## FLORIZEL

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

## PERDITA

## Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me: you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: I should blush To see you so attired, sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

## FLORIZEL

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

## PERDITA

## 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: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

## FLORIZEL

## Apprehend nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. My desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

## PERDITA

## O, but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:

## FLORIZEL

## Thou dearest Perdita, With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not The mirth o' the feast. I'll be thine, my fair, not my father's. For I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. 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.