

# Baker Shakespeare Theatre

*Designer's Script:*



**2012 Performance Dates:  
Thu-Sat, March 8-10 & 15-17**

**<http://www.bakersshake.org>**

*Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves: for indeed—

CAMILLO

Beseech you—

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters (though not personal) have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have 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!

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

Would they else be content to die?

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, and Camillo.*

POLIXENES

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

LEONTES

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

POLIXENES

Sir, that's tomorrow.  
 I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
 Or breed upon our absence; that may blow  
 No sneaping winds at home, to make us say  
 ' is is put forth too truly'. Besides, I have stay'd  
 To tire your royalty.

LEONTES

We are tougher, brother,  
 an you can put us to 't.

POLIXENES

No longer stay.

LEONTES

One seve'night longer.

POLIXENES

Very sooth, tomorrow.

LEONTES

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

POLIXENES

Press me not, beseech you, so.  
 ere is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,  
 So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, although  
 'Twere needful I denied it. My a'airs  
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder  
 Were (in your love) a whip to me; my stay,  
 To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
 Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

HERMIONE

I'd thought, sir, to have held my peace until  
You'd 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  
e by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
e borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
To let him there a month behind the gest  
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind  
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

POLIXENES

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily!  
You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
ough you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,  
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,  
You shall not go: a lady's Verily's  
As potent as a lord's. 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? How say you?  
My pris'ner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'  
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES

Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your pris'ner should import o ending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
an you to punish.

HERMIONE

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

POLIXENES

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

HERMIONE

Was not my lord the verier wag o' th' two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' th' sun,  
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
At 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 heav'n  
Boldly 'not guilty', the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

HERMIONE

By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

POLIXENES

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

HERMIONE

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,  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

LEONTES

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES

At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest  
To better purpose.

HERMIONE

Never?

LEONTES

Never, but once.

HERMIONE

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?  
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages. You may ride 's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we beat an acre. But to th' goal:  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:  
What was my first? It has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?  
Nay, let me have 't; I long!

LEONTES

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

HERMIONE

'Tis grace indeed.  
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice:  
e one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
e other, for some while a friend.

*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*

LEONTES

[*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I've *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances;  
But not for joy—not joy. is entertainment  
May a free face put on, derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
e mort o' th' deer—O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

In faith,  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smudg'd thy nose?  
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf  
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling  
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS

Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES

Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,  
To be full like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
(That will say anything): but were they false  
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!  
Most dear'st, my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—  
Afection! thy intention stabs the center:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—  
With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent  
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,  
(And that beyond commission) and I find it,  
(And that to the infection of my brains  
And hard'ning of my brows).

POLIXENES

What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE

He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES

How, my lord!  
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE

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

LEONTES

No, in good earnest.  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzl'd  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
    is squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money?

MAMILLIUS

No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will? Why, happy man be's dole! My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

    If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
    oughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

    So stands this squire  
O' c'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

HERMIONE

    If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' th' garden: shall 's attend you there?

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,  
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I'm angling now,  
    ough you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to!  
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, & Camillo.*]

[*Leontes continues, over*]

LEONTES, CONTINUED

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one!  
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamor  
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. ere've been  
(Or I am much deceived) cuckolds ere now,  
And many a man there is (e'en at this present,  
Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm,  
at little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there's comfort in 't,  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
at have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for it there's none;  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predomin't; and 'tis pow'rful, think it,  
From east, west, north, and south; be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly. Know 't:  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's  
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS

I am like you, they say.

LEONTES

Why, that's some comfort.

*[Re-enter Camillo.]*

What, Camillo there?

CAMILLO

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

Go play, Mamillius; thou art an honest man.

*[Exit Mamillius.]*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO

You'd much ado to make his anchor hold:  
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEONTES

Didst note it?

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

Didst perceive it? [*Aside*]  
    ey're here with me already, whisp'ring, rounding  
'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,  
    at he did stay?

CAMILLO

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES

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

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

Ha?

CAMILLO

Stays here longer.

LEONTES

Ay, but why?

CAMILLO

To satisfy your highness and th' entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES

Satisfy?  
'entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?  
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things t' my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed  
    y penitent reform'd. But we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

CAMILLO

Be't forbid, my lord!

LEONTES

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

CAMILLO

My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were 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,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

LEONTES

Ha' not you seen, Camillo?  
(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?  
(For to a vision so apparent rumor  
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think)  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't!

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping th' career  
Of laughing with a sigh (a note infallible  
Of breaking hon'sty)? horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
at would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
e covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dang'rous.

LEONTES

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO

No, no, my lord.

LEONTES

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

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honor as their profits,  
eir own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who may'st see  
Plainly as heav'n sees earth and earth sees heav'n  
How I am gall'd,—mightest bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not work  
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
(So sovereignly being honorable).  
I have lov'd thee,—

LEONTES

Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
T' appoint myself in this vexation, sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets  
(Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps),  
Give scandal to the blood o' th' prince, my son  
(Who I do think is mine and love as mine)  
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

How dost advise me  
E'en so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

That is all:  
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAMILLO

I'll do 't, my lord.

LEONTES

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

*Exit Leontes.*



CAMILLO

ere is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name th' disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES

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,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we're gentle,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behoove my knowledge  
ereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not  
In ignorant concealment.

CAMILLO

I may not answer.

POLIXENES

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honor 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 o , how near,  
Which way to be prevented, if to be:  
If not, how best to bear it.

CAMILLO

Sir, I'll tell you;  
Since I am charged in honor and by him  
I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be e'en as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry lost, and so good night!

POLIXENES

On, good Camillo.

CAMILLO

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES

By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO

By the king.

POLIXENES

For what?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
at e'er was heard or read!

CAMILLO

Swear his thought over  
By each partic'lar star in heaven and  
By all their influences; you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
e fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith and will continue  
e standing of his body.

POLIXENES

How should this grow?

CAMILLO

I know not: but I'm sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
at lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away tonight!  
Your foll'wers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos and threes at several posterns  
Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honor of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
an one condemn'd by th' king's own mouth,  
ereon his execution sworn.

POLIXENES

I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. 's jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonor'd by a man which e'er  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father if  
Thou bear'st my life on. Hence! let us avoid.

CAMILLO

It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness  
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.*

HERMIONE

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

FIRST LADY

Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

MAMILLIUS

No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY

Why, my sweet lord?

MAMILLIUS

You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still. I love you better.

SECOND LADY

And why so, my lord?

MAMILLIUS

Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle  
Or a half-moon, made with a pen.

SECOND LADY

Who taught this?

MAMILLIUS

I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now  
What color are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY

Blue, my lord.

MAMILLIUS

Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose  
at has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

FIRST LADY

Hark ye;  
e queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services t' a fine new prince  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

SECOND LADY

She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

HERMIONE

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

MAMILLIUS

Merry or sad shall 't be?

HERMIONE

As merry as you will.

MAMILLIUS

A sad tale's best for winter: I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.

HERMIONE

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

MAMILLIUS

ere was a man...

HERMIONE

Nay, come sit down; then on.

MAMILLIUS

...Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;  
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HERMIONE

Come on, then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.*

LEONTES

Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

FIRST LORD

Behind the tuft of pines I met them. Ne'er  
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them  
E'en to their ships.

LEONTES

How blest am I  
In my just censure! in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd  
In being so blest! ere may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom (for his knowledge  
Is not infected); but, if one present  
e abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts. I've drunk, and seen the spider.  
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:  
ere is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
So eas'ly open?

FIRST LORD

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

LEONTES

I know't too well.  
Give me the boy: I'm glad you did not nurse him:  
ough he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE

What is this? sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.  
Away with him, and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

HERMIONE

But I'd say he'd not,  
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
How'er you lean to th' nayward.



HERMIONE

ere's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favor'ble. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have  
at honorable grief lodged 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  
e king's will be perform'd!

LEONTES

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE

Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,  
My women may be with me; for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
ere is no cause: when you shall know your mistress  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out: this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women, come; you've leave.

LEONTES

Go, do our bidding; hence!

*Exit Hermione, guarded; with Ladies*

FIRST LORD

Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANTIGONUS

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three great ones su er:  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

FIRST LORD

For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' th' eyes of heaven, and to you—I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

ANTIGONUS

If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
an when I feel and see her no farther trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

LEONTES

Hold your peaces.

FIRST LORD

Good my lord,—

ANTIGONUS

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on  
at will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters; th' eldest is eleven  
e second and the third, nine and some five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honor,  
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they're co-heirs,  
And I had rather geld myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

LEONTES

Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't  
As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
e instruments that feel.

ANTIGONUS

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty:  
ere's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEONTES

What! lack I credit?

FIRST LORD

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

LEONTES

Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied  
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
e loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
Properly ours.

ANTIGONUS

And I wish, my liege,  
You'd only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

LEONTES

How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
at lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding.  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For in an act of this importance. 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stu'd su' ciency: now from the oracle  
ey will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

FIRST LORD

Well done, my lord.

LEONTES

ough I am satisfied and need no more  
an what I know, yet shall the Oracle  
Give rest to th' minds of others, such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good  
From our free person she should be confined,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

ANTIGONUS

[*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Paulina and Attendants*

PAULINA

          e keeper of the prison, call to him;  
 Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,  
 No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
 What dost thou then in prison? [*Enter Jailer*]  
                                                           Now, good sir,  
 You know me, do you not?

JAILER

                                                          For a worthy lady  
 And one whom much I honor.

PAULINA

                                                          Pray you then,  
 Conduct me to the queen.

JAILER

                                                          I may not, madam:  
 T' th' contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA

Here's ado,  
 To lock up honesty and honor from  
           ' access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,  
 To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

JAILER

So please you, madam,  
 To put apart these your attendants, I  
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA

                                                          I pray now, call her.  
 Withdraw yourselves.                          [*Exeunt Attendants*]

JAILER

                                                          And, madam,  
 I must be present at your conference.

PAULINA

Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler*]  
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain  
 As passes coloring.          [*Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia*]  
                                                           Dear gentlewoman,  
 How fares our gracious lady?

EMILIA

As well as one so great and so forlorn  
 May hold together: on her frights and griefs,  
 Which never tender lady hath born greater,  
 She is something before her time deliver'd.

PAULINA

A boy?

EMILIA

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

PAULINA

I dare be sworn:  
These dang'rous unsafe lures i' th' king, beshrew them!  
He must be told on't, and he shall: the offence  
Becomes a woman best. I'll take 't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen:  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMILIA

Most worthy madam,  
Your honor and your goodness is so evident  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there's no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble order,  
Who but today hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,  
Lest she should be denied.

PAULINA

Tell her, Emilia.  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't  
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

EMILIA

Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

JAILER

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

PAULINA

You need not fear it, sir:  
This child was prisoner to the womb and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to  
The anger of the king nor guilty of  
(If any be) the trespass of the queen.

JAILER

I do believe it.

PAULINA

Do not fear: upon  
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leontes*

LEONTES

Nor night, nor day, no rest: it is but weakness  
 To bear the matter thus: mere weakness. If  
     e cause were not in being,—part o' th' 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 t' th' fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me again. [*Enter a Servant*] Who's there?

FIRST SERVANT

My lord?

LEONTES

How does the boy?

FIRST SERVANT

He took good rest tonight;  
 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharg'd.

LEONTES

To see his nobleness,  
 Conceiving the dishonor of his mother!  
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,  
     rew o' his spir't, his appetite, his sleep,  
 And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,  
 See how he fares. [*Exit Servant*]

Fie, fie! no thought of him:

    e very thought of my revenges that way  
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
 Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:  
     ey should not laugh if I could reach them, nor  
 Shall she within my power.

*Enter Paulina, with a child, and Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.*

FIRST LORD

You must not enter.

PAULINA

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

ANTIGONUS

at's enough.

SECOND SERVANT

Madam, he hath not slept tonight; commanded  
None should come at him.

PAULINA

Not so hot, good sir:  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,  
at creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings: such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor  
at presses him from sleep.

LEONTES

What noise there, ho?

PAULINA

No noise, my lord; but needful conference  
About some gossips for your highness.

LEONTES

How!  
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

ANTIGONUS

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

LEONTES

What, canst not rule her?

PAULINA

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

ANTIGONUS

La you now, you hear:  
When she will take the rein I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Good queen!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Force her hence.

PAULINA

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll o' ;  
But first I'll do my errand. e good queen  
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 'tis; [*Laying down the child*]  
commends it to your blessing.

LEONTES

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAULINA

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
an you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.  
ou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted  
By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

PAULINA

Forever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forc'd baseness  
Which he has put upon 't!

LEONTES

He dreads his wife.

PAULINA

So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt  
You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES

A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS

I'm none, by this good light.

PAULINA

Nor I; nor any  
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he  
e sacred honor of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove  
e root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEONTES

A callat  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband  
And now baits me! is brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes.  
Hence with it, and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA

It is yours;  
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;  
e trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,  
e pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;  
e very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger:  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
e ord'ring of the mind too, 'mongst all colors  
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

LEONTES

A gross hag!  
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
at wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS

Hang all the husbands  
at cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

LEONTES

Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA

A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

LEONTES

I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA

I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen—  
Not able to produce more accusation  
    an your own weak-hing'd fancy—something savors  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEONTES

On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her!

PAULINA

I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her  
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so: farewell; we are gone. *Exit.*

LEONTES

    ou, 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;  
E'en 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. If thou refuse  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
    e bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou set'st on thy wife.

ANTIGONUS

    I did not, sir:  
    ese lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

LORDS

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

LEONTES

You're liars all.

FIRST LORD

Beseech your highness, give us better credit:  
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg  
(As recompense of our dear services  
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

LEONTES

I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now  
    an curse it then. But be it: let it live.  
It shall not neither. You sir, come you hither,  
You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey—what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS

Anything, my lord,  
    at my ability may undergo  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much—  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent: anything possible.

LEONTES

It shall be possible. Swear by this sword  
    you wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS

I will, my lord.

LEONTES

Mark and perform it, see'st thou? for the fail  
Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife  
(Whom for this time we pardon). We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
    is female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
(Without more mercy) to its own protection  
And favor 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,  
    at thou commend it strangely to some place  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS

I swear to do this; though a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:  
Some pow'rful spir't instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require; and blessing  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!     *[Exit with the child]*

LEONTES

No: I'll not rear

Another's issue.

*Enter an Officer.*

OFFICER

                                  Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to th' Oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' court.

FIRST LORD

                                  So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEONTES

                                  Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding.                     *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleomenes and Dion.*

CLEOMENES

          e climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
          e common praise it bears.

DION

                                          I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits  
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' th' o' ring!

CLEOMENES

                                          But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' th' Oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,  
          at I was nothing.

DION

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

CLEOMENES

                                          Great Apollo  
Turn all to th' best!   ese proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

DION

                                          e violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the Oracle  
(   us by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
E'en then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!  
And gracious be the issue!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.*

LEONTES

is sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)  
E'en pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried  
e 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,  
E'en to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

OFFICER

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear, in person, here in court. Silence!

*Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending*

LEONTES

Read the indictment.

OFFICER

[*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned  
of high treason, in committing adultery with  
Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with  
Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord  
the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof  
being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,  
Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a  
true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their  
better safety, to fly away by night.

HERMIONE

Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
e 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 received. 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  
an 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,  
e mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief (which I would spare): for honor,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd t' appear thus: if one jot beyond  
    e bound of honor, or in act or will  
    at way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES

I ne'er heard yet  
    at any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
    an to perform it first.

HERMIONE

    at's true enough;  
    ough 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEONTES

You will not own it.

HERMIONE

    More than mistress of  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
I lov'd him as in honor he requir'd;  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, e'en such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not t' have done I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,  
E'en since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
    at it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
(Knowing no more than I) are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

HERMIONE

    Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.



OFFICER

You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
at you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
is seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dared to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEOMENES & DION

All this we swear.

LEONTES

Break up the seals and read.

OFFICER

[*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;  
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his  
innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live  
without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

LORDS

Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HERMIONE

Praised!

LEONTES

Hast thou read truth?

OFFICER

Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

LEONTES

ere is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
e sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD

My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES

What is the business?

LORD

O sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
e prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEONTES

How! gone?

LORD

Is dead.

LEONTES

Apollo's angry; and the heav'ns themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]  
How now there?

PAULINA

is news is mortal to the queen: look down  
And see what death is doing.

LEONTES

Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione*]

Apollo, pardon  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing 't and being done. He (most humane  
And fill'd with honor) to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here  
(Which you knew great), and to the certain hazard  
Of all uncertainties, himself commended,  
No richer than his honor: how he glistens  
rough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter Paulina*

PAULINA

Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too.

CLEOMENES

What fit is this, good lady?

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? y tyranny,  
Together working with thy jealousies  
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine), O think what they have done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all  
y by-gone fool'ries were but spices of it.  
at thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
at did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
ou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honor,  
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
e casting forth to crows thy baby daughter  
To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee the death  
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts  
(oughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
at could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last—O lords,  
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,  
e sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead: and vengeance for 't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

CLEOMENES

e higher powers forbid!

PAULINA

I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If word nor oath  
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or luster 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  
an all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES

Go on, go on:  
ou canst not speak too much; I've deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

CLEOMENES

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

PAULINA

I'm sorry for't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent. Alas! I've show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help  
Should be past grief. Do not receive a censure  
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's lost too): take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

LEONTES

Thou didst speak but well

When most the truth: which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
Unto these sorrows.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.*

ANTIGONUS

How 'rt perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

MARINER

Ay, my lord: and fear  
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon 's. *[A crack of thunder.]*

ANTIGONUS

Your sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;  
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
I call 'pon thee.

MARINER

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

ANTIGONUS

Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

MARINER

I'm glad at heart  
To be so rid o' th' business. *[Exit.]*

ANTIGONUS

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

y wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. A righted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
    is was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath su'er'd death, and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

*[He sets down the child and a bundle.]*

ere lie, and there thy character: there these;  
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
And still rest thine. e storm begins: poor wretch,  
at for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
e day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have  
A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
e heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!  
Well may I get aboard! is is the chase:  
I am gone for ever!

*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter a Shepherd.*

SHEPHERD

I would there were no age between ten and three-  
and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest;  
for there is nothing in the between but getting  
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,  
stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but  
these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty  
hunt this weather? ey 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, browsing of ivy. *[Seeing the baby.]*  
Good luck, and 't be thy will, 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 waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. is  
has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some  
behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this  
than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity:  
yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even  
now. Whoa-ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

CLOWN

Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD

What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on  
when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What  
ail'st thou, man?

CLOWN

I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land!  
But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky:  
betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a  
bodkin's point.

SHEPHERD

Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages,  
how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point.  
O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes  
to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring  
the moon with her 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 roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the  
poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him,  
both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD

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.

*[A roar from o stage.]*

SHEPHERD

Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLOWN

I would you had been by the ship side, to have  
helped her: there your charity would have lacked  
footing.

SHEPHERD

Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here,  
boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things  
dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for  
thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child!  
look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So,  
let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies.  
is is some changeling: open 't. What's within,  
boy?

CLOWN

You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEPHERD

is is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN

Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEPHERD

at's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

CLOWN

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

SHEPHERD

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

*Exeunt.*

## Intermission

*Enter Time, the Chorus, appearing as the Company.*

HERMIONE

[2 bells] I, that please some, try all: both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time, [Bell]  
To use my wings.

OLD SHEPHERD

Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, [Bell] and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law...

ANTIGONUS

...and in one self-born hour [Bell]  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was  
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
The times [Bell] that brought them in.

PAULINA

So shall I do  
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistening of this present [Bell], as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass... [Bell]

LEONTES

...and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself [Bell], imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be...

FLORIZEL

In fair Bohemia, [Bell] and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace...

PERDITA

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news [Bell]  
Be known when 'tis brought forth.

AUTOLYCUS

A shepherd's daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is th' argument of Time. [Bell] Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never, yet that Time [Bell] himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [3 bells] *Exeunt*

## IV.ii

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

*Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

POLIXENES

I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate:  
'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to  
grant this.

CAMILLO

It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though  
I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire  
to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my  
master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows  
I might be some allay (or I o'erween to think so),  
which is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES

As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of  
thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of  
thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to  
have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having  
made me businesses, which none without thee can  
sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute  
them thyself, or take away with thee the very  
services thou hast done: which, if I have not enough  
considered (as too much I cannot), to be more  
thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit  
therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal  
country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very  
naming punishes me with the remembrance of that  
penitent (as thou call'st him) and reconciled king,  
my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen  
and children are even now to be afresh lamented.  
Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my  
son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not  
being gracious, than they are in losing them when  
they have approved their virtues.

CAMILLO

Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What  
his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I  
have missingly noted, he is of late much retired  
from court, and is less frequent to his princely  
exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some  
care; so far that I have eyes under my service which  
look upon his removedness; from whom I have this  
intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a  
most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from  
very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his  
neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

at's likewise part of my intelligence: but, I fear,  
the angle that plucks our son thither. You shalt  
accompany us to the place; where we will (not  
appearing what we are) have some question with  
the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not  
uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither.  
Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and  
lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

*Exeunt.*

## IV.iii

A road near the Shepherd's cottage

*Enter Autolycus, singing.*

AUTOLYCUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Clown.*

CLOWN

Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields  
pound and odd shilling; fifteen-hundred shorn,  
what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS

[*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLOWN

I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note;—nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

AUTOLYCUS

[*Groveling on the ground*] O that ever I was born!

CLOWN

I' th' name of me!

AUTOLYCUS

O, help me, help me! pluck but out these rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

O sir, the loathsomeness of them outends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

What, by a horseman, or a footman?

AUTOLYCUS

A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

O, good sir, tenderly, O!

CLOWN

Alas, poor soul!

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

How now? canst stand?

AUTOLYCUS

*[Picking his pocket]* Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha; done me a charitable office.

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

AUTOLYCUS

Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he 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.

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

How do you now?

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

en fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. *Exit.*

AUTOLYCUS

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 shearers 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.*

## IV.iv

The Shepherd's cottage.

*Enter Florizel and Perdita, with sheep.*

FLORIZEL

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

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:  
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attir'd, swoon, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Your father's ground.

PERDITA

Now Jove attend you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread (your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear): e'en now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did: O the Fates!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL

Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have ta'en  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA

O, but sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as 't must be, by the pow'r o' th' king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,  
Or I my life.

FLORIZEL

My dear Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as 't were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA

O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with  
Polixenes and Camillo disguised.*

FLORIZEL

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

*Exeunt sheep.*

SHEPHERD

Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;  
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here  
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
With labor, and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself  
At which you are, Mistress o' th' Feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA

[*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome:

It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' th' day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savor all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Shepherdess,

A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

PERDITA

Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th' season  
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES

Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA

For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

POLIXENES

Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature—change it rather,—but  
The art itself is nature.

PERDITA

So it is.

POLIXENES

Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA

I'll not put  
the dibble in earth to set one slip of them;  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
his youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;  
[to other guests]  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
the marigold, that goes to bed with the sun  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they're given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

CAMILLO

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

PERDITA

Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.  
Now, my fair'st friend [to Florizel],  
I would I had some flowers of the spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
[To Mopsa and Dorcas]  
that wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's wagon! that odils,  
that come before the swallow dares, and take  
the winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
that die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a malady  
Most incident to maids); bold oxlips and  
the crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
the flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him over and over!

FLORIZEL

What, like a corpse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corpse; or if—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun past'rals: sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL

What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
Pray so, and, for the ord'ring your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that: move still, still so,  
And own no other function. Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you're doing, in the present deeds,  
at all your acts are queens.

PERDITA

O Doricles,  
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

FLORIZEL

I think you have  
As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
at never mean to part.

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em.

POLIXENES

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

CAMILLO

He tells her something  
at makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is  
e queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN

Come on, strike up!

DORCAS

Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,  
To mend her kissing with!

MOPSA

Now, in good time!

CLOWN

Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.  
Come, strike up!

*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, involving Florizel, Perdita, Clown, Mopsa, Camillo, and Dorcas.*

POLIXENES

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding: but I have 't  
Upon his own report and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:  
I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

SHEPHERD

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

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT

O master! If you did but hear the pedlar at the door,  
you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no,  
the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes  
faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had  
eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLOWN

He could never come better; he shall come in. I love  
a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter  
merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed  
and sung lamentably.

SERVANT

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

POLIXENES

is is a brave fellow.

CLOWN

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

SERVANT

He hath ribbons of all the colors i' th' rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

CLOWN

Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PERDITA

Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant]

CLOWN

You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PERDITA

Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter Autolycus, singing.*

AUTOLYCUS

*Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses:  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs and stomachers  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come! come buy! come buy!  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.  
Come buy!*

CLOWN

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

MOPSA

I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DORCAS

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

MOPSA

He hath paid you all he promised you; maybe he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

CLOWN

Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle o these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

MOPSA

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

CLOWN

Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

AUTOLYCUS

And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behooves men to be wary.

CLOWN

Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

What hast here? ballads?

MOPSA

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

MOPSA

Is it true, think you?

AUTOLYCUS

Very true, and but a month old.

DORCAS

Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUTOLYCUS

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

MOPSA

Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN

Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads;  
we'll buy the other things anon.

AUTOLYCUS

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

DORCAS

Is it true too, think you?

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

Lay it by, too: another.

AUTOLYCUS

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

MOPSA

Let's have some merry ones.

AUTOLYCUS

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

MOPSA

We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt  
hear; 'tis in three parts.

DORCAS

We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUTOLYCUS

I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my  
occupation; have at it with you.

SONG:

A: *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,  
ou to me thy secrets tell:*

D: *Me too, let me go thither:*

M: *Or thou goest to th' grange or mill:*

D: *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A: *Neither.* D: *What, neither?* A: *Neither.*  
D: *ou hast sworn thy love to be;*  
M: *ou has sworn it more to me:*  
*en whither goest? say whither?*

CLOWN

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

*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

AUTOLYCUS

And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows, singing.*]

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar; money's a medler;  
at doth utter all men's ware-a.*

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Servant.*

SERVANT

Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

SHEPHERD

Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

POLIXENES

You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERVANT

One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

SHEPHERD

Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERVANT

Why, they stay at door, sir.

*Exit.*

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*

POLIXENES

O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.  
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.  
He's simple and tells much. [*To Flo.*] How now, fair shepherd!  
Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young  
And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd  
    the pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL

    Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
    the gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have giv'n already,  
But not deliver'd. 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.

POLIXENES

    What follows this?  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
    the hand was fair before! I have put you out:  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

FLORIZEL

    Do, and be witness to 't.

POLIXENES

    And this my neighbor too?

FLORIZEL

    And he, and more  
    an he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:  
at, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
ereof most worthy, were I th' fairest youth  
at ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love; for her employ them all;  
Commend them and condemn them to her service  
Or to their own perdition.

POLIXENES

    Fairly o'er'd.

CAMILLO

is shows a sound a ection.

SHEPHERD

But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
e purity of his.

SHEPHERD

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

FLORIZEL

O, that must be  
I' th' virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEPHERD

Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
at best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

FLORIZEL

No, good sir;  
He has his health and ampler strength indeed  
an most have of his age.

POLIXENES

By my white beard,  
You o'er him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason my son  
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

Let him know't.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

POLIXENES

Prithee, let him.

FLORIZEL

No, he must not.

SHEPHERD

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

FLORIZEL

Come, come, he must not.  
Mark our contract.

POLIXENES

*[Revealing himself]* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd: thou, a sceptre's heir,  
At thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,  
I'm sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou copest with,—

SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

POLIXENES

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
At thou no more shalt see this knack (as never  
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood: mark thou my words!  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Enough full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment—  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
    at makes himself, but for our honor therein,  
Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou  
    ese rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to 't. *Exit*

PERDITA

E'en here, undone,  
I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
    e selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?  
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes and weep.

CAMILLO

Why, how now, father!  
Speak ere thou diest.

SHEPHERD

I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
    at thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me  
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,  
    at knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure  
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I've liv'd  
To die when I desire. *Exit*

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech (which I do guess  
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
    en, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAMILLO

Even he, my lord.

PERDITA

How often have I told you 'twould be thus!  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known!

FLORIZEL

It cannot fail but by  
The violation of my faith; and then  
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:  
From my succession wipe me, father; I  
Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advis'd.

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Thou art desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,  
When he shall miss me—as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more—cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This is you may know,  
And so deliver: I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

CAMILLO

O my lord!  
I would your spir't were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

FLORIZEL

Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*]  
[*To Cam.*] I'll hear you by and by.

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

Now, good Camillo;  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony.

CAMILLO

Sir, I think  
You've heard of my poor services, i' th' love  
at I have borne your father?

FLORIZEL

Very nobly  
Have you deserved: it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompensed as thought on.

CAMILLO

Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king  
And through him what is near'st to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suer alteration, on mine honor,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,  
ere's no disjunction to be made, but by—  
As heav'ns forefend!—your ruin), marry her,  
And, with my best endeavors in your absence,  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
And bring him up to liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
at I may call thee something more than man  
And after that trust to thee.

CAMILLO

Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

FLORIZEL

Not any yet:  
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

CAMILLO

                                          en list to me:  
          is follows, if you will not change your purpose  
But undergo this flight; make for Sicilia,  
And there present yourself and your fair princess  
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
          e partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,  
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twi'xt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

FLORIZEL

                                          Worthy Camillo,  
What color for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

CAMILLO

                                          Sent by the king your father  
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,  
          e manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you as from your father shall deliver,  
          ings known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
          e which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

FLORIZEL

                                          I'm bound to you:  
          ere is some sap in this.

CAMILLO

A cause more promising  
an a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain  
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one to take another;  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
A fiction alters.

PERDITA

One of these is true:  
I think a fiction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

CAMILLO

Yea? say you so?  
ere shall not at your father's house these seven years  
Be born another such.

FLORIZEL

My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

CAMILLO

I cannot say 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

PERDITA

Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

FLORIZEL

My prettiest Perdita!  
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
e med'cine of our house, how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed as if  
e scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
at you may know you shall not want, one word.

*ey talk aside. Re-enter Autolycus.*

AUTOLYCUS

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I could have filed keys o that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the cha , I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

CAMILLO

Nay, but my letters, by this means being there  
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLORIZEL

And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

CAMILLO

Shall satisfy your father.

PERDITA

Happy be you!  
All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO

[*Seeing Autolycus*] Who have we here?  
We'll make an instrument of this, omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now—why, hanging.

CAMILLO

How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear  
not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUTOLYCUS

I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly—thou must think there's a necessity in't—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

AUTOLYCUS

I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

CAMILLO

Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

AUTOLYCUS

Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS

Indeed, I have had earnest: but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAMILLO

Unbuckle, unbuckle.  
[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]  
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—  
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard  
Get undescried.

PERDITA

I see the play so lies  
at I must bear a part.

CAMILLO

No remedy.  
Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

CAMILLO

Nay, you shall have no hat.  
[*Giving it to Perdita*]  
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

FLORIZEL

O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!  
Pray you, a word.

CAMILLO

[*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king  
Of this escape and whither they are bound;  
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL

Fortune speed us!  
us we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAMILLO

e swifter speed the better.

*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity (stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels): if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

[*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*] Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLOWN

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

SHEPHERD

Nay, but hear me.

CLOWN

Nay, but hear me.

SHEPHERD

Go to, then.

CLOWN

She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she has with her): this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

SHEPHERD

I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLOWN

Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

AUTOLYCUS

[*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEPHERD

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

AUTOLYCUS

[*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN

Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUTOLYCUS

[*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

SHEPHERD

To th' palace, and it like your worship.

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEPHERD

Are you a courtier, and 't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS

Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? ink'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *cap-a-pe*, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy a air.

SHEPHERD

My business, sir, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEPHERD

I know not, and 't like you.

CLOWN

Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

SHEPHERD

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

AUTOLYCUS

How blessed are we that are not simple men!  
Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
erefore I'll not disdain.

CLOWN

is cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEPHERD

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

CLOWN

He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

AUTOLYCUS

e fardel there? What's i' th' fardel? Wherefore that box?

SHEPHERD

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

AUTOLYCUS

Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

SHEPHERD

Why, sir?

AUTOLYCUS

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

SHEPHERD

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

Think you so, sir?

AUTOLYCUS

Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy  
and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane  
to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come  
under the hangman: which though it be great pity,  
yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a  
ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into  
grace! Some say he shall be 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. and 't  
like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS

He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest, then stand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be 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 behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLOWN

He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned', and 'flayed alive'!

SHEPHERD

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

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

SHEPHERD

Ay, sir.

AUTOLYCUS

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

CLOWN

In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUTOLYCUS

O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN

Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUTOLYCUS

I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

CLOWN

We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

SHEPHERD

Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

AUTOLYCUS

If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shew them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far off; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

*Exit.*



With a sweet fellow to't?

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

LEONTES

You speak't truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse and on this stage  
(Were we offenders now) appear soul-vex'd,  
And begin, 'Why to me?'

PAULINA

Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

LEONTES

She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

PAULINA

I should so.  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that e'en your ears  
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be 'Remember mine.'

LEONTES

Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAULINA

Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

en, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

CLEOMENES

You tempt him over-much.

PAULINA

Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
A front his eye.

CLEOMENES

Good madam—

PAULINA

I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will,—give me the opportunity  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

LEONTES

My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

PAULINA

at  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

GENTLEMAN

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she  
the fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
To your high presence.

LEONTES

What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

GENTLEMAN

But few,

And those but mean.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

GENTLEMAN

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
at e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAULINA

O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone, so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ so, but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme: 'She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equall'd';—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you've seen a better.

GENTLEMAN

Pardon, madam:

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

PAULINA

How! not women?

GENTLEMAN

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

LEONTES

Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. [*Exit Cleomenes.*]  
Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince,

Jewel of children, seen this hour, he'd pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st  
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.  
[*Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florizel and Perdita.*]  
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father on  
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—  
All mine own folly—the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom  
(Enough bearing misery) I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

FLORIZEL

By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king (at friend)  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seized  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres  
And those that bear them living.

LEONTES

O my brother—  
Good gentleman!—the wrongs I've done thee stir  
A fresh within me, and these thy offences,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage  
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
The adventure of her person?

FLORIZEL

Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

LEONTES

Where the warlike Smalus,  
at noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?



LORD

Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

LEONTES

Who? Camillo?

LORD

Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

PERDITA

O my poor father!  
The heavens set spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES

You are married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.

LEONTES

My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is,  
When once she is my wife.

LEONTES

at 'once' I see by your good father's speed  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking  
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
at you might well enjoy her.

FLORIZEL

Dear, look up:  
Ough Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
than I do now: with thought of such afections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEONTES

Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

I thought of her,  
E'en in these looks I made. [*To Flo.*] But your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I'm friend to them and you: upon which errand  
I now go toward him; therefore follow me  
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.*

AUTOLYCUS

Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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

AUTOLYCUS

I would most gladly know the issue of it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. [*Enter 2nd Gentleman.*] Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.    e news, Rogero?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

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 3rd Gentleman.*] Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. 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?

THIRD GENTLEMAN

Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.    e mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

en have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. ere might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. ere was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

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

THIRD GENTLEMAN

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

FIRST GENTLEMAN

What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENTLEMAN

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 combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, 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.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

e dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which

angled for mine eyes (caught the water though not the fish) was when, at the relation of the queen's death (with the manner how she came to't bravely 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. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Are they returned to the court?

THIRD GENTLEMAN

No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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

AUTOLYCUS

Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. [*Enter Shepherd and Clown*] Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEPHERD

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

CLOWN

You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me  
this other day, because I was no gentleman born.  
See you these clothes? say you see them not and  
think me still no gentleman born: you were best say  
these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie,  
do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUTOLYCUS

I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN

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

SHEPHERD

And so have I, boy.

CLOWN

So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my  
father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and  
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 gentleman-like  
tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD

We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN

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

AUTOLYCUS

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

SHEPHERD

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

CLOWN

How wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, and it like your good worship.

CLOWN

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

SHEPHERD

You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN

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

SHEPHERD

How if it be false, son?

CLOWN

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUTOLYCUS

I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLOWN

Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina,  
Lords, and Attendants*

LEONTES

O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort  
at I have had of thee!

PAULINA

What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,  
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 ne'er  
My life may last to answer.

LEONTES

O Paulina,  
We honor 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  
at which my daughter came to look upon,  
e statue of her mother.

PAULINA

As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.  
*[Paulina draws a curtain, and reveals Hermione  
standing like a statue]*  
I like your silence, it the more shows o  
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,  
Comes it not something near?

LEONTES

Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
ou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So agéd as this seems.

POLIXENES

O, not by much.

PAULINA

So much the more our carver's excellence;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her  
As she lived now.

LEONTES

As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
E'en with such life of majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!  
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,  
ere's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjured to remembrance and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

PERDITA

And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAULINA

O, patience!  
e statue is but newly fix'd; the color's not dry.

CAMILLO

My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry; scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POLIXENES

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

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

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

POLIXENES

Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together!  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAULINA

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but  
I could affect you farther.

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES

No: not these twenty years.

PERDITA

So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come!  
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away:  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:  
*[Hermione comes down.]*  
Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful. *[To Leo.]* do not shun her  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES

O, she's warm!  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POLIXENES

She embraces him!

CAMILLO

She hangs about his neck!  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too!

POLIXENES

Ay, and make manifest where she has lived,  
Or how stol'n from the dead.



## Dates to Remember:

**Voice / Verse Workshop:** 8–10 pm, u. Jan. 19

**O -Book Date (tentative):** u. Feb. 9

**AftLS *Twelfth Night*:** 7:30 pm, u.–Sat. Feb. 16–18

**AftLS BS workshop:** 1–3 pm, Sat. Feb. 18

**Set construction:** Sat. Feb. 25 – Sat. Mar. 3  
(Optional but appreciated!)

**Tech Week:** Sun. Mar. 4 – Wed. Mar. 7  
( *resher* review Tue. Mar. 6?)

**Performances:** u.–Sat. Mar. 8–10 & 15–17

## Important Contacts:

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