

SHAKESPEAR'S
WINTERS

AS PERFORMED BY
MISS

MARY ANDERSON

AND
COMPANY

Ading Edition with Illustrations

BY
EDWIN JOHN ELLIS

AND
JOSEPH ANDERSON

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

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The Winter's Tale

A Comedy in Five Acts,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AS ARRANGED BY

Miss Mary Anderson,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Edwin John Ellis & Joseph Anderson,

AND SELECTIONS FROM THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC BY

ANDREW LEVEY.



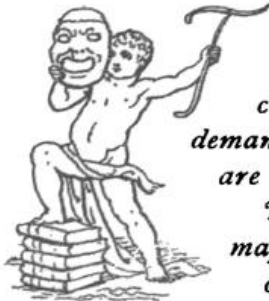
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PREFACE.



THE following stage-edition of "A WINTER'S TALE," like its various predecessors, may be said to aim at keeping as close to the original play as is compatible with the requirements of the theatre and the no less exacting demands of modern taste. Of the larger excisions it is unnecessary to speak, they are unavoidable; no audience of these days would desire to have the "Winter's Tale" produced in its entirety. But with regard to the minor excisions, it may be said that no one of these will be found to in any way affect the essential character and spirit of the play. A literal adhesion to the text as it has been handed down to us would in any case savour of superstition. No one knows, and no one will ever know, what it was that Shakespeare actually wrote, or in what condition he left his works. The early quartos were in all probability printed from surreptitiously obtained stage-copies, without the sanction either of Shakespeare or of his company; while the First Folio that Heminge & Condell pitchforked into type so abounds with obvious blunders—not merely the corrupt spelling which is everywhere visible, but speeches intended for one actor being given to another, and whole passages being repeated on the same page—that any scrupulous reproduction of this mutilated text would be mere pedantry. There is, however, one liberty taken in the following version for which an apology must be made. The final couplet is borrowed from "All's Well that Ends Well," for the simple reason that it offered, from the stage point of view, a more effective climax than the general conversation with which the "Winter's Tale" comes to an end. It may at least be pleaded in extenuation that no alien hand has been called in to add these closing lines.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.



ACT I.

SCENE 1.—The Palace of King Leontes *W. Telbin.*

TABLEAU.

SCENE 2.—Before the Palace *W. Hann.*

SCENE 3.—Queen Hermione's Apartments *W. Telbin.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Corridor in the Prison *W. Perkins.*

TABLEAU.

SCENE 2.—The Queen's Apartments *W. Telbin.*

SCENE 3.—A Desert Country in Bohemia, near the Sea *W. Perkins.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Palace of Justice *W. Hann.*

Sixteen years are supposed to elapse between Acts III. & IV.

Stage Manager for Miss ANDERSON - - - - -

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—The Palace of King Polixenes, in Bohemia *W. Perkins.*

SCENE 2.—A Roadside *Hawes Craven.*

TABLEAU.

SCENE 3.—A Pastoral Scene *Hawes Craven.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—Sicilia, King Leontes' Palace *W. Hann.*

SCENE 2.—Before the Palace *W. Hann.*

TABLEAU.

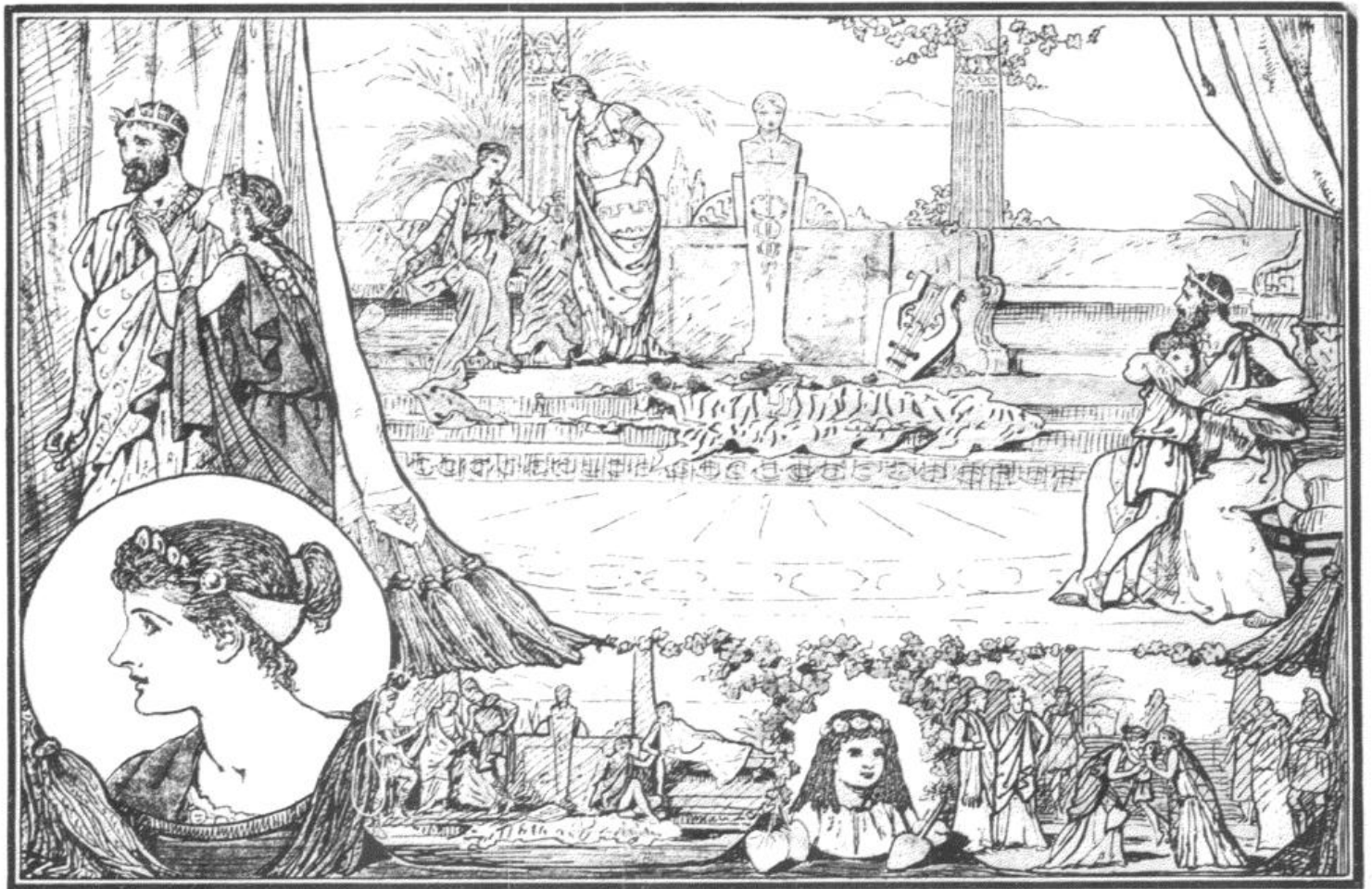
SCENE 3.—A Hall in Paulina's House... .. *W. Hann.*

The Pastoral Music ("Shepherds' Dance," &c.) and "Hymn to Apollo," composed by Mr. ANDREW LEVEY.

The Processional and Statue Music by Mr. J. M. COWARD.

The Dances arranged by Mr. A. LAURINE.

- - - - - **Mr. NAPIER LOTHIAN, Junr.**



THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia. We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. I think, this coming summer the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly



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

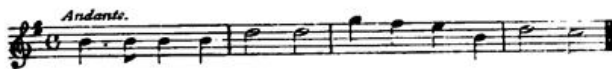
Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

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

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

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

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



Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS,
CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

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

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence : Besides, I have stayed
To tire your royalty.

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

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

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

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay.
Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIXENES*] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefixed for 's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should you say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner or my guest ? by your dread *verily*.
One of them you shall be.

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

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

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

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

Pol. We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other : we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed

That any did. Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
 With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven
 Boldly, *Not guilty*;—the imposition cleared,
 Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
 You have tripped since.

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

Her. Grace to boot! Yet, go on;
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

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

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
 I prithee, tell me. One good deed dying tongueless,
 Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
 Our praises are our wages. You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs e'er
 With spur we'll heat an acre; but to the goal;—
 My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
 What was my first?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

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

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
 twice;
 The one for ever earned a royal husband;
 The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*]

Leon. [*Aside.*] To mingle friendship far, is mingling
 bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me,—my heart dances,—
 But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
 May a free face put on; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
 As now they are; and making practised smiles,

As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer : O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows !—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks ?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutched thy
nose ?—

They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat !—not neat, but cleanly, captain.
Still virginalling

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf ?
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me :—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say anything. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop ?—Can thy dam ?—may't be—

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

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Pol. How is 't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distrac-
tion :

Are you moved, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

[*Aside.*] How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
It's tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms !—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter ;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

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

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to !

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband ! Gone already !—

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.

Go play, boy, play !—thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play !—There have been,

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.

And many a man there is, even at this present,
(Now, while I speak this,) holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there's none.
What, Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

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

Leon. Didst note it ?

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

Leon. Didst perceive it ?

[*Aside.*] They're here with me already ; whispering,
rounding,

Sicilia is a—so-forth : 'T is far gone
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?

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

Leon. *Satisfy*

The entreaties of your mistress ?—*satisfy* !—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Thy penitent reformed : but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you heard, Camillo,
(For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,

(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say
My wife's not honest; say 't, and justify 't.

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

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Leaning cheek to cheek? Skulking in corners?
Wishing clocks more swift? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For it is dangerous.

Leon. Say it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.
Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

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Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou
His cupbearer,—who may'st see
How I am galled,—mightest bespice a cup.
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this: and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness

Will take again your queen as yours at first.
Even for your son's sake.

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

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,

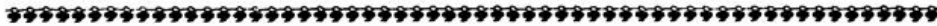
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all ;—
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do 't not, and thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE II.—GARDENS BEFORE THE PALACE.

Enter CAMILLO.

Camillo.

○ MISERABLE lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : if I could find example

Of thousands that have struck anointed kings
And flourished after, I'd not do 't. I must
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

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

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! *dare not !*

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

Pol. How ! caught of me ?

I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo ?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man

Which honour does acknowledge, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry *lost*, and so, good night !

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you !

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

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

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best
How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—

That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawned,—away to-night !
 Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
 And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o' the city. Be not uncertain ;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have uttered truth.

Pol. I do believe thee ;
 I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand ;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and

My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
 Must it be great ; and, as his person 's mighty,
 Must it be violent. Fear o'ershades me :
 Good expedition be my friend ! Camillo ;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away ! [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—SICILIA. THE PALACE, THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
 'T is past enduring.

1st Lady. Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1st Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

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

2nd Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best.



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2nd Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

1st Lady. Blue, my lord.



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

2nd Lady. Hark ye; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

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

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

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

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

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down: then on.

Mam. There was a man dwelt by a churchyard;—
I will tell it softly; yond crickets shall not hear it.

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

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

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

1st Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blessed am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;—
 That false villain,
 Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him :
 He has discovered my design, and I
 Remain a pinched thing ; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
 So easily open ?

1st Lord. By his great authority ;
 Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
 On your command.

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

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
 Away with him !

[*Exit MAMILLIUS, with some of the Attendants.*

You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'T is pity *she 's not honest, honourable.*
 Praise her, but for this her without-door form—

Which, on my faith, deserves high speech—
 And straight the shrug, the *hum*, or *ha*, will come between,
 When you have said *she 's goodly*,
 Ere you can say *she 's honest* : but be 't known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She 's an adultress !

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenished villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes.—I have said
 She's false ; I have said with whom :
 More, she's a traitor ; and privy
 To this their late escape.

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

Leon. No ! if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison !

Antigonus and Lords. You are abused and by some
putter on!

Leon. He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.



I must be patient.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

Commonly are,—The want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities,—but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
The king's will be performed !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is 't that goes with me?—Beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me.—Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause : when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears :
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wished to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.

Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies, with Guards.

Act II.

SCENE I.—THE OUTER ROOM OF A PRISON.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paulina.

THE keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[Exit an Attendant.
Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee !
What dost thou, then, in prison ?

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not ?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.

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

Gaol. I may not, madam : to the contrary
I have express commandment.

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

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

Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. *[Exit Attendants.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

23

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

Paul. Well, be it so, prithee.
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter GAOLER with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together : on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, delivered.

Paul. A boy?

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

Paul Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't to the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child.

[Exit EMILIA.]

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

Paul. Do not you fear ; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *[Exit GAOLER.]*
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Enter EMILIA with Child.

[Taking Child.] Let 's not be doubted, I shall do good.

Emil. Now, be you blessed for it. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants, in waiting behind.

Enter LEONTES.*Leontes.*

NOR night nor day no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ;—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—say that she were
gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

1st Attend. [*Advancing.*] My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy ?

1st Attend. He took good rest to-night ;
'T is hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.—Leave me solely :—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attendant.] Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1st Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ?

Ant. That's enough.

2nd Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. I come to bring him sleep

Leon. What noise there, ho ? How !—
Away with that audacious lady !—Antigonus,

I charged thee that she should not come about me.

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

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this
He shall not rule me. Good, my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me,—I come
From your good queen.

ACT II. SCENE II.

25

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on my own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child.

Leon. This brat is none of mine.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.

Leon. Away with her.

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

[Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with 't!—even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence.

Swear by this sword thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.



Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy loud-tongued wife.
We enjoin thee.

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require !—and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss !

Leon.
Another's issue.

[*Exit, with the Child.*
No, I'll not rear

1st Lord. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Leon. 'T is good speed ; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords :
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—BOHEMIA. A DESERT COUNTRY NEAR THE SEA.

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the Babe ; and a Mariner.**Antigonus.*

THOU art perfect then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear

We have landed in ill time.

Ant. Go, get aboard ;

Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

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

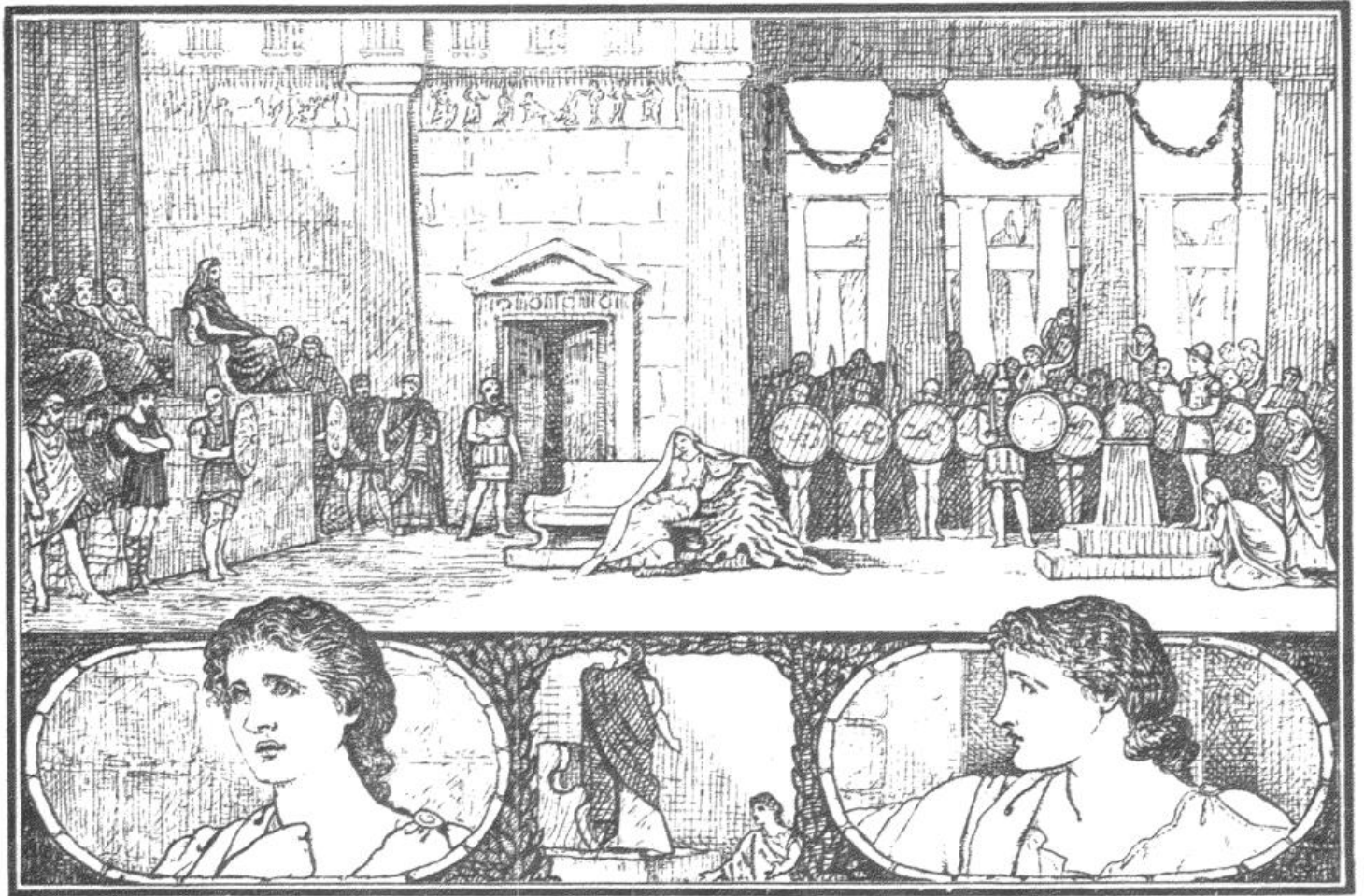
Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come poor babe :—
I have heard (but not believed) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again : if such thing might be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night ; for ne'er was dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow.
She did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bowed before me ;
And, gasping to begin some speech,
Her eyes became two spouts. The fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it, crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more : —and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. A COURT OF JUSTICE.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers discovered, properly seated.

Leontes.

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

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

D



Enter HERMIONE, guarded ; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads.*] *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, with Polixenes, king of Bohemia ; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.*



Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say, *Not guilty* ; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare : for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie!* upon my grave!

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

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

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

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
That which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : my second joy,
And first-fruits of my marriage, from his presence

D 2

I am barred, like one infectious :
My third comfort, starved most unluckily,
Is from my breast haled out to murder :
Myself on every post proclaimed a wanton.
Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this : mistake me not ;—no life,—
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I should be condemned
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge !

1st Lord. This your request
Is altogether just :—therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought

This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. and Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

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

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apo.lo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

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

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

Enter an Attendant, hastily.

Atten. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Atten. 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.



Her. How ! gone ?
Atten. Is dead.

Leon. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How now.

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing here—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead ; and vengeance for 't
Not dropped down yet ! [*Exeunt.*]

A& IV.

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF POLIXENES.

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.**Polixenes.*

I PRAY thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate.
Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country :
 though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,
 I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prithee speak no more. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son ?

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince ; but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court.

Pol. I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence ;—

that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

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

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

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—THE SCAM. A ROAD NEAR THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

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

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service: [Singing.

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

My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this comparison.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

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

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

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? [*Reads*]

Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of currants; rice—
 What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers,—

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

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

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

Clo. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir! tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

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

Clo. How now! canst stand?



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

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

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

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

Aut. A fellow, sir, I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. I know this man well; having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-batings.

Aut. Very true. He sir. That's the knave that put me into this apparel.

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

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

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

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

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

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

THE WINTER'S TALE.



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

[*Singing.*

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

THE SAME. BEFORE A SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*Florizel.*

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

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
 To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me,—
 O, pardon, that I name them !—your high self,
 The gracious marks o' the land, you have obscured
 With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddess-like pranked up.



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

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
 To me the difference forges dread ;

Even now I tremble
 To think your father by some accident
 Should pass this way, as you did :
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
 Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity.

Per. O, but, sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
 Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king ;
 One of these two must be necessities,
 That you must change this purpose, or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o' the feast : or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's ; for I cannot be
 Mine own, or anything to any, if
 I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say *No*.
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !

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



Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ;
 Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and other Shepherds and
 Shepherdesses.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
 Both dame and servant : welcomed all ; served all ;
 You are retired
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to us welcome.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast

Per. Sir, welcome !



[To POLIXENES.

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

[To CAMILLO.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

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

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

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours:—
O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo. What ! like a corse ?

Per. Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

Flo. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing
I'd have you buy and sell so ;
When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

Per. O, Doricles !
Your praises are too large.

Flo. But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

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

Cam. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress :

Mop. Now, in good time !

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



[*Music.* Here a dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

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

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding.

He says he loves my daughter ;
I think so too : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the



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door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money.



Clo. He could never come better ; I love a ballad but even too well. Prithee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing. [Exit Servant.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Come, buy of me ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry : come, buy.*

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

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

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

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ;—which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ?

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

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

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

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here. What hast here ? ballads ?

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

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune.

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : and let 's see first more ballads ; we 'll buy the other things anon. Lay it by too : another.

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

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

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

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

[*Exit with MOPSA and DORCAS.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Singing.*
Come, buy of me, &c.]

[*Exit.*]

Pol. 'T is time to part them.

[*Aside.*] He 's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved!

Pol. But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men,—the earth, the heavens, and all:—
That, were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than were ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love.

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

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

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!—

Flo. Come on, contract us 'fore these witnesses.

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

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

43

Pol. Methinks a father.
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo.

No, he must not.

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

Flo.

Come, come he must not :—

Mark our contract.



Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
 [Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call : thou art too base
 To be acknowledged : thou a sceptre's heir,
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,
 And thou, fresh piece
 Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
 The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—
 I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made
 More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
 That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession.
 Follow us to the court.—And you, enchantment,
 If ever henceforth thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee
 As thou art tender to 't.

Per. Even here undone,
 I was not much afeard : for once or twice
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun that shines upon his court
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike.—



[Exit.]

Will 't please you, sir, be gone ?

[To FLORIZEL.]

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.

Cam.

Why, how now, father !

Shep. O, Sir,
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet.—
 O cursed wretch!
 That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
 To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!

[*To FLORIZEL.*

[*To PERDITA.*

[*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delayed,
 But nothing altered: what I was, I am.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!

Flo. Lift up thy looks:—
 From my succession bar me, father! I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am,—and by my fancy.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow,
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat gleaned; will I break my oath
 To this my fair beloved.
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
 For this design. What course I mean to hold

E

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
 I'll hear you by-and-bye.

Cam. He's irremoveable.

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

Flo. Now, good Camillo.

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

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me:
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
 And there present yourself and your fair princess,
 (For so I see she must be.) 'fore Leontes.
 Methinks, I see him
 Opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 't were i' the father's person.

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

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts.

Flo. I am bound to you!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me,
How shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
It shall so be my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! I picked and
cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man
come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the
king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had
not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt and
Satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this.

Aut. [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now,—
why, hanging.

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

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that
from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou
must think there's a necessity in 't,) and change garments
with this gentleman. [*Giving money.*]

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

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

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

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

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

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—Take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do feel eyes over) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. No remedy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CAMILLO.

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

[*Calling*] Are you done there?

Enter PERDITA.

Flo. [*Entering.*] Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
Come, lady, come.

E 2

Flo. Oh, Perdita!

Fortune speed us!—Camillo, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honoured 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. I am put to sea
With her whom I cannot hold on shore.
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the seaside.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA and CAMILLO.*]



Act V.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DICN, PAULINA, *and others**Cleomenes.*

SIR, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow : at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom : and

Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

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

Leon. I think so. *Killed!*
She I *killed!*—I did so, but thou strik'st me sorely
To say I did. Now good, now say so but seldom,
Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,

ACT V. SCENE I.

49

I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

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

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

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

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be blessed my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,
Desires access to your high presence.

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

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay, my liege.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange.

[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.]

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again when talked of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me with reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES with FLORIZEL and PERDITA.
 Most dearly welcome !
 And your fair princess,—goddess !—



O, alas !
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, beggoting wonder, as

You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touched Sicilia ; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king
 Can send his brother ; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth.

Enter a Lord.

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

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak !

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
 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 both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endured all weathers.

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

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Per. The heavens set spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

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

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly.

Flo. Dear, look up.—
Beseech you, sir,

Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

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

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

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswered. I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them and you : come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—THE SAME. BEFORE THE PALACE OF LEONTE'S.

*Enter a Gentleman and ROGERO.**Gentleman.*

THE news, Rogero?

Rog. 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.—Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more—

Enter PAULINA'S Steward.

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

Stew. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding;—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Rog. No.

Stew. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen cannot be spoken of.

Gent. Are they returned to the court?

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

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

Gent. Ay, let 's along.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

Aut. Now, had I not a dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he

then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me ; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

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

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

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

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

Shep. And so have I, boy.

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

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

Clo. Ay ; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

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

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

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

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

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

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

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

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

SCENE III.—THE SAME. A CHAPEL IN PAULINA'S HOUSE.

Enter LEONTES, POLIKENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO,
PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leontes.

○ GRAVE and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina,

We honour you with trouble:—but we came
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.

Paul. 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—prepare
To see the life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death: behold! and say 't is well.

[PAULINA withdraws a curtain, and dis-
covers HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I wooed her!
O, royal piece, there 's magic in thy majesty.

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

Leon. Do not draw the curtain!

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

Leon. Let be! let be!

See, my lord!
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

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

Leon. No, not these twenty years!

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move; indeed, descend
And take you by the hand.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still.

Leon. Proceed!
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her, strike!—

[*Music.*

Come; I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your numbness, for from him
Dear Life redeems you. 'T is time; descend;
Be stone no more!

[*HERMIONE slowly descends from the pedestal.*

Do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double.

Leon. O, she's warm!

[*Embracing her.*

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

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead!

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

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her 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.
All yet seems well if it ends so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Exeunt.

CURTAIN.





FINIS.

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