## OTTO

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

## CLEO

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

## OTTO

## I would most gladly know the issue of it.

## CLEO

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

## *Enter Rogero*

## Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

## ROGERO

## Nothing but bonfires: the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

## *Enter EMILIA*

## 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?

## EMILIA

## Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. 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?

## OTTO

## No.

## EMILIA

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

## ROGERO

## There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears.

## CLEO

## There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.

## EMILIA

## Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!'

## ROGERO

## Then asks Bohemia forgiveness;

## CLEO

## Then embraces his son-in-law

## EMILIA

## Then again worries he his daughter with clipping her

## CLEO

## Now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns.

## EMILIA

## I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.