The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archdeacon.

Cam. 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 faire) great difference between our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitatiion, which he justly owes him.

Arch. In our Entertainment shall I amuse you? we will be inlaid in our Loues for indeed——

Cam. I beseech you——

Arch. Very freely I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—— in so rare—— I know not what to say—— Wee will give you sleepie Drinks, that your Senses (un-intelligent of our insufficient) may, though they cannot prattie vs, as little acceu vs.

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

Arch. I beseech me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honefful puts it to veritance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot bring himselfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were trayned together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt vs then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Peru necessaries, made separation of their Societies, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royall attainted with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, Embassyes, that they have been d to be together, though absentes; fooke hands, as once a Vast; and embrac'd as it was from the ends of oppoited Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

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

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

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Ye?g! there were no other execuk, why should they desire to live.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamilius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Wary Starre hath been.

The Shepheardes Note,since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long agane Would be fitt'd vp (my brother) with our Thanks, And yet we shoulde, for perpetuite, Goe hence in deere: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

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

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my labors, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No finessing Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too trulie: besides, I haue say'd To tyrse your Royalty.

Leu. We are too hard (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer say.

Leu. One Sacre night longer.

Pol. Very toom, to morrow.

Leu. We 'll fee the time betweene's then; and in that He no gaines say-ing.

Pol. Prefte me not (beseech you) so.

There is no Tongue that moues none: none. 'tis World So loone as yours could win me: so it should now, Were there neecellite in your request, although. T were needful I deny it: My Affairs Doe even draw me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whipp to see: my say, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both, Farewell (our Brother).


Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill You had drawne Ocathes from him, not to say, 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 best from his best ward.

Leu. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong But let him fay so then, and let him goe; But let him fay so, and he shall not fay, We'll swack him hence with Difaties.

Pol. Yes of your Royall preference, he adusture The borrow of a Wecke. When at Bohemia You take my Lord, He give him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geft

Preff'd for sparteing yet (good deeed) Leontes, I love thee not a Paro' th' Clock, behind
The Winters Tale.

What lady the her Lord. You'll stay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not very.
Her. Verely.
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I, —
Though you would seek th'embrae the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not go; a Ladies Verely is,
As potent as a Lords. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest; so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and fume your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be our Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, Jeffe ease to commit,
Then you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostess. Come, He question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then;
Pol. We were (fair) Queene.
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternally.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verry Wag o'th'twos?
Pol. We were as twold Lambs, that did frisk it's Sun,
And bleat the one at the 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 lie,
And our weak spirits as he been higher rear'd
With fierce blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty, the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript since;
Pol. Of my most scarred Lady,
Temprations have since then been borne to's: for
In thofe vnfed'd days, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not crost't the eyes
Of my young Play fellow,
Her. Grace to know:
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queene and I are Devis: yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, we'rele answere,
If you first found with us: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you flipt not
With any, but with vs.
Les. Is he woos yet?
Her. He's by (my Lord.)
Les. At my request he would not:
Flaminia (my dearest) thou neuer spoakst
T a better purpose.
Her. Neuer.
Les. Neuer, but once.
Her. What have I wisse said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prying, and make's
As far as ranke things. One good deed, dying tonguelefe,
Slaughter's a thouland, waiting upon that,
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kiffe a thouand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we hear an Accr. But to th' Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his fly.
What was my first, it's a an elder Sifter,
Or I musttak thee: O, would her Name were Grace,
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay; yet haue't is 3 long.
Les. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had fowrd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy felde my Loane: then did'th vster,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why loo you now, I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for ouer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.
Les. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is munting bloods,
I haue Tremor Cardes on me: my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deride a Libertie
From Heartstune, from Bountie, ferte Boileme,
And well become the Agents: tmayygraunt;
But to be puding Palmes, and pinchinge Fingers,
As now they are, and making pradole Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to figh, as 'twere
The Mort o' th' Deere: oh, that entertainment
My Boforme likes not, nor my Brousse.
Mem.iam, Art thou my Boy?
Mem. I am good Lord.
Les. Why's that?
Why that's my Bawcock, what hast's mount'd thy Note?
They lay it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captain,
We must be near; but not near, but cleanly, Captain;
And yet the Steree, the Heycer, and the Calfe,
Are call'd Near. Still Virginalling
Upon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mem. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Les. Thou wast it a rough path, & the shotts that I have
To be full, like me; yet they lay we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say's,
(That will fay any thing.) But were they false
As ove-yd Blackes, as Wind, as Waters;false
As Dice are to be with'd; by one than false
No barme 'twixt his and mine: yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Left on me with you. Walkin eye, sweet Villaine,
Most cleart, my Collage. Can thy Daim, may't be
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center,
Thou do't make possible thing's not so held,
Commissio't with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's vrenal: thou coaching art,
And fellow it none. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'tt joyne with something, and thou dost,
(And that beyond Commissiion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardening of my Brousse.)
Pol. What means Stella?
Her. He fomeching seemes vnfetted.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Les. What cheerer? how is't with you, left Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brows of much disaffection.
Are you nost't (my Lord?)
Les. No, in good earne.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderness? and make it selfe a Pashme
To harder boomes? Looking on the Lynes
Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Buinfee more matterfull.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whist'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a for-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gulf it is left. How can't (Camilla)
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queenses entreatie.
Leo. At the Queenses bet: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature's by some Seuerals
Of Head-piece extraordinary? Lower Meffes
Perchance are to this Buinfeþ purblind? say,
Cam. Buinfeþ, my Lord? I thinke no fairer understand
Sicilian stays here longer.
Leo. Yes, Cam.
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To satisfie your Highness, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistress.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th' entreaties of your Mistress? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I do not understand (Camilla)
With all the nestles things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Counsels, wherein [priest-like], thou
Hast clean'd my Bofome: I, from thee depair
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Ingratitude, deceit'd
In that which seems fo.
Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To hide upon't; thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin' that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxes honest behind, reftaining
From Coure's requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, graffed in my serious Truth,
And therein negligent: or else a Fool,
That feeth a Grave play'd home, the rich Stake drawn
And tak'st it all for rife.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fayrful,
In every one of the, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If ever I were willful-negligent,
It was my folly: if inadvertently
I play'd the Fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearfull
To do any thing, Where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, twas a farse
Which oft inflicts the wifest: thefe (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is never free of. But befeech your Grace
Be pleas'd with me, let me know my Trefpas
By its owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha' not you scene Camilla?
(But that's paft doubt: you have, or your eye-glafe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vigion fo apparant, Rume
Cannot be mute) or thought (for Cognition
Refides not in the man, that do's not thinke)


My Wife is flipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be immodestly negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, for Thought; then lay
My Wife a Holy-Horie, defences a Name
As ranke as any Flas-Wench, that puts to
Before her teeth-pistle: I say, and truthly,
Cam. I would not be a flander-by, to hear
My Souteraigne Miftrife clouded, so, without
My present vengence taken: I threw my heart,
You never spok what did become you leave
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin
As deepse as that, though true.
Lea. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meeting Noises?
Kissing with in-side Lip? hopping the Caderie
Of Laughter, with a fife (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honesty) hasting foot on foot;
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Hours, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs? theirs only,
That would vertuence be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in it, is nothing,
The courting Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diacles Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous,
Lea. Say it be, its true.
Cam. No, my Lord.
Lea. It is; you see, you see:
I say thou lyest Camillo, and I hate thee,
pronounce thee a groffle Law, a mindlesse Slave,
or else a hoering Temperator, that
Can't with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liar
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glass,
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Lea. Why he that weares her like her Medall, hanging
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
Their owne particular Thieves) they would doe that
Which should vndoe more doing: I say, thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, might be spinke a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a falling Winkle,
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no rash处分,
But with a lingering Dean, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poylon: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miftrife
(So forseraignly being Honorabile.)
I hau'e lovd thee,
Lea. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do't think I am so muddie, to vntiered,
To appointment my fells in this occasion?
Sully the pasture and whitenesse of my Sheares
(Which to preferre, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thorne Netles, Tayles of Walpes)
Give scandal to the blood of the Prince, my Sonne,
(Who doe thinkes is mine, and looke as mine)
Without ripe mowing to? Would I doe this?
Could man so blessh?
Cam. I must beleue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remound, your Highness
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first.
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Inuries of Tongues, in Courts, and Kingdomes
Knowne, and alldy to yours.
Leo. Thou do'tt aduise me,
Even so as I mine owne courfe have fet downe:
I lie gue no blemish to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Gt then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendchip weares as Feast, kpepe with Bohemia,
And with your Queene; I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haft the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not; thou spiltst thine owne
Cam. I do, my Lord.
Leo. I will efume friendly, as thou haft aduis'd me, Exit.
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What cafe stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good Peloncito; and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one
Who in Rebellion with himsfelfe, will have
All that is his, to too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that bad stuch anoynted Kings,
And flourished'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Braffe, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villanie it felte forwarte's. I muft
Forlak the Court: to do't, or nois, is certaine
To me a break-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bohemia.
Exit Peloncito.
Pol. This is strange: Methinks
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day Camillo.
Cam. Hayle moft Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the News i'th Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had loft some Province, and a Region
Laud, as he loues himselfe: even now i met him
With customearie complement, when hee
Waiting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of midst contempt, speeches from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How dare not doe do? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligen to me, I'm thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you muft
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which threswes me mine chang'd too for't must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd wist's.
Cam. There is a ficknesse
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the Basilifique.
I hate
The Winter's Tale

I have look'd on thousands, who have spied the better
By my regard, but kill'd done so: Camilla,
As you are certainly a Gentleman thereunto;
Clerke-like experience, which no lese adorns
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose face we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
That is not to be informed, impart't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sickesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do it thou hear Camilla,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Snitz of mine, that thou declare
What incidencc thou do's shewe of thine
Here Creeping toward me how farre off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, it to be:
If not, how be aest to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think Honorable; therefore mark my counsell,
Which must be taken as swiftly followed, as
I mean't to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loath, and do good night.

Pol. Old, on good Camilla,
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you,
Pol. By whom, Camilla?
Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what purpose?
Cam. He thinkes, may with all confidence he swears,
As he had beene, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his Queene
Forbidden.

Pol. Oh then, my beef blood turne
To an infected Gully, and my Name
Be you'd with his, that did betray the Belf:
Turne then my fretht Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dunse foldish
Where I arise, and my approbation shoud,
Nay hated, worse then the great it Infection
That ere was heard or read.

Cam. Swear in his thought eu
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbidden the Sea to obey the Moone,
As (by Oath) remove, or (Counsell) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is py'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
That lyes enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night.
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by sweete, and threes, at severall Pottterns,
Clear them o'th Citie: For my selfe, I say put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
Here by this discourse left.) Be not uncertraine,
For the honor of my Parents, I
Have erret Truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thercon his Execution owne.

Pol. I doe beleue thee:
I saw his heart in his 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 agoe. This I lollowne
Is for a precious Creature: as fine's rare,
Muft it be great; and, as his Person's mighty,
Muft it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is discomfort'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Fear-e ore-phas'de me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theme; but nothing
Of his ill-ra're Suppliition. Come Camilla,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear it my life off, hence: Let vs suad
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keys of all the Poternees: Please your Highness
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. "Exit."
The Winters Tale.

Man. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Man. Dost it by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Cricketers shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giue me in mine ear.

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

Lord. Behind the ush of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men fecowre so on their waye: I eyed them
even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my in Cunetion? in my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet parake no venomes: for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one prout
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How hee hath drunke, hee craches his gorge, his sides
With violent Heaves: I have drunke, and conte the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandas:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is misinformed: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discouer'd my Defigne, and I
Remains: a pinch'd Thing: yeas, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Potterners
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no title prevail'd: then for,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Gie me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's bear some figure of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sports?

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

Her. But I'll say he had not;
And love I sweare you would beleue my saying,
How e'er you leave to to Nayward.

Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: but about to
Say she is a goodly Lady, and
The inuiice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty thee's not honest: Honorable;
Praye her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith defendes high speech:) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (thee's Petty-brands
That Callumie doth vse; Oh! I am sure,
That Mercy do's, for Callumie will scare
Vertue it selfe) thee's Shrugs, thee's Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said thee's goodly, come betweene,
Else you can fay thee's honest: But be' knowne
(From him that's most care to giue it should be)
She's an Adulteress,

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

Leo. You have mistake (my Lady)

Polixenes for Leonides: O thou Thing,
(Which Ie nor call a Creature of thy place,
Lest Barbarine (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vie to all degrees,
And manderly distinguishing leave out,
(Bewit the Prince and Beggar) I have said
She's an Adulteress, I have said with whom,
More; thine's a Traytor, and Camillo is
A Pedaraste with her, and one that knows
What she should giue to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principle: that there's a
A Bed-swarier, even as bad as those
That Villains giue bold bold Titles; Iand priuy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Prity to none of this: how will this giue you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigg enough to bear
A Scotland-Bows Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her is a face of guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raigens:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honoroble Griete lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drown'd: befech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so quallifi'd, as your Charities
Shall beft infruc't you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who's it then that goes with me befech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you fee
My right requires it. Doe not wepe (good Fool's)
There is no caufe: When you shall know your Mislris
Ha's defer'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer with'd to see you forry, now
I tell it all; my Women come, you hate Jesus.
Leo. Go, doe our building: hence

Lord. Befech your Highnes celate the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do(Sir)lest your Lustre
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe; your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will doe (Sir)
Please you accept it, that the Queene is inopeclue
The'eyes of Heauen, and to you (I mean)
In this, which you accuse her.

Antig. If it prove
She's other wise: I keepe my Stable where
I lodge my Wife, Ie goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trurt her:
For every ynych of Woman in the World,
Is every dream of Woman's flesh is false,
If the be.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my Lords.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some put on,
That will be dam'd for: would I knew the Villaine,

I would
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, a Gentleman, Coates, Emilia.

Fal. The Keeper of the prison, call to him: Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady, No Court in Europe is too good for thee, What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir, You know me, do you not? Gas. For a worthy Lady, And one, who much I honour. Pan. Pray you then, Conduct me to the Queene.

Gas. I may not (Madam) To the contrary I have express commandment.

Pan. Here's a do, to lock vp honesty & honour from Th' accesse of gentle visitors. It's lawful prie you To see her Women? Any of them! Emilia?

Gas. So please you (Madam) To put a part of the your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pan. I pray now call her: With-draw your felices.

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

Pan. Well: be't so: prethee. Here's a false doe, to make no flame, a stable, As pastes colouring. Desere Gentle woman, How fares our gracious Lady? Emili. As well as one so great, and so forlorn May hold together: On her frits, and griefes (Which never tender Lady hath borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.


Pan. I dare be sworn: Those dangerous, unsafe Lunes th' King, beflown them: He must be told on't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman bell. He taketh upon me, He'll prose long-mouth'd, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-loked Anger bee The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia) Command my best obedience to the Queene, If she dares trust me with her little babe, Y' e flew't the King, and vendedake to bee Her Advocate to th' howd'lt. We do not know How he may open at the fight o' th' Childre: The silence often of pure innocence Perverse, when speaking faires.

Emili. Most worthy Madam, your honor, and your goodness is so evident, That your free venderdake cannot misse A thriving ylle: there is no Lady living So mete for this great errand; I please your Ladyship To visit the next rooms. I'll presently Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer, Who, but to day hammerd of this desigme, But durt not tempt a minisiter of honour Least she should be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her (Ermilia).

Ile vie that tongue I hate: If wit flow from't
As boldneffe from my bolome, let no be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleft for it.

Ile to the Queene: I pleace you come something seeret.

Gar. Madam, if I please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incure, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant.

Paul. You neede not feare it (Sir)
This Childre was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proffece of great Nature, thence
Frec'd, and unfranchis'd, not to partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treptaple of the Queene.

Gar. I do beleue it.

Paul. Do not you feare: ypon mine honore, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

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

Leo. Not night, nor day, no rest: It is but weake
To beare the matter thus: Meare weake, if
The caufe were not in being: part oth'caufe,
She, th'adultresse: for the harlot-King,
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofes but thee,
I can hooke to me: say that there were Gone
to the fire, a moitry of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whole there?

Srv. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Srv. He tooke good reft to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicklene is dicharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceynge the dishonour of his Mother.
He shall be as she: she'll shriek, shag and
Shake off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Pie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Restitutions that way
Recouple upon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vainl a time may fure. For present vengeance
Take it on her: Camilla, and Polixenes
Laugh at me: make their paletime at my sorrow:
They shoul not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulinus.

Srv. Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Fears your tyranous passion more (a la)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is jealous.

Antig. That's enough.

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

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creep like shadowes by him, and do sflie
At e'ach his needleffe hearings: such as you
Nourish the caufe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honest, is it, either,) to purge him of that humer,
That preyeth him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyle, there? hee?

Paul. No noyle (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossipes for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

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

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasaures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What can't nor rule her?

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

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When the will take the raine, I let her run,
But thee I'll flumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who proffes,
My selfe your loyal Servante, your Physsitian,
Your most obedient Councillor: yet that dars
Let it appear to, in comforting your Emilies,
Then such as most sceme yours, I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

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

Leo. For her bence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firr hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here's his: Commends it to your blessing.

Ant. The Queene.

A most strange Witch? Hence with her, out dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not lo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In enuising me: and no leeste honest:
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors:

Will you not put her out? Give her the Baflard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-try'd: vnroofed
By thy dame Partlet here.
Take vp the Baflard,
Take't vp, I say: gi'te'st to thy Croane.

Paul. For ever
Unsensible be thy hands, if thou
Tak't vp the Princke, by that forced basencke
Which he's put vp'n.

Leo. He detests his Wife

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

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's here: and that's himselfe: for he,
The Winters Tale

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queens,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whose fling is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the corne now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compelld too) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or Stone was found.

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

Paul. It is yours:
And might we boldly Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worst. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppys of the Fathers: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe,
The trick of 's Frown, his Fore-head, ray, the Valley,
The pretty dups of his Chin, and Cheekes; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Naye, Finger.)
And thus good Goddesse, Name, which halft made it
So like to him that got it, so thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least the suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husband.

Leo. Aadge Happe:
And Lozeful, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husband.
That cannot doe that Feat, you'll leave your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Oonce more take her hence.

Paul. A wofv unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vyage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more acculation
Then your own weake, hind's, d' Fancy; some thing favors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were Ia Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durft not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not pull me, Ile be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) tis yours: Iane tend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are so tender o're his Follies,
Will never doe him good, not one of you,
So, Farewell, we are gone.

Leo. Thou (Traitor) shall be on thy Wife to this,
My Child away with't, even thou, that haft
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly conformed with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this house bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile feare thy life.
With what thou eile call it thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Baffard-Braynes with these thy proper hands
Shall I slay out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou liest on thy Wife.
The Winters' Tale

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

Aitius Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymats delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the isle, the Temple much surpassing The common praty it beares, Dion. I shall report. For moff it caught me, the Celestiall Habits, (Me thinkes I to shou’d terme them) and the exurrence Of the gratest Weathers. O, the Sacrifice, How ceremonious, solemn, and vn-earthly It was I’ts Offering? Cleo. But of all the bursts And the neede-deaft Kinge’s voice oh! Oracle, Kin to Jove Thunder, so surpriz’d my Sence, That I was nothing. Dion. If e’er I should sigh my Journey Proue as successfull to the Queene (O be’t fo) As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the vie on’. Cleo. Great Apollo Turnne all to the burst: these Proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like. Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end the Buinuss, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo’s great Divine fealt’d vp) Shall the Contents diffuse: somthing rare Even then will reach to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses, And gracious be the issue. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Lea. This Session (so our greate griefe we pronounce) Even pulis’d gainst our heares. The partie try’d, The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one Of vs too much belou’d. Let vs be clear’d Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice which shall have due course, Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation: Produce the Prisoneer.

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

Lea. Read the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, these are here accused and arraigned of High Treason, an committing Adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sovereigne Lord the King, by Royal Inhumanity; the pretences whereof being by circumstances partly laid open (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, both countenanc’d and sustayned, for their better saftetie, to flye away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot mee To say, Not guile: mine Integrite Being counted Faireness, shall (as I express it) Be so recei’d. But thus, if Powres Divine Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make False Accusation blithe, and Tyrannie Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know (Whom leal will seeme to doe to) my past life Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now vnhappy; which is more Then Hiffarie can patrene, though deuils’d, And play’d to take Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owne A Mostie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore Who pleasse to come and hear, For Life, I prize it As I weigh Grietie (which I would spaires) For Honor, Tis a distressure from me to mine, And onely that I stand for. I appeale To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so: since he came, With what encounter so ever, I have frayn’d I appeale thus; if one not beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or will That way enuicing, harden’d be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my heed of Kim Crye vp to my Graue. Lea. I ne’re heard yet, That any of thel bolde Vices wanted Lelle Impudence to gainse-fay what they did, Then to performe it first.

Her. That’s true enough, Though tis a saying (Sir) not due to me. Lea. You will not owne it.

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

Lea. You know of his departure, as you know What you have vnder’t to doe in’s absence. Her. Sir,
The Winters Tale.

Her. Sir,  
You speake a Language that I understand not;  
My Life standes in the Loue of your Dreamers,  
Which he lay downe,  
Loo. Your Actions are my Dreames.  
You had a Baffard by Polixenes,  
And I burn't it: As you were past all shame,  
(Thos of your Face are so) to past all truth;  
Which to deny, concerns more then anates: for as  
Thy Brat hath been call out, like to it selfe,  
No Father owning it (which is indeed  
More criminal in thee, then it) to thou  
Shalt feele our Luflhes in whose cattell passage,  
Looke for no leffe then death.  
Her. Sir, spare your Threates:  
The Buggie which you would fright me with, I feele:  
To me can Life be no commodity;  
The crowne and comfort of my Life(your Favor)  
I doe give Joft, for I doe feele it gone,  
But know not how it went.  
My second joy,  
And still Fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am bar'd, like one infelions, My third comfort  
(Star'd moit unluckily) is from my breast  
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)  
Hald' out to murther. My selfe on every Post  
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred  
The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which longs  
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, I spied  
Here to this place, the open ayr, before  
I have got strength of Lim. Now (my Liege)  
Tell me what blamings I have here alue,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:  
But yet here is this: mistake me not; no Life,  
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,  
Which I would fre: if I should be condem'd  
Upon furnizes (all proofs being elle,  
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you  
Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,  
I doe referre me to the Oracle:  
Apollo be my Judge.  
Lord. This your request  
is altogether just: therefore bring forth  
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle,  
Her. The Emperor of Ruffia was my Father.  
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding  
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but fee  
The flame of my miserie; yet with eyes  
Of Pity, not Revenge.  
Officr. You here that spawre upon this Sword of Sufferice,  
That you (Cleomenes and Diomed) have  
Been both at Delphi, and from thence have brought  
This Teald'ry Oracle, by the Hand delieued  
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,  
You have not dard to break the holy Seale,  
Nor read the Secrets int.  
Cleo. Do. All this we spawre.  
Loo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.  
Officr. Hermoude is chief, Polixenes, الحملية, Camillo a true Sibyl, Leonato a seavous Tyrant, his innocent Babe in his begraven, and the King (had he lived without an Error) of that which is left, he not found.  
Lords. Now bielest be the great Apollo.  
Her. Praied.  
L. Hatt thou read truth?  
Officr. (To my Lord) e'en so as it is here set downe.  
Loo. There is no truth at all I'm Oracle:  
The Seftions shall proceed; this is mere falsehode.  
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?  
Loo. What is the bifnife?  
Ser. O Sire, I shall be bred to report it.  
The Prince your Sonne, with more conceit, and fear  
Of the Queenes speed is gone.  
Loo. How gone?  
Ser. Is dead,  
Loo. Apollo? angry, and the Heavenes themselves  
Doe Iake at my Grieffull. How now there?  
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene; Look downe  
And see what Death is doing.  
Loo. Take her hence;  
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.  
I have too much beleue'd mine owne supposition;  
Before you tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon  
My great prophanteesse gainst thine Oracle,  
He reconcile me to Polixenes,  
Now wee my Queene, 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 minifter, to payton  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo raddied  
My swift commond: though I with Death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,  
And full'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueft  
Vndisp'y'd my practique, quit his fortunes here  
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard  
Of all Incertainties, himself commended,  
No richer then his Honor: Hooe he glifiers  
Through my Ruff? and how his Pietie  
Do's my deeks make the blacker?  
Paul. Woe the while:  
O cut my Lace, lest my heart (crackinge it)  
Break too.  
Lord. What fit is this good Lady?  
Paul. What flushed torrent (Tyrant) shaft for me?  
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture  
Mull I receive; whole every word deferves  
To taffe of thy molt volue. Thy Tyranny  
(Together working with thy Jealousies,  
Fancyes too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle  
For Gietes of Nine) O thinke what they have done,  
And then suad mad indeed: starke-mad: for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betrayed Apollo? (I was nothing  
That did but flew thee, of a Fools, incoffant,  
And damnable ingratefull;) Nor was't much.  
Thou wouldst have payton'd good Camillo's Honor,  
To have him kill a King: poore Trepassers,  
More monitory standing by: whereas I reckon  
The calling forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughters  
To be o'torne or little; though a Deuid  
Would have fled water out of fire, ere don't.  
Not is't directly layd to thee the death  
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts  
(Toughts high for one to tender) clear the heart  
That could conceive a groffe and foolish Sire  
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,  
Layd to thy answer: but the laft. O Lords,  
When I have said, cry wee the Queene, the Queene,  
The
The Winters Tale.

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Parl. I say, he's dead: I'll swear it. If you, O, or oath
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lute in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not spend these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can fiure: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In forme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I hate deser'd
All tongue to takle their bitterest

Lord. Say no more;
How ever the businesse goes, you have made fault
I tholdneffe of your speech.

Parl. I am forry for't:
All faults i make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Also, I have thow'd too much
The rashneffe of a woman is too much
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receive allscion
At my petition; I believe you, rather
Let me be punifh'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolifh woman:
The loose I bore your Queene (Lo, loole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Hee not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When moit the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pitted of thee. Prechee bring me
To the dead bodiies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Upon them shall
The couses of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreacion. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercisse, lo long
I dalyly vow to vie it. Come, and leade me
To their forrowes.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheeve-

Lord, and Clowns.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Deart's of Bahenina.

Mar. 1 (my Lord) and lesare
We have Land'd in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten gretten blysters. In my conscience
The heauen with that we bane in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's.

Ant. Their fac'd will be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barge, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your belf happe, and goe not.
Too-farre: the Land: its like to be lowd weater,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe your's.

Ant. Go thou away,
Ile follow instandy.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ride of th'businesse.

Exit. Conv. poore babe:
I have heard (but not beleif'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for nere was dreamt
So like a waking. To me cometh a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vefell of like forrow
So fill'd, and so bocomming: in pure white Robes
Like very fanchy she did approach
My Cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaping to begin some speeche) her eyes
Became two spoures; the surfe spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thouer-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bahemina,
There wherepe, and let us crying: and for the babe
Is counted loft for ever, Perdita
I preache call'd: For this vngente businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou're that sheeke:
Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with thrickes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfes, and thought
This was so, and no flambeur: Dreames, are toys
Yet for this once, ye superstitiously,
I will be quare by this. I do beleau
Harmoine hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
Of King Polixenes) is: shou'd heere be laide
(For either of life, or death) vp'n the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloffome, speed thee well,
Thee, thy lyke, and there thy character: there thine,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And full rett thine. The forme beginnes poor wreath,
That for thy mothers fault, art thou expos'd
To loffe, and what may follow. Wepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most accurt am I
To be by oath endoy'd to this. Farewell,
The day brownes more and more: thou'lt like to have
A lubelle too rough: I never saw
The heauens so dim, by day. A faunge clamor:
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chance,
Iam gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Bear.

Shoe. I would there were no age betwene ten
And three and twentie, or that youth would sleep out the reft
For there is nothing (in the betwenee) but getting
Wenches with childe, 'wronging the Auncinty, resting,
Fighting, hearkes you now: would any but these boyle-
Brains of ninetene, and two and twenty bunte this weater
They have fard' away two of my belf Shepe,
Which I feare the Wolfe will sooner find then the Mifer;
If any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brous-
ing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and 'tis thy will) what hau
we herehe? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty Barne; A
Boy, or a Childe I wonder it? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) sure some Scrape; Though I am not bookef, yet I

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheepe-

Shoe. I would there were no age betwene ten
And three and twentie, or that youth would sleep out the reft
For there is nothing (in the betwenee) but getting
Wenches with childe, 'wronging the Auncinty, resting,
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The Winters Tale.

Enter Clowne.

Clc. Hilloa, loa.

Shop. What is this neare? If thou be a free, what is so this thing to take on, when thou art dead and rotten, some hither: what say ye, then, man?

Clc. I have scenee two such fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the sky, bewitx the Firmament and it, you cannot use a bodkins point.

Shop. Why boy, how is it?

Clc. I would you did but see how it chases, how it rises, how it takes vp the those, that's not to the point.
Oh, the most pitious cry of the poor soules, sometime to see 'em, & not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boating the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yelte and froth, as you'd thrt a Corke into a hogges head.
And then for the Land-feratace, to see how the Beare came on his shoulder-bone, how he crise to me for helpe, and paid his name was Augustus, a Noblemans.

Clc. I would you had bin by, to have help'd the old man.

Shop. This is Fairies Gold boy, and will prove for vp with, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so will require nothing but 4crowe. Let my fieepe go: Come (good boy), the next way home.

Clc. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ie go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how that he hath exterm, they are neuer curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, ile die for.

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

Clowne. Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him t'ground.

Shop. Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfoled error, Now take vpon me (in the name of Time) To vie my wings; Impuje it not a crime To me, or my swift patings, that I flide One vinteene yeeres, and leave the growth vntilde
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powere To oerthrow Law, and in one fell-e borne howre To plant, and oer-whelme Culthome. Let me passe The fame I am, ere ancient's Order was,
Or what is now receiued, I winne to The times that brought them in, fo shall I do To th'freeheft things now reigning, and make stale The glitering of this present, as my Tale Now seesme to: your patience this allowing;
I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing As you had left betweene: Levites leaving Th' effects of his fond rejudices, so greening That he flutes vp himselfe. Imagine me (Gentle Speculators) that I now may be In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a scene of Kings, which Floridus I now name to you: and with speed to pace To speake of Pericles, now grown in grace Equall with wonder. What of her intents I lift not prophetic: but let Times newes Be knowene when'ts brought forth. A shepheard daught And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter Is that gument of Time: of this allow, If ever you have spent time worth, ere now: If sooner, yet that Time himselfe doth lay, He wishez honestly, you never may.

Exeunt.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Poltinesent, and Camillo.

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

Camillo. It is fifteen yeere since I saw my Countrey: though I hate (for the most part) bin syed abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the peniteit King (my Master) hath lent me, to whose feeling forrowes I might be some allay, or I were wene to thinke which is another figure to my departare.

Pol. As thou lout if me (Camil) wipe not out the rest of thy feneres, by leaving me now: the neede I have of thee, thine owner goodheft hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Butinnes, (which borne (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either flay to execute them thy felle, or take away with thee the very feneres thou haft done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendhipples. Of that facall Countrey Scitias, the bee speake no more, whole very naming, punisheth me with the remembrance
The Winters Tale.

of that pinnent (as thou callst him) and reconcil'd King my brother, whose Ioffe of his most precious Queen & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when wast thou the Prince Florizel? my son? Kings are no leffe unhappy, their life, not being gracious, then they are in looking them, when they have approved their Ventures.

Cam. Sir, it is three dasyes since I saw the Prince: what his happier sticles may be, are to me unknowne: but I haue (misleadingly) noted, he is of late much retir'd from Court, and is lefee frequent to his Princeley excercises then formerly he had appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much (Camilla) and with some care, so faire, that I have eyes vnder my finerye, which looko upon his renownedesse: from whom I haue this intelligence, that he is feldome from the haunt of a moost homely shepeheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspakeable efface.

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

Pol. That's like wise part of my intelligence: but (I feare) the angle that plucks our forensic thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are, shall) come question with the sheep-heard; from whose simplicitie, I thinke it not vnto feare to get the caue of my finoses report thither. Preethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My self Camilla, we must disguife our faces. Exit: Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When Daffadillies begin to peare,
With hugh the Deyce over the daile,
Why then comes in the feaste o' the peare,
For the red blood rages in my winters pale.

The white froste bleaching on the hodge,
With bay the sweete birds, O how they sing:
Dost set my pang going to an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a shaft for a King.

The Lark that tira a Lyra chansont,
With hugh she Thrush and the Lai;
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts,
While we are tumbling in the bay.

I have serued Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of licence.

But still I am mesure for that (my desire)
the pale Moone shines by night;
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Turtles may have tone to tone,
And bear the Sun on his Bowget,
Then my account I will may give,
And in the Stocket anoweth it.

My Travells is threttes: when the Rite builds, looke to
letter Limen. My Father want' me Autolycus, who be-

ing (as I am) lyttet'nder Mercurie, was likewise a
snapper-up of unconsideret trifles: With Dye and drab,
I purchas'd this Casparion, and my Renowne is the sily
Cheese, Gallows, and Knecke, are too powerfull on
the Highground: Hearing and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Chlorine.

Clo. Let me fee, evry Lausean-weather todder, evry
tod yelder pound and oddle shilling: fifteen hundred
flower, what comes the wood too?

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

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee fee,
what am I to buy for our Sheepes-fairing-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, five pound of Currene, Rice: What
will this fister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Miftris of the Feast, and the lays it on.
She hath made me four and twenty Nolfe-gates for the thea-
riers (three-man long-men, all, and very good ones) but
they are most of them meanes and Rates; but one Purri-
man amongst them, and he fings Palms to horse-pipes.
I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pins, Mace,
Dates, none it's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen;
A race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four
pound of Preynxes, and as many of Reyions on't Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was borne,
Clo. Sithence of time.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucks but off these
raggis: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poor foule, thou hast need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then have thef off.

Aut. Oh fir, the loathingnesse of them essefand,
mor then the stripes I have receu'd, which are mightie
ones and millions.

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

Aut. I am rob'd, and beaten: my money, and ap-
parel tane from me, and the dereable things put upon
me.

Clo. What, by a horsem-an, or a footman?

Aut. A footman (sweet fir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foole, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this be a horsem-an Come, it
beasts very hot temper. Lend me thy hand, He helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poor foule.

Aut. Oh good fir, softly, good fir: I fear (fr) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

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

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

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, I befeech you fir: I have
a Kingman not paist three quarters of a mile hence, vnto
whome I was going: I fiall there have mony, or anie
thing I want: Ofer me no mony I pray you, that killes
my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was hee that rob'd
you?

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

Clo.
The Winters Tale.

Cl. His vices you would say: there’s no virtue whip out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Ant. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ace-Bearer, then a Process-Runner (a Baylith) then hee compass a Motion of the Prodigall Sorne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lye; and (hauing Bowne our manly knauish proffessions) he fasted onely in Rogue: some call him Antiochus.


Ant. Very true sirr: he fethhe: that’s the Rogue that put me into this apparell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bobemist: If you had but look’d bigge, and spit at him, he’d haue runne.

Ant. I must confess to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am falle of that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Ant. Sweet sirr, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, & peace softe-

ly towards my Kinmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good sirr, do not swe.

Clo. Then furtive well, I quaff go buy Spices for our fher in the hearing.

Exeunt.

Ant. Proper you sweet sirr. Your purse is not ho-

eugh to purchase your Spice: I be with you at your fheeple-fhearing too: I make not this Cheet bring out another, and the fheerez proue fheeple, let me be vnrolle, and my name put in the booke of Vertere.

Song. Jee, see, jee, the fast path way,
And nature bent the Styke a-
A merry heart go all the day,
Your sad yres in a Mile a.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Floria, Pardis, Shepherd, Clowne, Poets, Actors, Camille, Mayor, Dares, Senator, Antiochus.

Flor. Thefe your vnuitual weeds, to each part of you
Do gue a life: no Shepherdel, but Flor.

Perring in Aprils front. This your fheeple-fhearing,
Is a meeting of the perty God,
And you the Queene out.

Perd. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your egresses, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them;) your high selfe
The gracious mark of O’t Land, you have obser’d,
With a Swaine wearing: and me (poore lowly Maid)
Most Goddeslike: like prak’d vp: But that our Feasts
In every Melle, have foloe, and the Feester
Digge with a Cuffome, I should blushe
To see you asy’d: fowne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flor. I blewe the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Joue afford you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnecce
Hath not beene vs’d to fear:) even now I tremble
To think your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vijdeely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The fermesse of his preference?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but insolence: the Goddes themselves
(Humblling their Deities to love) have taken
The shapes of Beasts vpun them. Jupiter,
Become a Bull, and bellou’d: the Greene Neprune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab’d-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I feene now. Their transformations,
Were newe for a piece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my defires
Run not before mine honor nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faiths.

Perd. O but Sirr
Your resolution cannot hold, when ’tis
Oppos’d (as it must be) by the powre of the King;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-
Or my life.

Flo. This deers Perdita,
With these for’d thoughts, I præche darkem not
The Mirch o’t Feast: Or I be shine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though defthy fay no. Be merry (Genie)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the white. Your guests are comming:
Life vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that muptall, which
We two have sworn toall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you suspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Address your selfe to entertaine them spightly,
And let’s be red with mirth.

Step. By (daughter) when my old wife hau’d vp
This day, she was both Pantler, Builer, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom’d all: sever’d all,
Would sing her song, and dance her tyme: now heere
At copp ter o’t Table; now, s’t middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face of fire
With labour, and the thing theoke to quench it
She would to each one fit. You are resery’d,
As if you were a scathed one: and not
The Hottesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theue vnsnowne friends to’s welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knoune.
Come, quench your blusters, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mithra o’t Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your fheeple-fhearing,
As your good flocks shall proffer.

Perd. Sir, welcome,
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hottessehip o’t day: you’re welcome Sir;
Give me those Flewres there (Dares.) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there’s Rohemay, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and favour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.
Do's change my disposition.
Flo. What you do,
Still better's what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd have you do it ever: When you sing,
Thou hast such a way, and fell so: go glue Almes,
Pray'd: and is to the ordring your Alsyares,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queenes.
Perd. O Darlics,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairly through's,
Do plainly glue you out an unblain'd Shepherd
With widgeome, I might meeare (my Darlics)
You would me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdutas) to Turtles pair
That never means to part.
Perd. Ie swears for em.
Flo. This is the prettiest Low-borned Lasse,that ever
Rid on the grease-ford: Nothing fite do's, or femees
But fircles of some thing greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good ffoth fie
The Queene of Cards and Creame.
Clo. Come on, strike vp.
Dorac. Myself must be your Mistres: marry GaHick
To mend her killing with.
Step. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.
Here a Dance of Shepheardes and
Shepheardesses.
Perd. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
What furies with your daughter?
Step. They call him Darlics, and belithes himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding: but I have it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it
He looks like ffoth: he snyes he loves my daughter,
I think to too; for neuer gazz the Moon.
Vpon the water, as hee flaind and reade
As towe my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I think there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loves another beft.
Perd. She dances feastly.
Step. So she does any thing, though I report it
That shoule be silent: If yong Darlics
Do light vpon her, the shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.
Enter Servant.
Serr. O Master, if you did but hear the Pedler at the door,
you would never dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: her finges
feuerall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee Vieta
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew
to his Tunes.
Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I love a balladh but even too well, if it be doelfully matter
merly fet downe: or a very pleafant thing indeede, and
sing lamentably.
The Winters Tale.

Chlo. What haft heere? Ballads?

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

Ant. Here's one, to a very dolefult tune, how a Vluer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burren, and how the long'd to cate Adders heads, and Toads carbamado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Ant. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a Vluer.

Ant. Here's the Midwifes name to't; one Mift. Tale-Poeter, and fuse or fix honest Wives, that were present.

Why should I carry eyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clos. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see some Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad of a Fift, that appeared upon the caft, on wenfday the fourt of April, fortie thouand fadom about water, & fang this ballad againft the hard hearts of maidis: it was thought the fhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for the wold not exchange fleshe with one that loud'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Ant. Fue juduces hands at it, and witnesse more then my pack will hold.

Clos. Lay it by too; another.

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

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a paffing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maidis wooning a man: there's a faire a Maide wellward but the finge it: tis in requital, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both finge it: if thou'le beare a paire, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

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

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

Song

Get you hence, for I must go.

Shout where you list not to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. Of what?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy self full well,

Then to me thy secret tell.

Dor. Me too: Let me go thinke:

Mop Or thou mayst to Gange, or till

Dor. If either thou shalt ill,

Ant. Neither.

Dor. What whether?

Ant. Neither.

Dor. Thou haft sworn my Love to be;

Mop Thou haft sworn it more to me.

Then whether geft? Say whether.

Clos. We'll heare this song out anon by our felues: My Father, and the Gene are in sad talks: We'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wrenches I'll buy for you both: Pedler let's heaft the fift choice: follow me girles.

Ant. And you shall pay well for'em.

Song.

What will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cover?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a.

Any Silk, any Tread, any Tapeys for your head.

Of the nooow, and fin flai's weares-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a matter.

That deth offer all men were-a.

Servant. Mayfiers, there is three Carters, three Shep.

hers, three Near-hers, three Swine-hers y haue mad, 

B 3 them,
The Winters Tale.

themselfes all men of harce, they call themselfes Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenchens fay is a gally-mastry of Cambells, because they are not in't: but they themselfes are o'th'mind (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Stop. Away: Wee none ont'; heere has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee warie you.

Pol. You warie thoie that refell vs: pray let's see these four-three's of Heerdimen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report (Sir), hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but timpse twclwe foote and a half by th' squire.

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

Ser. Why, they stay as doore Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Sal teres.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now (faire shepeheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed love, as you do: I was wont To load ray Shee with knacks: I would have ranlackt The Pedlers stken Treasuary, and hauue power'd it To her acceptance: you have lett him go, And nothing more of my mind with him. If your I safe Interpretation shold abuse, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bountry, you were straited For a reply at iash, if you make a care Of happe holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not fancys trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not delier'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it shoulde seeme) Hath sometime don'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doues downe, and as white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fand's know, that's bolted By th' Northerne blifs, twice o're. 

Pol. What follows this?

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

Flo. Do, and be wineste too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heausen, and all; That were I crownd the most Imperiall Monarch Thereof most worthy: were I the yafret youth That ever made eye seerve, had force and knowledge More then was ever man, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Command them, and commend them to her service, Or to their owne persudion.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This sheverse a sound affection.

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

Per. I cannot speake so well, (nothing so well) no, nor mean better By thy presence of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purtie of his.
The Winters Tale.

Worthy enough, a Heerdman: yea him too, That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein) Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou These rural Latchets, to his entrance open, Or hope his body more, with thy embracess, I will denie a death, as cruel for thee As thou art tender to.

Exit.

Ferd. Even here vndone: I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice I was about to speake, and tell him plainlye, The felde same Sun, that shines vpon his Court, Hides not his vllage from our Cottages, but Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone? I told you what would come of this: Befeech you Of your owne estate take care: This dreame of mine Being now awake, Ic Queen is no inch farther, But make me Eues, and wepe.

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

Stop. I cannot speake, nor thinke, Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir, You have vndone a man of fourescore three, That thought to fill his graine in quiet: yea, To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de, To lye close by his honest bones; but now Some Hangman must put on my thread, and lay me Where no Priet fhoul'd in dub. Oh cursed wretch, That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone: If I might dye within this houre, I hate li'd To die when I delire.

Exit.

Flo. Why looke ye so vpon me? I am but terry, not afeard: delaid, But nothing alreadied: What I was, I am More straining of, for plecking backe; not following My leafe vvolwillingly.

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

Flo. I not purpose it: I think Camillus.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

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

Flo. It cannot faile, but by The violation of my faith, and then Let Nature crush the sides of the earth together, And marre the seeds within. Life vp thy loukes: From my feceffion wippe me (Father) I Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am and by my lance, if my Reason Will thereto be obdurate: I have reason: If not, my fences better pleas'd with madneffe, Or it will come.

Cam. This is desperat (Sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow: I needs must thinke it honestly. Camillus

Be advis'd, nor the pompe that may Be thereto glemmed: for all the Sun fees, or The close earthe wombes, or the profound fees, hides In vndowe fadomes, will I break my oath To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you, As you have ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend, From whom I have received all, (in faith I mean not) To see him any more) call your good counsailers Upon his passion: Let my tale, and Fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliver, I am put to Sea.

With her, who heere I cannot hold on Goods: And most opportune to her neede, I have A Vessel rides fall, but not prepar'd For this defigne. What course I mean to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

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

Flo. Heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee is irreconcileable,

Flo. Reolu'd for flight. Now were I happy if His going, I could frame to serue my turne, Saeue him from danger, do him love and honor; Purchase the fight againe of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy King, my Master, whom I so much thift to fee.

Flo. Now good Camillus, I am so fraught with curious businesse, that I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke You have heard of my poorse services, I'm sure That I have burnt your Father?

Flo. Very nobly Have you deferred: It is my Fathers Musick To speake your deeds: not little of his care To have them recompence'd, as thought on,

Cam. Well (my Lord) If you may please to think I love the King, And through him, what's needfull to him, which is Your gracious felowes, embrase but my direction, If your more ponderous and setled proiect May suffer alteration. On mine honor, I doe point you where you shall have such receivings As shall become your Highnesse, where you may Enjoy your Miftres; from the whom, I fee There's no disfunction to be made, but by (As heavens foretell) your rute: Marry her, And with my best endeavours, in your abidence, Your discontenting Father, flue to qualify And bring him vp to liking.

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

Cam. Have you thought on A place where to you go?

Flo. Not any yet: But as thynthouht-on accident is guilte To what we wildely do, fo we professe Our felues to be the guides of chance, and flies Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then let it come.

This follows, if you will not change your purpose But vndergoe this flight: make for Sicilia, And there present your felow, and your fayre Princeelle. 

(For so I see the must be) 'tore Leonore.
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. My thoughts I see
Leunter opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcome forthstalks thereon Sonne forgivene,
As 'twere is'th Fathers perfons; kifes the hands
Of your fresh Princesse, and one or two embraces him,
Twist his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: it's one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Father then Thought, or Time.

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

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To gree him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne before there, lie write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting.
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Before there,
And speake his very Heart.

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

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felicis;
To upwash'd Waters, and calm'd Shores; too certaine,
To Mijerises enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another.
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their brief office, if they can but fly you,
Where you're be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Lone,
Whole heart compleation, and whole heart together,
Affliction ares.

Perd. One of these is true:
I think Affliction may bedue the Cheeks,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Year say you fo?
This shall not, at your Fathers Honfe, the feven yeeres
Be borne another inch.

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

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks Instructions, for the Scenes a Mistrefse
To molt that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
I'll blushe you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perida.
But O, the Thones we stand vpon: (Camilla)
Prefenter of my Father, now of me.
The Medicine of our Honfe: how shall we doe?
We are not furnished like Bohemias Sonne,
Nor shall appear in Servia.

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shal be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as it
The Scene you play, were mine. For infirme Sir,
That you may know you shall not want one word.

Enter Affiancie.

Aut. Ha ha, what a Foule Honifhee is: and Truth (his
fovery brother) a very fingle Gentleman. I have told
all my Tromperies: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Gaffe, Pomander, Brouch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloute, Shoes-tyee, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to kepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I faw whole Purfs weel beft in Parchure; and what I saw, to my good vif, I remember well. My Clause (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in Jone with the Wenches Song, that hee would not firre his Poyete-toys, till he had both Tune and Words, which fo drew the reft of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flucke in Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fene-leffe; it was nothing to guild a God-peece of a Purfe: I would have fill'd Keys of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick'd and cut off most of their Feftiall Purfs: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughte, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowghefs from the Chaff, I had not left a Purfe alue in the whole Army.

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

Flo. And those that you procure from King Leontus
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may glue vs aside.

Aut. If they have ouer-heard me now: why hanging,
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shal k'thou fo? Fear not (man)
Here's noarme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir
Cam. You shall be still: here a body will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy power, we must make an exchange; therefore dif-cate thee thely (thought I
must thinke there's a nectarific in it) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the pewny-worth (on his
side) be the worl, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

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

Cam. Nay preethe dispaich: the Gentleman is halfe
flied already.

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

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

Cam. Vnbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistrefse (let my prophesy
Come home to ye) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couter: take your sweet-hearts Harts
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) dilkken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes outer) to Ship-board
Get underpay'd.

Perd. I fee the Play fo yees,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Hau'e you done there?

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

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

Aut. Adieu, Sir,

Flo. O Perida: what have we swaine forgot?
Pray you a word.
Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall be presuamle.
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view Sicilia; for whose sake,
I have a Woman Longing.
Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (Camilla) to th' Sea-side.
Cam. The twiter speed, the better.
Exit.
Aunt. I wonderland the bufinesse, 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
worke for th' other Scence. I fee this is the time that the
vuift man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Surely
the Gods do this yeere commune at vs, and we may
do any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about
a piece of Inquitie (flealing away from his Father, with
his Clog at his heels); I slov'd it was a piece of ho-
nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do:
I hold it the more knaveuerie to conceale it; and therein am
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clow and Shepheard.
Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Ebury
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Sealion, Hanging, yields
a careful man worke.
Clow. See, see, what a man you are now? there is no
other way, but to kill the King he's a Changeling, and
none of your flesh and blood.
Shop. Nay, but hear me,
Clow. Nay, but hear me,
Shop. Go on then.
Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your
flesh and blood has not offended the Kind, and so your
flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Shew those
things you found about her (those secret things, all but
what she has with her) This being done, let the Law goe
whilome I warrant you.
Shop. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his
Sonnors prach too; who, if I may say, is no honest man,
With this he is as Clog at his heels; I goe about to make the
King and Brothers in Law.
Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you
could have been to him, and then your Blood had beene
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.
Aunt. Very wisely (Puppseys).
Shop. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this
Farwell, will make him scratch his Beard.
Aunt. I know not what impediment this Complaint
may be to the flight of my Master.
Clo. Pray heartily he be at Palace.
Aunt. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometime
by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement.
How now (Rulliques) whither are you bound?
Shop. To th' Palace (and it like your Worship.)
Aunt. Your Affairs there: what is to be done? the
Condition of that Farwell? the place of your dwelling;
your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and
any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?
Clo. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.
Aunt. A Lyce; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have
no liking; it becomes none but Traged-men, and they of-
fend to the Lyce, but wee pay them for it
with flamet Cuesday, not babbing Steele, therefore they
do not give us the Lyce.
Clo. Your Worship had like to have gived us one, if
you had not taken your felle with the manner.
Shop. Are you a Courtier, and like you Sir?
Aunt. Whether it is like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeth
thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enchantings? Hath
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receivest not
thy Note Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy
Baisenne, Court-Contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I
inuent, at roaste from thee thy Baisenne, I am therefore
no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pie; and one that
will effect pull-in, or pluck back, thy Baisenne there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.
Shop. My Baisenne, Sir, is to the King.
Aunt. What Advocate ha'll thou to him?
Shop. I know not (and'st like you).
Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant; say
you have none.
Shop. None Sir: I haue no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.
Aunt. How blest are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might have made thee as thefes are; Therefore I will not disdaine.
Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.
Shop. His Garments are rich, but he wearres them not
handiemonly.
Clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantas-
ticall! A great Man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking
on't Teeth.
Aunt. The Farwell there? What's th' Farwell?
Wherefore that Box?
Shop. Sir, there lies such Secrets in this Farwell and
Box, whiche none must know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this house, if I may come to th' speach
of him.
Aunt. Age, thou haft lost thy Labour.
Shop. Why Sir?
Aunt. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for
if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know
the King is full of grieue.
Shop. So 'tis said (Sir) about his Sonne, that should
have married a Shepheardes Daughter.
Aunt. If that Shepheard be not in hand, fast, let him
flyes the Curse he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel,
will break the back of Man, the heart of Monifter.
Clo. Think you so, Sir?
Aunt. Not hee alone butt suffer what Wit can make
heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are tarmesine
to him (though remold sixtie times) shall all come under
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is
neceffarie. An old Shephee-whittling Rogue, a Rain-ten-
der, to offer to have his Daughter come in grace; Some
fay hee shall be flon'd: but that death is too soft for him
(fay I.) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coast? all deaths
are too few, the sharpest too eafe.
Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)
and like you, Sir?
Aunt. Hee he is a Sonne: who shall be frayd alius, then
noysted out with Honey, set on the head of a Waysters
Neft, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead;
then recover'd againe with Aquavit, or some other hot
Infusions then,raw as he is, and in the hoft day Prognos-
tication proclamyns shall he be set against a Brick-wall;
(some Sonne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him;
where hee is to behold him, with this bullies) to give
(see) What saith we of this Traitors-Raftsall, whose in-
signes are to be fum'd at, their ofences being so capital...
Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, I bring you where he is abroad; tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and if it be in his mind, besides the King, to effect your Suiters, here is man shall do it.

Cleo. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold: and though Authoritie be a stubborn Beare, yet he is oft led by the Noose with Gold: thow the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more ado. Remember floud, and flay'd alow.

Shop. And prithee you Sir to understand the Business for vs, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawning, till I bring it you.

Aust. After I have done what I promised?

Shop. I Sir.

Aust. Well, give me the Moltie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Cleo. In some sort, Sir: but though my cause be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not flay'd out of it.

Aust. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew out strange lights: he must know ts none of your Daughters, nor my Sister: we are gone off. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man don't, when the Businesse is performed, and reming (as he fayres) you pawning till it be brought you.

Aust. I will trust you, Walk before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cleo. We are friends, in this man: as I may say, even blest'd.

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

Aust. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am counterd now with a double occasion; Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may come backe to my advantage? I will bring these two Moses, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he thinke it fit to shooe them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre efficions, for I am proste against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Eumenes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lenas, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, Serment: Florus, Perdita.

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

Len. While I remember Her, and her Vertue, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and still think of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-leffe it hath made my Kingdom, and Defray'd the sweetest Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord.)

If one be out, you were well all the World, Or from the All that are, dooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be unparalleled.

Len. I thinke so, Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik't me So, as to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy Tongue as in my Thought. Now,good flow, Say I but feldome.

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

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

Dio. If you would not so, You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Souraigne Name: Consider little, What Danger, by his Highnesse fail of Illue, May drop upon his Kingdom, and dauncie Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Than to retch up to the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repayre, For present comfort, and for future good, To bleffe the Bed of Malefie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Reeping her that's gone) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For he that oues the Diumine Apollo said, It's not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Lenas shall not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found: Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my Antiquan to break his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Shall goe with the Infolace. Is your counsellor, My Lord should to the Heausens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for Illue, The Crownne shall find an Heire. Great Alexander Left his to th'o' Worthless: so his Successor Was like to be the beft.

Len. Good Paulina, Who half the memnes of Hermione I know in honar: O, that even I Had ques'd me to thy counsell: then, even now, I might have look'd upon my Queens full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

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

Len. Thou speakest trivial: No more of such Wits, therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs would make her Sainted Spirit Against possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offenders now appear) Soule-vest, And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the such power, She had i'th such caufe.

Len. She had, and would incencifie To murther her I marry'd.
Paul. I should so.
Were it the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what part last in't.
You chose her; then 'll I shriek, that even your ears
Shall ring to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Lea. Starres, Starres,
And all your eyes,dead coales: fear thou no Wife;
I have no Wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Neuer to marry, but by my free leave?

Lea. Neuer (Paulina) to be blest'd by my Spirit.

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

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Voleffe another,
As like Hermione, as *her* Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.

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

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

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

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince Florezzell,
Some of Pelzezel, with his Princesse (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) defires access,
To your high presence.

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

Ser. But few,
And those but meanes.

Lea. His Princesse (say you) with him?

Ser. 1: the most peeresse peace of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As euer pretious Time doth best it selfe
Above a better; gone to maunt thy Grane
Givne way to what's feene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have givned, and wrtie in; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Vere
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis flewdly ebb'd,
To say you have feene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almoast forgo't (you pardons):
The other, when she's obtay'n'd your Eye,
Will bank your Tongue too. This is a Creature
Would the begin a Sea, might quench the zeal
Of all Professor's elle; make Procylyes
Of prey that the bid but follow.

Paul. How? not women?

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

Lea. Goe Cleomina,
Your selfe (affili'd with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement, still is strange,
He thus shold staysel upon vs,

Paul. Had our Prince
(Itewell of Children) heene this houre, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Lea. Prethec more no more; ceaste thou knowst
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Voluminis me of Reason. They are come,

Enter Florizell, Perdicta, Cleomina, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince;
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Concerning you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh alas,
I lost a couple, that twist Hexauen and Earth
Might thus have floord, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Foly) the Societie,
Amite too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sestia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Ininfinitie
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something feiz'd
His with'd Abilene, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, twist your Throne and his,
Mesur'd to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Lea. Oh my Brother,

(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee,flirre
After wherein me: and thee thy offices
(Searely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand Backnesse. W'come heither,
As is the spring to th'Earth, and hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'searefull vsage
(At least vntelge) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leffes,
Th'aduenture of her person.

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia.

Lea. Where the Warlike Sestaus,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is feard, and loud? 

Flo. Mofi Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclay'm 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 Traine
I have from your Seriana Shores dismiss'd:
Who for Bohemia bend, to dignifie
Not onely my face in Libia (Sir)
But my arrisall, and my Wifes, in latitie
Here, where we are.

Lea. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Cleomine here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person
The Winters Tale.

(So far as it is) I have done faire, For which, the Heauen (taking angry note) Have left me in this life, and your Father's blest I (As he from Heaven merits it) with you, Worthy his good deeds. What more, I have beene, Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you? 

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir, That which I shall report, will bear no credit, Were not the proofs to night, Please you, (great Sir) Be not envious you from myselfe, by me: Defines you to attach his Sonne, who ha's (His Dignity, and Dutie both call'd off) Fleed from his Father, from his Hopes, and with A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's Bokemia? I speak.

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him. I speak amazedly, and it becomes My meruel, and my Miflage, To your Court Whiles he was hastening (in the Chace, it seems), Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way The Father of this seeming Lady, and Her Brother, having both their Country quitted, With this young Prince.

Flo. Camilla ha's betray'd me, Which honor, and whole honestie till now, End'd on all Weather.

Lord. Lay's to his charge: He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who's Camilla?

Lord. Camilla (Sir) I speake with him: who now Ha's the plese poor men in question, Neuer saw I Wretches so quaks: they kneele, they kisse the Earth; For they themselves as often as they speake: Bokemia flaps his ears, and threaten them With d Arcy deaths, in death.

Perr. Oh my poor Father: The Heauen sets Spyes upon vs, will not have Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be: The Street (Sir) will kisse the Valleys first: The odes for high and low's alike.

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

Flo. She is,

When once she is my Wife.

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

Flo. Dear, looke vp: Though Fortune, visible an Enemy, Should chace vs, with my Father; powre no lor Hath she to change our Loves. Beleeh you (Sir) Remember, once you owed no more to Time Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections, Step forth mine Advocate: at your request, My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles, 

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

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

Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes, Then what you looke on now.

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

Enter Antiochus, and a Gentleman.

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

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthall, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedness) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken delierie of the Bussiflec, but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camilla, were very Notes of admiration: they from what almost, with flaring on one another, to feast the Cares of their Eyes, There was speech in their dumbbells, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ramfond, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wifel beholder, that knew no more but feeting, could not say, if the importance were Toy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman. Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, Rogers.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-firesh: the Oracle is full'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this house, that all makers cannot be able to express it.

Ant. 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 verite of it is in strong suspicion: He's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swears you see, there is such virtue in the proffes, The Mantle of Queenne Harmonia: her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigam supposed with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maitiff of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature flowes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclame her, with all certantie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Ant. No.

Gent. 2. Then hauie you a Sight which was to bee, scene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you have beene, held one Ioy crowne another, fo and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Ioy waded in tears. There was casting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Courtnesse of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Faour. Our, 

Scene Seconda.

Enter Antiochus, and a Gentleman.
The Winters Tale.

Our King being ready to league out of himself, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loafe, cresses, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Bothemia forgive not, then embraces his Sonne in Law. Then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Sheperd (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reigne,) I never heard of such another Encouter; which James Report to follow it, and vndos description to doe it.

Gett. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credits be aleepe, and not an eare open; he was come to pieces with a Beare: This suoches the Shepherds Sonne; who he's not onely his Innocence (which he seemes much) tojustify him, but a Hand-kirchelp and Kings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gett. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Follows?

Gett. 3. Wrackt the same infant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepherds: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that wise Joy and Sorow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye dealt for the lope of her Husband, another eluated, that the Oracle was fulfilled: She stove the Prince out from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

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

Gett. 3. One of the pretteyest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fifth) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King,) how lastmente wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed Tares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, those changed colour: some (wounded, all forrowed,) if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene universal.

Gett. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gett. 3. No: The Princece hearing of her Mothers Statute (which is in the keeping of Paulina) shee in many yeares in doing, and now performing'd, by that rare Italian Master, Indio Romano, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breake into his Worke) would be-guile Nature of her Daughtear, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so necre to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they say one would speake to her, and flinde in hope of answers, Thither (with all greedineffe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gett. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for these hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that renowned Hope. Shall we thither, and with our companie pece the Rejoycing?

Gett. 1. Who would be thence, that he's the benefit of Accesse? every winkie of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Abiense makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Gett. 1. Now that I had not the death of my former life in me) would Prettener drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Fartshell, and I know not what: but he at that time our fonder of the Shepherds Daughter (so he then tolke her to be,) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himselfe little better, extremitye of Weather continu- ing, this Mysterie remained vndiscoverd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I become the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have refi'sd him among my other differend.

Enter Shepherds and Clowns.

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

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

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

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne. Clow. 1, and have been so any time these four hours. Sho. And so have I, Boy.

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

Sho. We may live (Sonnes) to shed many more.

Clow. I or else I were hard luck, being in so proffes- sionale citeate as we are.

Aut. I humbly bethrefect 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.

Sho. Prethee Sonne do not we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life? Aut. 1, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hands I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any in Evincens.

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

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

Sho. How it be forse (Sonnet)

Clow. If it be forse a true Gentleman may swear it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile swear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunker but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunker: but Ile swear it, and I would thou wouldest be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

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

Clow. 1, by any meanes prooue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou daun't venture to be drunker, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harle, the Kings and the Prin- ces (our Kindred) are going to see the Queens Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thou good Masters. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lesmer, Polixenes, Floricel, Perida, Camilla.

Paulina: Hermione (like a Statute.) Lords, &c.

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

C. Paul. What
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Servites
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue reach'd
(With your Crowne'd Brother, and thefe your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laff to anfwere,
Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
to see the Statue of our Queene, Your Gallerie
Haue we paied through, not without much content
In many irregularities: but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As the lid'd peerceffe,
So her dead likenesse I doe well behve
Excels what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Lonely,apart, But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as falsely mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death beheld, and say 'tis well,
I like your silence, it the more thewe-es off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere;
Leo. Her natural Preuice.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermoine; or rather, thou art the
In thy not chiding: for this was as tender
As infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Hermione was not so much wrack'd, as nothing
So aged as this femee,
Pol. Oh! not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carriers excellence,
Which lets goe by some farseeme yeeres, and makes her
As the luis d new.
Leo. As now the might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood,
Even with such Life of Maifeille (warne Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I would her.
I am afraid: Do not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Pece,
There's Magic in thy Maifeille, which he's
My Euis coniunct to rememberance; and
From thy admiring Daughter rooke the Spirts,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Pol. And give me leave,
And doe not say 'tis Superstitioue, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleffing, Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd on,
Which extreme Winter's can not blow away,
So many Summers day: scarce any joy
Did enter so long lue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it felte much sooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre
To take off so much grieve from you, as he
Will peece up in himselfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
If I'd not haue th'wed it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine,
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, leaff your Fancie
May think it anon, it moves,
Leo. Let be, lef be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreade.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Wold you not deeume it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verly bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very Life terme worme upon her Lippe.
Leo. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in t,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. He draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost to farre transport'd, that
He le thinkes anon it lies.
Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to think to twenty yeeres together:
No setted Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madneffe. Let's alone.
Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre fir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe Paulina:
For this Afflication ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizell
Could ever yet, reach breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiffe her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddineffe vpon her Lippe, is wet
You're maire it, if you kiffe; flayne your owne
With Oly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine,
Leo. Not: that these twenty yeeres,
Peri. So long could I
Stand-by, a looke on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quite preffenly the Chappell, or reclose you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
He make the Statue moore indeed; defend,
And take you by the hand: but then you thinke
(Which I protest against) I am affilied
By wicked Powres.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moore.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith; then, all stand full:
On choye that thinkes is vnlawfull Buneffe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall attre.
Paul. Mufick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: defend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with merulae: Come:
He fill your Graue vp: flyre: nay, come away:
Bequest to Death your numeffe; (for from him,
Dear Life redeemes you) you perceive the flyre:
Start not: her Aetiens shalbe holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: do not flus her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kiffe her double: Nay, preffent your Hand:
When the was yong, you wond her: now, in age,
Is she the become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh she is warme:
If this be Magicke, let it be an Art
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

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

Pol. 1, and make it manifest where the ha's lid'd,
Or how tollne from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it not told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares the liues,
Though yet the speake not. Mark a little while:
Please you to interpoie [faire Madam] kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: tumne good Lady,
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols pour your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haft thou bin preferu'd? Where lin'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt hear that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou woulft in being, haue preferu'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's tyme enough for that,
Leaft they deire [upon this pult] to trouble
Your loving, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to euerie one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found again)
Laughter, till I am loth.

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

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Lenox, King of Sicilia.

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.

Camillo.

Antigonus.

Foure

Cleomenes, Lords of Sicilia.

Dion.

Hermione, Queen to Lenox.

Perdita, Daughter to Lenox and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixena, King of Bohemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reparsed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne,

Anticlea, a Rogue.

Archchamnus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemens, and Servants.

Shepheardes, and Shepheardidees.

FINIS.