## FLORIZEL

## These your unusual weeds to each part of youDo give a life: no sherpedess, but FloraPeering in April's front. This your sheep-shearingIs 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 obscuredWith a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,Most goddess-like prank'd up: I should blushTo see you so attired, sworn, I think,To show myself a glass.

## FLORIZEL

## I bless the timeWhen my good falcon made her flight acrossThy father's ground.

## PERDITA

## Afford you cause!To me the difference forges dread; Even now I trembleTo 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 nobleVilely bound up? What would he say? Or howShould I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, beholdThe sternness of his presence?

## FLORIZEL

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

## PERDITA

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

## FLORIZEL

## Thou dearest Perdita,With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken notThe mirth o' the feast. I'll be thine, my fair,not my father's. For I cannot beMine own, nor any thing to any, ifI be not thine. Your guests are coming:Lift up your countenance, as it were the dayOf celebration of that nuptial whichWe two have sworn shall come.