits of my body, from his presence I am
barr'd, like one infectious; my third
comfort, Starr'd most unluckily, is from
my breast- The innocent milk in it most
innocent mouth- Hal'd out to murder;
myself on every post Proclaim'd a
strumpet; with immodest hatred The
child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before I
have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive
That I should fear to die. Therefore
proceed. But yet hear this- mistake me
not: no life, I prize it not a straw, but for
mine honour Which I would free- if I
shall be condemn'd Upon surmises, all

proofs sleeping else But what your
jealousies awake, I tell you 'Tis rigour,
and not law. Your honours all, I do refer
me to the oracle: Apollo be my judge!
FIRST LORD. This your request Is
altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Exeunt certain OFFICERS
HERMIONE. The Emperor of Russia was
my father; O that he were alive, and here
beholding His daughter's trial! that he
did but see The flatness of my misery;
yet with eyes Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter OFFICERS, with
CLEOMENES and DION

OFFICER. You here shall swear upon this
sword of justice That you, Cleomenes
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 break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in't. CLEOMENES,
DION. All this we swear. LEONTES. Break
up the seals and read. OFFICER. [Reads]
'Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous
tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten;
and the King shall live without an heir, if
that which is lost be not found.' LORDS.
Now blessed be the great Apollo!
HERMIONE. Praised! LEONTES. Hast thou
read truth? OFFICER. Ay, my lord; even
so As it is here set down. LEONTES.
There is no truth at all i' th' oracle. The
sessions shall proceed. This is mere
falsehood.

Enter a SERVANT

SERVANT. My lord the King, the King!
LEONTES. What is the business?

SERVANT. O sir, I shall be hated to report
it: The Prince your son, with mere
conceit and fear Of the Queen's speed, is
gone. LEONTES. How! Gone? SERVANT.
Is dead. LEONTES. Apollo's angry; and
the heavens themselves Do strike at my
injustice. [HERMIONE swoons]

How now, there! PAULINA. This news is
mortal to the Queen. Look down And see
what death is doing. LEONTES. Take her
hence. Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she
will recover. I have too much believ'd
mine own suspicion. Beseech you
tenderly apply to her Some remedies for
life. Exeunt PAULINA and

LADIES with HERMIONE Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle.

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes, New
woo my queen, recall the good Camillo-
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.

For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I

chose Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been
done But that the good mind of Camillo
tardied My swift command, though I with
death and with Reward did threaten and
encourage him, Not doing it and being
done. He, most humane And fill'd with
honour, to my kingly guest Unclasp'd my
practice, quit his fortunes here, Which
you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How he glisters
Thorough my rust! And how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA. Woe the while! O, cut my
lace, lest my heart, cracking it, Break
too! FIRST LORD. What fit is this, good
lady? PAULINA. What studied torments,
tyrant, hast for me? What wheels, racks,

fires? what flaying, boiling In leads or
oils? What old or newer torture Must I
receive, whose every word deserves To
taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and
idle For girls of nine- O, think what they
have done, And then run mad indeed,
stark mad; for all Thy by-gone fooleries
were but spices of it. That thou

betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing; That
did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much

Thou wouldst have poison'd good
Camillo's honour, To have him kill a
king- poor trespasses, More monstrous
standing by; whereof I reckon The
casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere
done't; Nor is't directly laid to thee, the
death Of the young Prince, whose

honourable thoughts- Thoughts high for
one so tender- cleft the heart That could
conceive a gross and foolish sire

Blemish'd his gracious dam. This is not, no,

Laid to thy answer; but the last- O lords,

When I have said, cry 'Woe!'- the Queen,
the Queen, The sweet'st, dear'st

creature's dead; and vengeance For't not
dropp'd down yet. FIRST LORD. The

higher pow'rs forbid! PAULINA. I say she's
dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath Prevail

not, go and see. If you can bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,

Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve
you As I would do the gods. But, O thou

tyrant! Do not repent these things, for

they are heavier Than all thy woes can
stir; therefore betake thee To nothing

but despair. A thousand knees Ten

thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the

gods To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES. Go on, go on. Thou canst not
speak too much; I have deserv'd All
tongues to talk their bitt'rest. FIRST LORD.

Say no more; Howe'er the business goes,
you have made fault I' th' boldness of
your speech. PAULINA. I am sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to
know them. I do repent. Alas, I have

show'd too much The rashness of a
woman! He is touch'd To th' noble heart.

What's gone and what's past help Should
be past grief. 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, royal sir, forgive a foolish

woman. The love I bore your queen- lo,
fool again! I'll speak of her no more, nor

of your children; I'll not remember you
of my own lord, Who is lost too. Take

your patience to you, And I'll say

nothing. LEONTES. Thou didst speak but
well When most the truth; which I
receive much better Than to be pitied of
thee. Prithee, bring me To the dead
bodies of my queen and son. One grave
shall be for both. Upon them shall The
causes of their death appear, unto Our
shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed
there Shall be my recreation. So long as
nature Will bear up with this exercise, so
long I daily vow to use it. Come, and
lead me To these sorrows.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Bohemia. The sea-coast

Enter ANTIGONUS with the CHILD, and a
MARINER

ANTIGONUS. Thou art perfect then our
ship hath touch'd upon The deserts of
Bohemia? MARINER. Ay, my lord, and
fear We have landed in ill time; the skies
look grimly And threaten present
blusters. In my conscience, The heavens
with that we have in hand are angry And
frown upon 's. ANTIGONUS. Their sacred
wills be done! Go, get aboard; Look to
thy bark. I'll not be long before I call
upon thee. MARINER. Make your best
haste; and go not Too far i' th' land; 'tis
like to be loud weather; Besides, this
place is famous for the creatures Of prey
that keep upon't. ANTIGONUS. Go thou
away; I'll follow instantly. MARINER. I
am glad at heart To be so rid o' th'

business.

Exit ANTIGONUS.

Come, poor babe. I have heard, but not
believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead May walk
again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was
dream So like a waking. To me comes a
creature, Sometimes her head on one
side some another- I never saw a vessel
of like sorrow, So fill'd and so becoming;
in pure white robes, Like very sanctity,
she did approach My cabin where I lay;
thrice bow'd before me; And, gasping to
begin some speech, her eyes Became
two spouts; the fury spent, anon Did this
break from her: 'Good Antigonus, Since
fate, against thy better disposition, Hath
made thy person for the thrower-out Of
my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for
the babe Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
I prithee call't. For this ungentle

business, Put on thee by my lord, thou
ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more.'
so, with shrieks, She melted into air.
Affrighted much, I did in time collect
myself, and thought This was so and no
slumber. Dreams are toys; Yet, for this
once, yea, superstitiously, I will be
squar'd by this. I do believe Hermione
hath suffer'd death, and that Apollo
would, this being indeed the issue Of
King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth Of
its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the
child] There lie, and there thy character;
there these [Laying
down a bundle] Which may, if fortune
please, both breed thee, pretty, And still
rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I
cannot, But my heart bleeds; and most

accurs'd am I To be by oath enjoin'd to
this. Farewell! The day frowns more and
more. Thou'rt like to have A lullaby too
rough; I never saw The heavens so dim
by day. [Noise of hunt within] A savage
clamour! Well may I get aboard! This is
the chase; I am gone for ever.
Exit, pursued by a bear

Enter an old SHEPHERD

SHEPHERD. I would there were no age
between ten and three and twenty, or
that youth would sleep out the rest; for
there is nothing in the between but
getting wenches with child, wronging
the ancientry, stealing, fighting- [Horns]
Hark you now! Would any but these
boil'd brains of nineteen and two and
twenty hunt this weather? They have
scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I
fear the wolf will sooner find than the

master. If any where I have them, 'tis by
the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck,
an't be thy will! What have we here?
[Taking up the child] Mercy

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

Enter CLOWN

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa! SHEPHERD. What,
art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on
when thou art dead and rotten, come

hither. What ail'st thou, man? CLOWN. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point. SHEPHERD. Why, boy, how is it? CLOWN. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service- to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman! But to make an end of the ship- to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared,

and the bear mock'd him, both roaring
louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD. Name of mercy, when was
this, boy? CLOWN. Now, now; I have not
wink'd since I saw these sights; the men
are not yet cold under water, nor the bear
half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it
now. SHEPHERD. Would I had been by to
have help'd the old man! CLOWN. I would
you had been by the ship-side, to have
help'd her; there your charity would
have lack'd footing. SHEPHERD. Heavy
matters, heavy matters! But look thee here,
boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with
things dying, I with things new-born.
Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a
bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look
thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't.
So, let's see- it was told me I should be rich
by the fairies. This is some changeling.
Open't. What's within, boy? CLOWN.
You're a made old man; if the sins of your

youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! SHEPHERD. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home. CLOWN. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it. SHEPHERD. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him. CLOWN. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground. SHEPHERD. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

Exeunt

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the CHORUS

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

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

SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of
POLIXENES

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES. I pray thee, good Camillo,
be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness
denying thee anything; a death to grant
this. CAMILLO. It is fifteen years since I

saw my country; though I have for the
most part been aired abroad, I desire to
lay my bones there. Besides, the
penitent King, my master, hath sent for me;

to whose feeling sorrows I might be
some allay, or I o'erween to think so,
which is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES. As thou lov'st me, Camillo,
wipe not out the rest of thy services by
leaving me now. The need I have of thee
thine own goodness hath made. Better
not to have had thee than thus to want
thee; thou, having made me businesses

which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered- as too much I cannot- to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prithee, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. CAMILLO. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I

have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared. POLIXENES. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd- a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. CAMILLO. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. POLIXENES. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are,

have some question with the shepherd;
from whose simplicity I think it not
uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort
thither. Prithee be my present partner in
this business, and lay aside the thoughts of
Sicilia. CAMILLO. I willingly obey your
command. POLIXENES. My best Camillo!
We must disguise ourselves.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Bohemia. A road near the
SHEPHERD'S cottage

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing

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

The white sheet bleaching on the
hedge, With heigh! the sweet birds, O,
how they sing! Doth set my pugging
tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a
dish for a king.

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

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

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night; And
when I wander here and there, I then
do most go right.

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

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds,
look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me
Autolycus; who, being, I as am, litter'd
under Mercury, was likewise a
snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With
die and drab I purchas'd this caparison;
and my revenue is the silly-cheat.

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter CLOWN

CLOWN. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? AUTOLYCUS. [Aside] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLOWN. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice- what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers- three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of

them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates- none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun. AUTOLYCUS. [Groveling on the ground] O that ever I was born! CLOWN. I' th' name of me! AUTOLYCUS. O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death! CLOWN. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off. AUTOLYCUS. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. CLOWN. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter. AUTOLYCUS. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put

upon me. CLOWN. What, by a horseman or a footman? AUTOLYCUS. A footman, sweet sir, a footman. CLOWN. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up] AUTOLYCUS. O, good sir, tenderly, O! CLOWN. Alas, poor soul!

AUTOLYCUS. O, good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

CLOWN. How now! Canst stand?

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

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

AUTOLYCUS. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or anything I want. Offer me no

money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

CLOWN. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you? AUTOLYCUS. A fellow,

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

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. AUTOLYCUS. Vices, I

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

Autolycus. CLOWN. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig! He haunts wakes, fairs,

and bear-baitings. AUTOLYCUS. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. CLOWN. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run. AUTOLYCUS. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him. CLOWN. How do you now? AUTOLYCUS. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's. CLOWN. Shall I bring thee on the way? AUTOLYCUS. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir. CLOWN. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. AUTOLYCUS. Prosper you, sweet sir! Exit CLOWN Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the

shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,
and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings]

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,

And merrily hent the stile-a;

merry heart goes all the day,

sad tires in a mile-a.

A

Your

Exit

SCENE IV. Bohemia. The SHEPHERD'S
cottage

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL. These your unusual weeds to
each part of you Do give a life- no
shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's
front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a
meeting of the petty gods, And you the
Queen on't. PERDITA. Sir, my gracious
lord, To chide at your extremes it not
becomes me- O, pardon that I name
them! Your high self, The gracious mark
o' th' land, you have obscur'd With a
swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that
our feasts In every mess have folly, and
the feeders Digest it with a custom, I
should blush To see you so attir'd;
swoon, I think, To show myself a glass.
FLORIZEL. I bless the time When my

good falcon made her flight across Thy
father's ground. PERDITA. Now Jove
afford you cause! To me the difference
forges dread; your greatness Hath not
been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To
think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the
Fates! How would he look to see his
work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What
would he say? Or how Should I, in these
my borrowed flaunts, behold The
sternness of his presence? FLORIZEL.
Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods
themselves, Humbling their deities to
love, have taken The shapes of beasts
upon them: Jupiter Became a bull and
bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram and
bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden
Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem
now. Their transformations Were never
for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor in a way
so chaste, since my desires Run not

before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn
hotter than my faith. PERDITA. O, but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r of the
King. One of these two must be
necessities, Which then will speak, that
you must change this purpose, Or I my
life. FLORIZEL. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee,
darken not The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll
be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I
cannot be Mine own, nor anything to
any, if I be not thine. To this I am most
constant, Though destiny say no. Be
merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as
these with any thing That you behold the
while. Your guests are coming. Lift up
your countenance, as it were the day Of
celebration of that nuptial which We two
have sworn shall come. PERDITA. O Lady
Fortune, Stand you auspicious!
FLORIZEL. See, your guests approach.

Address yourself to entertain them
sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Enter SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES
and CAMILLO, disguised;
CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, with OTHERS

SHEPHERD. Fie, daughter! When my old
wife liv'd, upon This day she was both
pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and
servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all; Would
sing her song and dance her turn; now
here 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 took to quench it She would to each
one sip. You are retired, As if you were a
feasted one, and not The hostess of the
meeting. Pray you bid These unknown
friends to's welcome, for it is A way to
make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present

yourself That which you are, Mistress o'
th' Feast. Come on, And bid us welcome
to your sheep-shearing, As your good
flock shall prosper. PERDITA. [To
POLIXENES] Sir, welcome. It is my
father's will I should take on me The
hostess-ship o' th' day. [To CAMILLO]
You're welcome, sir. Give me those
flow'rs there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs, For
you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be to you both!
And welcome to our shearing.
POLIXENES. Shepherdess- A fair one are
you- well you fit our ages With flow'rs of
winter. PERDITA. Sir, the year growing
ancient, Not yet on summer's death nor
on the birth Of trembling winter, the
fairest flow'rs o' th' season Are our
carnations and streak'd gillyvors, Which
some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not

To get slips of them. POLIXENES.
Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you
neglect them? PERDITA. For I have heard
it said There is an art which in their
piedness shares With great creating
nature. POLIXENES. Say there be; Yet
nature is made better by no mean But
nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,
we marry A gentler scion to the wildest
stock, And make conceive a bark of
baser kind By bud of nobler race. This is
an art Which does mend nature- change
it rather; but The art itself is nature.
PERDITA. So it is. POLIXENES. Then make
your garden rich in gillyvors, And do not
call them bastards. PERDITA. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would
wish This youth should say 'twere well,
and only therefore Desire to breed by

me. Here's flow'rs for you: Hot lavender,
mints, savory, marjoram; The marigold,
that goes to bed wi' th' sun, And with him
rises weeping; these are flow'rs Of
middle summer, and I think they are given

To men of middle age. Y'are very
welcome. CAMILLO. I should leave
grazing, were I of your flock, And only
live by gazing. PERDITA. Out, alas!

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

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength- a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these I
lack To make you garlands of, and my
sweet friend To strew him o'er and o'er!
FLORIZEL. What, like a corse? PERDITA.
No; like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if- not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take
your flow'rs. Methinks I play as I have
seen them do In Whitsun pastorals. Sure,
this robe of mine Does change my
disposition. FLORIZEL. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet, I'd have you do it ever. When you
sing, I'd have you buy and sell so; so
give alms; Pray so; and, for the ord'ring
your affairs, To sing them too. When you
do dance, I wish you A wave o' th' sea,

that you might ever do Nothing but that;
move still, still so, And own no other
function. Each your doing, So singular in
each particular, Crowns what you are
doing in the present deeds, That all your
acts are queens. PERDITA. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large. But that your
youth, And the true blood which peeps
fairly through't, Do plainly give you out
an unstain'd shepherd, With wisdom I
might fear, my Doricles, You woo'd me
the false way. FLORIZEL. I think you have

As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I
pray. Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles
pair That never mean to part. PERDITA.
I'll swear for 'em. POLIXENES. This is the
prettiest low-born lass that ever Ran on
the green-sward; nothing she does or
seems But smacks of something greater
than herself, Too noble for this place.
CAMILLO. He tells her something That

makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she
is The queen of curds and cream.
CLOWN. Come on, strike up. DORCAS.
Mopsa must be your mistress; marry,
garlic, To mend her kissing with!
MOPSA. Now, in good time! CLOWN. Not
a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners. Come, strike up.

[Music]

Here a dance Of SHEPHERDS and
SHEPHERDESSES

POLIXENES. Pray, good shepherd, what
fair swain is this Which dances with your
daughter? SHEPHERD. They call him
Doricles, and boasts himself To have a
worthy feeding; but I have it Upon his
own report, and I believe it: He looks
like sooth. He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,

As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be
plain, I think there is not half a kiss to
choose Who loves another best.

POLIXENES. She dances featly.

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

Enter a SERVANT

SERVANT. O master, if you did but hear
the pedlar at the door, you would never
dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the
bagpipe could not move you. He sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell
money; he utters them as he had eaten
ballads, and all men's ears grew to his
tunes. CLOWN. He could never come
better; he shall come in. I love a ballad
but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down, or a very pleasant

thing indeed and sung lamentably.

SERVANT. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her'; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'- puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

POLIXENES. This is a brave fellow.

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

SERVANT. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross; inkles,

caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't. CLOWN. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing. PERDITA. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Exit SERVANT CLOWN. You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister. PERDITA. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, Singing

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses; Bugle
bracelet, necklace amber, Perfume
for a lady's chamber; Golden quoifs

and stomachers,	For my lads to give
their dears;	Pins and poking-sticks of
steel-	What maids lack from head to
heel.	Come, buy of me, come; come
buy, come buy;	Buy, lads, or else
your lasses cry.	Come, buy.

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

MOPSA. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DORCAS. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. MOPSA. He hath

paid you all he promis'd you. May be he has paid you more, which will shame

you to give him again. CLOWN. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they

wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not

milking-time, when you are going to bed,

or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets,
but you must be tittle-tattling before all our
guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring.
Clammer your tongues, and not a word
more. MOPSA. I have done. Come, you
promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of
sweet gloves. CLOWN. Have I not told
thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and
lost all my money? AUTOLYCUS. And
indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.
CLOWN. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt
lose nothing here. AUTOLYCUS. I hope
so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of
charge. CLOWN. What hast here?
Ballads? MOPSA. Pray now, buy some. I
love a ballad in print a-life, for then we
are sure they are true. AUTOLYCUS.
Here's one to a very doleful tune: how a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of
twenty money-bags at a burden, and how
she long'd to eat adders' heads and

toads carbonado'd. MOPSA. Is it true, think you? AUTOLYCUS. Very true, and but a month old. DORCAS. Bless me from marrying a usurer! AUTOLYCUS. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad? MOPSA. Pray you now, buy it. CLOWN. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon. AUTOLYCUS. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. DORCAS. Is it true too, think you? AUTOLYCUS. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my

pack will hold. CLOWN. Lay it by too.
Another. AUTOLYCUS. This is a merry
ballad, but a very pretty one. MOPSA.
Let's have some merry ones.
AUTOLYCUS. Why, this is a passing merry
one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids
wooing a man.' There's scarce a maid
westward but she sings it; 'tis in request,
I can tell you. MOPSA. can both sing it. If
thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in
three parts. DORCAS. We had the tune
on't a month ago. AUTOLYCUS. I can bear
my part; you must know 'tis my occupation.
Have at it with you.

SONG

AUTOLYCUS. Get you hence, for I must
go Where it fits not you to know.
DORCAS. Whither? MOPSA. O,
whither? DORCAS. Whither?
MOPSA. It becomes thy oath full well

Thou to me thy secrets tell. DORCAS.
Me too! Let me go thither MOPSA. Or
thou goest to th' grange or mill. DORCAS.
If to either, thou dost ill. AUTOLYCUS.
Neither. DORCAS. What, neither?
AUTOLYCUS. Neither. DORCAS. Thou
hast sworn my love to be. MOPSA. Thou
hast sworn it more to me. Then
whither goest? Say, whither?

CLOWN. We'll have this song out anon by
ourselves; my father and the gentlemen
are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them.
Come, bring away thy pack after me.
Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar,
let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Exit with DORCAS and
MOPSA AUTOLYCUS. And you shall pay
well for 'em. Exit
AUTOLYCUS, Singing

Will you buy any tape, Or

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

Re-enter SERVANT

SERVANT. Master, there is three carters,
three shepherds, three neat-herds, three
swineherds, that have made themselves all
men of hair; they call themselves
Saltiers, and they have dance which the
wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols,
because they are not in't; but they
themselves are o' th' mind, if it be not too
rough for some that know little but
bowling, it will please plentifully.
SHEPHERD. Away! We'll none on't; here
has been too much homely foolery

already. I know, sir, we weary you.
POLIXENES. You weary those that refresh
us. Pray, let's see these four threes of
herdsmen. SERVANT. One three of them,
by their own report, sir, hath danc'd
before the King; and not the worst of the
three but jumps twelve foot and a half by
th' squier. SHEPHERD. Leave your
prating; since these good men are pleas'd,
let them come in; but quickly now.
SERVANT. Why, they stay at door, sir.
Exit

Here a dance of twelve SATYRS

POLIXENES. [To SHEPHERD] O, father,
you'll know more of that hereafter.
[To CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis
time to part them. He's simple and tells
much. [To FLORIZEL] How now, fair
shepherd! Your heart is full of something
that does take Your mind from feasting.

Sooth, when I was young And handed
love as you do, I was wont To load my
she with knacks; I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have
pour'd it To her acceptance: you have let
him go And nothing marted with him. If
your lass Interpretation should abuse
and call this Your lack of love or bounty,
you were straited For a reply, at least if
you make a care Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL. Old sir, I know She prizes not
such trifles as these are. The gifts she
looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up
in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my
life Before this ancient sir, whom, it
should seem, Hath sometime lov'd. I take
thy hand- this hand, As soft as dove's
down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's
tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted By
th' northern blasts twice o'er. POLIXENES.
What follows this? How prettily the

young swain seems to wash The hand
was fair before! I have put you out. But to
your protestation; let me hear What you
profess. FLORIZEL. Do, and be witness
to't. POLIXENES. And this my neighbour
too? FLORIZEL. And he, and more Than
he, and men- the earth, the heavens, and
all: That, were I crown'd the most
imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy,
were I the fairest youth That ever made
eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not
prize them Without her love; for her
employ them all; Commend them and
condemn them to her service Or to their
own perdition. POLIXENES. Fairly offer'd.
CAMILLO. This shows a sound affection.
SHEPHERD. But, my daughter, Say you
the like to him? PERDITA. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean
better. By th' pattern of mine own
thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

SHEPHERD. Take hands, a bargain! And,
friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to't: I give my daughter to him, and will
make Her portion equal his. FLORIZEL.
O, that must be I' th' virtue of your
daughter. One being dead, I shall have
more than you can dream of yet; Enough
then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses.

SHEPHERD. Come, your hand; And,
daughter, yours. POLIXENES. Soft, swain,
awhile, beseech you; Have you a father?

FLORIZEL. I have, but what of him?
POLIXENES. Knows he of this? FLORIZEL.
He neither does nor shall. POLIXENES.
Methinks a father Is at the nuptial of his
son a guest That best becomes the table.
Pray you, once more, Is not your father
grown incapable Of reasonable affairs?
Is he not stupid With age and alt'ring
rheums? Can he speak, hear, Know man
from man, dispute his own estate? Lies

he not bed-rid, and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

FLORIZEL. No, good sir; He has his
health, and ampler strength indeed Than
most have of his age. POLIXENES. By my
white beard, You offer him, if this be so,
a wrong Something unfilial. Reason my
son Should choose himself a wife; but as
good reason The father- all whose joy is
nothing else But fair posterity- should
hold some counsel In such a business.

FLORIZEL. I yield all this; But, for some
other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis
not fit you know, I not acquaint My father
of this business. POLIXENES. Let him

know't. FLORIZEL. He shall not.

POLIXENES. Prithee let him. FLORIZEL.

No, he must not. SHEPHERD. Let him, my
son; he shall not need to grieve At
knowing of thy choice. FLORIZEL. Come,
come, he must not. Mark our contract.

POLIXENES. [Discovering himself] Mark

your divorce, young sir, Whom son I
dare not call; thou art too base To be
acknowledg'd- thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou, old
traitor, I am sorry that by hanging thee I
can but Shorten thy life one week. And
thou, fresh piece Of excellent witchcraft,
who of force must know The royal fool
thou cop'st with- SHEPHERD. O, my heart!

POLIXENES. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd
with briars and made More homely than
thy state. For thee, fond boy, If I may
ever know thou dost but sigh That thou
no more shalt see this knack- as never I
mean thou shalt- we'll bar thee from
succession; Not hold thee of our blood,
no, not our kin, Farre than Deucalion off.
Mark thou my words. Follow us to the
court. Thou churl, for this time, Though
full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you,
enchantment, Worthy enough a

herdsman- yea, him too That makes
himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee- if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Exit PERDITA. Even here undone! I was
not much afeard; for once or twice I was
about to speak and tell him plainly The
self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. [To FLORIZEL] Will't
please you, sir, be gone? I told you what
would come of this. Beseech you, Of
your own state take care. This dream of
mine- Being now awake, I'll queen it no
inch farther, But milk my ewes and
weep. CAMILLO. Why, how now, father!

 Speak ere thou diest. SHEPHERD. I
cannot speak nor think, Nor dare to
know that which I know. [To FLORIZEL] O

sir, You have undone a man of
fourscore-three That thought to fill his
grave in quiet, yea, To die upon the bed
my father died, To lie close by his
honest bones; but now Some hangman
must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. [To
PERDITA] O cursed wretch, That knew'st
this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
 To mingle faith with him!- Undone,
undone! If I might die within this hour, I
have liv'd To die when I desire.

 Exit FLORIZEL. Why look you so
upon me? I am but sorry, not afraid;
delay'd, But nothing alter'd. What I was, I
am: More straining on for plucking back;
not following My leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO. Gracious, my lord, You know
your father's temper. At this time He will
allow no speech- which I do guess You
do not purpose to him- and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;

Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him. FLORIZEL. I not
purpose it. I think Camillo? CAMILLO.
Even he, my lord. PERDITA. How often
have I told you 'twould be thus! How
often said my dignity would last But till
'twere known! FLORIZEL. It cannot fail but
by The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth
together And mar the seeds within! Lift
up thy looks. From my succession wipe
me, father; I Am heir to my affection.
CAMILLO. Be advis'd. FLORIZEL. I am-
and by my fancy; if my reason Will
thereto be obedient, I have reason; If
not, my senses, better pleas'd with
madness, Do bid it welcome.
CAMILLO. This is desperate, sir.
FLORIZEL. So call it; but it does fulfil my
vow: I needs must think it honesty.
Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp
that may Be thereat glean'd, for all the

sun sees or The close earth wombs, or
the profound seas hides In unknown
fathoms, will I break my oath To this my
fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you, As
you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend, When he shall miss me- as, in
faith, I mean not To see him any more-
cast your good counsels Upon his
passion. Let myself and Fortune Tug for
the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver: I am put to sea With her
who here I cannot hold on shore. And
most opportune to her need I have A
vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For
this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. CAMILLO. O
my lord, I would your spirit were easier
for advice. Or stronger for your need.

FLORIZEL. Hark, Perdita. [Takes
her aside] [To CAMILLO] I'll hear you
by and by. CAMILLO. He's irremovable,

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and
honour, Purchase the sight again of dear
Sicilia And that unhappy king, my
master, whom I so much thirst to see.

FLORIZEL. Now, good Camillo, I am so
fraught with curious business that I leave
out ceremony. CAMILLO. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services i' th'
love That I have borne your father?

FLORIZEL. Very nobly Have you
deserv'd. It is my father's music To speak
your deeds; not little of his care To have
them recompens'd as thought on.

CAMILLO. Well, my lord, If you may
please to think I love the King, And
through him what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my
direction. If your more ponderous and
settled project May suffer alteration, on
mine honour, I'll point you where you

shall have such receiving As shall
become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made but by,
 As heavens forbend! your ruin- marry
her; And with my best endeavours in
your absence Your discontenting father
strive to qualify, And bring him up to
liking. FLORIZEL. How, Camillo, May
this, almost a miracle, be done? That I
may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee. CAMILLO.
Have you thought on A place whereto
you'll go? FLORIZEL. Not any yet; But as
th' unthought-on accident is guilty To
what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and
flies Of every wind that blows.
CAMILLO. Then list to me. This follows, if
you will not change your purpose But
undergo this flight: make for Sicilia, And
there present yourself and your fair

princess- For so, I see, she must be- fore
Leontes. She shall be habited as it
becomes The partner of your bed.
Methinks I see Leontes opening his free
arms and weeping His welcomes forth;
asks thee there 'Son, forgiveness!' As
'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the
hands Of your fresh princess; o'er and
o'er divides him 'Twixt his unkindness
and his kindness- th' one He chides to
hell, and bids the other grow Faster than
thought or time. FLORIZEL. Worthy
Camillo, What colour for my visitation
shall I Hold up before him? CAMILLO.
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 known betwixt us three,
I'll write you down; The which shall point
you forth at every sitting What you must
say, that he shall not perceive But that

you have your father's bosom there And
speak his very heart. FLORIZEL. I am
bound to you. There is some sap in this.

CAMILLO. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves To
unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain To miseries enough; no hope to
help you, But as you shake off one to
take another; Nothing so certain as your
anchors, who Do their best office if they
can but stay you Where you'll be loath to
be. Besides, you know Prosperity's the
very bond of love, Whose fresh
complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters. PERDITA. One of these is
true: I think affliction may subdue the
cheek, But not take in the mind.

CAMILLO. Yea, say you so? There shall
not at your father's house these seven
years Be born another such. FLORIZEL.
My good Camillo, She is as forward of
her breeding as She is i' th' rear o' our

birth. CAMILLO. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a
mistress To most that teach. PERDITA.
Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you
thanks. FLORIZEL. My prettiest Perdita!
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo-
Preserver of my father, now of me; The
medicine of our house- how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia. CAMILLO. My
lord, Fear none of this. I think you know
my fortunes Do all lie there. It shall be so
my care To have you royally appointed
as if The scene you play were mine. For
instance, sir, That you may know you
shall not want- one word.

[They talk aside]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

AUTOLYCUS. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty
is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very

simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should

buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I rememb'ed. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring

the nothing of it. So that in this time of
lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their
festival purses; and had not the old man
come in with whoobub against his
daughter and the King's son and scar'd
my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a
purse alive in the whole army.

CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA
come forward

CAMILLO. Nay, but my letters, by this
means being there So soon as you
arrive, shall clear that doubt. FLORIZEL.
And those that you'll procure from King
Leontes? CAMILLO. Shall satisfy your
father. PERDITA. Happy be you! All that
you speak shows fair. CAMILLO. [seeing
AUTOLYCUS] Who have we here? We'll
make an instrument of this; omit Nothing
may give us aid. AUTOLYCUS. [Aside] If
they have overheard me now- why,

hanging. CAMILLO. How now, good fellow! Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUTOLYCUS. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the

outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee

instantly- thou must think there's a necessity in't- and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [Giving money]

AUTOLYCUS. I am a poor fellow, sir.

[Aside] I know ye well enough.

CAMILLO. Nay, prithee dispatch. The gentleman is half flay'd already.

AUTOLYCUS. Are you in earnest, sir?

[Aside] I smell the trick on't. FLORIZEL.

Dispatch, I prithee. AUTOLYCUS. Indeed,

I have had earnest; but I cannot with

conscience take it. CAMILLO.

Unbuckle, unbuckle.

FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS
exchange garments

Fortunate mistress- let my prophecy
Come home to ye!- you must retire
yourself Into some covert; take your
sweetheart's hat And pluck it o'er your
brows, muffle your face, Dismantle you,
and, as you can, disliken The truth of
your own seeming, that you may- For I
do fear eyes over- to shipboard Get
undescried. PERDITA. I see the play so
lies That I must bear a part. CAMILLO.
No remedy. Have you done there?
FLORIZEL. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son. CAMILLO. Nay,
you shall have no hat.

[Giving it to PERDITA] Come, lady,
come. Farewell, my friend. AUTOLYCUS.
Adieu, sir. FLORIZEL. O Perdita, what

have we twain forgot! Pray you a word.

[They converse apart]

CAMILLO. [Aside] What I do next shall be
to tell the King Of this escape, and
whither they are bound; Wherein my
hope is I shall so prevail To force him
after; in whose company I shall re-view
Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's
longing. FLORIZEL. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.
CAMILLO. The swifter speed the better.

Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and CAMILLO AUTOLYCUS. I understand
the business, I hear it. To have an open
ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is
necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is
requisite also, to smell out work for th'
other senses. 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 do this year connive at us,

and we may do anything extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity- stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD

Aside, aside- here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work. CLOWN. 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. SHEPHERD. Nay, but hear me. CLOWN. Nay- but hear me. SHEPHERD. Go to, then. CLOWN. She being none of your

flesh and blood, your flesh and blood
has not offended the King; and so your
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by
him. Show those things you found about
her, those secret things- all but what she
has with her. This being done, let the law
go whistle; I warrant you. SHEPHERD. I
will tell the King all, every word- yea, and
his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is
no honest man, neither to his father nor
to me, to go about to make me the King's
brother-in-law. CLOWN. Indeed,
brother-in-law was the farthest off you
could have been to him; and then your
blood had been the dearer by I know
how much an ounce. AUTOLYCUS.
[Aside] Very wisely, puppies!
SHEPHERD. Well, let us to the King. There
is that in this fardel will make him
scratch his beard. AUTOLYCUS. [Aside]
I know not what impediment this complaint
may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN. Pray heartily he be at palace.

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

How now, rustics! Whither are you bound? SHEPHERD. To th' palace, an it like your worship. AUTOLYCUS. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known- discover.

CLOWN. We are but plain fellows, sir.

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

CLOWN. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken

yourself with the manner. SHEPHERD. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, that toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair. SHEPHERD. My business,

sir, is to the King. AUTOLYCUS. What advocate hast thou to him? SHEPHERD. I know not, an't like you. CLOWN.

Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none. SHEPHERD. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUTOLYCUS. How blessed are we that are

not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain. CLOWN. This cannot be but a great courtier. SHEPHERD. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. CLOWN. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth. AUTOLYCUS. The fardel there? What's i' th' fardel? Wherefore that box? SHEPHERD. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him. AUTOLYCUS. Age, thou hast lost thy labour. SHEPHERD. Why, Sir?

AUTOLYCUS. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself; for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief. SHEPHERD. So 'tis said, sir- about his son,

that should have married a shepherd's daughter. AUTOLYCUS. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster. CLOWN. Think you so, sir? AUTOLYCUS. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman-which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!- all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. CLOWN. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? AUTOLYCUS. He has a son-who shall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed

over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the King. Being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. CLOWN. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn

bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado.

Remember- ston'd and flay'd alive.

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

SHEPHERD. Ay, sir. AUTOLYCUS. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

CLOWN. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it. AUTOLYCUS. O, that's the

case of the shepherd's son! Hang him, he'll be made an example. CLOWN.

Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does,

when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. AUTOLYCUS. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you. CLOWN. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest. SHEPHERD. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

Exeunt SHEPHERD and CLOWN
AUTOLYCUS. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion- gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am

proof against that title, and what shame
else belongs to't. To him will I present
them. There may be matter in it.

Exit

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ACT V. SCENE I. Sicilia. The palace of
LEONTES

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION,
PAULINA, and OTHERS

CLEOMENES. 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, paid down More
penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done: forget your
evil; With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES. Whilst I remember Her and
her virtues, I cannot forget My
blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so
much That heirless it hath made my
kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st
companion that e'er man Bred his hopes
out of. PAULINA. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something
good To make a perfect woman, she you
kill'd Would be unparallel'd. LEONTES.
I think 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
seldom. CLEOMENES. Not at all, good
lady. You might have spoken a thousand
things that would Have done the time
more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness
better. PAULINA. You are one of those
Would have him wed again. DION. If you
would not so, You pity not the state, nor
the remembrance Of his most sovereign
name; consider little What dangers, by
his Highness' fail of issue, May drop
upon his kingdom and devour Incertain
lookers-on. What were more holy Than
to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair, For
present comfort, and for future good, To

bless the bed of majesty again With a
sweet fellow to't? PAULINA. There is none
worthy, Respecting her that's gone.
Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their
secret purposes; For has not the divine
Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his
oracle, That King Leontes shall not have
an heir Till his lost child be found?
Which that it shall, Is all as monstrous to
our human reason As my Antigonus to
break his grave And come again to me;
who, on my life, Did perish with the
infant. 'Tis your counsel My lord should
to the heavens be contrary, Oppose
against their wills. [To LEONTES] Care
not for issue; The crown will find an heir.
Great Alexander Left his to th' worthiest;
so his successor Was like to be the best.

LEONTES. Good Paulina, Who hast the
memory of Hermione, I know, in honour,
O that ever I Had squar'd me to thy
counsel! Then, even now, I might have

look'd upon my queen's full eyes, Have
taken treasure from her lips- PAULINA.
And left them More rich for what they
yielded. LEONTES. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife.
One worse, And better us'd, would make
her sainted spirit Again possess her
corpse, and on this stage, Where we
offend her now, appear soul-vex'd, And
begin 'Why to me'- PAULINA. Had she
such power, She had just cause.
LEONTES. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married. PAULINA. I
should so. Were I the ghost that walk'd,
I'd bid you mark Her eye, and tell me for
what dull part in't You chose her; then I'd
shriek, that even your ears Should rift to
hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.' LEONTES.
Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead
coals! Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife,
Paulina. PAULINA. Will you swear

Never to marry but by my free leave?
LEONTES. Never, Paulina; so be blest my
spirit! PAULINA. Then, good my lords,
bear witness to his oath. CLEOMENES.
You tempt him over-much. PAULINA.
Unless another, As like Hermione as is
her picture, Affront his eye.
CLEOMENES. Good madam- PAULINA. I
have done. Yet, if my lord will marry- if
you will, sir, No remedy but you will-
give me the office To choose you a
queen. She shall not be so young As was
your former; but she shall be such As,
walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy To see her in your arms.
LEONTES. My true Paulina, We shall not
marry till thou bid'st us. PAULINA. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath; Never till then.

Enter a GENTLEMAN

GENTLEMAN. One that gives out himself
Prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his
princess- she The fairest I have yet
beheld- desires access To your high
presence. LEONTES. What with him? He
comes not Like to his father's greatness.
His approach, So out of circumstance
and sudden, tells us 'Tis not a visitation
fram'd, but forc'd By need and accident.
What train? GENTLEMAN. But few, And
those but mean. LEONTES. His princess,
say you, with him? GENTLEMAN. Ay; the
most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
PAULINA. O Hermione, As every present
time doth boast itself Above a better
gone, so must thy grave Give way to
what's seen now! Sir, you yourself Have
said and writ so, but your writing now Is
colder than that theme: 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd.' Thus your
verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis

shrewdly ebb'd, To say you have seen a better. GENTLEMAN. Pardon, madam.

The one I have almost forgot- your pardon;

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAULINA. How! not women?

GENTLEMAN. Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women. LEONTES. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.

Exeunt Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. PAULINA.
Had our prince, Jewel of children, seen
this hour, he had pair'd Well with this
lord; there was not full a month Between
their births. LEONTES. Prithee no more;
cease. Thou know'st He dies to me again

when talk'd of. Sure, When I shall see
this gentleman, thy speeches Will bring
me to consider that which may Unfurnish
me of reason.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with
FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and
ATTENDANTS

They are come. Your mother was most
true to wedlock, Prince; For she did
print your royal father off, Conceiving
you. Were I but twenty-one, Your
father's image is so hit in you His very
air, that I should call you brother, As I
did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly
welcome! And your fair princess-
goddess! O, alas! I lost a couple that
'twixt heaven and earth Might thus have
stood begetting wonder as You,
gracious couple, do. And then I lost- All

mine own folly- the society, Amity too, of
your brave father, whom, Though
bearing misery, I desire my life Once
more to look on him. FLORIZEL. By his
command Have I here touch'd Sicilia,
and from him Give you all greetings that
a king, at friend, Can send his brother;
and, but infirmity, Which waits upon
worn times, hath something seiz'd His
wish'd ability, he had himself The lands
and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he
loves, He bade me say so, more than all
the sceptres And those that bear them
living. LEONTES. O my brother- Good
gentleman!- the wrongs I have done thee
stir Afresh within me; and these thy
offices, So rarely kind, are as
interpreters Of my behind-hand
slackness! Welcome hither, As is the
spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage,

At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains,
much less Th' adventure of her person?
FLORIZEL. Good, my lord, She came
from Libya. LEONTES. Where the warlike
Smalus, That noble honour'd lord, is
fear'd and lov'd? FLORIZEL. Most royal
sir, from thence; from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'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 Highness. My best train I have from
your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; Who for
Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my
success in Libya, sir, But my arrival and
my wife's in safety Here where we are.
LEONTES. The blessed gods Purge all
infection from our air whilst you Do
climate here! You have a holy father, A
graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin, For

which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
blest, As he from heaven merits it, with
you, Worthy his goodness. What might I
have been, Might I a son and daughter
now have look'd on, Such goodly things
as you!

Enter a LORD

LORD. Most noble sir, That which I shall
report will bear no credit, Were not the
proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has-
His dignity and duty both cast off- Fled
from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter. LEONTES.
Where's Bohemia? Speak. LORD. Here in
your city; I now came from him. I speak
amazedly; and it becomes My marvel
and my message. To your court Whiles

he was hast'ning- in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple- meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and Her
brother, having both their country quitted

With this young prince. FLORIZEL.
Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour
and whose honesty till now Endur'd all
weathers. LORD. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father. LEONTES.

Who? Camillo? LORD. Camillo, sir; I
spake with him; who now Has these poor
men in question. Never saw I Wretches
so quake. They kneel, they kiss the earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they
speak. Bohemia stops his ears, and
threatens them With divers deaths in

death. PERDITA. O my poor father! The
heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated. LEONTES. You
are married? FLORIZEL. We are not, sir,
nor are we like to be; The stars, I see,
will kiss the valleys first. The odds for

high and low's alike. LEONTES. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king? FLORIZEL.
She is, When once she is my wife.
LEONTES. That 'once,' I see by your good
father's speed, Will come on very
slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have
broken from his liking Where you were
tied in duty; and as sorry Your choice is
not so rich in worth as beauty, That you
might well enjoy her. FLORIZEL. Dear,
look up. Though Fortune, visible an
enemy, Should chase us with my father,
pow'r no jot Hath she to change our
loves. Beseech you, sir, Remember since
you ow'd no more to time Than I do now.
With thought of such affections, Step
forth mine advocate; at your request My
father will grant precious things as trifles.
LEONTES. Would he do so, I'd beg your
precious mistress, Which he counts but a
trifle. PAULINA. Sir, my liege, Your eye
hath too much youth in't. Not a month

Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes Than what you look on now.
LEONTES. I thought of her Even in these
looks I made. [To FLORIZEL] But your
petition Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your
father. Your honour not o'erthrown by
your desires, I am friend to them and
you. Upon which errand I now go toward
him; therefore, follow me, And mark
what way I make. Come, good my lord.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Sicilia. Before the palace of
LEONTES

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN

AUTOLYCUS. Beseech you, sir, were you
present at this relation? FIRST

GENTLEMAN. I was by at the opening of
the fardel, heard the old shepherd
deliver the manner how he found it;
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we
were all commanded out of the chamber;

only this, methought I heard the shepherd
say he found the child. AUTOLYCUS. I
would most gladly know the issue of it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I make a broken
delivery of the business; but the changes
I perceived in the King and Camillo were
very notes of admiration. They seem'd
almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes; there was
speech in their dumbness, language in

their very gesture; they 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 extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more. The news, Rogero? SECOND GENTLEMAN. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd: the King's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another GENTLEMAN

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward;

he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir? THIRD GENTLEMAN. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences- proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? SECOND GENTLEMAN. No. THIRD GENTLEMAN. Then you have lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld

one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child? THIRD GENTLEMAN. Like an

old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open: he was

torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. FIRST GENTLEMAN. What became of his bark and his followers? THIRD GENTLEMAN. Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her

heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing. FIRST GENTLEMAN. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted. THIRD GENTLEMAN. One of the prettiest 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 Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an 'Alas!'- I would fain say- bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal. FIRST GENTLEMAN. Are they returned to the court? THIRD GENTLEMAN. No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue,

which is in the keeping of Paulina- a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio

Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer- thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. SECOND GENTLEMAN. I thought she had some great matter there in

hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing? FIRST GENTLEMAN. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our

absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

Exeunt GENTLEMEN AUTOLYCUS.

Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter- so he then took her to be- who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing

in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEPHERD. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. CLOWN. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. AUTOLYCUS. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born. CLOWN. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours. SHEPHERD. And so have I, boy. CLOWN. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father father. And so we

wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

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

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

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

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

CLOWN. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS. Ay, an it like your good worship.

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

SHEPHERD. You may say it, but not swear it.

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

SHEPHERD. How if it be false, son?

CLOWN. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the

behalf of his friend. And I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk. But I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. AUTOLYCUS. I will prove so, sir, to my power. CLOWN. Ay, by any means, prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Sicilia. A chapel in PAULINA's house

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

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

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

LEONTES. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble; but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which

my daughter came to look upon, The
statue of her mother. PAULINA. As she
liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do
well believe, Excels whatever yet you
look'd upon Or hand of man hath done;
therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But
here it is. Prepare To see the life as
lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd
death. Behold; and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers
HERMIONE standing
like a statue] I like your silence; it the
more shows off Your wonder; but yet
speak. First, you, my liege. Comes it not
something near? LEONTES. Her natural
posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I
may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or
rather, thou art she In thy not chiding; for
she was as tender As infancy and grace.
But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so
much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this
seems. POLIXENES. O, not by much!

PAULINA. So much the more our carver's
excellence, Which lets go by some
sixteen years and makes her As she liv'd
now. LEONTES. As now she might have
done, So much to my good comfort as it
is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she
stood, Even with such life of majesty-
warm life, As now it coldly stands- when
first I woo'd her! I am asham'd. Does not
the stone rebuke me For being more
stone than it? O royal piece, There's
magic in thy majesty, which has My evils
conjur'd to remembrance, and From thy
admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee! PERDITA.
And give me leave, And do not say 'tis
superstition that I kneel, and then
implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen,
that ended when I but began, Give me
that hand of yours to kiss. PAULINA. O,
patience! The statue is but newly fix'd,
the colour's Not dry. CAMILLO. My

lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow But
kill'd itself much sooner. POLIXENES.
Dear my brother, Let him that was the
cause of this have pow'r To take off so
much grief from you as he Will piece up
in himself. PAULINA. Indeed, my lord, If
I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you- for the
stone is mine- I'd not have show'd it.
LEONTES. Do not draw the curtain.
PAULINA. No longer shall you gaze on't,
lest your fancy May think anon it moves.
LEONTES. Let be, let be. Would I were
dead, but that methinks already- What
was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that
those veins Did verily bear blood?
POLIXENES. Masterly done! The very life
seems warm upon her lip. LEONTES. The

fixture of her eye has motion in't, As we
are mock'd with art. PAULINA. I'll draw
the curtain. My lord's almost so far

transported that He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES. O sweet Paulina, Make me to
think so twenty years together! No

settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAULINA. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far
stirr'd you; but I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES. Do, Paulina; For this affliction
has a taste as sweet As any cordial

comfort. Still, methinks, There is an air
comes from her. What fine chisel Could
ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,

For I will kiss her. PAULINA. Good my
lord, forbear. The ruddiness upon her

lip is wet; You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain
your own With oily painting. Shall I draw

the curtain? LEONTES. No, not these
twenty years. PERDITA. So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on. PAULINA. Either

forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or
resolve you For more amazement. If you
can behold it, I'll make the statue move
indeed, descend, And take you by the
hand, but then you'll think- Which I
protest against- I am assisted By wicked
powers. LEONTES. What you can make
her do I am content to look on; what to
speak I am content to hear; for 'tis as
easy To make her speak as move.

PAULINA. It is requir'd You do awake
your faith. Then all stand still; Or those
that think it is unlawful business I am
about, let them depart. LEONTES.
Proceed. No foot shall stir. PAULINA.

Music, awake her: strike.

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

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal] Start not; her actions shall be holy as You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her Until you see her die again; for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hand. When she was young you woo'd her; now in age Is she become the suitor? LEONTES. O, she's warm! If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating. POLIXENES. She embraces him. CAMILLO. She hangs about his neck. If she pertain to life, let her speak too. POLIXENES. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd, Or how stol'n from the dead. PAULINA. That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel, And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found. HERMIONE. You

gods, look down, And from your sacred
vials pour your graces Upon my
daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where
liv'd? How found Thy father's court? For
thou shalt hear that I, Knowing by
Paulina that the oracle Gave hope thou
wast in being, have preserv'd Myself to
see the issue. PAULINA. There's time
enough for that, Lest they desire upon
this push to trouble Your joys with like
relation. Go together, You precious
winners all; your exultation 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 again,
Lament till I am lost. LEONTES. O peace,
Paulina! Thou shouldst a husband take
by my consent, As I by thine a wife. This
is a match, And made between's by
vows. Thou hast found mine; But how, is
to be question'd; for I saw her, As I

thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
many A prayer upon her grave. I'll not
seek far- For him, I partly know his
mind- to find thee An honourable
husband. Come, Camillo, And take her
by the hand whose worth and honesty Is
richly noted, and here justified By us, a
pair of kings. Let's from this place. What!
look upon my brother. Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, whom heavens
directing, Is troth-plight to your
daughter. Good Paulina, Lead us from
hence where we may leisurely Each one
demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since
first We were dissever'd. Hastily lead
away. Exeunt

THE

END

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William Shakespeare The Winter's Tale



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