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Dolby's British Theatre.

THE WINTER'S TALE,
A PLAY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

ALSO,

AN AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,
AND THE GENERAL STAGE BUSINESS,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a Wood Engraving, from an original Drawing,
made expressly for this Work, by Mr. J. R. CRUIKSHANK,
and executed by Mr. WHITE.

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1828.
Price Sixpence.
BRIEF MEMOIR
OF
MRS. BUNN,
FORMERLY
MISS SOMERVILLE.

MRS. MARGARET AGNES BUNN, (formerly Miss Somerville), is the eldest daughter of Mr. John Somerville, a most respectable tradesman of the parish of Mary-la-bonne, London. She was born at Lanark, in Scotland, Oct. 28, 1799. During her residence at the seminary of the Misses Triggé, at Chelsea, and afterwards at that of the Misses Curtess, at Paddington, the tendency of the young pupil's talents to scenic studies was decidedly manifested. During Miss Somerville's residence with the Misses Curtess, she contracted an intimacy with Miss Hayter, (daughter of the celebrated artist of that name), which intimacy soon ripened into a friendship of the warmest nature. It is to Mr. George Hayter, the eldest brother of that young lady, that the public are chiefly indebted for the first introduction of Miss Somerville to their notice. Amongst the patrons of that gentleman's art, the Duke of Devonshire holds a distinguished place. His Grace, in his capacity of trustee to Drury-lane Theatre, was the first person to whom Mr. Hayter mentioned the extraordinary abilities of Miss Somerville, and, in consequence of this intimacy, she was immediately introduced to the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, at that time the principal acting manager of Drury-lane Theatre. It is said that on her first essay, the opinion of Mr. Kinnaird was by no means favourable; but Miss Somerville immediately, and most assiduously, reverted to her studies. By the zealous friendship of Mr. Hayter, she was again, in April, 1816, introduced to Mr. Kinnaird, who attended her performance of some of the finest passages in Venice Preserved. On this occasion, Lord Byron was present, who united his opinion with that of Mr. Kinnaird, in pronouncing it a most promising performance.

Shortly after, our heroine was invited to the house of Lord Essex, where she was introduced to the justly celebrated Mr. Kean. It was at this party that Mr. Kean suggested the immediate production of a new tragedy, then in the theatre, for the express purpose of introducing Miss S. to the public. It accordingly took place, and in a few days after, May 9, 1816, this young lady made her first appearance on any stage, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane, in the character of Imogene, in the tragedy of Bertram.

Miss Somerville's debut was one of the most successful ever witnessed. From the splendid talents of the fair débutante, and the favour of the audience, the play, too, succeeded, and was performed twenty-two nights, during the remainder of the season.

The young lady's success induced the management to offer her an engagement for three years, on very advantageous terms; and they made her a liberal present for her performance in Bertram. Of the subsequent dissensions in the Drury-lane management it is unnecessary here to speak. Miss Somerville became the leading star of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden, in the season 1818—19.
Towards the close of her engagement at Covent-garden, Miss Somerville became the wife of Mr. Bunn, the proprietor of the Birmingham, and the present stage manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane, where she has lately reappeared with the most distinguished success.

We have no room to dilate upon the talents of this highly-gifted lady; nor to point out parts and passages in which she most particularly excels. Public opinion has already pronounced her excellent. In her private character, Mrs. Bunn is understood to be very affable, mild, and affectionate. Her virtues have attracted around her an extensive circle of friends of all ranks; while her talents have rendered her a peculiar object of public regard.

REMARKS.

This play is a most extraordinary production. The story, (if there be any thing which can be so called about it), is as absurd as it is possible to conceive any thing. The greatest difficulty the actors have to encounter in this play is, not to make their respective characters objects of ridicule or vulgar merriment. The reader, therefore, must not take it up with an expectation of being diverted with an amusing story, of being interested with an affecting one, or of coming to any thing like a reasonable or satisfactory conclusion.

The Winter's Tale is all poetry. It is most brilliantly imaginative, and minutely descriptive. The idea of going into a connected story once got rid of, no other difficulty can arise. Poetry at once assumes its empire, and appears in all its wondrous attractions. In this play, it appears to charm the more, the more it deviates from reason and probability.

The Winter's Tale has been handed down to us as a collection of gems, of all colours and sizes, carelessly thrown together at different times, and left to sparkle, with undiminished splendour, to the delight and gratification of those who have taste to appreciate its beauties, in all succeeding ages.

17, Catherine-street, Strand—January, 1824.
Costume.

LEONTES.—Gold coronet, with purple velvet crown, and white plumes; purple velvet and gold mantle, lined with white satin, and edged with ermine; blue and gold dress, white hose, black sandals; sword. Second dress—Black, richly trimmed.

POLIXENES.—Gold coronet, with purple velvet crown, and white plumes; purple velvet and gold mantle, lined with scarlet satin, and edged with ermine; buff and gold dress, buff hose, and white sandals; sword.

FLORELZEL.—Turban of green and gold, round black velvet dress, trimmed with buff, buff hose, black sandals. At Court, a mantle of scarlet and gold.

MAMILUS.—White and gold.

ARCHIDAMUS.—Round black hat, gold band, and white plumes, black velvet and gold mantle, olive brown and gold dress, buff hose and scarlet sandals; sword and gauntlets.

PHOCION.—Scarlet and gold turban, and white plumes; scarlet and gold mantle; brown and gold dress, buff hose, and scarlet sandals; sword and gauntlets.

CAMILLO and THASIUS.—Nearly the same.

CLEOMENES and DION.—Green turbans, gold bands and white plumes, crimson and gold mantles; blue satin and gold dresses, buff hose, scarlet sandals.

SHEPHERD and CLOWN.—Rustic dresses. Second dresses—purple and gold.

AUTOLYCUS.—Rags of all colours. Second dress—gaudy court dress.

HERMIONE.—Splendid regal robes. Second dress—White muslin.

PERDITA.—White muslin, trimmed with wreaths and festoons of roses.

PAULINA.—White satin and gold. Second dress—Black.

EMILIA.—White muslin, trimmed with pink; buff mantle and gold spangles.

Cast of the Characters in the Play of The Winter's Tale, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, 1823.

Leontes, King of Sicilia — Mr. Macready.
Mamilius — Master Carr.
Camillo — Mr. Thompson.
Antigonus — Mr. Terry.
Cleomenes — Mr. Penley.
Dion — Mr. Mercer.
Phocion — Mr. Younge.
Thasius — Mr. Howell.
Poltzenes, King of Bohemia — Mr. Archer.
Florizel — Mr. Wallack.
Archidamus — Mr. Powell.
Shepherd — Mr. Gattie.
Clown — Mr. Harley.
Autolycus — Mr. Munden.
Hermione, Queen of Sicilia — Mrs. Bunn.
Perdita — Miss S. Booth.
Paulina — Mrs. W. West.
Emilia — Mrs. Knight.
Dorcas — Miss Cubitt.
STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The Stage Directions are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a Character appears upon the Stage, the point of Entrance, as well as every subsequent change of Position, till its Exit, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a Standard Guide to the Stage business, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITs and ENTRANCES.

R. means Right; L. Left; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the Relative Positions.

* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.
Clown. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

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

Act IV. Scene 3.
SCENE I.—Sicilia.—A Square before the Palace of Leonides.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus, R.

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

Cam. (c.) I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed—

Cam. 'Beseech you—

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

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

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

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

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

_Cam._ I very well agree with you in the hopes of him; it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject—makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

_Arch._ Would they else be content to die?

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

_Arch._ If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

_Trumpets sound._

_Cam._ Come, my lord. 

[Exeunt, l.]

**Scene II.——A Room of State in the Palace.——Trumpets sound.**

_Ladies ranged on l._ Lords and Gents on r.

_Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Antigonus, Camillo, Archidamus, Cleomenes, Dion, Phocion, Thasius, Paulina, Emilia, Lamia, Hero, and Attendants, discovered._—Polixenes, Leontes, and Hermione advance from three State-chairs in the back ground.—Hermione stands l. c.

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

_Leon._ (c.) Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

_Pol._ Sir, that's to-morrow,
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence:
Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Poi. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Poi. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in
that
I'll no gain-saying.
Poi. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? Speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take, my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?
Poi. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?—
Poi. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vaws: but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." [Mamillius and Attendant enter at l. u.e.] Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. [Leonentes on returning to his state chair meets Mamillius, who goes back with him.] Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. [Leon sits; Mamil. leans on his knee.] How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? By your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

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

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

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

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. (r. c.) By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. (c.) O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unsledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had not then cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

Leon. [Coming forward l. c. with Mam.] Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. (l. c.) At my request he would not.—

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never? 

[Pol. crosses to r. c.

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well? When was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me.

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first?—It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you:
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav't—I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. [Turning to Leon.] Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[Turns away, r.—Gives her hand to Pol.

Leon. [L. c. with Mam.] Too hot, too hot:—
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy—not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; [Looking at Pol. and
Her.] it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and then to sigh as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[Pol. and Her. cordially confer
back of r. c.] O, that is entertainment,
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius!

[Act 1.]

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. (l.) I'fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine.—Come, captain,
We must be neat: not neat, but cleanly, captain—

[Wipes the face of Mam.]

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm! How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But they were false
As wind, as waters;
Yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. [Lifting up Mam.]

Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye.—Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be—

Pol. [Looking at Leon.] What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. (r. c.) How, my lord? [Coming forward.

Leon. What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. [l. c.] You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. [Looking round to the r.] No, in good earn-
est.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

v like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
SCENE II.]  THE WINTER’S TALE.  18

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend.

[To Mam.

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I’ll fight.

Leon. You will?—why, happy man be his dole!—

My brother,

[To Pol.

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of our’s?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He’s all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;

He makes a July’s day short as December;

And, with his varying childhood, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic’d with me:—We too will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov’st us, show in our brother’s welcome;

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he’s

Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours in the garden: Shall’s attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you’ll be

found,

Be you beneath the sky.

I am angling now,

[To Mam.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

[Exeunt Hermione and Polixenes (r.), followed

by all the Court except Leontes, Mamilius,

and Camillo.

Go to—go to!

[ Goes r., and looks after them.—Mam. stands l.

How she holds up the nee, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! (c.) Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep;—o’er head and ears a fork’d

one.

Go play, boy, play; [Mam. goes to him, c.] thy mo-

ther plays, and I

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

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have

been,

Or I am much deceiv’d, cuckold’s ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has——  
Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind.  
Would hang themselves.—Physic for't there is none;  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
From east, west, north, and south:  
Many a thousand of us  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!  

_Mam._ I am like you, they say.  

_Leon._ Why, that's some comfort.—  

What! Camillo there?  

_Cam._ (L.) Ay, my good lord.  

_Leon._ Go play, Mamilius; thou'rt an honest man.  

[Exit _Mam._

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.  

_Cam._ (c.) You had much ado to make his anchor hold;  
When you cast out, it still came home.  

_Leon._ (c.) Didst note it?  

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

_Leon._ Didst perceive it?  
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,  
"Sicilia is a so forth:" 'Tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last. How can't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?  

_Cam._ At the good Queen's entreaty.  

_Leon._ At the Queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;  
But so it is, is it not? Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks;—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,  
Perchance, are to this business pурblind? say.  

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

_Leon._ Ha?  

_Cam._ Stays here longer.  

_Leon._ Ay, but why?  

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

_Leon._ Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy!—
Let that suffice.—I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd. But we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

_Cam._ Be it forbid, my lord!

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

_Cam._ In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence.
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
'Twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

_Leon._ Have you not seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have ;)
Or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man who does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse: deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

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

Leon. (l. c.) Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:)
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Camillo. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Camillo. No, no, my lord.

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

Camillo. (c.) Who does infect her?

Leon. (c.) Why, he, that wears her like a medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia:—Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits—
They would do that
Which should unde more doing? Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer—
Who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Camillo. Sir—my lord—
I could do this; and that with as rash potion,
SCENE II.]  THE WINTER’S TALE.

But with a ling’ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison:—But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,—
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. I’ve lov’d thee—make’t thy question, and go
rot!—
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:—
Give scandal to the blood o’the prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine:—
Without ripe moving to’t? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia, for’t:
Provided that, when he’s remov’d, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son’s sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so, as I my own course have set down:
I’ll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen:—I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.  [Leon. goes r.—tours.

Leon. (r.) This is all:
Don’t, and thou hast the one-half of my heart;
Don’t not, thou splitt’st thine own.—
I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis’d me.

[Exit Leontes, r.

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

Enter Polixenes, r.

Pol. (r. c.) This is strange! Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. (c.) Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself; even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not?
Cam. 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.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behave my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo—
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, lost! and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

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

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!

Cam. Swear this, though over
By each particular star in heaven—
You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd—away to-night.
Be not uncertain;—
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:—
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour.
Pol. Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen's!
Cam. Come, sir, away.

[Exeunt, l.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Queen's Apartment.

Hermione, Mamillius, Emilia, Lamia, and Hero, discovered.

Her. [Seated c. in the back ground.] Take the boy
to you: he so troubles me,
"Tis past enduring.
Lam. (l.) Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. (l.) No, I'll none of you. I love you better.
Emil. (l. c.) And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best.
Emil. Who taught this?—
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray, now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
Lam. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock! I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
Emil. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now

[Mam. goes to Her.]
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us, And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?
*Her.* As merry as you will.
*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
*Mam.* There was a man—

*Enter Leontes, P hocion, Antigonus, Thasius, Officers, and Guards, l.—Ladies stand r. Guards, &c. l.*

*Leon. (l.)* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

*Pho.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so bless'd!—                                [Herm. rises.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

[She leads Mam. to r.]

He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

*Pho.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

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

*Her. (r.)* What is this?—sport?
*Leon. (c.)* Bear the boy hence;—he shall not come about her;—
Away with him.

[Her. retires to her seat in the back grove.
—Thasius leads Mamillius off l.

B 3
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out——
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: [She returns to the R.] These shrugs,
these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she's honest: But be it known
From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. (R.) Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain:—You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes.—O, thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A feodary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself,
That she's
A bed-swerver;
Ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

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

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
School-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
. who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
that he speaks. [She throws herself on sofa.
Her. [Rises, and comes forward r. c.] There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: [To Guards, &c. on
the r.] but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.
Leon. Shall I be heard?
Her. (c.) Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[To her Ladies, r.
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears:
This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. (a.) Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust I shall. My women, come—you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[Retires to back ground.
[Exit Hermione, followed by Emilia, Lamia,
Hero, Officers, and Guards, r.
Pho. (l.) 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. (l.) For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless.
Leon. Hold your peace.
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves;
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't;
Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine—and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honour,
Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations.
Leon. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't,
And feel't, as you feel doing thus; [Striking his hands
together and coming forward, c.] and see
Withal the instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

Ant. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. (c.) Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
Doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Pho. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us.

Ant. Yet, hear me, gracious sovereign—

Leon. (L.) We need no more of your advice: the
matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours: we'll spare your wisdom, sir.

[Exeunt Leontes and Phocion, L.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it—
Without more overture.

[Exit, R
SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter Paulina and two Gentlemen, r.

Paul. (c.) The keeper of the prison—call to him; Let him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gentleman, l.

Good lady! Ne court in Europe is too good for thee; What dost thou then in prison?

Enter Gentleman, with the Keeper, l.

Now, good sir, You know me—do you not? [Two Gents. stand back on r.

Keep. (l.) For a worthy lady, And one whom much I honour. Paul. 'Pray you then, Conduct me to the queen. Keep. (l. c.) I may not, madam; to the contrary I have express commandment. Paul. Here's ado, To lock up honesty and honour from The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful, 'Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia? Keep. So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth. Paul. I pray you now call her.—Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt the two Gentlemen. Keep. And, madam, I must be present at your conference. Paul. Well, be it so, 'pr'y:hee. [Exit Keeper, l. Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Enter the Keeper and Emilia, l.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady? Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together: On her frights and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater), She is, something before her time, deliver'd. Paul. A boy?

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

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
them!
He must be told on't—and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest: we do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue.
Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

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

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is;
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen:—
Do not you fear, upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[Exeunt, l.

SCENE III.—A Square before the Palace.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion, bearing the oracle.—
Guards stand across the back ground.

Dion. (l. c.) The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the soil; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Cleo. (r. c.) I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i’the offering!

Dion. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o’the oracle,
Kin to Jove’s thunder, so surpris’d my sense,
That I was nothing.

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

Dion. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Cleo. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo’s great Divine seal’d up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge—
And gracious be the issue,

[Exeunt, r.

SCENE IV.—The King’s Closet.

Leon. alone, discovered reeling on a couch.

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

Enter Antigonus, r.

Ant. My lord?

Leon. [Rising.] How does the boy?
Ant. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.— [Advances.
Polixenes—thou—Fie! no more of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoils upon me; in himself too mighty,
His parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

[Retires to the couch and sits.

Phocion, Thasius, and Paulina, without, l.

Tha. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Enter Phocion, Thasius, and Paulina, with the
Child, l. wrapped in white satin.

Pho. Madam, he hath not slept to night; com-
manded
None should come at him.

Paul. (l.) Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as medic'nal as true,
To purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.

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

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

Leon. Good queen!

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

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Kneels and lays the Child at his feet.]

Leon. [Rising and coming forward.] Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. [Near the Child.] Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. (c.) Traitors!
Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:
Thou dotard, [To Antigonus,] thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here—
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

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

Leon. He dreads his wife!
Paul. So I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor 1; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's: and will not
Once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. (r. c.) This brat is none of mine.
Paul. [Comes a little forward.] 'Tis yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. [Goes back to the Child,
and takes it up.] Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek,
[Brings it forward.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's?
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. (r. c.) Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
I will not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
Savours of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life?
Away with her. [Returning to his seat.
Scene IV. The Winter's Tale.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! [Lays the Child at his Feet.]
What need these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so; [To Ant. R.] Farewell; we are gone.
[Exit Paulina, L.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. Go—do it—hence—
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. (a.) I did not, sir;
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Pho. We can: My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are traitors, all.

Ant. 'Beseech your highness give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: and on my knees I beg,
(As recompence of my dear services,
Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We beseech—

Leon. [Rises.] Shall I live on, to see this creature kneel
And call me father? Better end it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not, neither. You, withdraw awhile.
[Exeunt Phocion and Thasius, L.

You, sir, come you hither, (c.)
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life; [Ant. advances to him, c.]
for, 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this brat's grey; what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my abilities may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much—
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: [Draws his sword.]
Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou?) for the fall

Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wise,
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This hateful issue of Polixenes,
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

[Retires, and sits.]

Ant. (c.) I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful. [Takes up the Child.] Come on, poor babe;

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exit Antigonus, with the Child, R.]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

[A Trumpet sounds, L.]

Enter Phocion and Thasius, L.

Pho. (L.) Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since; Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are even now
Entering the court.
Leon. [Rises.] This good speed foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. Leave me;
 And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt, Leon. R. Pho. and Tha. L.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Court of Justice.—Trumpets sound.

Leontes, seated on his Throne, Phocion, Thaisius,
Cleomenes, Dion, Lords, Officers, &c. discovered.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pro-
nounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Tha. (r. of the table before the King.) It is his
 highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

Hermione is brought in l. guarded; Paulina, La-
mia, and Hero, attending. Hermione crosses to
r. and sits.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Pho. [Standing l. of the table, before the King

C 3
reads."

Hermione, queen to Leontes, King of Sicily, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.

_Her._ [Rises, and turns to the Court.] Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me, To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus—if powers divine Behold our human actions, (as they do), I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, (Who least will seem to do so), my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators; for behold me, A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing, To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I apeal To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how was I in your grace, How merited to be so? since he came With what encounter so uncurrent I Have strained to appear thus: if one jot beyond The bound of honour; or, in act, or will, That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry, Fie upon my grave!

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

_Her._ [Rises.] That's true enough; Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me,

[Sits.]
Leon. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails;
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;[Rises.
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
The first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
I am barr’d, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr’d most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal’d out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim’d a strumpet: With immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which ’longs
To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i’ the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet, hear this; mistake me not;—No!—life?
I prize it not a straw; but, for mine honour,
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn’d
Upon surmises; (all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake); I tell you,
’Tis rigour and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Leon. Bring forth,
And in Apollo’s name, his oracle.

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

Pho. You here shall swear upon this sword of jus-
tice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal’d up oracle, by the hand deliver’d
Of great Apollo’s priest; and that, since then
You have not dar’d to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in’t.
Cleo. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Pho. [Unlocks the Oracle, and takes out a paper.
—Reads.] "Hermione is chaste; [Herm. R. falls on
her knees.] Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true sub-
ject; Leontes’ babe truly begotten; and the King shall
live without an heir, if that which is lost, be not found."

Paul. (R. c.) Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Prais’d!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Pho. Ay, my lord, even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. The session shall proceed; this is mere false-
hood.

Enter Emilia, L.

Emil. My lord the king, the king!—
Leon. What is the business?
Emil. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen’s speed, is dead.                 [Herm. faints.
Leon. [Rises and goes to Herm. R.] How! dead?
Her. Oh! oh! oh!—my son!—
Leon. How now there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o’ercharg’d; she will recover.—
[Hermione is borne off by Paulina, Emilia,
Lamia, and Hero, R.
The heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.
I have too much believ’d mine own suspicion:—
‘Beseech you,’ tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Break up the court.
[Trumpets sound.—Scene closes.
SCENE II.—The King's Closet.

Enter Leontes, Phocion, and Thaisius, r.

Leon. (c.) Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes:
He, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended;
No richer than his honour:—How he glistens
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Paul. [Within, r.] Woe the while!

Leon. What fit is this, good lady?

Enter Paulina, r.

Paul. (r.) What studied tortments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels, racks, fires?—
What old, or newer torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? (r. c.) Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies—
O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed! stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

Leon. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Pho. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good, my liege—
Sir, royal sir—forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen—Lo, fool again?
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

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

[Exeunt, a.]
SCENE III.—Bohemia.—A desert Country, near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, R. U. E. with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch’d upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

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

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

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

Ant. Go thou away—
I’ll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o’the business. [Exit Mariner, R.

Ant. (c.) Come, poor babe:—
I’ve heard (but not believ’d) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear’d to me last night; for ne’er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming;—in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow’d before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—“Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia;
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr’ythee, call’d: For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:— and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air:—
Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed the well!

There lie;—
[**Laying down the Child.**
And there thy character;—
There these;—
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—
[**Rain and Wind.**
The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Fare thee well,
Sweet!—My heart bleeds: and most accrues'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—
[**Thunder, and dismal howling.**
The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—
[**Noise of Hunters.**
A savage clamour?
[**A Bear seen at a distance.**
This is the chase. Well may I get aboard!—
[**Exit, the Bear following towards the Ship.**
Rain—Wind—Thunder.

Enter a SHEPHERD, L. U. E.

*Sheep.* I would, there were no age between ten and
three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the
rest; for there is nothing in the between, but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
fighting. [**Horns sound.**] Hark you now! Would any
but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty,
hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my
best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than
the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-
side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!
[**Seeing the Child.**] What have we here? Mercy on's,
a barne, a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I
wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some
scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read wait-
ing-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some behind-door work; they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holloa'd but even now. Whoa, hohoah!

Clown within, r.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and buried, come hither.

Enter Clown, r.

What aile'st thou, man?

Clown. (l. c.) I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land! but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

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

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

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

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying—I with things new-born.

[Going to the Child.] Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't: So let's see:—It was told me I should be rich, by the fairies:—This is some changeling. Open't: What's within, boy?
Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.—Up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman. They are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. [Goes up the stage.

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

Clown. Marry, will I. [Exit, r. u. e.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit, l. u. e.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Bohemia.—A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo, l.

Pol. (c.) I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a death to grant this.

Cam. (l. c.) It is sixteen years since I saw my country: besides, the penitent king, my master, has sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, 'pr'ythee, speak no more. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel my son? I have eyes under my service, which
look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that, from very nothing, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

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

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. 'Pr’ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I obey your commands.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt, L.

SCENE II.—The open Country.

Enter Autolycus singing.

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

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

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

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

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

[Retires, L.
Enter Clown, r.

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

Aut. [Slyly advancing behind him.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.

[Takes out a paper, and reads.]

Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of rice."—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. "Mace-dates,"—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun."

Aut. [Wallowing on the ground.] O, that ever I was born!

Clown. [Turning round much alarmed.] I'the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags; and then—

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

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

Clown. [Bending over him.] What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

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

[Helping him up.]

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks the Clown's Pocket] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

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

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or
any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

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

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court.

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

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

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

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

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you, now?

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

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

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

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

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

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit, r.
SCENE III.—A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita, from an alcove, R.

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

Per. (c.) Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up.

Flo. (c.) I bless the time.
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!

Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's.
To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no.

[Tabor and Pipe within, L.]

Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

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

Enter L. U. E. Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Shepherds,
Shepherdesses; and the Shepherd, with Polixenes, and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantier, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
SCENE III. THE WINTER'S TALE.

You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: 'Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sirs! —
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day: — You're welcome, sirs.

[PERDITA SINGS.]
(This is sometimes omitted.)

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear:
In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
So harmless, and simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

Cam. (L.) Good sooth, she is the queen of curds and cream!

Per. (C.) Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,

[To POL. AND CAM. L.

For you there's rosemary, and rue:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. (L.) Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

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

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers of the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maiden honours growing;—
Daffodills,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die, unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength;
Bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial!—O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,

[To Flo. r.

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

[Flo. and Per. retire, and sit in the alcove, r.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Clown, &c. advance.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids?—Is
there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or
Kiln hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be
Tittle-tattling before all our guests?—'Tis well they are
Whispering.—Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—Come, strike up.

[A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.]

Pol. (L.) 'Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, now talking with your daughter?
Shep. (R.) They call him Doricles; and he boasts
himself
To have a worthy feeding:
He says, he loves my daughter;
And, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Who loves another best.—
If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Neatherd, r.

Neat (r.) O, master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: he sings songs faster than you’ll tell money; he utters them, as he had eaten ballads, and all mens’ ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. (c.) He could never come better; he shall come in.

Neat. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all sizes; ribbands of all the colours i’ the rainbow; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clown. ’Pr’ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing. [Exit Neatherd, r.] I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Enter Autolycus, singing, and the Neatherd.—Shepherds, Clowns, and Maids gather round him, c.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lase for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest, and fin’est, fin’est wear-a?
Come to the Pedlar,
Money’s a medler,
That doth utter all men’s ware-a.

Mop. Come, you promised me a tawdry lase, and a pair of sweet gloves.

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.—Come, come.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?
Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

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

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

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

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

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

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

Aut. Here's another ballad—of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of men: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

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

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man."

Dor. We can sing it; if thou'lt bear a part.

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

Clown. Have at it with you.

**SONG.**

*By the Clown, Mopsa, and Dorcas.*

C. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

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

D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;—
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;—
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me?
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

 Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll
not trouble them. [Pol. and Shep. in close confer-
ence near L. s. E.] Come, bring away thy pack after
me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's
have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

 Aut. And you shall pay well for them. [Sings.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a? &c. &c.

[Exeunt Autolycus, Clown, Dorcas, Mopsa,
Neatherd, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

 Pol. O, father, [To Shepherd] you'll know more
of that hereafter.

How now, fair shepherd?

[To Flo., who advances with Per. from the Alcove.
Sooth, when I was young,
I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him.

Flo. (c.) She prizes not such trifles as these are;
O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Cam. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!

 Pol. (l. c.) You have put him out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

 Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
 Pol. And this my neighbour too?
 Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge,
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

_Shep._ (L.) But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

_Per._ (r.) I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better;
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

_Shep._ Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

_Flo._ O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder.

_Shep._ [Goes between and takes a hand of each.]
Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

_Pol._ Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you:
Have you a father?

_Flo._ I have: but what of him?
_Pol._ Knows he of this?
_Flo._ He neither does, nor shall.
_Pol._ Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table:
Reason, my son,
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity), should hold some counsel
In such a business.

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

_Pol._ Let him know't.
_Flo._ He shall not.
_Pol._ 'Pr'ythee, let him.
_Flo._ No, he must not.
Scene III. The Winter's Tale.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

Our contract mark.

Pol. (l. c.) Mark your divorce, young sir;

[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call.
Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook?—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week:—

Shep. Undone, undone!—I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know.

[Exit Shepherd, r.

Pol. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft—who, of force, must know,
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

Per. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy—
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Nor hold thee of our blood:
Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.
Camillo, come.—

And you, enchantment—
If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.—Follow, sir.

[Exit Polixenes, l.

Per. (c.) [Cam. stands back l. c.] Even here undone!—

I was not much a'fear'd; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike. [Flo. takes her hand.] Wilt please
you, sir, begone?

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. [Comes forward, L. c.] Be advis'd—

Flo. (c.) I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore I pray you,
As you've e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion:
I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, to our need most opportune, I have
A vessel rides fast by.

Hark, Perdita.—

Cam. My lord—

Flo. I'll hear you by and by.

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

Sir,—

Flo. Now, good Camillo—

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows—if you will not change your purpose,
Scene III.]

The Winter's Tale.

But undergo this flight—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore the king:—
Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcome forth: asks there the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; and—

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
(Things known betwixt us three,) I'll write you down:
And, with my best endeavours, in your absence.
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

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

Enter Autolycus behind, in a Court Dress.

But oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo—
Preserver of my father, now of me—
How shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine.

Aut. [Back ground.] So, so— I smell the trick of it.

Per. But my poor father—

Cam. Fear not, fair shepherdess—he shall be safe.

Flo. Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side:—

Come, dearest Perdita:— and fortune speed us!

[Exeunt Florizel and Perdita, p.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

Aut. If I could overhear him now—

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company

E 2
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing. [Exit Camillo, r.]

Aut. I understand the business—I hear it:—the prince
is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his fa-
ther, with his clog at his heels.—Well, I am trans-
formed courtier again: four silken gamesters, who at-
tended the king, and were revelling by themselves at
some distance from the shepherds, have drank so plenti-
fully, that their weak brains are turned topsy-turvy. I
found one of them retired from the rest, sobering him-
self with sleep under the shade of a hawthorn: I made
profit of occasion, and exchanged garments with him;
the pedlar's clothes are on his back, and the pack by his
side, as empty as his pockets; for I had sold all my
trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribband, glass,
baldad, knife, tape, glove, to keep my pack from fast-
ing. My clown grew so in love with a new song, that
he would not stir his petticoets till he had both tune and
words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all
their other senses stuck in ears: no hearing, no feeling,
but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it: So
that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of
their festival purses; and had not the old man come in,
with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son,
and scared my coughts from the chaff, I had not left a
purse alive in the whole army. Aside, aside;—here is
more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end yields a
careful man work.

[Retires r.]

Enter Shepherd, r. and Clown, l. u. e.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is
no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and
none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me—

Clown. Nay, but hear me:—She being none of your
flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended
the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be pu-
nished by him. Show those things you found about
her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I war-
rant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and
his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man
neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me
the king's brother-in-law.
Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [In his retreat, n.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Comes forward.] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. [Shep. and Clown take off their hats.] To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?—The condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.—Seest thou not the air of a courtier in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? I am a courtier cap-a-pé; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

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

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

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

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

Clown. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?—Wherefore that box?

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

Aut. Age, thou must lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

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

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

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

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman.—An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I.—Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few; the sharpest too easy.

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

Aut. (c.) He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest: then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of those traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest, plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and no more ado.—Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

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

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

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a vituliferous one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.
Aunt. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.—Walk before toward the sea-side; go—I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown, l.

Aunt. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: there may be matter in it. [Exit, a.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia.—The Palace.—The King's Closet.

Leontes, in Black, seated; Cleomenes, standing; and Paulina, in Black, seated; discovered.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd a saint-like sorrow:
At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world—
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so.—Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'est me
Sorely, to say I did:
Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

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

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

Cleo. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on.

Paul. The gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.

Leon. Good Paulina—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips.

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
SCENE I.]

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lord, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. I have done.
Yet—if my lord will marry—
Give me the office
To chuse you a queen, sir; and she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Enter Phocion, r.

Pho. One, that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Pho. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Pho. Ay; the most precious piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone, bright on.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes:
Yourself, assisted with your heart's friends,
Bring them to our embracement.

[Exeunt Phocion and Cleomenes, r.

Still, 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. [Rises.] Had our prince,
(Jewel of children!) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more: thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when wak'd: pure,
When I shall see this gentleman's or speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They do come.
Enter Cleomenes, Florizel, Perdita, and Attendants, r.

Most dearly welcome, prince!
And your fair princess—goddess!
Most welcome, sir! Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him.

Flo. (r.) Great sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, and friend,
Can send his brother;
Whom he loves
More than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. (c.) O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me.
Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth! And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentele,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smailus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!-
What might I have
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly thins...
Enter Archidamus, attended.

Arch. (a.) Please you, great sir, Bohemia greets you from himself, by me: Desires you to attach his son; who has (His dignity and duty both cast off,) Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.


Arch. Here in your city; I now come from him. To your court While he was hast'ning, (in the chase Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way The father of this seeming lady, and Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour and whose honesty, till now, Endur'd all weathers.

Arch. He's with the king your father. Leon. Who? Camillo?

Arch. Camillo, sir, who now Has these poor men in question.

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

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first. Leon. My lord, Is this the daughter of a king?

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

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. [To Perd.] Dear, look up: Though fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us, with my father; power no jot Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir, [To Leon.

Remember since you ow'd no more to time Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. [Rises.] Would he do so, I'd beg your pre-
cious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. (L. c.) Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. (r.) I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[Trumpets sound.—Exeunt, r.

SCENE II.—A Square before the Palace.

Enter Phocion and Dion, l.

Dion. (c.) 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

Pho. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the
old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it:
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
manded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I
heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

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

Pho. I make a broken delivery of the business:—
But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration: there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture:—

Enter Thasius, r.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more:—
The news?

Tha. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled;
the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is
broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot
be able to express it!

Enter Cleomenes, r.

Pho. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is
called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it
is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Cleo. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by cir-
cumstance: the mantle of Queen Hermione;—her jewel
about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found
with it;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance
of the mother;—and many other evidences, proclaim
her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter.—Did
you see the meeting of the two kings?

Dion. No.

Cleo. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be
seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have be-
held one joy crown another; there was casting up of
eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such
distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not
by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of him-
self for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were
now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mo-
ther!"—then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces
his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter,
with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd,
who stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many
kings' reigns:—I never heard of such another encoun-
ter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes de-
scription to do it.

Pho. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that
carried hence the child?

Cleo. Like an old tale still; which will have matter
to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear
open: he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches
the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence
(which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief,
and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Tha. What became of his bark, and his followers?

Cleo. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's
death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the
instruments which aided to expose the child, were even
then lost, when it was found.—But, O, the noble com-
bat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Pau-
linia! She had one eye declined for the loss of her hus-
band; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled:
she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her
in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that
she might no more be in danger of losing.
Pho. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Cleo. One of the prettiest touches of all was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears: for, I am sure, my heart wept blood.

Dion. Are they returned to the court?

Cleo. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone.

Pho. She hath privately, twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cleo. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt, l.

Enter Shepherd and Clown, r. Autol. l.

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

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

Aut. (c.) I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

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

Shep. And so have I, boy.

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

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

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

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

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand:—Hast nothing in it?—Am I not a courtier?—I must be gently considered:—Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings?—Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Aut. Here is what gold I have, sir.

Clown. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

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

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

Shep. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it. [Trumpets sound, L.] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

Aut. O, sweet sir!—I have brib'd him with his own money!

[Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—Paulina's House.—Trumpets sound.

Enter Polixenes, Camillo, Paulina, Leontes, Perdita, Florizel, Archidamus, Emilia, Phocion, Hero, Cleomenes, Lamia, Dion, and Thaisius, L.

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

Leon. (l. c.) O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities: but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon.—
Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death:—Behold, and say, 'tis well.—

[Paulina undraws a scarlet Curtain, and discovers
a Statue in the back ground.—(See Engraving.)
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege:—
Comes it not something near?

Leon. [l. in amazement.] Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—
O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,
When first I woo'd her!—
I am asham'd.—
O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty: which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. (a.) And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Leon. O, masterpiece of art! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.

Pol. Dear my brother,
et him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

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

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

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

Leon. Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.—Let't alone.

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

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

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it.

Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

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

Paul. Either forbear—
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

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

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music—awake her—strike.—
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel.—Come.—

[Solemn Music.—HERMIONE turns towards LEONTES.

Leon. Heavenly powers!—

[Music.—HERMIONE descends from the Pedestal.

Paul. (r.c.) Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful:
Nay, present your hand.

Leon. (r.c.) Support me, Heaven!—
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold.—My queen? my wife?—
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport.—
I cannot hold me longer from those arms.—
She is warm—she lives!

Per. O, Florizel!

Leon. Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering owns
Its long-lost half: these tears, that choke her voice,
Are hot and moist—it is Hermione!

Pol. O, make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. Mark a little while—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; [To Per.] kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found:—

[Presents PERDITA.—HERMIONE catches her in her arms.

And with her found
A princely husband; whose instinct of royalty,
From under the low thatch where she was bred,
Took his untutor'd queen.

[PERDITA and FLORIZEL kneel.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred phials pour your graces
On their princely heads!
Leon. Hark, hark! she speaks—
O, pipe, through sixteen winters dumb! then deem'd
Harsh as the raven's throat; now musical
As nature's song, tun'd to the according spheres!

Her. My lord, my king—there's distance in those
names—
My husband!

Leon. O, my Hermione! have I deserving
That tender name?—Be witness, holy powers,
If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
Leontes' tears have wash'd his crimes away.
If thanks unfeign'd be all that you require,
Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain!—

Her. No more, my best lov'd lord:—be all that's
pass'd
Buried in this enfolding, and forgiven.

Leon. Thou matchless saint!—Thou paragon of vir-
tue!—

Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honour'd hand.

Her. Thou, Perdita, my long-lost child, that fill'st
My measure up of bliss—tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. (r.) There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough: and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. (c.) No, no, Paulina;
Live bless'd with blessing others.—My Polixenes—
What? Look upon my brother: (Pol. advances from
the l.)—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—Come, our good Camillo,
Now pay thy duty here: thy worth and honesty
Are richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—And, my best queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by Heaven's directing
Long troth-plight to our daughter.
Per. (r. c.) I am all shame,
And ignorance itself, how to put on,
This novel garment of gentility;
And yield a patch'd behaviour,
That ill becomes this presence:—I shall learn,
I trust I shall, with meekness:—but I feel—
Ah, happy that I do!—a love, a heart,
Unalter'd to my prince, my Florizel.
Flo. (r. c.) Be still my queen of May, my shepherdess;
Rule in my heart; my wishes be thy subjects,
And harmless as thy sheep.
Leon. Now, good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were disperse'd:—
Then thank the righteous gods,
Who after tossing in a frightful storm,
Guide us to port, and cheerful beams display,
To gild the happy evening of our day.

THE END.

Attendants.

