The Winters Tale from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies
Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601-
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640
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Pip Willcox

- Project management
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- Encoding

Lucienne Cummings

- Proofing
- Encoding

Judith Siefring

- Proofing
- Encoding

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- Proofing
- Encoding

James Cummings

- Encoding consultation

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First publication edition.

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III. p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273

Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The Shakespeare
Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


M<br>VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARES<br>COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Publisheed according to the True Originall Copies.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King John" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droecheout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.
Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: John Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit · London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.

Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson,
The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

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Clown, son of the old Shepherd
Clowne.
Clow.
Dion, a lord of Sicilia
Dion.
Dion.
Dorcas, a shepherdess
Dor.
Dor.
Dor.: Dorcas.
Emilia, a lady attending on Hermione
Emil.
Florizel, prince of Bohemia
Flo.
Gaoler
Gao.
First Gentleman
Gent. 1.
Second Gentleman
Gent. 2.
Third Gentleman
Gent. 3.
Hermione, queen to Leontes
Her.
First Lady
Lady.
Leontes, king of Sicilia
Leo.
Leon.

First Lord
Lord.

Lords.

Mamillius, young prince of Sicilia
Mam.

Mariner
Mar.

Mopsa, a shepherdess
Mop.

Officer
Offic.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus
Pau.

Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione
Per.

Polixenes, king of Bohemia
Pol.

Servant
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      <p>
        I you shall chance (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) to visit <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, on <lb/>the like occasion whereon my seruices are now <lb/>on & #x2011;foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great dif-<lb/>ference betwixt our <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, and your <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>.<p>
      </p>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      </sp>
      <p>
        I thynke, this comming Summer, the King of <lb/> <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi> meanes to pay <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi> the Visitation, which hee <lb/>iustly owes him.<p>
      </p>
    </div>
  </div>
</div>
Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be justified in our Loues: for indeed———

Cam.

'Beseech you———'

Arch.

Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence——— in so rare——

sleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn:intelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little ac:cuse vs.

Cam.

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

Arch.

'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding in: and as mine honestie puts it to vutterance.

Sicilia cannot shew himselfe over Bohe mia: They were trayn’d together in such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperati: on of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perso:nall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter:change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem’d to be together, though shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac’d as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter,
alter

it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

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

Would they else be content to die?

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

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

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.
Keep your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

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

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

No longer stay.

One Seu’ night longer.

Very sooth, to morrow.

Wee’le part the time between’s then: and in that Ile no gaine
Ie no gaine&amp;#x2011;saying.

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

Presse me not (beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that mouses; none, none i’th’World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
’Twere needfull I deny’d it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home&amp;#x2011;ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay.
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)
Tongue ty’d our Queene? speake you.

I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill

You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure

All in Bohemia’s well: this satisfaction,

He’s beat from his best ward.

Well said, Hermione.

To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him goe;

But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,

Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture

The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia

You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,

To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest

Prefix’d for’s parting: yet (good&

What

The Winters Tale.

What Lady she her Lord. You le stay:

I loue thee not a Iarre o’th Clock, behind

I may not verily.

Nay, but you will?

I may not verily.
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t’vnspere 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 goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

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

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

Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o’th’two?

We were as twyn’d Lambs, that did frisk i’th’Sun,
And bleat the one at th’other: what we chang’d,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill&\text{x2011;}doing, nor dream’d
That any did: Had we pursu’d that life,
And our weake Spirits ne’re been higher rear’d
With stronger blood, we should haue answer’d Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear’d
Hereditarie ours.
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>By this we gather</l>
  <l>You haue tript since.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>O my most sacred Lady,</l>
  <l>Temptations haue since then been borne to’s: for</l>
  <l>In those vnfledg’d dayes, was my Wife a Girle;</l>
  <l>Your precious selfe had then not cross’d the eyes</l>
  <l>Of my young Play</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Grace to boot:</l>
  <l>Of this make no conclusion, least you say</l>
  <l>Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,</l>
  <l>If you first sinn’d with vs: and that with vs</l>
  <l>With any, but with vs.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Is he woon yet?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Hee’le stay (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>At my request, he would not:</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi> (my dearest) thou neuer spok’st</p>
  <l>To better purpose.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Neuer?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Neuer, but once.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>What? haue I twice said well? when was’t before?</p>
</sp>
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride’s
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th’Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first: it ha’s an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once befor I spoke to th’purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue’t: I long.

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

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

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

Mamillius</p>

I, my good Lord.
Leo.

I'fecks:

Why that's my Bawcock: what? Has't smutch'd thy Nose?

They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:

And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,

Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling

Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)

Art thou my Calfe?

Mam.

Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Thou want'st a rough pash, the shoots that I haue

To be full, like me: yet they say we are

Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,

(That will say any thing.) But were they false

As o're dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false

As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes

No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,

To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)

Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,

Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be

Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.

Thou do'st make possible things not so held,

Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)

With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,

And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,

Thou may'st cooyne with something, and thou do'st,

(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,

(And that to the infection of my Braines,

And hardning of my Browes.)

What meanes Sicilia?

He something seemes vnsetled.

How? my Lord?
<p>What cheer? how is’t with you, best Brother?</p>

Her.

You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction: Are you mou’d (my Lord?)

No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it’s folly?

It’s tenderness? and make it selfe a Pastime

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle

In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzled,

Least it should bite it’s Master, and so prove (As Ornaments oft do’s) too dangerous:

Will you take Egges for Money?

No (my Lord) Ile fight.

You will: why happy man be’s dole. My Brother

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we Doe seeme to be of ours?

If at home (Sir)

He’s all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;

Now my sworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;

My Parasite, my Souldier: States; all:

He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,

And with his varying child; cures in me

Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

</p>
So stands this Squire

Offic’d with me: We two will walke (my Lord)

And leaue you to your grauer steps.

Hermione

How thou lou’st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;

Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:

Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he’s

Apparant to my heart.


I

If you would seeke vs,

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

Leo.

To your owne bents dispose you: you ’le be found,

Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,

(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)

Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?

And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife

To her allowing Husband. Gone already,

Ynch¬thick, knee¬deepe; ore head and eares a
fork’d one.

Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I

Play too; but so disgrac’d a part, whose issue

Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor

Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been

(Or I am much deceiu’d) Cuckolds ere now,

And many a man there is (euen at this present,

Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th’Arme,

That little thinkes she ha’s been sluyc’d in’s absence,

And his Pond fish’d by his next Neighbor (by

Sir <hi rend="italic">Smile</hi>, his Neighbor:) nay, there’s comfort
in’t,

While other men haue Gates, and those Gates open’d

(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire

That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind

Would hang themselues. Physick for’t, there’s none:

It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike

Where tis predominant; and ’tis powrefull: thinke it:

From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,

No Barricado for a Belly. Know’t,

It will let in and out the Enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand on’s

Haue the Disease, and feele’t not. How now Boy?

Mam.
Leo. Why, that’s some comfort.

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (Mamillius) thou’rt an honest man: Didst note it?

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

Leo. Didst perceiue it?

They’re here with me already; whisp’ring, rounding:

Sicilia is a so&#x2011;forth: 'tis farre gone,

When I shall gust it last. How cam’t (Camillo)

That he did stay?

At the good Queenes entreatie.

At the Queenes be’t: Good should be pertinent,

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but thine?

For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in

More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is’t,

But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls

Of Head&x2011;peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes

Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Who = "F-wt-cam"

Cam.

Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand

Bohemia stayes here longer.

Who = "F-wt-leo"

Leo.

Ha?

Who = "F-wt-cam"

Cam.

Stayes here longer.

Who = "F-wt-leo"

Leo.

I, but why?

Who = "F-wt-cam"

Cam.

To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties

Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Who = "F-wt-leo"

Leo.

Satisfie?

Th’entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?

Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>)

With all the neerest things to my heart, as well

My Chamber&amp;x2011;Councels, wherein (Priest&amp;x2011;like)

thou?

Hast cleans’d my Bosome: I, from thee departed

Thy Penitent reform’d: but we haue been

Deceiu’d in thy Integritie, deceiu’d

In that which seemes so.

Who = "F-wt-cam"

Cam.

Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Who = "F-wt-leo"

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

My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
I play’d the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, ’twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow’d Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it’s owne visage; if I then deny it,
’Tis none of mine.

Ha’nt you seene Camillo?
(But that’s past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse)
(Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apperant, Rumor)
(Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation)
(Resides not in that man, that do’s not thinke)
(Against the non-performance, ’twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow’d Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it’s owne visage; if I then deny it,
’Tis none of mine.

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife’s a Holy Horse, deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax Wench, that puts to
Before her troth plight: say’t, and iustify’t.
I would not be a stander by, to heare My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart, You neuer spoke what did become you lesse As deepe as that, though true.


My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings, If this be nothing.

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

Say it be, 'tis true.

No, no, my Lord.

It is: you lye, you lye: I say thou lyest Camillo, and I hate thee, Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue, Or else a houering Temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer Infected (as her life) she would not liue
<l> The running of one Glasse. </l>

<p> Who do’s infect her? </p>

<p> Who </p>

<speaker rend="italic"> Cam. </speaker>

<p> Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging about his neck (<hi rend="italic"> Bohemia </hi>) who, if I </p>

<p> Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes </p>

<p> To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits, </p>

<p> (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that </p>

<p> Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou </p>

<p> His Cup&#x2011;bearer, whom I from meaner forme </p>

<p> Haue Bench’d, and rear’d to Worship, who may’st see </p>

<p> Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen, </p>

<p> How I am gall’d, might’st be&#x2011;spice a Cup, </p>

<p> To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke: </p>

<p> Which Draught to me, were cordiall. </p>

<speaker rend="italic"> Cam. </speaker>

<l> Sir (my Lord) </l>

<l> I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion, </l>

<l> But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke </l>

<l> Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot </l>

<l> Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse (So soueraignely being Honorable. ) </l>

<l> I haue lou’d thee, </l>

<speaker rend="italic"> Leo. </speaker>

<l> Make that thy question, and goe rot: </l>

<l> Do’st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled, </l>

<l> To appoint my selfe in this vexation? </l>

<l> Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes </l>

<l> (Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted, </l>

<l> Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes) </l>

<l> Giue scandall to the blood o’th’Prince, my Sonne, </l>

<l> (Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine) </l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l> Without ripe mouing to’t? Would I doe this? </l>

<l> Could man so blench? </l>

<speaker rend="italic"> Cam. </speaker>

<l> I must beleeue you (Sir) </l>

<l> I doe, and will fetch off </l>

<l> Provided, that when hee’s remou’d, your Highnesse </l>
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally’d to yours.

Leo.

Thou dost advise me,
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam.

My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with hi

Bohemia

And with your Queene: I am his Cupbearer,
Account me not your Servant.

Leo.

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

Cam.

Ile do’t, my Lord.
I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast advis’d me.

Polixenes

Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand’s that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish’d after, Il’d not do’t: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear’t. I must
Forsake the Court: to do’t, or no, is certaine.

To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,

Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

This is strange: Me thinks My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?

Good day Camillo.

What is the Newes i’th Court?

None rare (my Lord.)

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

I dare not know (my Lord.)

How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not. Good Camillo,

Your chang’d complexions are to me a Mirror,

Which shewes me mine chang’d too: for I must be

A partie in this alteration, finding My selfe thus alter’d with’t.
There is a sickness, which puts some of us in distemper, but I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught Of you, that yet are well.

How caught of me? Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so:

As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto Clerke, like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names, In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you, If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge, Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not In ignorant concealment.

I may not answer.

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

Sir, I will tell you.

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

Pol.

On, good Camillo.

Cam.

I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol.

By whom, Camillo?

Cam.

By the King.

Pol.

For what?

Cam.

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

Oh then, my best blood turne To an infected Gelly, and my Name Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best: Turne then my freshest Reputation to A saour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd, Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection That ere was heard, or read.

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

How should this grow?

Cam.

I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to avoid what's grown, then question how 'tis borne.

If therefore you dare trust my honestie, that lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you shall bear along impawnd, away to Night.

Your Followers I will whisper to the Business, and will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes.

Cleare them o’th’Citie: For my selfe, Ile put my fortunes to your service (which are here) By this discoverie lost. Be not vncertaine.

For by the honor of my Parents, I have vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer.

Thereon his Execution sworne.

I doe beleeue thee:

I saw his heart in’s face. Giue me thy hand, Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and my people did expect my hence departure.

Two dayes agoe. This jealousie is for a precious Creature: as shee’s rare,

Must it be great; and, as his Person’s mightie,

Must it be violent: and, as he do’s conceiue,

He is dishonor’d by a man, which euer profess’d to him: why his Reuenges must in that be made more bitter. Feare o’re shades me:

Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing

Of his ill-ta’ne suspition. Come Camillo

I will respect thee as a Father, if

Thou bear’st my life off, hence: Let vs avoid.

Cam.

It is in mine authoritie to command

The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse

To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies:

Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

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

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

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

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

Lady. Who taught 'this?
I learn’d it out of Womens faces: pray now, What colour are your eye&amp;browes?

Blew (my Lord.)

Nay, that’s a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose that ha’s beene blew, but not her eye&amp;browes.

Harke ye, Present our seruices to a fine new Prince One of these dayes, and then youl’d wanton with vs, If we would haue you.

She is spread of late Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now I am for you againe: ’Pray you sit by vs, And tell’s a Tale.

Merry, or sad, shal’t be?

As merry as you will.
<speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>

A sad Tale’s best for Winter:

I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her.

Let’s have that (good Sir.)

Come on, sit downe, come on, and doe your best,

To fright me with your Sprights: you’re powrefull at it.

There was a man.

Nay, come sit downe: then on.

There was a man.

Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,

Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

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

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

Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer

Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them

Euen to their Ships.

How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs’d,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep’d, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge)
Is not infected) but if one present
Th’abhor’d Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seen the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All’s true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ’d, was pre-employ’d by him:
Remaine a pinch’d Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

By his great authority, Which often hath no lesse prevail’d, then so,
On your command.

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

What is this? Sport?

But Il’d say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleue my saying,
How e’re you leane to th’Nay

Lord.
By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse prevail’d, then so,
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 beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.

What is this? Sport?

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

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

Her.
But Il’d say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleue my saying,
How e’re you leane to th’Nay
You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty shee’s not honest: Honorable;
Praye her but for this her
without &

(Which on my faith desерues high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty & brands
That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do’s, for Calumnie will seare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum’s, and Ha’s,
When you haue said shee’s goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can say shee’s honest: But be’t knowne:
(From him that ha’s most cause to grieue it should be)
Shee’s an Adultresse.

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

Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I haue said
Shee’s an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee’s a Traytor, and Camillo is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee’s
A Bed & swaruer, euen as bad as those
That Vulgars giue bold’st Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late escape.

O thou
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I haue said
Shee’s an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee’s a Traytor, and Camillo is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know herself,
No (by my life)

Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus haue publish’d me? Gentle my Lord,

You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say

You did mistake.

Leo.

No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build vpon,

The Centre is not bigge enough to beare

A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:

He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,

But that he speakes.

Her.

There’s some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heauens looke

With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,

I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex

Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew

Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue

That honorable Griefe lodg’d here, which burnes

Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)

With thoughts so qualiﬁed, as your Charities

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The Kings will be perform’d.

Leo.

Shall I be heard?

Her.

Who is’t that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes

My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)

There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris

Ha’s deseru’d Prison, then abound in Teares,

As I come out; this Action I now goe on,

Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I neuer wish’d to see you sorry, now

I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Goe, doe our bidding: hence.
Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

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

For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do it (Sir)

Please you accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse in this, which you accuse her.

If it prove Shee’s otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:

For euery ynych of Woman in the World,

I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,

If she be.

Hold your peaces.

Good my Lord.

I would Land; damne him: be she honor’d, I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;

The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:

If this prove true, they’l pay for’t. By mine Honor
Ile gell’d em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co\&#x2011;heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

To bring false generations: they are co-
heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

who = "#F-wt-leo"
Leo.
Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold:
As is a dead\&#x2011;mans nose: but I do see’t, and feel’t,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

who = "#F-wt-ant"
Antig.
If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
The re’s not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy\&#x2011;earth.

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

who = "#F-wt-ant"
Antig.
And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.

who = "#F-wt-ant"
Antig.
And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.
Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wer’st borne a foole: Camillo’s

Added to their Familiarity

(Which was as grosse, as euer touch’d conjecture,

That lack’d sight onely, nought for approbation)

But onely seeing, all other circumstances

Made vp to th deed) doth push on this proceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation

(For in an Acte of this importance, ’twere

Most pitteous to be wilde) I hane dispatch’d in post,

To sacred Delphos, to Appollo’s Temple,

Cleomines and Dion, whom you

know

Of stuff’d sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle

They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had

Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

Well done (my Lord.)

To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth, were knowne.

To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth, were knowne.

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If the good truth, were knowne.

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If the good truth, were knowne.

To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth, were knowne.

To laughter, as I take it,
Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

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

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

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

Paul. I pray now call her:
To put a part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Gao. I pray now call her:

Paul. And Madam, I must be present at your Conference.
Pau.

Well: be’t so: prethee.

Heere’s such a doe, to make no staine, a staine,

As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious Lady?

Pau.

A boy?

Emil.

A daughter, and a goodly babe,

Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues

Much comfort in’t: Sayes, my poore prisoner,

I am innocent as you,

I dare be sworne:

These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i’th’King, beshrew them:

He must be told on’t, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best. Ile take’t vpon me,

If I proue hony-mouth’d, let my tongue blister.

And neuer to my red-look’d Anger bee

The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)

Commend my best obedience to the Queene,

If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I’le shew’t the King, and vndertake to bee

Her Advocate to th’lowd’st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o’th’Childe:

The silence often of pure innocence

Perswades, when speaking failes.

Most worthy Madam,

Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,

That your free vndertaking cannot misse

A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing

So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently

Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,

Who, but to day hammer’d of this designe,

But durst not tempt a minister of honour

Least she should be deny’d.

Tell her (Emilia) I haue: If wit flow from’t

As boldnesse from my bosome, le’t not be doubted

I shall do good,

Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

Madam, if’t please the Queene to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,

Hauing no warrant.

You neede not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is

By Law and processe of great Nature, thence

Free’d, and enfranchis’d, not a partie to

The anger of the King, nor guilty of

(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

I do beleue it.

I do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I

Will stand betwixt you, and
danger.
<head rend="center">Scæna Tertia.</head>

Paulina,

Antigonus, and Lords.</stage>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse</p>
  <p>To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if</p>
  <p>The cause were not in being: part o’th cause,</p>
  <p>She, th’ Adultresse: for the harlot</p>
  <p>Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke</p>
  <p>And leuell of my braine: plot: but shee</p>
  <p>I can hooke to me: say that she were gone</p>
  <p>Giuen to the fire, a moity of my rest</p>
  <p>Might come to me againe. Whose there?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>How do’s the boy?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop’d</p>
  <p>His sicknesse is discharg’d.</p>
</sp>

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

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paulina.</stage>
Lord. You must not enter.

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

That’s enough.

Antig. Come at him, he hath not slept to night, commanded None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. ‘Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Who noyse there, hoe?

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

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady.
I told her so (my Lord),
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

What? canst not rule her?

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

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

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

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

Force her hence.
Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off.

B

First, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.

Leo.
Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o’dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.

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

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

Paul.
For euer
Vn venerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak’st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha’s put vpon’t.

Leo.
He dreads his Wife.

Paul.
So I would you did: then ’twere past all doubt
Youl’d call your children, yours.
<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
<p>A nest of Traitors.</p>

<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <p>I am none, by this good light.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>Nor I: nor any</l>
  <l>But one that’s heere: and that’s himselfe: for he,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0305-0.jpg" n="285"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,</l>
  <l>His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,</l>
  <l>Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not</l>
  <l>(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse</l>
  <l>He cannot be compell’d too’t) once remoue</l>
  <l>The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,</l>
  <l>As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>A Callat</l>
  <l>Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,</l>
  <l>And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,</l>
  <l>It is the Issue of</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>.<l>
  Hence with it, and together with the Dam,</l>
  <l>Commit them to the fire.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>It is yours;</l>
  <l>And might we lay th’old Proverb to your charge,</l>
  <l>So like you, ’tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)</l>
  <l>Although the Print be little, the whole Matter</l>
  <l>And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,</l>
  <l>The trick of’s Frowne, his Fore</l>
  <l>The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles;</l>
  <l>The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)</l>
  <l>And thou good Goddesse</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Nature</hi>, which hast made it</l>
  <l>So like to him that got it, if thou hast</l>
  <l>The ordering of the Mind too, ’mongst all Colours</l>
  <l>No Yellow in’t, least she suspect, as he do’s,</l>
  <l>Her Children, not her Husbands.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo"/>
Leo.

A grosse Hagge:

And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang’d,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

Antig.

Hang all the Husbands

That cannot doe that feat, you’le leave your selfe

Hardly one Subiect.

Leo.

Once more take her hence.

Paul.

A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord

Can doe no more.

Leo.

Ile ha’ thee burnt.

Paul.

I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,

Not she which burnes in’t. Ile not call you Tyrant:

But this most cruell vsage of your Queene

(Not able to produce more accusation

Then your owne weake & hindg’d Fancy) somthing

sauors

Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo.

On your Allegiance,

Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul.

I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.

Looke to your Babe (my Lord) ’tis yours:

Ioue send her

A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o’re his Follyes,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.

Exit.

Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with thee? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o’re it, take it hence;
And see it instantly consume’d with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word ‘tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or I will seize thy life,
With what thou else castst thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard—braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou settest on thy Wife.

I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can clear me in it.

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

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

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

I will (my Lord.)

As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
to some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection.
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

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

Exit.

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

So please you (Sir) their speed Hath beene beyond accompt. Twentie three days They haue beene absent: ’tis good speed: fore & Apollo suddenly will haue The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords, Summon a Session, that we may arraigne Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath Been publikely accus’d, so shall she haue A iust and open Triall. While she liues, My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me, And thinke vpon my bidding.

Exeunt.
<div type="act" n="3">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleomines and Dion.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>The Clymat’s delicate, the Ayre most sweet,</l>
      <l>Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing</l>
      <l>The common prayse it beares.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dion.</speaker>
      <l>I shall report,
      <l>For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
      <l>(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence
      <l>Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
      <l>How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
      <l>It was i’th’Offring?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>But of all, the burst
      <l>And the eare-deaff’ning Voyce o’th’Oracle,
      <l>Kin to <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi> Thunder, so surpriz’d my Sence,
      <l>That I was nothing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
      <l>If th’event o’th’Journey
      <l>Proue as successfull to the Queene (O be’te so)
      <l>As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
      <l>The time is worth the vse on’t.
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>
      <l>Turne all to th’best: these Proclamations,
      <l>So forcing faults vpom <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>,
      <l>I little like.
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
      <l>The violent carriage of it</l>
      <l>Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle</l>
  </div>
</div>
Thus by Apollo’s great Divine seal’d

Shall the Contents discover: something rare

Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,

And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers:

Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo.

This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)

Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try’d,

The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one

Of vs too much belou’d. Let vs be clear’d

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly

Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,

Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:

Produce the Prisoner.

Officer.

It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene

Appeare in person, here in Court.

Reade the Indictment.

Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soue, raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Since what I am to say, must be but that</l>
  <l>Which contradicts my Accusation, and</l>
  <l>The testimonie on my part, no other</l>
  <l>But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me</l>
  <l>To say, Not guilte: mine Integritie</l>
  <l>Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)</l>
  <l>Be so receiu’d. But thus, if Powres Diuin</l>
  <l>Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)</l>
  <l>I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make</l>
  <l>False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie</l>
  <l>Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know</l>
  <l>(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life</l>
  <l>Hath beeene as continent, as chaste, as true,</l>
  <l>As I am now vnhappy; which is more</l>
  <l>Then Historie can patterne, though deuis’d,</l>
  <l>And play’d, to take Spectators. For behold me,</l>
  <l>A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe</l>
  <l>A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,</l>
  <l>The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing</l>
  <l>To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore</l>
  <l>Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it</l>
  <l>As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,</l>
  <l>Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,</l>
  <l>And onely that I stand for. I appeale</l>
  <l>To your owne Conscience (Sir) before <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>I never heard yet,</l>
  <l>That any of these bolder Vices wanted</l>
  <l>Lesse Impudence to gaine &gt;2011;say what they did,</l>
  <l>Then to performe it first.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>That’s true enough,</l>
  <l>Though ’tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.</l>
</sp>
You will not owne it.

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

You knew of his departure, as you know What you haue vnderta’n to doe in’s absence.

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

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

Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Favor)
I doe give lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child&#2011;bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i' th'open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here alious,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:

Apollo be my Judge.

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

The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were alius, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatness of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.
Officer.

You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,

That you (Cleomines and Dion) haue been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,

You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale, Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. All this we sweare.

Breake vp the Seales, and read.

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

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.
There is no truth at all i’th Oracle: The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

O Sir, I shall be hated to report it. The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Is dead.

Take her hence: Her heart is but o’re charg’d: she will recouer.

Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe; And see what Death is doing.

Take her hence: Her heart is but o’re charg’d: she will recouer.

Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Iealousies
to bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command: though I with Death, and with

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And full'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest

(Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended.

No richer then his Honor: How he glisters

Through my Rust? and how his Pietie

Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Woe the while:

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

Breake too.

What fit is this? good Lady?

What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?


In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture

Must I receiue? whose euery wor
deserues

to taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny

(Together working with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle

(For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,

And then run mad indeed: starke mad: for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,

And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.

Thou would'st haue poyson'd good

To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby & Deuill

To be or none, or little; though a Deuill

Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don’t;

Nor is’t directly layd to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart

Blemish’d his gracious Dam: this is not, no,

Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,

The sweet’st, deer’st creature’s dead: vengeance for’t

Not drop’d downe yet.

Lord.

The higher powres forbid.

Pau.

I say she’s dead: Ile swear’t. If word, nor oath

Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring

Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye

Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you

As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,

Do not repent these things, for they are heavier

To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,

Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter

In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods

To looke that way thou wer’t.

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru’d

All tongues to talke their bittrest.

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru’d

All tongues to talke their bittrest.

Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault

I’th boldnesse of your speech.

Lord.

Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault

I’th boldnesse of your speech.
Pau.

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

Leo.

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

Exeunt

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe,

Sheepe heard, and Clowne.

Ant.

Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon, The Desarts of Bohemia. I (my Lord) and feare We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly, And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon 's.

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

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

Antig.
Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

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

Exit.

Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o' th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thrower out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for euer, Perdita
I prethee call’t: For this vngentle businesse

Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne’re shalt see

Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shriekes

She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect my selfe, and thought

This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,

Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,

I will be squar’d by this. I do beleue

Hermione hath suffer’d death, and that

Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide

(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth

Of it’s right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,

There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,

Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)

And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,

That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos’d

To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,

But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I

To be by oath enioyn’d to this. Farewell,

The day frownes more and more: thou rt like to haue

A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw

The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?

Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,

I am gone foreuer.

Exit pursued by a Beare.

I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boylde brains of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-ther? They haue scarr’d away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai ster; if any where I haue them, ’tis by the sea side, brou zing of Iuy. Good lucke (and’t be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on’s, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A
pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can The Winters Tale.
can reade Waiting Gentlewoman in the scape: this has some staire worke, some Trunke worke, some be hinde doore worke: they were warmer that then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my son ne come: he hallow’d but euen now.

\begin{stage}\textit{enter Clowne.}\end{stage}
\begin{sp}\textit{Clo.}\end{sp}
\begin{p}Hilloa, loa.\end{p}
\begin{sp}\textit{Shep.}\end{sp}
\begin{p}What? art so neere? If thou’lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl’st thou, man?\end{p}
\begin{sp}\textit{Clo.}\end{sp}
\begin{p}I haue seene two such sights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be twixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.\end{p}
\begin{sp}\textit{Shep.}\end{sp}
\begin{p}Why boy, how is it?\end{p}
\begin{sp}\textit{Clo.}\end{sp}
\begin{p}I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that’s not to the point: Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you’d thrust a Corke into a hogs head.
\begin{sp}\textit{Beare tore}\end{sp}
out his shoulder bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and said his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap’d it: first, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock’d them: and lowder then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Time, the Chorus.

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

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

'Tis a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.
That please some, try all: both joy and terror

Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolded error,

Now take upon me (in the name of Time)

To use my wings: Impute it not a crime

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power

To overthrow Law, and in one selfborne howre

The same I am, ere ancient’s Order was

Or what is now receiv’d. I witness to

The times that brought them in, so shall I do

The glistering of this present, as my Tale

leaving

Th’effects of his fond jealouysies, so grieving

That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me

(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be

In faire Bohemia, and remember well,

I mentioned a sonne of the Kings, which

Florizell

I now name to you: and with speed so pace

To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace

Equall with wond’ring. What of her insues

I list not prophesie: but let Times newes be knowne when ’tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-

And what to her adheres, which followes after,

Is th’argument of Time: of this allow,

If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:

If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,

He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol.

I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importune: ’tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death
to grant this.</p>

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

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to haue had thee, to want thee, thou hauing made me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done: which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my stu die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.</p>

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

I have considered so much (Camillo) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice,
which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vspeakable estate.

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

I willingly obey your command.

My best, we must disguise our seluues.
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Autolicus singing.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
    <lg rend="italic">
      <l>When Daffadils begin to peere,</l>
      <l>With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,</l>
      <l>Why then comes in the sweet o’ the yeere,</l>
      <l>For the red blood raigns in</l>
      <abbr>y</abbr>&<expan>the</expan>
      <choice> winters pale.</choice>
    </lg>
  </sp>
  <lg rend="italic">
    <l>The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,</l>
    <l>With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:</l>
    <l>Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,</l>
    <l>For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.</l>
  </lg>
  <p>I haue seru’d Prince <hi rend="italic">Florizell</hi>, and in my time wore three <lb/>pile, but now I am out of seruice.</p>
  <lg rend="italic">
    <l>But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)</l>
    <l>the pale Moone shines by night;</l>
    <l>And when I wander here, and there</l>
    <l>I then do most go right.</l>
    <l>If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,</l>
    <l>and beare the Sow’s skin Bowget,</l>
    <l>Then my account I well may giue,</l>
    <l>and in the Stockes auouchit.</l>
  </lg>
  <p>My Traffike is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to <lb/>lesser Linnen.</p>
  <p>My Father nam’d me <hi rend="italic">Autolicus</hi>, who be-<cb n="2"/>
    ing (as I am) lytter’d vnder Mercurie, was likewise a <lb/>snapper</p>
</div>
purchas’d this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway.

Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo.

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

Clo.

If the sprindge hold, the Cocke’s mine.

Clo.

I cannot do’t without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe; shearing; Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on.

Shee hath made me four and twenty Nose gayes for the shearers (three man song men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puri tan amongst them, and he sings Psalms to horne; I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that’s out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o’th Sun.

Clo.

Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo.

I’th’name of me.
Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death.

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

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

Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.
Alas poore soule.

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

How now? Canst stand?

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

What manner of Fellow was hee that robb’d you?

A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Ver-tues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.
His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

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

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

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

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

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

How do you now?

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

Shall I bring thee on the way?

No, good fac’d sir, no sweet sir.

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

Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too:

If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song.

These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you Do’s giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but Peering in April’s front. This your sheepe-shearing too:

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Ca-millo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you

Do’s giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing.
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

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

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

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

Flo.
Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire&God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.
O but Sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis opposed (as it must be) by th'powre of the King: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this posture, or I my life.

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

O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

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

Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere At vpper end o' th Table; now, i'th middle: On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retyred, As if you were a feasted one: and not The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.

Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe.

That which you are, Mistris o’th’Feast. Come on.

And bid vs welcome to your sheepe shearing.

As your good flocke shall prosper.

Sir, welcome:

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee

The Hostessship o’th’day: you’re welcome sir.

Give me those Flowres there (Dorcas.)

Reuerend

For you, there’s Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe

Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long:

Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,

And welcome to our Shearing.

Sir, the yeare growing ancient,

Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth

Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o’t season

Our Carnations, and streak’d Gillyvors,

(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind

Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not

To get slips of them.

Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating Nature.

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

So it is.
Ile not put The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say ’twer well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here’s flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with’ Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y’are very welcome.

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

Out alas:
You’ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst

rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover">Friend,
I would had some Flowers o’th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden’s heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let’s fall
From Dysses Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath) pale
Prime roses,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(Th’Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o’re, and ore.

What? like a Coarse?
No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson Pastoral: Sure this Robe of mine
Do’s change my disposition:
What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I’d haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I’d haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord’ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o’th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. (<hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>)</l>

Your praises are too large: but that your youth

And the true blood which peepes fairely through’t,

Do plainly giue you out an vnstain’d Shepherd

With wisedome, I might feare (my <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>)

You woold me the false way.

I thinke you haue

As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose

To put you to’t. But come, our dance I pray,

Your hand (my <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>) so Turtles paire

That neuer meane to part.

Ile sweare for 'em.

This is the prettiest Low‑borne Lasse, that euer

Ran on the greene‑sord: Nothing she do’s, or seems

But smackes of something greater then her selfe,

Too Noble for this place.

He tels her something

That makes her blood looke on’t: Good sooth she is

The Queene of Curds and Creame.

He tels her something

That makes her blood looke on’t: Good sooth she is

The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Come on: strike vp.

That makes her blood looke on’t: Good sooth she is

The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Come on: strike vp.

Mopsa</hi> must be your Mistris: marry Garlick

mend her kissing with.
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners, <lb/>Come, strike vp.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere a Daunce of Shepheard and Shepheardesses.</stage>

<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this, <lb/>Which dances with your daughter?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>They call him <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>, and boasts himselfe.</p>
  <p>To haue a worthy Feeding: but I haue it <lb/>Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it: <lb/>He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter, <lb/>I think so too; for neuer gaz’d the Moone <lb/>Vpon the water, as hee’l stand and reade <lb/>As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine, <lb/>I think there is not halfe a kisse to choose <lb/>Who loues another best.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>She dances featly.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>So she do’s any thing, though I report it <lb/>That should be silent: If yong <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi> <lb/>Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that <lb/>Which he not dreames of.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Seruant.</stage>

<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the <lb/>Pipe: no, the Bag and pipe moue you: hee singes <lb/>seuerall Tunes, faster then you’ll tell vters <lb/>them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to <lb/>his Tunes.</p>
</sp>
He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad
but euene

too well, if it be dolefull matter <lb/>merrily set downe: or a very
pleasant thing indeede, and <lb/>sung lamentably.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Ser.</hi>
</fw>
<p>
This is a braue fellow.
</p>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
<p>This is a braue fellow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-<lb/>ceited fellow,
has
he any vnbraided Wares?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i’th Raine-<lb/>bow; Points,
more
then all the Lawyers in <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, can <lb/>learnedly
handle, though they come to him by th’grosse: <lb/>Inckles,
Caddysse,
Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings <lb/>em ouer, as they were Gods,
Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a shee\textsuperscript{2011} Angell, he so chauntes to the sleeue\textsuperscript{2011} hand, and the worke about the square on’t. <p>
</p>

Who = "\#F-wt-clo">

\textit{Clo.} 

Pre’thee bring him in, and let him approach sing-<lb/>ging. <p>
</p>

Who = "\#F-wt-per">

\textit{Perd.} 

Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in’s tunes. <p>
</p>

Who = "\#F-wt-clo">

\textit{Clow.} 

You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl’d thinke (Sister.) <p>
</p>

Who = "\#F-wt-per">

\textit{Perd.} I, good brother, or go about to thinke. <p>
</p>

Stage = "italic center" type="entrance" >Enter Autolicus singing. <p>

Lawne as white as driuen Snow, 

Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow, 

Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses, 

Maskes for faces, and for noses: 

Bugle\textsuperscript{2011}bracelet, Necke lace Amber, 

Perfume for a Ladies Chamber: 

Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers 

For my Lads, to giue their deers: 

Pins, and poaking\textsuperscript{2011}stiches of steele. 

What Maids lacke from head to heele: 

Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy, 

Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy. <p>

</p>

Who = "\#F-wt-clo">

\textit{Clo.} 

If I were not in loue with \textit{Mopsa}, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthralld as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues. <p>
</p>
Mop.

I was promised them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor.

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

Mop.

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

Clo.

Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests?

'Tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop.

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

Clo.

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

Aut.

And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behovses men to be wary.

Clo.

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

What hast heere? Ballads?

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

Here’s one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsu-"s wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagns at a burthen, and how she long’d to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado’d.

Here’s the Midwiues name to’t: one Mist. TalePorter, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Pray you now buy it.

Come, on, lay it by: and let’s first see moe Bal-lads: Wee’l buy the other things anon.
Here’s another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was she a Wo-man, and was turn’d into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that lou’d her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Is it true too, thinke you.

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

Let’s haue some merry ones.

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

We can both sing it: if thou’lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.
We had the tune on’t, a month agoe.

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

Get you hence, for I must goe

Whether?

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

Me too: Let me go thether:

Or thou goest to th’Grange, or Mill,

If to either thou dost ill,
Aut: Neither:

Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be, Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Clo. Then whether goest? Say whether?

Wee'1 haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'1l not trouble them: Come bring pack after me, Wenches Ie buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; follow me girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape? My dainty Ducke, my deere -a?

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head?

Of the news't, and fins't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit.

Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat's, three Swine's that haue made them: Come bring the first place="footCentre">Bb3</fw>

The Winters Tale.
themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers, they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gal-

but they themselues are o’th’minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

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

You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let’s see these foure&’three of Heardeanmen.

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

Leaue your prating, since these good men are pleas’d, let them come in: but quickly now.

Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres

O Father, you’l 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 shepheard)

Your heart is full of something, that do’s take

Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,

And handed loue, as you do; I was wont

To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransack’t

The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr’d it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

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

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

Do, and be witnesse too’t.
And this my neighbour too?

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

And he, and more
Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, I say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake so well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better by the patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out the puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine; and friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to it: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

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

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

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

Flo. I haue: but what of him?
Knowes he of this?

He neither do's, nor shall.

Me - thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare? Lies he not bed-rid? And a - does nothing But what he did, being childish?

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

By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else) But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

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

Let him know't.

He shall not.
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    </sp>
  </sp>
</sp>

</sp>

<s who="#F-wt-flo">
  <s who="#F-wt-pol">
    <s who="#F-wt-osh">
      <s who="#F-wt-pol">
      </s>
      <s who="#F-wt-osh">
    </s>
    <s who="#F-wt-pol">
    </s>
  </s>
</s>

<cb n="1"/>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Wor.</fw>

<p>Prethee let him.</p>

<p>No, he must not.</p>

<p>Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue. At knowing of thy choice.</p>

<p>Come, come, he must not: Marke our Contract.</p>

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

<p>Oh my heart.</p>

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

Exit.

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

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

Exit.

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

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

I not purpose it: I thinke Camillo.

Euen he, my Lord.

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

It cannot faile, but by The violation of my faith, and then Let Nature crush the sides o’th earth together, And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes: From my succession wipe me (Father) I am heyre to my affection.

Be aduis’d.

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

This is desperate (sir.)
So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:

I needs must thinke it honesty. (Camillo),

Not for (Bohemia), nor the pompe that may

Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or

The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not)
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Upon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I haue
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing bene

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

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

Now good (Camillo),
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leaue out ceremony.
Sir, I thinke you haue heard of my poore seruices, i’th loue. That I haue borne your Father?

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

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

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

Haue you thought on A place whereto you l go? A place whereo you’l go?
Of every winde that blowes.

Then list to me: This followes, if you will not change your purpose, But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia, and there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse, (For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes; She shall be habited, as it becomes The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping.

His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuennesse, As 'twere i’th’Fathers person: kisses the hands, Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him, Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th’one He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow, Faster then Thought, or Time.

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

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

I am bound to you: There is some sappe in this.
A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath’d Waters, vndream’d Shores; most certaine,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you’le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie’s the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

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

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

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

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

My prettiest Perdita,
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish’d like Bohemia's

Sonne,
My Lord,

Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes

Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,

To have you royally appointed, as if

The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,

That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Ha, ha, what a Foolish Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasses, Pomander, Browch, Table.

Tape, Gloue, Shoee; Bracelet, Horne; Ring, to keep.

This 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 saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Pettoes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch’d a Placket, it was sense; ’twas nothing to gueld a Codpeece of a Purse: I would haue fill’d Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiual Purse: And had not the old man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar’d my Chowges from the Chaffe, I had not left a alivie in the whole Army.
<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>

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

And those that you’l procure from King <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi>?

Shall satisfi your Father.

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

Who haue we here? Wee’le make an Instrument of this: omit Nothing may giue vs aide.

If they haue ouer heard me now: why hanging.

Why, be so still: here’s no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out and side of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis case thee instantly (thou must thinke there’s a necessitie in’t) and change Garments with this Gentleman: though the penny worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there’s some boot.
[Speaker rend="italic">Aut.</[Speaker>

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

[Speaker rend="italic">Cam.</[Speaker>

Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

[Speaker rend="italic">Aut.</[Speaker>

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

[Speaker rend="italic">Flo.</[Speaker>

Dispatch, I prethee.

[Speaker rend="italic">Aut.</[Speaker>

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

[Speaker rend="italic">Cam.</[Speaker>

Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

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

[Speaker rend="italic">Perd.</[Speaker>

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

[Speaker rend="italic">Cam.</[Speaker>

No remedie: Haue you done there?

[Speaker rend="italic">Flo.</[Speaker>

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

Nay, you shall have no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut.

Adieu, Sir.

Flo.

O Perdita: what have we twain forgot?

Pray

The Winters Tale.

The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

I understand the businesse, I heare it: to have an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut

Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th’other Sences. I see this is the time that the vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe
thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about <lb/>a peece of
Iniquitie
(stealing away from his Father, with <lb/>his Clog at his heeles:) if I
thought it were a peece of ho-<lb/>nestie to acquaint the King
withall, I would not do’t: I <lb/>hold it the more knauerie to conceale
it;
and therein am <lb/>I constant to my Profession.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Shepheard.</stage>
<p>Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every <lb/>Lanes
end,
every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds <lb/>a carefull man
worke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
<p>See, see: what a man you are now? there is no <lb/>other way, but to
</sp>
<gap extent=""2"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="stain"
resp="#LMC"/>
the King she’s a Changeling, and <lb/>none of your flesh and
blood.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
<p>Nay, but heare me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
<p>Nay; but heare me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
<p>Goe too then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
<p>She being none of your flesh and blood, your <lb/>flesh and blood
ha’s not
offended the King, and so your <lb/>flesh and blood is not to be
punish’d by
him. Shew those <lb/>things you found about her (those secret things,
all
but <lb/>what she ha’s with her:) This being done, let the Law goe
<lb/>whistle: I warrant you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Very wisely (Puppies.)

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

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

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

To th Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

hauling? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they of ten giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

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

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

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

whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.
Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha’st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and’t like you.)

Clo. Advocate’s the Court’s word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.


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

This cannot be but a great Courtier.

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

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

The Farthell there? What’s i’th’Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

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

Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

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

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

Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou’d fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-ram, ten-der, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston’d: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are
too few, the sharpest too easie.</p>

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<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
<p>And’t please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>After I haue done what I promised?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>I Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, that’s the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee le be made an example.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know ‘tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: we are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do’s, when the Bu-sinesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>We are bless’d, in this man: as I may say, euen bless’d.</p>
</sp>
Shep.

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

Aut.

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

Cleo.

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

Cleo.

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

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

I think so. Kill’d? I did so: but thou strik’st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

You are one of those Would haue him wed againe.

If you would not so,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For present comfort, and for future good,
With a sweet Fellow to’t?

There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that’s gone:) besides the Gods
Will haue fulfi
ls’d their secret purposes:

For ha’s not the Diuine Apollo said?
Is’t not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King Leontes shall not haue an Heire,

Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is’t not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King Leontes shall not haue an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,

As my Antigonus to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,

Did perish with the Infant. ’Tis your councell,
My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander

Left his to th’Worthiest: so his Successor

Was like to be the best.

Good Paulina,

Who hast the memorie of Hermione

I know in honor: O, that euer I

Had squar’d me to thy councell: then, euen now,

I might haue look’d upoun my Queens full eyes,

Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Thou speak’st truth:

No more such Wives, therefore no Wife: one worse,

And better vs’d, would make her Sainted Spirit

Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage

(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule & x2011;vext,

And begin, why to me?

Had she such power,

She had iust such cause.
To murther her I marryed.

I should so:

Were I the Ghost that walk’d, Il’d bid you marke her eye, and tell me for what dull part in’t

You chose her: then Il’d shriek, that euen your eares

Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow’d,

Should be, Remember mine.

Starres, Starres, And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;

Ile haue no Wife, Paulina.

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

Neuer (Paulina) so be bless’d my Spirit.

You tempt him ouer much.

Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

You tempt him ouer much.

Vnlesse another, As like Hermione, as is her Picture,

Affront his eye.

Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul.

Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk’d your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.

Leo.

My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
That Shall be when your first Queene’s againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

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

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

His Princesse (say you) with him?

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr’d
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo.

Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st

He dyes to me againe, when talk'd of: sure

When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that, which may

Vnfnurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,

For she did print your Royall Father off,

Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,

Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,

(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,

As I did him, and speake of something wildly

By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,

And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,

I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth

You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost

(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,

Amitie too of your braue Father, whom

(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life

Once more to looke on him.

By his command

Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)

Can send his Brother: and but Infirmite

(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd

His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe

The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,

Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues

(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,

And those that beare them, liuing.

By his command

I haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)

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Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues

(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,

And those that beare them, liuing.

Oh my Brother,

(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stire

Afresh within me: and these thy offices

(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters

Of my behind hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,

As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too

Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vsage

(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune

To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th’adventuere of her person?

Good my Lord,

She came from Libia.

Where the Warlike Smalus,

That Noble honor’d Lord, is fear’d, and lou’d?

Most Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter

His Teares proclaym’d his parting with her: thence

(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross’d,

To execute the Charge my Father gave me,

For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine

I have from your Sicilian Shores

Who for Bohemia bend, to signifie

Not onely my success in Libia (Sir)

But my arrival, and my Wifes, in safety

Here, where we are.

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Who for Bohemia bend, to signifie

Not onely my success in Libia (Sir)

But my arrival, and my Wifes, in safety

Here, where we are.
Were not the proofe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)

Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:

Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha’s

(F his Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)

Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with

A Shepheards Daughter.

Where’s Bohemia? speake:

Camillo ha’s betray’d me; Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,

Endur’d all Weathers.

Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now

Ha’s these poore men in question. Neuer saw I

Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;

Forsweare themselves as often as they speake:

Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them

With divers deaths, in death.
Oh my poore Father:

The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue

Our Contract celebrated.

Leo.

You are marryed?

We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:

The Starres (I see) w ill kisse the Valleyes first:

The oddes for high and low’s alike.

My Lord,

Is this the Daughter of a King?

She is,

When once she is my Wife.

That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,

Will come — on very slowly. I am sorry

(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,

Where you were ty’d in dutie: and as sorry,

Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,

That you might well enioy her.

Deare, looke vp:

Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,

Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot

Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)

Remember, since you ow’d no more to Time

Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,

Step forth mine Adovocate: at your request,

My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Would he doe so, I’dl beg your precious Mistris,

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

Leo. I thought of her, Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition Is yet vn.answer’d: I will to your Father: I now goe toward him: therefore follow me, And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation? I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com.manded out of the Chamber: this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

I would most gladly know the issue of it. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were very admiration: they seem’d almost, with sta...
tare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their
dumbnesse,

Language in their very gesture: they look’d as they had heard of a
World ransom’d, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-der appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th’importance were

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, Rogero.

Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is full: the Kings Daughter
is found: such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that
Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

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

Most true, if euer Truth were pregna
nt by Circumstance: That which you
heare, you’le swear: you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes.
The Mantle of Queene Hermione: her J ewell
about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigonus found
it, which they know to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature,
in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-her Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

No.

</sp>
Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you have been held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem’d Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

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

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

Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though his Innocence (which seemes much) to justifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knows.

What became of his Barke, and his Followers?
Wrackt the same instant of their Masters' death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina's. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, ano-ther eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

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

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

Are they returned to the Court?

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

Gent. 2.

I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let’s along.

Gent. 1.

Who would be thence, that ha’s the benefit of Accesse? euery Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but (so he he at that time ouer fond of the Shepheards Daughter then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea sick, himselfe little better, extremeitie of Weather conti-ning, this Mysterie remained vndiscouer’d. But ‘tis all one to me: for had I beeene the finder out of this Secret, it would not haue rellish’d among my other discreets.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For-tune.
Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

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

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

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

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

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

tearus that euer we shed.

We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.

I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposte-rous estate as we are.
I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Master.

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

Thou wilt amend thy life?

I, and it like your good Worship.

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

You may say it, but not sweare it.

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

How if it be false (Sonne?)

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

I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

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

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

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


Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.
<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>

We honor you with trouble: but we came to see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie

Haue we pass’d through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not

That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,

The Statue of her Mother.

</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">

As she liu’d peerelesse,

So her dead likeness I doe well beleue

Excels what euer yet you look’d vpon,

Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it

Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare

To see the Life as liuely mock’d, as euer

Still Sleepe mock’d Death: behold, and say 'tis well.

I like your silence, it the more shewes &amp;#x2011;off

Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)

Comes it not something neere?

</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">

Her naturall Posture.

Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed

Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,

In thy not chiding: for she was as tender

As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)

Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art

Hermione was not so muck wrinckled,

So aged as this seems.

</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pol">

Oh, not by much.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">

So much the more our Caruers excellence,

Which lets goe by some sixtene yeeres, and makes her

As she liu’d now.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">

As now she might haue done,

So much to my good comfort, as it is

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

Perd.

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

Paul.

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

Cam.

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

Pol.

Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
to take off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himself.

Paul.

Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
Il’d not haue shew’d it.

Leo.

Doe not draw the Curtaine.
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <p>No longer shall you gaze on’t, least your Fancie <lb/>
  May thinke anon, it moues.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Let be, let be:</l>
  <l>Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.</l>
  <l>(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)</l>
  <l>Would you not deeme it breath’d? and that those veines</l>
  <l>Did verily beare blood?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Masterly done:</l>
  <l>The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>The fixure of her Eye ha’s motion in’t,</l>
  <l>As we are mock’d with Art.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Ile draw the Curtaine:</l>
  <l>My Lord’s almost so farre transported, that</l>
  <l>Hee’le thinke anon it liues.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh sweet <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
  <l>Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:</l>
  <l>No setled Sences of the World can match</l>
  <l>The pleasure of that madnesse. Let’t alone.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir’d you: but</l>
  <l>I could afflict you farther.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Doe <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>:</l>
  <l>For this Affliction ha’s a taste as sweet</l>
  <l>As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinks</l>
  <l>There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell</l>
  <l>Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,</l>
  <l>For I will kisse her.</l>
</sp>
Paul.

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

Leo.

No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd.

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

Paul.

Either forbeare,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo.

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

Paul.

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

Leo.

Proceed:
No foot shall stire.

Paul.

Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
When she was young, you woo’d her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?
Oh, she’s warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art—
Lawfull as Eating.
I, and make it manifest where she ha’s liu’d,
Or how stolne from the dead?
That she is liuving,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi> is found.
You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru’d? Where liu’d? How found Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru’d My selfe, to see the yssue.

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

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

Exeunt. The Names of the Actors. The Names of the Actors.
<item>L</item>Eontes, King of Sicillia.

<item>Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.</item>

<list rend="rightBracketed">
  <item>Camillo.</item>
  <item>Antigonus.</item>
  <item>Cleomines.</item>
  <item>Dion.</item>
</list>

<hi rend="rightJustified">Foure Lords of Sicillia.</hi>

<item>Hermione, Queene to Leontes.</item>
<item>Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</item>
<item>Paulina, wife to Antigonus.</item>
<cb n="2"/>
<item>Emilia, a Lady.</item>
<item>Polixenes, King of Bohemia.</item>
<item>Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.</item>
<item>Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.</item>
<item>Clowne, his Sonne.</item>
<item>Autolicus, a Rogue.</item>
<item>Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.</item>
<item>Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.</item>
<item>Shepheards, and Shepheardesses.</item>
</list>
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<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
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