

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE I. LEONTES' palace.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES, CAMILLO

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES

POLIXENES Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt.

LEONTES Stay a while longer.

POLIXENES I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon my absence; besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES [*with a little laugh*] We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES No longer stay.

LEONTES One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES We'll split the time between us then: three days.

POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
But 'twere needful I denied it.

LEONTES [*to Hermione*] Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you
to him. *Exit LEONTES*

HERMIONE [*to Polixenes*] Of your royal presence I'll
adventure the borrow of a week. You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE [*pleading*] Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily.

HERMIONE Verily! Will you go yet?

Will you force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest?. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest?

POLIXENES [*conceding*] Your guest, then, madam.

HERMIONE Not your jailor, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty young lords then, weren't you?

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

HERMIONE Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun;
We knew not the doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. *Re-enter LEONTES*

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES [*aside*] At my request he would not.

[*to Hermione*] Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE What! have I twice said well?
When was it before?

LEONTES When didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE 'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
[*to Leontes*] The one for ever earned a royal husband;
[*to Polixenes*] The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practiced smiles,
And then to sigh; that is entertainment
My heart likes not.

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 moved, my lord?

LEONTES No, in good earnest.

My brother, are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES When I am at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
My sworn friend, my parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

So stands my squire with me: I will go to him, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.

Hermione, show our brother Polixenes our 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 in the garden: shall we attend you there?

LEONTES To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

Exeunt POLIXENES and HERMIONE

[*Aside*] I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [*looking after them*]

How she holds out her hands to him!

And treats him with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, over head and ears! *Enter CAMILLO*

Camillo, Polixenes will yet stay longer.

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

LEONTES Didst note it?

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

LEONTES Didst perceive it?

How came it, Camillo, that he did stay?

CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES At the queen's be it. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

CAMILLO Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart:

We have been deceived in that which seems so.

CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo, -- My wife is slippery?

CAMILLO [*shocked*] I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less than this.

LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Stopping the career of laughing with a sigh?
Skulking in corners? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in it is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO 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,
That canst not with thine eyes see evil.

CAMILLO What evil?

LEONTES Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Polixenes: who, if I
Had servants true about me, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: thou art
His cupbearer,-- bespice his cup,
To give Polixenes a lasting wink.

CAMILLO Sir, my lord, I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dear mistress.
I have loved thee,-- [*LEONTES threatens CAMILLO with a
gesture*] I must believe thee, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Polixenes for it;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES This is all:
Do it and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do it not, thou splittest thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do it, my lord. *Exit LEONTES*

CAMILLO O miserable lady! But, for me,
What condition stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and to do this deed,
Promotion follows. I cannot: I must
Forsake this court. *Re-enter POLIXENES*

POLIXENES [*musings and confused*] This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Leontes not speak to me?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news in the court?

CAMILLO None that I can explain, my lord.

POLIXENES The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; and he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is changing so his manners.

CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES Dare not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: what you do know, you must,
Good Camillo, make known to me.

CAMILLO [*pauses*] There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
What incidency of harm
Is creeping toward me, how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it?

CAMILLO [*pauses*] Sir, I will tell you;

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO He swears that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray Jesus himself!
How should this grow?

CAMILLO I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you trust my honesty, away to-night!
For myself, I'll put my fortunes to your service.
Be not uncertain; I have uttered truth.

POLIXENES I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand:
My ships are ready. This jealousy
Is great, and as his person's mighty,
It must be violent. Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bearest my life off hence: let us make haste.

Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE I. LEONTES' palace.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES, CAMILLO

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES

POLIXENES Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt.

LEONTES Stay a while longer.

POLIXENES I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon my absence; besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES [*with a little laugh*] We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES No longer stay.

LEONTES One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES We'll split the time between us then: three days.

POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
But 'twere needful I denied it.

LEONTES [*to Hermione*] Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you
to him. *Exit LEONTES*

HERMIONE [*to Polixenes*] Of your royal presence I'll
adventure the borrow of a week. You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE [*pleading*] Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily.

HERMIONE Verily! Will you go yet?

Will you force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest?. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest?

POLIXENES [*conceding*] Your guest, then, madam.

HERMIONE Not your jailor, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty young lords then, weren't you?

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

HERMIONE Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun;
We knew not the doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. *Re-enter LEONTES*

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES [*aside*] At my request he would not.

[*to Hermione*] Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE What! have I twice said well?
When was it before?

LEONTES When didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE 'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
[*to Leontes*] The one for ever earned a royal husband;
[*to Polixenes*] The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practiced smiles,
And then to sigh; that is entertainment
My heart likes not.

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 moved, my lord?

LEONTES No, in good earnest.

My brother, are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES When I am at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
My sworn friend, my parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

So stands my squire with me: I will go to him, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.

Hermione, show our brother Polixenes our 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 in the garden: shall we attend you there?

LEONTES To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

Exeunt POLIXENES and HERMIONE

[*Aside*] I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [*looking after them*]

How she holds out her hands to him!

And treats him with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, over head and ears! *Enter CAMILLO*

Camillo, Polixenes will yet stay longer.

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

LEONTES Didst note it?

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

LEONTES Didst perceive it?

How came it, Camillo, that he did stay?

CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES At the queen's be it. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

CAMILLO Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart:

We have been deceived in that which seems so.

CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo, -- My wife is slippery?

CAMILLO [*shocked*] I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less than this.

LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Stopping the career of laughing with a sigh?
Skulking in corners? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in it is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO 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,
That canst not with thine eyes see evil.

CAMILLO What evil?

LEONTES Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Polixenes: who, if I
Had servants true about me, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: thou art
His cupbearer,-- bespice his cup,
To give Polixenes a lasting wink.

CAMILLO Sir, my lord, I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dear mistress.
I have loved thee,-- [*LEONTES threatens CAMILLO with a
gesture*] I must believe thee, sir:

I do; and will fetch off Polixenes for it;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES This is all:
Do it and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do it not, thou splittest thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do it, my lord. *Exit LEONTES*

CAMILLO O miserable lady! But, for me,
What condition stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and to do this deed,
Promotion follows. I cannot: I must
Forsake this court. *Re-enter POLIXENES*

POLIXENES [*musings and confused*] This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Leontes not speak to me?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news in the court?

CAMILLO None that I can explain, my lord.

POLIXENES The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; and he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is changing so his manners.

CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES Dare not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: what you do know, you must,
Good Camillo, make known to me.

CAMILLO [*pauses*] There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
What incidency of harm
Is creeping toward me, how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it?

CAMILLO [*pauses*] Sir, I will tell you;

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO He swears that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray Jesus himself!
How should this grow?

CAMILLO I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you trust my honesty, away to-night!
For myself, I'll put my fortunes to your service.
Be not uncertain; I have uttered truth.

POLIXENES I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand:
My ships are ready. This jealousy
Is great, and as his person's mighty,
It must be violent. Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bearest my life off hence: let us make haste.

Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE I. LEONTES' palace.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES, CAMILLO

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES

POLIXENES Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt.

LEONTES Stay a while longer.

POLIXENES I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon my absence; besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES [*with a little laugh*] We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES No longer stay.

LEONTES One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES We'll split the time between us then: three days.

POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
But 'twere needful I denied it.

LEONTES [*to Hermione*] Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you
to him. *Exit LEONTES*

HERMIONE [*to Polixenes*] Of your royal presence I'll
adventure the borrow of a week. You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE [*pleading*] Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily.

HERMIONE Verily! Will you go yet?

Will you force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest?. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest?

POLIXENES [*conceding*] Your guest, then, madam.

HERMIONE Not your jailor, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty young lords then, weren't you?

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

HERMIONE Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun;
We knew not the doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. *Re-enter LEONTES*

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES [*aside*] At my request he would not.

[*to Hermione*] Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE What! have I twice said well?
When was it before?

LEONTES When didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE 'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
[*to Leontes*] The one for ever earned a royal husband;
[*to Polixenes*] The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practiced smiles,
And then to sigh; that is entertainment
My heart likes not.

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 moved, my lord?

LEONTES No, in good earnest.

My brother, are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES When I am at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
My sworn friend, my parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

So stands my squire with me: I will go to him, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.

Hermione, show our brother Polixenes our 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 in the garden: shall we attend you there?

LEONTES To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

Exeunt POLIXENES and HERMIONE

[*Aside*] I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [*looking after them*]

How she holds out her hands to him!

And treats him with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, over head and ears! *Enter CAMILLO*

Camillo, Polixenes will yet stay longer.

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

LEONTES Didst note it?

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

LEONTES Didst perceive it?

How came it, Camillo, that he did stay?

CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES At the queen's be it. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

CAMILLO Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart:

We have been deceived in that which seems so.

CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo, -- My wife is slippery?

CAMILLO [*shocked*] I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less than this.

LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Stopping the career of laughing with a sigh?
Skulking in corners? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in it is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO 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,
That canst not with thine eyes see evil.

CAMILLO What evil?

LEONTES Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Polixenes: who, if I
Had servants true about me, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: thou art
His cupbearer,-- bespice his cup,
To give Polixenes a lasting wink.

CAMILLO Sir, my lord, I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dear mistress.
I have loved thee,-- [*LEONTES threatens CAMILLO with a
gesture*] I must believe thee, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Polixenes for it;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES This is all:
Do it and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do it not, thou splittest thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do it, my lord. *Exit LEONTES*

CAMILLO O miserable lady! But, for me,
What condition stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and to do this deed,
Promotion follows. I cannot: I must
Forsake this court. *Re-enter POLIXENES*

POLIXENES [*musings and confused*] This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Leontes not speak to me?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news in the court?

CAMILLO None that I can explain, my lord.

POLIXENES The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; and he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is changing so his manners.

CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES Dare not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: what you do know, you must,
Good Camillo, make known to me.

CAMILLO [*pauses*] There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
What incidency of harm
Is creeping toward me, how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it?

CAMILLO [*pauses*] Sir, I will tell you;

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO He swears that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray Jesus himself!
How should this grow?

CAMILLO I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you trust my honesty, away to-night!
For myself, I'll put my fortunes to your service.
Be not uncertain; I have uttered truth.

POLIXENES I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand:
My ships are ready. This jealousy
Is great, and as his person's mighty,
It must be violent. Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bearest my life off hence: let us make haste.
Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE I. LEONTES' palace.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES, CAMILLO

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, POLIXENES

POLIXENES Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt.

LEONTES Stay a while longer.

POLIXENES I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon my absence; besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES [*with a little laugh*] We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES No longer stay.

LEONTES One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES We'll split the time between us then: three days.

POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
But 'twere needful I denied it.

LEONTES [*to Hermione*] Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you
to him. *Exit LEONTES*

HERMIONE [*to Polixenes*] Of your royal presence I'll
adventure the borrow of a week. You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE [*pleading*] Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily.

HERMIONE Verily! Will you go yet?

Will you force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest?. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest?

POLIXENES [*conceding*] Your guest, then, madam.

HERMIONE Not your jailor, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty young lords then, weren't you?

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

HERMIONE Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun;
We knew not the doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. *Re-enter LEONTES*

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES [*aside*] At my request he would not.

[*to Hermione*] Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE What! have I twice said well?
When was it before?

LEONTES When didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE 'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
[*to Leontes*] The one for ever earned a royal husband;
[*to Polixenes*] The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practiced smiles,
And then to sigh; that is entertainment
My heart likes not.

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 moved, my lord?

LEONTES No, in good earnest.

My brother, are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES When I am at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
My sworn friend, my parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

So stands my squire with me: I will go to him, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.

Hermione, show our brother Polixenes our 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 in the garden: shall we attend you there?

LEONTES To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

Exeunt POLIXENES and HERMIONE

[*Aside*] I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [*looking after them*]

How she holds out her hands to him!

And treats him with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, over head and ears! *Enter CAMILLO*
Camillo, Polixenes will yet stay longer.

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

LEONTES Didst note it?

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

LEONTES Didst perceive it?

How came it, Camillo, that he did stay?

CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES At the queen's be it. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

CAMILLO Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart:

We have been deceived in that which seems so.

CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo, -- My wife is slippery?

CAMILLO [*shocked*] I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less than this.

LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Stopping the career of laughing with a sigh?
Skulking in corners? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in it is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO 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,
That canst not with thine eyes see evil.

CAMILLO What evil?

LEONTES Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Polixenes: who, if I
Had servants true about me, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: thou art
His cupbearer,-- bespice his cup,
To give Polixenes a lasting wink.

CAMILLO Sir, my lord, I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dear mistress.
I have loved thee,-- [*LEONTES threatens CAMILLO with a
gesture*] I must believe thee, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Polixenes for it;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES This is all:
Do it and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do it not, thou splittest thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do it, my lord. *Exit LEONTES*

CAMILLO O miserable lady! But, for me,
What condition stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and to do this deed,
Promotion follows. I cannot: I must
Forsake this court. *Re-enter POLIXENES*

POLIXENES [*musings and confused*] This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Leontes not speak to me?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news in the court?

CAMILLO None that I can explain, my lord.

POLIXENES The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; and he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is changing so his manners.

CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES Dare not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: what you do know, you must,
Good Camillo, make known to me.

CAMILLO [*pauses*] There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
What incidency of harm
Is creeping toward me, how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it?

CAMILLO [*pauses*] Sir, I will tell you;

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO He swears that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray Jesus himself!
How should this grow?

CAMILLO I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you trust my honesty, away to-night!
For myself, I'll put my fortunes to your service.
Be not uncertain; I have uttered truth.

POLIXENES I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand:
My ships are ready. This jealousy
Is great, and as his person's mighty,
It must be violent. Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bearest my life off hence: let us make haste.

Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 2. A room in LEONTES' palace.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS/SERVANT, LEONTES,
ANTIGONUS, PAULINA

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE Come, sir, now sit by me,
And tell us a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall it 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 and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man--
Dwelt by a churchyard . . .

*Enter LEONTES and ANTIGONUS, together, and HERMIONE
separately*

LEONTES I have drunk and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

[to Hermione, harshly] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES You are a traitor and Camillo is
Your confederary.

HERMIONE No, by my life.

How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge!

LEONTES Away with you to prison!

HERMIONE *[aside]* There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable.

[to LEONTES] Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. *Exit HERMIONE*

ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

LEONTES Hold your peace.

ANTIGONUS You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be cursed for it.

LEONTES Cease; no more. I have dispatched in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of full sufficiency: now from the oracle

They will bring all; have I done well?

ANTIGONUS Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. *Enter PAULINA, with a BABY*

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA No noise, my lord; but needful conference
With healthful medicine for your highness.

LEONTES Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that your wife should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES What, canst thou not rule her?

PAULINA From all dishonesty he can: in this, though,
He shall not rule me. Good my liege, I come
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor: I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA Good queen, my lord,

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll leave;

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; and your good queen commends your child

To your blessing. *Laying down the child at Leontes' feet*

LEONTES *[to Antigonus]* Out! Hence with her, out the door!

Give her the brat – take it away, too. A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's yourself.

LEONTES This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with its mother

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA The baby is yours. *[Paulina picks up the baby and
shows it to the audience]* Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek . . .

LEONTES *[to Paulina]* You gross hag,

[to Antigonus] And you, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in it. You tyrant:

This most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, savors

Of tyranny scandalous to the world.

LEONTES Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

[Paulina again puts the baby on the ground at Leontes' feet]

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! *Exit*

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with it. Take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else callest thine. If thou refuse,

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out.

ANTIGONUS Beseech your highness,

I have always truly served you, and beseech you

That you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: I kneel before you.
LEONTES I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this brat kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it so; let it live.
You, sir, --what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

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

LEONTES Carry the brat hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and there leave it,
Without more mercy. Commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! *Exit with the child*
Enter HERMIONE, in chains, and PAULINA

LEONTES Cleomenes and Dion have returned from Delphos,
And from thence have brought
The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest. I break up the seals and read.
[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.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter Servant

SERVANT My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

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

LEONTES How! gone!

SERVANT Is dead.

LEONTES Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *HERMIONE swoons*
How now there!

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

LEONTES Take her hence:
Her heart is overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Exeunt PAULINA and HERMIONE*
Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo . . .
Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA O lords, the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead,
and vengeance for it not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead; I'll swear it.

LEONTES One grave shall be for both: upon their monument
Shall the causes of their deaths 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

SCENE 3a:

[BEGINNING OF SCENE]

[SHIP, STORM, SHIPWRECK]

Enter ANTIGONUS with Baby

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Come, poor babe: thy mother

Appeared to me last night, and bid me call thee

Perdita, thou little lost one. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie [*puts baby down*], and there thy character [*places an
envelope in the baby's blanket*], there these [*places a pouch with
coins and jewels in the blanket*],

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch, farewell!

Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! [*Notices bear*] This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 2. A room in LEONTES' palace.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS/SERVANT, LEONTES,
ANTIGONUS, PAULINA

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE Come, sir, now sit by me,
And tell us a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall it 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 and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man--
Dwelt by a churchyard . . .

*Enter LEONTES and ANTIGONUS, together, and HERMIONE
separately*

LEONTES I have drunk and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

[to Hermione, harshly] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES You are a traitor and Camillo is
Your confederary.

HERMIONE No, by my life.

How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge!

LEONTES Away with you to prison!

HERMIONE *[aside]* There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable.

[to LEONTES] Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. *Exit HERMIONE*

ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

LEONTES Hold your peace.

ANTIGONUS You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be cursed for it.

LEONTES Cease; no more. I have dispatched in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of full sufficiency: now from the oracle

They will bring all; have I done well?

ANTIGONUS Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. *Enter PAULINA, with a BABY*

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA No noise, my lord; but needful conference
With healthful medicine for your highness.

LEONTES Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that your wife should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES What, canst thou not rule her?

PAULINA From all dishonesty he can: in this, though,
He shall not rule me. Good my liege, I come
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor: I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA Good queen, my lord,

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll leave;

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; and your good queen commends your child

To your blessing. *Laying down the child at Leontes' feet*

LEONTES *[to Antigonus]* Out! Hence with her, out the door!

Give her the brat – take it away, too. A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's yourself.

LEONTES This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with its mother

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA The baby is yours. *[Paulina picks up the baby and
shows it to the audience]* Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek . . .

LEONTES *[to Paulina]* You gross hag,

[to Antigonus] And you, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in it. You tyrant:

This most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, savors

Of tyranny scandalous to the world.

LEONTES Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

[Paulina again puts the baby on the ground at Leontes' feet]

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! *Exit*

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with it. Take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else callest thine. If thou refuse,

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out.

ANTIGONUS Beseech your highness,

I have always truly served you, and beseech you

That you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: I kneel before you.
LEONTES I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this brat kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it so; let it live.
You, sir, --what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

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

LEONTES Carry the brat hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and there leave it,
Without more mercy. Commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! *Exit with the child*
Enter HERMIONE, in chains, and PAULINA

LEONTES Cleomenes and Dion have returned from Delphos,
And from thence have brought
The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest. I break up the seals and read.
[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.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter Servant

SERVANT My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

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

LEONTES How! gone!

SERVANT Is dead.

LEONTES Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *HERMIONE swoons*
How now there!

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

LEONTES Take her hence:
Her heart is overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Exeunt PAULINA and HERMIONE*
Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo . . .
Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA O lords, the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead,
and vengeance for it not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead; I'll swear it.

LEONTES One grave shall be for both: upon their monument
Shall the causes of their deaths 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

SCENE 3a:

[BEGINNING OF SCENE]

[SHIP, STORM, SHIPWRECK]

Enter ANTIGONUS with Baby

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Come, poor babe: thy mother

Appeared to me last night, and bid me call thee

Perdita, thou little lost one. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie [*puts baby down*], and there thy character [*places an envelope in the baby's blanket*], there these [*places a pouch with coins and jewels in the blanket*],

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch, farewell!

Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! [*Notices bear*] This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 2. A room in LEONTES' palace.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS/SERVANT, LEONTES,
ANTIGONUS, PAULINA

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE Come, sir, now sit by me,
And tell us a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall it 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 and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man--
Dwelt by a churchyard . . .

*Enter LEONTES and ANTIGONUS, together, and HERMIONE
separately*

LEONTES I have drunk and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

[to Hermione, harshly] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES You are a traitor and Camillo is
Your confederary.

HERMIONE No, by my life.

How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge!

LEONTES Away with you to prison!

HERMIONE *[aside]* There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable.

[to LEONTES] Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. *Exit HERMIONE*

ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

LEONTES Hold your peace.

ANTIGONUS You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be cursed for it.

LEONTES Cease; no more. I have dispatched in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of full sufficiency: now from the oracle

They will bring all; have I done well?

ANTIGONUS Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. *Enter PAULINA, with a BABY*

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA No noise, my lord; but needful conference
With healthful medicine for your highness.

LEONTES Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that your wife should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES What, canst thou not rule her?

PAULINA From all dishonesty he can: in this, though,

He shall not rule me. Good my liege, I come

And I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your most obedient counselor: I come

From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA Good queen, my lord,

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll leave;

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; and your good queen commends your child

To your blessing. *Laying down the child at Leontes' feet*

LEONTES *[to Antigonus]* Out! Hence with her, out the door!

Give her the brat – take it away, too. A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's yourself.

LEONTES This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with its mother

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA The baby is yours. *[Paulina picks up the baby and
shows it to the audience]* Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek . . .

LEONTES *[to Paulina]* You gross hag,

[to Antigonus] And you, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in it. You tyrant:

This most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, savors

Of tyranny scandalous to the world.

LEONTES Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

[Paulina again puts the baby on the ground at Leontes' feet]

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! *Exit*

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with it. Take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else callest thine. If thou refuse,

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out.

ANTIGONUS Beseech your highness,

I have always truly served you, and beseech you

That you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: I kneel before you.
LEONTES I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this brat kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it so; let it live.
You, sir, --what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

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

LEONTES Carry the brat hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and there leave it,
Without more mercy. Commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! *Exit with the child*
Enter HERMIONE, in chains, and PAULINA

LEONTES Cleomenes and Dion have returned from Delphos,
And from thence have brought
The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest. I break up the seals and read.
[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.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter Servant

SERVANT My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

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

LEONTES How! gone!

SERVANT Is dead.

LEONTES Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *HERMIONE swoons*
How now there!

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

LEONTES Take her hence:
Her heart is overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Exeunt PAULINA and HERMIONE*
Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo . . .
Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA O lords, the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead,
and vengeance for it not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead; I'll swear it.

LEONTES One grave shall be for both: upon their monument
Shall the causes of their deaths 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

SCENE 3a:

[BEGINNING OF SCENE]

[SHIP, STORM, SHIPWRECK]

Enter ANTIGONUS with Baby

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Come, poor babe: thy mother

Appeared to me last night, and bid me call thee

Perdita, thou little lost one. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie [*puts baby down*], and there thy character [*places an envelope in the baby's blanket*], there these [*places a pouch with coins and jewels in the blanket*],

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch, farewell!

Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! [*Notices bear*] This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 2. A room in LEONTES' palace.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS/SERVANT, LEONTES,
ANTIGONUS, PAULINA

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE Come, sir, now sit by me,
And tell us a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall it 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 and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man--

Dwelt by a churchyard . . .

*Enter LEONTES and ANTIGONUS, together, and HERMIONE
separately*

LEONTES I have drunk and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

[to Hermione, harshly] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES You are a traitor and Camillo is
Your confederary.

HERMIONE No, by my life.

How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge!

LEONTES Away with you to prison!

HERMIONE *[aside]* There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable.

[to LEONTES] Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. *Exit HERMIONE*

ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

LEONTES Hold your peace.

ANTIGONUS You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be cursed for it.

LEONTES Cease; no more. I have dispatched in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of full sufficiency: now from the oracle

They will bring all; have I done well?

ANTIGONUS Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. *Enter PAULINA, with a BABY*

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA No noise, my lord; but needful conference
With healthful medicine for your highness.

LEONTES Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that your wife should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES What, canst thou not rule her?

PAULINA From all dishonesty he can: in this, though,

He shall not rule me. Good my liege, I come

And I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your most obedient counselor: I come

From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA Good queen, my lord,

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll leave;

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; and your good queen commends your child

To your blessing. *Laying down the child at Leontes' feet*

LEONTES *[to Antigonus]* Out! Hence with her, out the door!

Give her the brat – take it away, too. A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's yourself.

LEONTES This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with its mother

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA The baby is yours. *[Paulina picks up the baby and
shows it to the audience]* Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek . . .

LEONTES *[to Paulina]* You gross hag,

[to Antigonus] And you, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in it. You tyrant:

This most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, savors

Of tyranny scandalous to the world.

LEONTES Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

[Paulina again puts the baby on the ground at Leontes' feet]

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! *Exit*

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with it. Take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else callest thine. If thou refuse,

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out.

ANTIGONUS Beseech your highness,

I have always truly served you, and beseech you

That you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: I kneel before you.
LEONTES I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this brat kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it so; let it live.
You, sir, --what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

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

LEONTES Carry the brat hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and there leave it,
Without more mercy. Commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! *Exit with the child*
Enter HERMIONE, in chains, and PAULINA

LEONTES Cleomenes and Dion have returned from Delphos,
And from thence have brought
The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest. I break up the seals and read.
[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.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter Servant

SERVANT My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

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

LEONTES How! gone!

SERVANT Is dead.

LEONTES Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *HERMIONE swoons*
How now there!

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

LEONTES Take her hence:
Her heart is overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Exeunt PAULINA and HERMIONE*
Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo . . .
Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA O lords, the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead,
and vengeance for it not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead; I'll swear it.

LEONTES One grave shall be for both: upon their monument
Shall the causes of their deaths 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

SCENE 3a:

[BEGINNING OF SCENE]

[SHIP, STORM, SHIPWRECK]

Enter ANTIGONUS with Baby

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Come, poor babe: thy mother

Appeared to me last night, and bid me call thee

Perdita, thou little lost one. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie [*puts baby down*], and there thy character [*places an
envelope in the baby's blanket*], there these [*places a pouch with
coins and jewels in the blanket*],

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch, farewell!

Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! [*Notices bear*] This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 2. A room in LEONTES' palace.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS/SERVANT, LEONTES,
ANTIGONUS, PAULINA

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE Come, sir, now sit by me,
And tell us a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall it 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 and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man--
Dwelt by a churchyard . . .

*Enter LEONTES and ANTIGONUS, together, and HERMIONE
separately*

LEONTES I have drunk and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.

[to Hermione, harshly] Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES You are a traitor and Camillo is
Your confederary.

HERMIONE No, by my life.

How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge!

LEONTES Away with you to prison!

HERMIONE *[aside]* There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable.

[to LEONTES] Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see

My plight requires it. Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. *Exit HERMIONE*

ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

LEONTES Hold your peace.

ANTIGONUS You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be cursed for it.

LEONTES Cease; no more. I have dispatched in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of full sufficiency: now from the oracle

They will bring all; have I done well?

ANTIGONUS Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. *Enter PAULINA, with a BABY*

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA No noise, my lord; but needful conference
With healthful medicine for your highness.

LEONTES Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that your wife should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES What, canst thou not rule her?

PAULINA From all dishonesty he can: in this, though,

He shall not rule me. Good my liege, I come

And I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your most obedient counselor: I come

From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA Good queen, my lord,

LEONTES Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll leave;

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; and your good queen commends your child

To your blessing. *Laying down the child at Leontes' feet*

LEONTES *[to Antigonus]* Out! Hence with her, out the door!

Give her the brat – take it away, too. A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's yourself.

LEONTES This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with its mother

Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA The baby is yours. *[Paulina picks up the baby and
shows it to the audience]* Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek . . .

LEONTES *[to Paulina]* You gross hag,

[to Antigonus] And you, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in it. You tyrant:

This most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, savors

Of tyranny scandalous to the world.

LEONTES Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

[Paulina again puts the baby on the ground at Leontes' feet]

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! *Exit*

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with it. Take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else callest thine. If thou refuse,

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out.

ANTIGONUS Beseech your highness,

I have always truly served you, and beseech you

That you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: I kneel before you.
LEONTES I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this brat kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it so; let it live.
You, sir, --what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

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

LEONTES Carry the brat hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and there leave it,
Without more mercy. Commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! *Exit with the child*
Enter HERMIONE, in chains, and PAULINA

LEONTES Cleomenes and Dion have returned from Delphos,
And from thence have brought
The sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest. I break up the seals and read.
[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.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter Servant

SERVANT My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

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

LEONTES How! gone!

SERVANT Is dead.

LEONTES Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *HERMIONE swoons*
How now there!

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

LEONTES Take her hence:
Her heart is overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Exeunt PAULINA and HERMIONE*
Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo . . .
Re-enter PAULINA

PAULINA O lords, the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead,
and vengeance for it not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead; I'll swear it.

LEONTES One grave shall be for both: upon their monument
Shall the causes of their deaths 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

SCENE 3a:

[BEGINNING OF SCENE]

[SHIP, STORM, SHIPWRECK]

Enter ANTIGONUS with Baby

ANTIGONUS

Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Come, poor babe: thy mother

Appeared to me last night, and bid me call thee

Perdita, thou little lost one. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie [*puts baby down*], and there thy character [*places an
envelope in the baby's blanket*], there these [*places a pouch with
coins and jewels in the blanket*],

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch, farewell!

Thou art like to have a lullaby too rough. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! [*Notices bear*] This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 3b. Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Note: Shepherds are FEMALE in this scene

OLD SHEPHERD, YOUNG SHEPHERD

[BEGIN AS SOON AS ANTIGONUS EXITS, PURSUED
BY A BEAR]

Enter a Shepherd

Old Shepherd

What have we here! [*picks up baby*] Mercy on us, a barne a very pretty barne! I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my child come; she hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Young Shepherd

Young Shepherd

Hilloa, loa!

Old Shepherd

What, art so near? If thou wilt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, child?

Young Shepherd

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

Old Shepherd

What, child, how is it?

Young Shepherd

O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see them, and not to see them; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth. 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: and 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.

Old Shepherd

Name of mercy, when was this, child?

Young Shepherd

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.

Old Shepherd

Would I had been by, to have helped the man! Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, child. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things newborn. Look thee here [*hands Young Shepherd the pouch*]; take up, take up, child; open it.

Young Shepherd

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

Old Shepherd

This is fairy gold, child, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, my daughter; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good child, the next way home.

Young Shepherd

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.

Old Shepherd

That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, do so.

Young Shepherd

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him in the ground.

Old Shepherd

'Tis a lucky day, child, and we'll do good deeds on it.

Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 3b. Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Note: Shepherds are FEMALE in this scene

OLD SHEPHERD, YOUNG SHEPHERD

[BEGIN AS SOON AS ANTIGONUS EXITS, PURSUED
BY A BEAR]

Enter a Shepherd

Old Shepherd

What have we here! [*picks up baby*] Mercy on us, a barne a very pretty barne! I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my child come; she hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Young Shepherd

Young Shepherd

Hilloa, loa!

Old Shepherd

What, art so near? If thou wilt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, child?

Young Shepherd

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

Old Shepherd

What, child, how is it?

Young Shepherd

O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see them, and not to see them; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth. 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: and 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.

Old Shepherd

Name of mercy, when was this, child?

Young Shepherd

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.

Old Shepherd

Would I had been by, to have helped the man! Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, child. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things newborn. Look thee here [*hands Young Shepherd the pouch*]; take up, take up, child; open it.

Young Shepherd

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

Old Shepherd

This is fairy gold, child, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, my daughter; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good child, the next way home.

Young Shepherd

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.

Old Shepherd

That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, do so.

Young Shepherd

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him in the ground.

Old Shepherd

'Tis a lucky day, child, and we'll do good deeds on it.

Exeunt

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 4

Time

I that please some and try all,
Now take upon me to use my wings.
Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
He shuts himself away, and
In fair Bohemia, a son of king Polixenes,
Florizel by name, and sweet Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering, I let Time's news
Be known.

Exit

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 5. Bohemia.

POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
OLD SHEPHERD (FEMALE)

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES

My good Camillo, say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and have learned that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a woman, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, has grown a great estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, that this woman hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany me to this 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.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

We shall don these [*hands Camillo shepherd garb*] to disguise ourselves. [*both put on shepherd garb and hide as FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL [*dressed like a shepherd*]

This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen of it.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I blush To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time when my good falcon Made her flight across thy father's ground And I first saw you.

PERDITA

Oh, but even now I tremble To think the king your father, by some accident, Should pass this way: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita, with forced thoughts darken not The mirth of this feast. I'll be thine, my fair. To this I am most constant, even if destiny say no. But be merry, gentle one. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come.

Enter Shepherd with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

Shepherd

Come, daughter! Bid these unknown friends a welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast.

PERDITA

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome: It is my father's will I should take on me the hostess-ship o' the day.

[*To CAMILLO*]

You are welcome, too, sir. Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Our thanks, shepherdess. A fair one you are!

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

My pretty hostess, each your doing, so singular in each particular, crowns what you do in the present deed, That all your acts are queens.

[*Florizel and Perdita whisper and dance together*]

POLIXENES [*aside to Camillo*]

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

CAMILLO [*aside to Polixenes*]

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

POLIXENES [*to Shepherd*]

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

Old Shepherd

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself To have a worthy feeding. He says he loves my daughter: I think so too; for never gazed the moon Upon the water as he'll stand and gaze Upon my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain. I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves the other best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

Old Shepherd

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

POLIXENES [*aside to CAMILLO*]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. She's simple and tells much.

[*stopping the dance, and pulling FLORIZEL aside*]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked The peddler's silken treasury and have poured it on her.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, she prizes not such trifles:

The gifts she looks from me are locked

Up in my heart; which I have given to her already, But not yet delivered.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
I would not prize my throne without her love.

Old 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 in the 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 before these witnesses.

Old Shepherd

Come, young Doricles, your hand; and, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES [*to Florizel*]

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father is at the nuptial of his son a guest that best
becomes the table. Is your father grown incapable of reasonable
affairs? is he infirm with age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? know man from man? dispute his own estate? lies he bed-
rid?

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
something unfilial: it is within reason a son should choose
himself a wife, but it is good reason too that the father 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 cannot acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know it.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

Shepherd

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

FLORIZEL [*insistent*]

He must not. Good shepherd, mark our contract.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Polixenes and Camillo remove their disguises*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affectest a sheep-hook!

[*to the Shepherd*] Thou old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou consorted with,--

Old Shepherd

O, my heart!

POLIXENES [*cruelly, to Perdita*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.

[*cruelly, to Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike. Will it 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 [*compassionately*]

Why, how now, dear mother! Speak to her.

Old Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a woman of fourscore three,

That thought to fill her grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my mother died,

To lie close by her honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knewest this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

Exit

FLORIZEL [*to Perdita*]

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
but nothing altered: what I was, I am; more straining on for
being pulled back, not following my leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

Till the fury of his highness settle, come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I will not purpose it, Camillo.

PERDITA

How often have I told you it would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till it were known!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advised. This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, not for all the earth, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honored friend,

When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,--cast your good counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. Come, Perdita. *Exeunt*

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 5. Bohemia.

POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
OLD SHEPHERD (FEMALE)

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES

My good Camillo, say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and have learned that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a woman, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, has grown a great estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, that this woman hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany me to this 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.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

We shall don these [*hands Camillo shepherd garb*] to disguise ourselves. [*both put on shepherd garb and hide as FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL [*dressed like a shepherd*]

This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen of it.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I blush To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time when my good falcon Made her flight across thy father's ground And I first saw you.

PERDITA

Oh, but even now I tremble To think the king your father, by some accident, Should pass this way: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita, with forced thoughts darken not The mirth of this feast. I'll be thine, my fair. To this I am most constant, even if destiny say no. But be merry, gentle one. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come.

Enter Shepherd with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

Shepherd

Come, daughter! Bid these unknown friends a welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast.

PERDITA

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome: It is my father's will I should take on me the hostess-ship o' the day.

[*To CAMILLO*]

You are welcome, too, sir. Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Our thanks, shepherdess. A fair one you are!

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

My pretty hostess, each your doing, so singular in each particular, crowns what you do in the present deed, That all your acts are queens.

[*Florizel and Perdita whisper and dance together*]

POLIXENES [*aside to Camillo*]

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

CAMILLO [*aside to Polixenes*]

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

POLIXENES [*to Shepherd*]

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

Old Shepherd

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself To have a worthy feeding. He says he loves my daughter: I think so too; for never gazed the moon Upon the water as he'll stand and gaze Upon my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain. I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves the other best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

Old Shepherd

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

POLIXENES [*aside to CAMILLO*]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. She's simple and tells much.

[*stopping the dance, and pulling FLORIZEL aside*]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked The peddler's silken treasury and have poured it on her.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, she prizes not such trifles:

The gifts she looks from me are locked

Up in my heart; which I have given to her already, But not yet delivered.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
I would not prize my throne without her love.

Old 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 in the 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 before these witnesses.

Old Shepherd

Come, young Doricles, your hand; and, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES [*to Florizel*]

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father is at the nuptial of his son a guest that best
becomes the table. Is your father grown incapable of reasonable
affairs? is he infirm with age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? know man from man? dispute his own estate? lies he bed-
rid?

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
something unfilial: it is within reason a son should choose
himself a wife, but it is good reason too that the father 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 cannot acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know it.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

Shepherd

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

FLORIZEL [*insistent*]

He must not. Good shepherd, mark our contract.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Polixenes and Camillo remove their disguises*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affectest a sheep-hook!

[*to the Shepherd*] Thou old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou consorted with,--

Old Shepherd

O, my heart!

POLIXENES [*cruelly, to Perdita*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.

[*cruelly, to Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike. Will it 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 [*compassionately*]

Why, how now, dear mother! Speak to her.

Old Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a woman of fourscore three,

That thought to fill her grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my mother died,

To lie close by her honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knewest this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

Exit

FLORIZEL [*to Perdita*]

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
but nothing altered: what I was, I am; more straining on for
being pulled back, not following my leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

Till the fury of his highness settle, come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I will not purpose it, Camillo.

PERDITA

How often have I told you it would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till it were known!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advised. This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, not for all the earth, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honored friend,

When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,--cast your good counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. Come, Perdita. *Exeunt*

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 5. Bohemia.

POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
OLD SHEPHERD (FEMALE)

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES

My good Camillo, say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and have learned that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a woman, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, has grown a great estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, that this woman hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany me to this 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.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

We shall don these [*hands Camillo shepherd garb*] to disguise ourselves. [*both put on shepherd garb and hide as FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL [*dressed like a shepherd*]

This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen of it.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I blush To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time when my good falcon Made her flight across thy father's ground And I first saw you.

PERDITA

Oh, but even now I tremble To think the king your father, by some accident, Should pass this way: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita, with forced thoughts darken not The mirth of this feast. I'll be thine, my fair. To this I am most constant, even if destiny say no. But be merry, gentle one. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come.

Enter Shepherd with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

Shepherd

Come, daughter! Bid these unknown friends a welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast.

PERDITA

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome: It is my father's will I should take on me the hostess-ship o' the day.

[*To CAMILLO*]

You are welcome, too, sir. Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Our thanks, shepherdess. A fair one you are!

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

My pretty hostess, each your doing, so singular in each particular, crowns what you do in the present deed, That all your acts are queens.

[*Florizel and Perdita whisper and dance together*]

POLIXENES [*aside to Camillo*]

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

CAMILLO [*aside to Polixenes*]

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

POLIXENES [*to Shepherd*]

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

Old Shepherd

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself To have a worthy feeding. He says he loves my daughter: I think so too; for never gazed the moon Upon the water as he'll stand and gaze Upon my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain. I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves the other best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

Old Shepherd

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

POLIXENES [*aside to CAMILLO*]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. She's simple and tells much.

[*stopping the dance, and pulling FLORIZEL aside*]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked The peddler's silken treasury and have poured it on her.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, she prizes not such trifles:

The gifts she looks from me are locked Up in my heart; which I have given to her already, But not yet delivered.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
I would not prize my throne without her love.

Old 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 in the 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 before these witnesses.

Old Shepherd

Come, young Doricles, your hand; and, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES [*to Florizel*]

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father is at the nuptial of his son a guest that best
becomes the table. Is your father grown incapable of reasonable
affairs? is he infirm with age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? know man from man? dispute his own estate? lies he bed-
rid?

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
something unfilial: it is within reason a son should choose
himself a wife, but it is good reason too that the father 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 cannot acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know it.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

Shepherd

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

FLORIZEL [*insistent*]

He must not. Good shepherd, mark our contract.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Polixenes and Camillo remove their disguises*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affectest a sheep-hook!

[*to the Shepherd*] Thou old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou consorted with,--

Old Shepherd

O, my heart!

POLIXENES [*cruelly, to Perdita*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.

[*cruelly, to Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike. Will it 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 [*compassionately*]

Why, how now, dear mother! Speak to her.

Old Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a woman of fourscore three,

That thought to fill her grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my mother died,

To lie close by her honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knewest this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

Exit

FLORIZEL [*to Perdita*]

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
but nothing altered: what I was, I am; more straining on for
being pulled back, not following my leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

Till the fury of his highness settle, come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I will not purpose it, Camillo.

PERDITA

How often have I told you it would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till it were known!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advised. This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, not for all the earth, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honored friend,

When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,--cast your good counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. Come, Perdita. *Exeunt*

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 5. Bohemia.

POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
OLD SHEPHERD (FEMALE)

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES

My good Camillo, say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and have learned that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a woman, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, has grown a great estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, that this woman hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany me to this 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.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

We shall don these [*hands Camillo shepherd garb*] to disguise ourselves. [*both put on shepherd garb and hide as FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL [*dressed like a shepherd*]

This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen of it.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I blush To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time when my good falcon Made her flight across thy father's ground And I first saw you.

PERDITA

Oh, but even now I tremble To think the king your father, by some accident, Should pass this way: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita, with forced thoughts darken not The mirth of this feast. I'll be thine, my fair. To this I am most constant, even if destiny say no. But be merry, gentle one. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come.

Enter Shepherd with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

Shepherd

Come, daughter! Bid these unknown friends a welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast.

PERDITA

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome: It is my father's will I should take on me the hostess-ship o' the day.

[*To CAMILLO*]

You are welcome, too, sir. Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Our thanks, shepherdess. A fair one you are!

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

My pretty hostess, each your doing, so singular in each particular, crowns what you do in the present deed, That all your acts are queens.

[*Florizel and Perdita whisper and dance together*]

POLIXENES [*aside to Camillo*]

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

CAMILLO [*aside to Polixenes*]

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

POLIXENES [*to Shepherd*]

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

Old Shepherd

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself To have a worthy feeding. He says he loves my daughter: I think so too; for never gazed the moon Upon the water as he'll stand and gaze Upon my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain. I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves the other best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

Old Shepherd

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

POLIXENES [*aside to CAMILLO*]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. She's simple and tells much.

[*stopping the dance, and pulling FLORIZEL aside*]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked The peddler's silken treasury and have poured it on her.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, she prizes not such trifles:

The gifts she looks from me are locked

Up in my heart; which I have given to her already, But not yet delivered.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
I would not prize my throne without her love.

Old 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 in the 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 before these witnesses.

Old Shepherd

Come, young Doricles, your hand; and, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES [*to Florizel*]

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father is at the nuptial of his son a guest that best
becomes the table. Is your father grown incapable of reasonable
affairs? is he infirm with age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? know man from man? dispute his own estate? lies he bed-
rid?

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
something unfilial: it is within reason a son should choose
himself a wife, but it is good reason too that the father 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 cannot acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know it.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

Shepherd

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

FLORIZEL [*insistent*]

He must not. Good shepherd, mark our contract.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Polixenes and Camillo remove their disguises*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affectest a sheep-hook!

[*to the Shepherd*] Thou old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou consorted with,--

Old Shepherd

O, my heart!

POLIXENES [*cruelly, to Perdita*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.

[*cruelly, to Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike. Will it 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 [*compassionately*]

Why, how now, dear mother! Speak to her.

Old Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a woman of fourscore three,

That thought to fill her grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my mother died,

To lie close by her honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knewest this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

Exit

FLORIZEL [*to Perdita*]

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
but nothing altered: what I was, I am; more straining on for
being pulled back, not following my leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

Till the fury of his highness settle, come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I will not purpose it, Camillo.

PERDITA

How often have I told you it would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till it were known!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advised. This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, not for all the earth, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honored friend,

When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,--cast your good counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. Come, Perdita. *Exeunt*

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 5. Bohemia.

POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
OLD SHEPHERD (FEMALE)

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

POLIXENES

My good Camillo, say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO

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

POLIXENES

I have considered so much, Camillo, and have learned that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a woman, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, has grown a great estate.

CAMILLO

I have heard, sir, that this woman hath a daughter of most rare note.

POLIXENES

That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany me to this 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.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES

We shall don these [*hands Camillo shepherd garb*] to disguise ourselves. [*both put on shepherd garb and hide as FLORIZEL and PERDITA enter*]

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

FLORIZEL [*dressed like a shepherd*]

This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen of it.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I blush To see you so attired.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time when my good falcon Made her flight across thy father's ground And I first saw you.

PERDITA

Oh, but even now I tremble To think the king your father, by some accident, Should pass this way: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita, with forced thoughts darken not The mirth of this feast. I'll be thine, my fair. To this I am most constant, even if destiny say no. But be merry, gentle one. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which

We two have sworn shall come.

Enter Shepherd with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

Shepherd

Come, daughter! Bid these unknown friends a welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast.

PERDITA

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome: It is my father's will I should take on me the hostess-ship o' the day.

[*To CAMILLO*]

You are welcome, too, sir. Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Our thanks, shepherdess. A fair one you are!

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

My pretty hostess, each your doing, so singular in each particular, crowns what you do in the present deed, That all your acts are queens.

[*Florizel and Perdita whisper and dance together*]

POLIXENES [*aside to Camillo*]

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

CAMILLO [*aside to Polixenes*]

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

POLIXENES [*to Shepherd*]

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

Old Shepherd

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself To have a worthy feeding. He says he loves my daughter: I think so too; for never gazed the moon Upon the water as he'll stand and gaze Upon my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain. I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves the other best.

POLIXENES

She dances featly.

Old Shepherd

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

POLIXENES [*aside to CAMILLO*]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. She's simple and tells much.

[*stopping the dance, and pulling FLORIZEL aside*]

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked The peddler's silken treasury and have poured it on her.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, she prizes not such trifles:

The gifts she looks from me are locked

Up in my heart; which I have given to her already, But not yet delivered.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
I would not prize my throne without her love.

Old 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 in the 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 before these witnesses.

Old Shepherd

Come, young Doricles, your hand; and, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES [*to Florizel*]

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father is at the nuptial of his son a guest that best
becomes the table. Is your father grown incapable of reasonable
affairs? is he infirm with age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? know man from man? dispute his own estate? lies he bed-
rid?

FLORIZEL

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

POLIXENES

By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong
something unfilial: it is within reason a son should choose
himself a wife, but it is good reason too that the father 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 cannot acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know it.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

Shepherd

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

FLORIZEL [*insistent*]

He must not. Good shepherd, mark our contract.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Polixenes and Camillo remove their disguises*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affectest a sheep-hook!

[*to the Shepherd*] Thou old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou consorted with,--

Old Shepherd

O, my heart!

POLIXENES [*cruelly, to Perdita*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.

[*cruelly, to Florizel*] For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike. Will it 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 [*compassionately*]

Why, how now, dear mother! Speak to her.

Old Shepherd

I cannot speak, nor think

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a woman of fourscore three,

That thought to fill her grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my mother died,

To lie close by her honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knewest this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!

Exit

FLORIZEL [*to Perdita*]

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
but nothing altered: what I was, I am; more straining on for
being pulled back, not following my leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

Till the fury of his highness settle, come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I will not purpose it, Camillo.

PERDITA

How often have I told you it would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till it were known!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

Be advised. This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, not for all the earth, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honored friend,

When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,--cast your good counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting. Come, Perdita. *Exeunt*

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (F), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd

[to Old Shepherd]

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Son]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling meddler, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say she shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

She has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd

AUTOLYCUS

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

Exit

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale***Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you sister; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my mother, mother; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS

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

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen and women.

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (F), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,

all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless

trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd

[to Old Shepherd]

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Son]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling meddler, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say she shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

She has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd

AUTOLYCUS

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

Exit

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale***Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you sister; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my mother, mother; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS

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

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen and women.

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (F), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd*[to Old Shepherd]*

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Son]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling meddler, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say she shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

She has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

*Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd***AUTOLYCUS**

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

*Exit***William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*****Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you sister; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my mother, mother; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS

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

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen and women.

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (F), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd*[to Old Shepherd]*

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Son]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling meddler, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say she shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

She has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

*Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd***AUTOLYCUS**

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

*Exit***William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*****Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you sister; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my mother, mother; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS

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

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen and women.

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (F), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,

all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless

trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd*[to Old Shepherd]*

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Son]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling meddler, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say she shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

She has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd

AUTOLYCUS

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

Exit

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale***Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you sister; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my mother, mother; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS

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

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen and women.

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 6. Bohemia.

Camillo, Florizel, Autolycus (F), Old Shepherd (M), Young Shepherd (M)

CAMILLO [*aside to audience*]

He's irremovable, resolved for flight.

[*thinks*]

His going may serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

And purchase the sight again of my dear Sicilia.

[*to Florizel*]

Sir, you know I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; therefore embrace but my direction:

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Be with your true love, from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made; where you may marry her,

And, with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to mollify

And bring him to your liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

If you will make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, before Leontes:

Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Camillo, preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,

Fear none of this: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, a seller of stuff nobody needs

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, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, all gone: they throng who should buy first, as if my useless trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer.

CAMILLO [*seeing AUTOLYCUS*]

Who have we here?

AUTOLYCUS

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

AUTOLYCUS [*faking humility*]

I am a poor old peddler, sir.

CAMILLO

Why, for thy outside of poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly, [*proceeds to take off Autolycus's worn-out coat*] and change garments with this gentleman

[*Florizel takes off his fine coat and exchanges coats with Autolycus*]

AUTOLYCUS [*confused*]

Are you in earnest, sir? I smell the trick on it.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS [*shocked*]

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

CAMILLO [*to Florizel*]

Give to your sweetheart thy hat

And pluck it over her brows, muffling face,

As much as you can, disliken

The truth of her fair fair seeming; that you may to shipboard

Get undescried.

FLORIZEL

Although I know my honest shepherdess shall like not deceit,

I see the play so lies that she and I must bear our part.

CAMILLO

No remedy. Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Come, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS

Adieu, sir.

Exeunt FLORIZEL and CAMILLO

AUTOLYCUS

I understand the business, I hear it: The prince himself is stealing away from his father: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would NOT do so: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Old and Young Shepherd

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain.

Young Shepherd

[*to Autolycus*] See, see; what a lady you are now! [*to Old Shepherd*] There is no other way but to tell the king she's a

changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 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 with her.

Old 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 sister-in-law.

AUTOLYCUS

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Old Shepherd

To the palace, good madam.

Young Shepherd

Are you a court lady?

AUTOLYCUS

[*lies*] I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? [*shows off fancy coat he wears*]

Young Shepherd

Our business, lady, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS

What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shepherd

We have none, sir

AUTOLYCUS [*pretentiously*]

How blessed are we that are not simpletons!

Yet nature might have made me as these [*again gesturing to her fancy coat*] are, therefore I will not disdain you shepherd folk.

Young Shepherd

[to Old Shepherd]

This cannot be but a great courtier.

Old Shepherd *[to Daughter]*

Her garments are rich, but she wears them not lady-like.

AUTOLYCUS*[imperiously]*

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: the king is full of grief.

Old Shepherd

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

AUTOLYCUS

An old sheep-whistling rogue, to offer to have her daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned to death.

Young Shepherd

Has the old woman another child, lady, do you hear?

AUTOLYCUS

He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then covered over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain shepherds, what you have to tell to the king: I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be possible to effect your suits, I'm the one to do it.

Young Shepherd *[to Old Shepherd]*

She seems to be of great authority: give her gold. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Old Shepherd *[giving a few coins to Autolycus]*

To undertake this business for us, here is gold: I'll make it as much more.

AUTOLYCUS

After I have done what I promised?

Old Shepherd

Ay, lady.

Young Shepherd

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

Exit Old Shepherd and Young Shepherd

AUTOLYCUS

I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how much more gold that might bring? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, to the king: there may be more gold in it for me.

Exit

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale***Scene 8. Sicily, Leontes' Palace****Old Shepherd**

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

Young Shepherd

The king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called you brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called you, my father, father; and so we wept, and there was the first noble-like tears that ever we shed.

AUTOLYCUS *[to Old Shepherd]*

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.

Old Shepherd

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen

Young Shepherd *[to Autolycus]*

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS

Ay, if it like your good worship.

Young Shepherd

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 7. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

CLEOMENES, LEONTES, PAULINA, FLORIZEL,
PERDITA

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, PAULINA

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass:
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Hermione and her virtues, I cannot forget
The wrong I did, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweetest companion that man
Could ever hope of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the women in the world,
Or from the all took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would still be unparalleled.

LEONTES

Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES [*scoldingly, to Paulina*]

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You would have him wed again?

CLEOMENES

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour us!
Exit CLEOMENES

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides,
Has not the divine Apollo said,
Is it not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Is it your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary?
[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; the crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

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

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

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
I shall not marry till thou dost advise me so.

PAULINA

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

One Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes,
With his princess, she the fairest I have yet beheld,
Desires access to your high presence.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

CLEOMENES

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES

Bring them to us. [*Exit Cleomenes*] Still, 'tis strange
That Prince Florizel thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, poor Mamillius,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou knowest
He dies to me again when talked of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which
Breaks my heart again. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

My dear Prince Florizel,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a pair, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood in wonder as
You, gracious couple, do now: and then I lost--
All mine own folly--the society,
And friendship too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once again to call my friend.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I come here to Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but for his infirmity
He had himself the lands and waters
Measured to stand before you, whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And kingdoms of this world.

LEONTES [*to the heavens*]

O my brother, good Polixenes! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. [*to Florizel and Perdita*] Welcome friends.
How come you here to Sicilia?

FLORIZEL

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

Most noble sir,
The King of Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has--
His dignity and duty both cast off--
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES [*confused*]

What? Where's Bohemia? speak.

CLEOMENES

Here in your city. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having all their country quitted
To pursue this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

CLEOMENES

Lay it so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES [*even more confused*]

Who? Camillo?

CLEOMENES

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who now
Has these poor shepherds in questioning. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they plead;
Bohemia stops his ears, and will not listen, and threatens them
With diverse punishments in death. *Exit.*

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heavens have set spies upon us,
To keep us from our marriage!

LEONTES

You are not yet married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES

My lord, is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is, when once she is my wife.

LEONTES

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

FLORIZEL

Dear Perdita, look up:
Though Fortune should chase us, no power
Hath she to change our love. Beseech you, King Leontes,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant us pardon.

LEONTES [*taking pity on the young lovers*]

I will to your father:

Your honor not overthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me

Exeunt; Enter Cleomenes

CLEOMENES [*announcing to the crowd*]

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. The mantle of
Queen Hermione's, her necklace too, the letters of Antigonus
which they know to be his character, the majesty of the
creature in resemblance of her mother, and many other evidences
proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 7. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

**CLEOMENES, LEONTES, PAULINA, FLORIZEL,
PERDITA**

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, PAULINA

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass:
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Hermione and her virtues, I cannot forget
The wrong I did, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweetest companion that man
Could ever hope of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the women in the world,
Or from the all took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would still be unparalleled.

LEONTES

Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES [*scoldingly, to Paulina*]

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You would have him wed again?

CLEOMENES

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour us!
Exit CLEOMENES

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides,
Has not the divine Apollo said,
Is it not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Is it your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary?
[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; the crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

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

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

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
I shall not marry till thou dost advise me so.

PAULINA

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

One Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes,
With his princess, she the fairest I have yet beheld,
Desires access to your high presence.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

CLEOMENES

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES

Bring them to us. [*Exit Cleomenes*] Still, 'tis strange
That Prince Florizel thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, poor Mamillius,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou knowest
He dies to me again when talked of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which
Breaks my heart again. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

My dear Prince Florizel,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a pair, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood in wonder as
You, gracious couple, do now: and then I lost--
All mine own folly--the society,
And friendship too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once again to call my friend.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I come here to Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but for his infirmity
He had himself the lands and waters
Measured to stand before you, whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And kingdoms of this world.

LEONTES [*to the heavens*]

O my brother, good Polixenes! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. [*to Florizel and Perdita*] Welcome friends.
How come you here to Sicilia?

FLORIZEL

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

Most noble sir,
The King of Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has--
His dignity and duty both cast off--
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES [*confused*]

What? Where's Bohemia? speak.

CLEOMENES

Here in your city. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having all their country quitted
To pursue this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

CLEOMENES

Lay it so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES [*even more confused*]

Who? Camillo?

CLEOMENES

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who now
Has these poor shepherds in questioning. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they plead;
Bohemia stops his ears, and will not listen, and threatens them
With diverse punishments in death. *Exit.*

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heavens have set spies upon us,
To keep us from our marriage!

LEONTES

You are not yet married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES

My lord, is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is, when once she is my wife.

LEONTES

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

FLORIZEL

Dear Perdita, look up:
Though Fortune should chase us, no power
Hath she to change our love. Beseech you, King Leontes,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant us pardon.

LEONTES [*taking pity on the young lovers*]

I will to your father:

Your honor not overthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me

Exeunt; Enter Cleomenes

CLEOMENES [*announcing to the crowd*]

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. The mantle of
Queen Hermione's, her necklace too, the letters of Antigonus
which they know to be his character, the majesty of the
creature in resemblance of her mother, and many other evidences
proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 7. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

CLEOMENES, LEONTES, PAULINA, FLORIZEL,
PERDITA

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, PAULINA

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass:
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Hermione and her virtues, I cannot forget
The wrong I did, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweetest companion that man
Could ever hope of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the women in the world,
Or from the all took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would still be unparalleled.

LEONTES

Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES [*scoldingly, to Paulina*]

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You would have him wed again?

CLEOMENES

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour us!
Exit CLEOMENES

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides,
Has not the divine Apollo said,
Is it not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Is it your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary?
[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; the crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

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

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

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
I shall not marry till thou dost advise me so.

PAULINA

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

One Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes,
With his princess, she the fairest I have yet beheld,
Desires access to your high presence.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

CLEOMENES

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES

Bring them to us. [*Exit Cleomenes*] Still, 'tis strange
That Prince Florizel thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, poor Mamillius,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou knowest
He dies to me again when talked of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which
Breaks my heart again. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

My dear Prince Florizel,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a pair, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood in wonder as
You, gracious couple, do now: and then I lost--
All mine own folly--the society,
And friendship too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once again to call my friend.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I come here to Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but for his infirmity
He had himself the lands and waters
Measured to stand before you, whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And kingdoms of this world.

LEONTES [*to the heavens*]

O my brother, good Polixenes! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. [*to Florizel and Perdita*] Welcome friends.
How come you here to Sicilia?

FLORIZEL

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

Most noble sir,
The King of Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has--
His dignity and duty both cast off--
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES [*confused*]

What? Where's Bohemia? speak.

CLEOMENES

Here in your city. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having all their country quitted
To pursue this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

CLEOMENES

Lay it so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES [*even more confused*]

Who? Camillo?

CLEOMENES

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who now
Has these poor shepherds in questioning. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they plead;
Bohemia stops his ears, and will not listen, and threatens them
With diverse punishments in death. *Exit.*

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heavens have set spies upon us,
To keep us from our marriage!

LEONTES

You are not yet married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES

My lord, is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is, when once she is my wife.

LEONTES

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

FLORIZEL

Dear Perdita, look up:
Though Fortune should chase us, no power
Hath she to change our love. Beseech you, King Leontes,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant us pardon.

LEONTES [*taking pity on the young lovers*]

I will to your father:

Your honor not overthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me

Exeunt; Enter Cleomenes

CLEOMENES [*announcing to the crowd*]

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. The mantle of
Queen Hermione's, her necklace too, the letters of Antigonus
which they know to be his character, the majesty of the
creature in resemblance of her mother, and many other evidences
proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 7. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

CLEOMENES, LEONTES, PAULINA, FLORIZEL,
PERDITA

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, PAULINA

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass:
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Hermione and her virtues, I cannot forget
The wrong I did, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweetest companion that man
Could ever hope of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the women in the world,
Or from the all took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would still be unparalleled.

LEONTES

Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES [*scoldingly, to Paulina*]

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You would have him wed again?

CLEOMENES

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour us!
Exit CLEOMENES

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides,
Has not the divine Apollo said,
Is it not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Is it your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary?
[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; the crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

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

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

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
I shall not marry till thou dost advise me so.

PAULINA

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

One Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes,
With his princess, she the fairest I have yet beheld,
Desires access to your high presence.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

CLEOMENES

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES

Bring them to us. [*Exit Cleomenes*] Still, 'tis strange
That Prince Florizel thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, poor Mamillius,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou knowest
He dies to me again when talked of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which
Breaks my heart again. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

My dear Prince Florizel,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a pair, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood in wonder as
You, gracious couple, do now: and then I lost--
All mine own folly--the society,
And friendship too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once again to call my friend.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I come here to Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but for his infirmity
He had himself the lands and waters
Measured to stand before you, whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And kingdoms of this world.

LEONTES [*to the heavens*]

O my brother, good Polixenes! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. [*to Florizel and Perdita*] Welcome friends.
How come you here to Sicilia?

FLORIZEL

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

Most noble sir,
The King of Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has--
His dignity and duty both cast off--
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES [*confused*]

What? Where's Bohemia? speak.

CLEOMENES

Here in your city. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having all their country quitted
To pursue this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

CLEOMENES

Lay it so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES [*even more confused*]

Who? Camillo?

CLEOMENES

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who now
Has these poor shepherds in questioning. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they plead;
Bohemia stops his ears, and will not listen, and threatens them
With diverse punishments in death. *Exit.*

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heavens have set spies upon us,
To keep us from our marriage!

LEONTES

You are not yet married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES

My lord, is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is, when once she is my wife.

LEONTES

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

FLORIZEL

Dear Perdita, look up:
Though Fortune should chase us, no power
Hath she to change our love. Beseech you, King Leontes,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant us pardon.

LEONTES [*taking pity on the young lovers*]

I will to your father:

Your honor not overthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me

Exeunt; Enter Cleomenes

CLEOMENES [*announcing to the crowd*]

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. The mantle of
Queen Hermione's, her necklace too, the letters of Antigonus
which they know to be his character, the majesty of the
creature in resemblance of her mother, and many other evidences
proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

SCENE 7. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

CLEOMENES, LEONTES, PAULINA, FLORIZEL,
PERDITA

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, PAULINA

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow: indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass:
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Hermione and her virtues, I cannot forget
The wrong I did, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweetest companion that man
Could ever hope of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the women in the world,
Or from the all took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would still be unparalleled.

LEONTES

Killed!
She I killed! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES [*scoldingly, to Paulina*]

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You would have him wed again?

CLEOMENES

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour us!
Exit CLEOMENES

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides,
Has not the divine Apollo said,
Is it not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Is it your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary?
[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; the crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

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

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

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
I shall not marry till thou dost advise me so.

PAULINA

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

One Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes,
With his princess, she the fairest I have yet beheld,
Desires access to your high presence.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

CLEOMENES

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES

Bring them to us. [*Exit Cleomenes*] Still, 'tis strange
That Prince Florizel thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, poor Mamillius,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou knowest
He dies to me again when talked of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which
Breaks my heart again. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

My dear Prince Florizel,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a pair, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood in wonder as
You, gracious couple, do now: and then I lost--
All mine own folly--the society,
And friendship too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once again to call my friend.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I come here to Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but for his infirmity
He had himself the lands and waters
Measured to stand before you, whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And kingdoms of this world.

LEONTES [*to the heavens*]

O my brother, good Polixenes! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. [*to Florizel and Perdita*] Welcome friends.
How come you here to Sicilia?

FLORIZEL

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Re-enter CLEOMENES

CLEOMENES

Most noble sir,
The King of Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has--
His dignity and duty both cast off--
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES [*confused*]

What? Where's Bohemia? speak.

CLEOMENES

Here in your city. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having all their country quitted
To pursue this young prince.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

CLEOMENES

Lay it so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES [*even more confused*]

Who? Camillo?

CLEOMENES

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who now
Has these poor shepherds in questioning. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they plead;
Bohemia stops his ears, and will not listen, and threatens them
With diverse punishments in death. *Exit.*

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heavens have set spies upon us,
To keep us from our marriage!

LEONTES

You are not yet married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES

My lord, is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is, when once she is my wife.

LEONTES

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

FLORIZEL

Dear Perdita, look up:
Though Fortune should chase us, no power
Hath she to change our love. Beseech you, King Leontes,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request
My father will grant us pardon.

LEONTES [*taking pity on the young lovers*]

I will to your father:

Your honor not overthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me

Exeunt; Enter Cleomenes

CLEOMENES [*announcing to the crowd*]

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. The mantle of
Queen Hermione's, her necklace too, the letters of Antigonus
which they know to be his character, the majesty of the
creature in resemblance of her mother, and many other evidences
proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]

Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
*Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and
Perdita with Florizel,*

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,

Scene 9. Sicily, Leontes' Palace

LEONTES **POLIXENES**
PERDITA **FLORIZEL** [no lines]
CAMILLO **PAULINA**
HERMIONE

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA; HERMIONE, center-stage, is covered with a sheet

LEONTES
O Paulina, we have come
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA
As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: behold, and say 'tis well.
PAULINA removes the covering, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue; all gasp in amazement

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

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

POLIXENES
O, not by much.

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

LEONTES
As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?
[Leontes bows his head in his hands, in sorrow]

PERDITA
Oh 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 *[holding Perdita back]*
O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's not dry!
CAMILLO *[trying to soothe Leontes]*
My lord, your sorrow is too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
Or so many summers dry up; scarce any sorrow
Did ever live so long.

POLIXENES *[also trying to soothe Leontes]*
Dear my brother,
Take off so much grief from yourself
As you had first put on
PAULINA
Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of this poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the statue is mine--
I would not have shown it. *[Paulina gets ready to cover the statue again]*

LEONTES
Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES *[prevents Paulina from covering it]*
Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--
What was he that did make it? *[to Polixenes]* See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? 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 it,
And we are mocked 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!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you . . . but
I could afflict you farther.

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

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

LEONTES
No!
PERDITA
So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA
Either forbear, and
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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA

Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon you 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: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. [*Hermione puts out her hand to Leontes*]
Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you wooed her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES [*taking Hermione's hand*]

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

POLIXENES

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

If she has truly come to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES

Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how she was stolen from the dead.

PAULINA

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

There's time enough for that;
Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, and
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES

O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us [*gestures to Polixenes*], a pair of kings.
Let's from this place.
Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered: hastily lead away.
Exeunt Hermione with Leontes, Paulina with Camillo, and Perdita with Florizel,