**THE WINTER’S TALE**

**ACT I SCENE I & II**

*Party in LEONTES of SICILIA’s palace. LEONTES, PAULO, HERMIONE, CAMILLO, EMILIA, MAXIMILIAN. Fancy winter Interior party. Contemporary music plays as Leontes and his pregnant wife, Hermione, dance. Paulo, in more colorful clothing looks on. The two are perfect, sexy and in love. Paolo, summoned by Leontes, joins them. CAMILLO and EMILIA look on.*

CAMILLO

I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia
means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

EMILIA

Wherein their entertainment shall shame us~~—~~

CAMILLO

Beseech you—

EMILIA

They will give you sleepy drinks,
that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience,
may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse
us.

CAMILLO

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; from the ends of opposed
winds, the heavens continue their loves!

EMILIA

I think there is not in the world either malice or
matter to alter it.

*The song ends. Paolo summons Emilia for his coat.*

PAULO *(to Leontes)*

My brother, with our thanks.
Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The Shepherd's note since we have left our throneWithout a burthen: We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

LEONTES

Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

PAULO

Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance;

Or breed upon our absence;that may blow
No sneaping winds at home.

LEONTES

One seven-night longer.

PAULO

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES

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

PAULO

Press me not, beseech you.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You have drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well~~;~~ this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence 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
Prefix'd for's parting:  You'll stay~~?~~

PAULO

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

PAULO

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily! You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the
stars with oaths,
Should yet 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; How say you?
My prisoner? Or my guest? By your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

PAULO

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

HERMIONE

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 lordings then?

*Hermions takes Paulo’s arm. Music starts again and they dance. Leontes looks on.*

PAULO

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 o' the two?

PAULO

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did.

HERMIONE

By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

PAULO

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

HERMIONE

Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils.

*Hermione breaks away and approaches Leontes.*

LEONTES

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES

At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE

Never?

LEONTES

Never, but once.

HERMIONE

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. My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first?

LEONTES

Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

*Hermione goes back to Paulo, dancing again. Maximilian, their young boy,*

 *is goofing around, taking pictures with his cellphone. Leontes watches Paolo and Hermione*

LEONTES

[Aside] Too hot, too hot!
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,
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, O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not - ! Maximilian,
Art thou my boy?

MAXIMILIAN

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast
smutch'd thy nose? They say it is a copy out of mine.

Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
Still virginalling  *(Hermione absentmindedly touches Paulo’s hand)*
Upon his palm!--How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

MAXIMILIAN

Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Max snatches his dad’s phone and plays with it, taking pictures.*

LEONTES

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 but were they false
as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! My collop! Can thy dam?--may't be?--
Affection! Thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,how can this be?—

PAULO *(to Hermione)*

What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE

He something seems unsettled.

PAULO *(approaches Leontes)*

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.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms: How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

PAULO

If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

LEONTES

So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord, Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's 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 i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

LEONTES

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

*Exeunt PAULO, HERMIONE, and Attendants*

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and
ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play*:* thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: Go, play, boy, play. (*Leontes takes his cellphone back)*
There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present, *(Looking at the phone with the picture of Hermione and Paulo*)
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. How now, boy!

MAXIMILIAN

I am like you, they say. *(Tries and fails to take the phone back)*

LEONTES

Why that's some comfort.What, Camillo there?

CAMILLO

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

Go play, Maximilan; thou'rt an honest man.

*Exit MAXIMILIAN (without phone)*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. Didst note it?

CAMILLO

He would not stay at your petitions.

LEONTES

Didst perceive it? (*Aside)* They're here with me already, whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. (to Camillo) How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAMILLO

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES

At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent
But, so it is, it is not.Perchance are to this business purblind? Say!

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

Ha!

CAMILLO

Stays here longer.

LEONTES

Ay, but why?

CAMILLO

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

LEONTES

Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

CAMILLO

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES

To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent.

CAMILLO

My gracious lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass.

LEONTES

Ha' not you seen, Camillo,--
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,--or heard,--
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,--or thought,--for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,--
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 a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

CAMILLO

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.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?--a note infallible
Of breaking honesty--horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? And all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only. 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; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO

No, 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. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like a 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.

They would do that
Which should undo more doing: Thou mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,
I could do this: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.I have loved thee.

LEONTES

Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

CAMILLO

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; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours. *(warns him not to spread rumors on social media)*

LEONTES

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

CAMILLO

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.

LEONTES

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

CAMILLO

I'll do't, my lord.

LEONTES

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

*Exit*

CAMILLO

O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Lord Paulo; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear'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. (*Re-enter PAULO*

PAULO

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

CAMILLO

Hail, most royal sir!

PAULO

What is the news i' the court?

CAMILLO

None rare, my lord.

PAULO

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 changeth thus his manners.

CAMILLO

I dare not know, my lord.

PAULO

How! Dare not! Do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

CAMILLO

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.

PAULO

How! Caught of me! I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

CAMILLO

I may not answer.

PAULO

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee. What incidency thou dost guess 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

Sir, I will tell you;Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,

I am appointed him to murder you.

PAULO

By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO

By the king.

PAULO

For what?

CAMILLO

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 touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

PAULO

O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

CAMILLO

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.

PAULO

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 dare trust my honesty, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth.

PAULO

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, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAMILLO

Come, sir, away.

*Exeunt*

ACT II SCENE I. *Enter,* *Hermione, Emilia and Maximillian.*

EMILIA

Come, sir.

HERMIONE
Now pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

MAXIMILIAN

Merry or sad shall't be?

HERMIONE

As merry as you will.

MAXIMILIAN

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

EMILIA

Let's have that, good sir.

HERMIONE
Come on.

EMILIA

Sit down –

HERMIONE

And do your best
To fright me with your sprites.

EMILIA

You're powerful at it. (*Maximilian hesitates)*

HERMIONE

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

*Re-nter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, and others.*

LEONTES

Was he met there? Lord Paulo, his train? Camillo with him?

ANTIGONUS

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

LEONTES

I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. *(to Hermione)*Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, you
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE

What is this? Sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! And let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Paulo Bohemia
Has made thee swell thus. *(Emilia takes Max to her as Hermione approaches Leontes)*

HERMIONE

But I'ld say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEONTES

You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your bearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest.
These shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
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 adulteress.

HERMIONE

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

LEONTES

You have mistook, my lady,
Paulo for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place.
I have said she's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

HERMIONE

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 publish'd me! Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

LEONTES

No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her! To prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

HERMIONE

*(Aside)*There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. *(to others)* 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.

LEONTES

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE

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 wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.

LEONTES

Go, do our bidding; hence!

*Exit HERMIONE. Maximilian runs after her.*

EMILIA

Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANTIGONUS

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

EMILIA

For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

ANTIGONUS

If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false, If she be.

LEONTES

Hold your peaces.

EMILIA

Good my lord –

ANTIGONUS

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all.

LEONTES

Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't
As you feel doing thus.

ANTIGONUS

If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEONTES

We need no more of your advice.

I have dispatch'd in post to Apollo’s court,
whose counsel had, shall stop or spur me.

Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Honorable Apollo
Give rest to the minds of others. Come, follow as;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

*Exeunt*

SCENE II. A prison. *Enter PAULINA, GAOLER.*

PAULINA
Conduct me to the queen.

GAOLER

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

PAULINA

Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!

GAOLER

I Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA

I pray now, call her. (*Exit GAOLER)*

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?

EMILIA

As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

PAULINA

A boy?

EMILIA

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.'

PAULINA

I dare be sworn
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king,
beshrew them! He must be told on't, and he shall:

the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

EMILIA

Most worthy madam, there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand.

PAULINA

Tell her, Emilia.
I'll use that tongue I have.

*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A room in LEONTES' palace. *Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, CLEO, FIRST SERVANT*

LEONTES

Nor night nor day no rest:  The cause were not in being,--part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, Who's there?

FIRST SERVANT

My lord?

LEONTES

How does the boy?

FIRST SERVANT

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

LEONTES

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares.

*Exit FIRST SERVANT*

Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
Camillo and Paulo
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.

*Enter PAULINA, with a child*

CLEO

You must not enter.

PAULINA

Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? A gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

ANTIGONUS

That's enough.

CLEO

Madam, he hath not slept tonight; commanded
None should come at him.

PAULINA

Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEONTES

What noise there, ho?

PAULINA

No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

LEONTES

How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me.

ANTIGONUS

I told her so, my lord.

LEONTES

What, canst not rule her?

PAULINA

From all dishonesty he can. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES

Good queen!

PAULINA

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.

LEONTES

Force her hence.

PAULINA

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine 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 'tis; commends it to your blessing. (L*aying down the child)*

LEONTES

Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAULINA

Not so:
I am no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES

Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! Thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

PAULINA

*(To Antigonus, her husband)*Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

LEONTES

He dreads his wife.

PAULINA

So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'ld call your children yours.

LEONTES

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 himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't--once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEONTES

A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of King Paulo:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA

It is yours;
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger –

LEONTES

A gross hag
And, lozel, 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. I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA

I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something savours
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEONTES

On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her!

PAULINA

I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis 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*

LEONTES

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
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

ANTIGONUS

I did not, sir.

LEONTES

Come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
To save this bastard's life,--for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,
--what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS

Any thing, my lord,
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent.

LEONTES

It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS

I will, my lord.

LEONTES

Mark and perform it, see'st thou! For thou fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
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
And favour of the climate where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS

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! Wolves and bears, they say
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity.

*Exit with the child*

LEONTES

No, I'll not rear
Another's issue. *(to CLEO)*

Prepare you,
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 burthen to me.

*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE II. A court of Justice.

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers*, *HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA, EMILIA and Ladies attending.*

OFFICER

[Reads] Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery
with Paulo, King of Bohemia, and conspiring
with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open,
thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for
their better safety, to fly away by night.

HERMIONE

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty:' 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; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, the mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before King Paulo
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES

You will not own it.

HERMIONE

More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For King Paulo,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE

Sir, You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES

Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by King Paulo,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,--
Those of your fact are so--so past all truth:
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.

HERMIONE

Sir, spare your threats:
The bug 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 body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. 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 shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law.

Apollo be my judge!

(*Putting in a scene here where Maximilian, reads all the posts. He hears in recorded voices people calling his mother a whore, him a bastard. The terrorizing posts torment him. He runs off stage. Does he kill himself?)*

Leontes’s Castle. Next Day. Leontes, Paulina, Emilia. Leontes, defeated. PAULINA relieved, reading headlines.

PAULINA

[reading] Hermione is chaste;
King Paulo 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. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

LEONTES

There is no truth at all:
this is mere falsehood.

*Leontes tears up the paper.*

*Enter CLEO with Hermione.*

CLEO

The king, the king!

LEONTES

What is the business?

CLEO

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!

CLEO

Is dead.

LEONTES

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 but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

*Exeunt PAULINA and EMILIA, with HERMIONE*

Apollo, pardon
My great profanenes!
I'll reconcile me to Paulo,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
Thorough my rust! and how his pity
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*A cry from off-stage. Re-enter PAULINA*

PAULINA

Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

CLEO

What fit is this, good lady?

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? Racks? Fires? What flaying? Boiling?
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst?
That thou betray'dst Paulo 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince: but the last,--O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead,
and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

CLEO

The higher powers forbid!

PAULINA

I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES

Go on, go on
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation.

*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert country near the sea. *Enter ANTIGONUS with baby, and a Mariner*

ANTIGONUS

Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MARINER

Ay, my lord: and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. The heavens with that

we have in hand are angry tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANTIGONUS

Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

 *Exit*

ANTIGONUS

Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed,
the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. In pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break-from her:

HERMIONE (ghost)

'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 forever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.'

ANTIGONUS

And so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death. Perdita. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie. The storm begins; thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone forever.

*Exit, pursued by a bear. Enter SHEPHERD*

SHEPHERD

I would there were no age between sixteen and
three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the
rest; for there is nothing in the between but
getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,
stealing, fighting--Hark you now! Would any but
these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty
hunt in this weather. Mercy on 's, a barne a very
pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A
pretty one; a very pretty one: This has been
some stair-work, some trunk-work, some
behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this
than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for
pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed
but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

*Enter YOKEL*

YOKEL

Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD

What, art so near? Come hither. What
ailest thou, man?

YOKEL

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

SHEPHERD

Why, boy, how is it?

YOKEL

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages,
how it takes up the shore! But that's not the
point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls!
Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the
ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon
swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a
cork into a hogshead. 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. 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.

SHEPHERD

Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

YOKEL

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.

SHEPHERD

Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here,
boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things
dying, I with things newborn. Here's a sight for
thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's
child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy;
open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be
rich by the fairies. This is some changeling:
open't. What's within, boy?

YOKEL

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

SHEPHERD

This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up
with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way.
We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires
nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good
boy, the next way home.

YOKEL

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.

SHEPHERD

That's a good deed. ‘Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

*Exeunt*  INTERMISSION:

ACT IV. SCENE I: *Merry Music*

Time *(with wings. May put to song, edit it down or split it between a few people)*

I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,

To use my wings. Impute it not a crime

To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O’er sixteen years and leave the growth untried

 Of that wide gap, since it is in my power

To o’erthrow law and in one self-born hour

 To plant and o’erwhelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, ere ancient’st order was

Or what is now received: I witness to

The times that brought them in; so shall I do

To the freshest things now reigning and make stale

 The glistering of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,

The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving

That he shuts up himself, imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia, and remember well,

I mentioned a son o’ the king’s, which Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Equal with wondering: what of her ensues

I list not prophecy; but let Time’s news

Be known when ’tis brought forth.

A shepherd’s daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

If never, yet that Time himself doth say

He wishes earnestly you never may.

SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of PAULO. *Merry Music. Enter PAULO and CAMILLO*

PAULO

I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate:
'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to
grant this.

CAMILLO

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; to whose feeling
sorrows I might be some allay.

PAULO

As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of
thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of
thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to
have had thee than thus to want thee: Of that fatal
country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very
naming punishes me with the remembrance of that
penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king,
my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen
and children are even now to be afresh lamented.
Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my
son?

CAMILLO

Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince.

I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired
from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises.

PAULO

I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some
care; 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.

CAMILLO

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.

PAULO

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. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and
lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAMILLO

I willingly obey your command.

PAULO

My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A road near the Shepherd's cottage. *Merry music. Enter OTTO CLAUS, singing (cutting down songs)*

OTTO

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.
*(talking)* 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.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may, give,
And in the stocks avouch it.
My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father named me Otto Klaus; who
being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise
a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. A prize! a prize!

*Enter YOKEL*

YOKEL

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

OTTO

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

YOKEL

I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am
I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound
of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,--what will
this sister of mine do with rice? I must have saffron to colour the warden
pies; mace; dates? Nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I
may beg; four pound of prunes—

OTTO

O that ever I was born! (*Grovelling on the ground)*

YOKEL

I' the name of me—

OTTO

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

YOKEL

Alack, poor soul! Thou hast need of more rags to lay
on thee, rather than have these off. *(Otto will steal Yokel’s clothes and more)*

OTTO

O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more
than the stripes I have received, which are mighty
ones and millions.

YOKEL

Alas, poor man! A million of beating may come to a
great matter.

OTTO

I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel
ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon
me. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. *(helps him up)*

OTTO

O, good sir, tenderly, O!

YOKEL

Alas, poor soul!

OTTO

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

YOKEL

How now! Canst stand?

OTTO

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

YOKEL

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

OTTO

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
any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you;
that kills my heart.

YOKEL

What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

OTTO

A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with
troll-my-dames; 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.

YOKEL

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped
out of the court.

OTTO

Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he
hath been since an ape-bearer; then a
process-server, then he compassed a
motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's
wife within a mile where my land and living lies;
and, having flown over many knavish professions, he
settled only in rogue: some call him Otto Klaus.

YOKEL

Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts
wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

OTTO

Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that
put me into this apparel.

YOKEL

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had
but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

OTTO

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am
false of heart that way.

YOKEL

How do you now?

OTTO

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.

YOKEL

Shall I bring thee on the way?

OTTO

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

YOKEL

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

OTTO

Prosper you, sweet sir!

*Exit YOKEL*

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!

*(Sings*) 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 IV. The SHEPHERD's cottage.

*Music. Enter Prince FLORIZEL and PERDITA. Perdita in a fancy dress, Florizel in rags.*

(May insert extra songs here: ie Florizel sings “Valerie” replacing Valerie with My Perdy, using some of Shakespeare’s words or a duet: ie Ain’t no mountain high enough or Don’t go breakin’ my heart, etc.)

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.

*Music, dancing. SHEPHERD, YOKEL, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others,*

*with PAULO and CAMILLO disguised.*

SHEPHERD

Fie, daughter! pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome~~;~~

Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA

[To PAULO] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. *(May have her sing something like Dandelions by Ruth B: flowers, love) (To CAMILLO)*

You're welcome, sir.
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!

PAULO

Sheperdess,
A fair one are you--well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PERDITA

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

PAULO

Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA

For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

PAULO

Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean:

You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

PERDITA

So it is.

PAULO

Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA

I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.’ Here's flowers for you;
these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

CAMILLO

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

PERDITA

Out, alas! (*To Mopsa & Dorcas, young women)*
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,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. *(To Florizel)*Lilies of all kinds, O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL

What, like a corpse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet.
I'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'ld 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;
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA

O Doricles,
Your praises are too large

FLORIZEL

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

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em*. (Music, dancing)*

PAULO

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.

CAMILLO

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

YOKEL

Come on, strike up!

DORCAS

Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

MOPSA

Now, in good time!

YOKEL

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

*Music. Dancing.*

PAULO

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

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain.
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

PAULO

She dances featly.

SHEPHERD

So she does any thing; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter Servant*

SERVANT

O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, he sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

YOKEL

He could never come better; he shall come in.

SERVANT

He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without
bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate
burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump
her;' 'Whoop, do meno harm, good man.'

PAULO

This is a brave fellow.

YOKEL

Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited
fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

SERVANT

He hath ribbons of an the colours i' the rainbow; why, he
sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you
would think a smock were a she-angel.

YOKEL

Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PERDITA

Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

*Exit Servant*. *Enter OTTO, singing*

OTTO

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

YOKEL

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 ribbons and gloves.

MOPSA

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

DORCAS

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

MOPSA

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

YOKEL

Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
wear their plackets where they but you must be tittle-tattling before all
our guests? Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

MOPSA

Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace
and a pair of sweet gloves.

YOKEL

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

OTTO

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

YOKEL

What hast here? Ballads?

MOPSA

Pray now, buy some.

OTTO

Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's
wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a
burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and
toads carbonadoed.

MOPSA

Is it true, think you?

OTTO

Very true, and but a month old.

DORCAS

Bless me from marrying a usurer!

MOPSA

Pray you now, buy it.

OTTO

Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon
the coast it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold
fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that
loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

DORCAS

Is it true too, think you?

OTTO

Five justices' hands at it.

OTTO

Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to
the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:'

MOPSA

We can both sing it:

DORCAS

We had the tune on't a month ago.

OTTO

I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my
occupation; have at it with you.

*Otto, Dorcas and Mopsa sing:*

OTTO

Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

DORCAS

Whither?

MOPSA

O, whither?

DORCAS

Whither?

MOPSA

It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

DORCAS

Me too, let me go thither.

MOPSA

Or thou goest to the orange or mill.

DORCAS

If to either, thou dost ill.

OTTO

Neither.

DORCAS

What, neither?

OTTO

Neither.

DORCAS

Thou hast sworn my love to be.

MOPSA

Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? Say, whither?

YOKEL

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

*Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA*

OTTO

And you shall pay well for 'em.

*Follows singing*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler.
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SHEPHERD

Away! here has been too much
homely foolery. I know, sir, we weary you.

PAULO

You weary those that refresh us. (*To FLORIZEL)*

How now, fair Shepherd!
Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: yet you have let him go
And nothing marted with him.

FLORIZEL

Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved!

PAULO

What follows this? Let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL

Do, and be witness to 't.

PAULO

And this my neighbour too?

FLORIZEL

And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
were I the fairest youth, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love.

PAULO

Fairly offer'd.

CAMILLO

This shows a sound affection.

SHEPHERD

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

PERDITA

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.

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. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

PAULO

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

FLORIZEL

I have: but what of him?

PAULO

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

PAULO

Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? Can he speak? Hear?
Know man from man? Dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid?

FLORIZEL

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

PAULO

By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: he 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 not acquaint
My father of this business.

PAULO

Let him know't.

FLORIZEL

He shall not.

PAULO

Prithee, let him.

FLORIZEL

No, he must not.

SHEPHERD

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

FLORIZEL

Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

PAULO

Mark your divorce, young sir,

*Discovering himself. Music stops!*

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,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week*. (To Perdita)* And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,--

SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

PAULO

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd 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, we'll bar thee from succession;
mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. *~~(~~to Perdita*) And you, enchantment.--
Worthy enough a herdsman: yea, 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.

*Exit*

PERDITA

Even here undone!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

Why, how now, father. Speak ere thou diest.

SHEPHERD

I cannot speak, O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince,
and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.

*Exit*

FLORIZEL

Why look you so upon me?

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
Come not before him.

PERDITA

How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

FLORIZEL

It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO

This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL

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 glean'd, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,--as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,--cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design.

CAMILLO

O my lord!

FLORIZEL

Hark, Perdita

*Drawing her aside*

I'll hear you by and by.

CAMILLO

(Aside) 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.

FLORIZEL

Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

CAMILLO

Sir, I think
You have heard of, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

FLORIZEL

Very nobly
it is my father's music
To speak your deeds.

CAMILLO

Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
on mine honour, I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

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

FLORIZEL

Not any yet.

CAMILLO

Then list to me: make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
kisses the hands Of your fresh princess

I'll write you down: What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

FLORIZEL

I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd 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 as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

*They talk aside* .*Re-enter OTTO*

OTTO

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, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,
to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who
should buy first, as if my trinkets had been
hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer:
My Yokel, who wants but something to
be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the
wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes
till he had both tune and words; which so drew the
rest of the herd to me it
was senseless; 'I could have filed keys off that hung in
chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song,
So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their
festival purses; and had not the old man come in
with a whoo-bub 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*

CAMILLO

Who have we here? (*Seeing OTTO)*

We'll make an instrument of this.

OTTO

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO

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

OTTO

I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO

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: though the
pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's some boot.

OTTO

I am a poor fellow, sir. (*Aside)*

I know ye well enough.

CAMILLO

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

OTTO

Are you in earnest, sir?

*(Aside)* I smell the trick on't.

FLORIZEL

Dispatch, I prithee.

OTTO

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

CAMILLO

Unbuckle, unbuckle.

*FLORIZEL and OTTO exchange garments*

Fortunate mistress 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 fear eyes over--to shipboard
Get undescried.

PERDITA

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

CAMILLO

No remedy.
Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

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

CAMILLO

Nay, you shall have no hat. (*Giving it to PERDITA)*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

OTTO

Adieu, sir.

CAMILLO

[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 review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL

Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAMILLO

The swifter speed the better.

*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO*

OTTO

I understand the business, I hear it: to have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is
necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite
also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see
this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.
if I thought it were a piece of
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not
do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it;
and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Re-enter YOKEL and SHEPHERD*

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

YOKEL

See, see; what a man you are now!
There is no other way but to tell the king
she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEPHERD

Nay, but hear me.

YOKEL

Nay, but hear me.

SHEPHERD

Go to, then.

YOKEL

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 about her, those secret
things, all but what she has with her: this being
done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

SHEPHERD

I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his
son's pranks too.

OTTO

[Aside] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEPHERD

Well, let us to the king: there is that in this
fardel will make him scratch his beard.

[Aside] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.

*Takes off his false beard*

How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

SHEPHERD

To the palace, an it like your worship.

OTTO

Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition
of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your
names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any
thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

YOKEL

We are but plain fellows, sir.

OTTO

A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no
lying.

SHEPHERD

Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

OTTO

Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest
thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings?
hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?
receives not thy nose court-odor from me? Reflect I
not on thy baseness court-contempt? I am courtier
cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck
back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to
open thy affair.

SHEPHERD

My business, sir, is to the king.

OTTO

How blessed are we that are not simple men!

YOKEL

This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEPHERD

His garments are rich, but he wears
them not handsomely.

YOKEL

A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking
on's teeth.

OTTO

The fardel there? What's i' the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

SHEPHERD

Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box,
which none must know but the king; and which he
shall know within this hour, if I may come to the
speech of him.

OTTO

Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEPHERD

Why, sir?

OTTO

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

SHEPHERD

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

OTTO

If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly:
the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall
feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

YOKEL

Think you so, sir?

OTTO

Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy
and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to
him, though removed fifty times, shall all come
under the hangman: Some say he shall be stoned; but that death
is too soft for him.

YOKEL

Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear. An't
like you, sir?

OTTO

He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a
wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters
and a dram dead; then recovered again with
aqua-vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as
he is, shall be set against a brick-wall,  where he
is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what
talk we of these traitorly rascals, their offences being so
capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain
men, what you have to the king: being something
gently considered, I'll bring you where he is.

YOKEL

He seems to be of great authority: close with him,
give him gold show
the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand,
and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

SHEPHERD

An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for
us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much
more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

OTTO

Are you a party in this business?

YOKEL

In some sort, sir: I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

OTTO

O, that's the case of the shepherd's son.

YOKEL

Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king.

OTTO

Walk before toward the sea-side;
I will but look upon the
hedge and follow you.

YOKEL

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

SHEPHERD

Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

*Exeunt SHEPHERD and YOKEL*

OTTO

If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would
not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am
courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means
to do the prince my master good; which who knows how
that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring
these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him

To him will I present
them: there may be matter in it.

*Exit*

ACT V. SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace. Sicilia.

*Enter LEONTES, CLEO, PAULINA, and Servants*

CLEO

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so.

CLEO (to PAULINA)You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

CLEO

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name.

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. (*To LEONTES)*

Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir.

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

Then, good my lord, bear witness to his oath.

CLEO

You tempt him over-much.

PAULINA

Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

CLEO

Good madam,--

PAULINA

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, walk'd your first queen's ghost,
it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

LEONTES

My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

PAULINA

That Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman*

GENTLEMEN

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of King Paulo, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

LEONTES

What with him? His approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. His princess, say you, with him?

GENTLEMAN

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAULINA

How! Not women?

GENTLEMEN

Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEONTES

Go. Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange

*Exeunt CLEO.*

He thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince,

Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: They are come.

*Re-enter CLEO with FLORIZEL and PERDITA*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!--O, alas!
I lost a couple, 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.

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
His wish'd ability, he had himself
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves--
He bade me say so--more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

LEONTES

O my brother,
Good gentleman! The wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

FLORIZEL

Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEONTES

Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

FLORIZEL

Most royal sir, from thence; from him, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness.

LEONTES

The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord*

LORD

Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. 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.

LEONTES

Where's Bohemia? Speak.

LORD

Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. 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.

FLORIZEL

Camillo has betray'd 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.

LEONTES

Who? Camillo?

LORD

Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

PERDITA

O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES

You are married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

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 well enjoy her.

FLORIZEL

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

LEONTES

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

PAULINA

Sir, my liege.

LEONTES

I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: therefore follow me
And mark what way I make.

*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Before LEONTES' palace. *Enter OTTO and a Gentleman*

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.

CLEO

What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried
hence the child?

ROGERO

Like an old tale still, which will have matter to
rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear
open. He was torn to pieces with a bear.

EMILIA

This avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his
innocence, which seems much, to justify him.

ROGERO

But a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

CLEO

What became of his bark and his followers?

ROGERO

Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and
in the view of the shepherd: So that all the instruments

which aided to expose the child were
even then lost when it was found.

EMILIA

But O, the noble
combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in
Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of
her husband, another elevated that the miracle was
fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth,
and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin
her to her heart that she might no more be in danger
of losing.

ROGERO

The dignity of this act was worth the audience of
kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

EMILIA

One of the prettiest touches of all and that which
angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not
the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's
death, with the manner how she came to't bravely
confessed and lamented by the king, how
attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one
sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,'
I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my
heart wept blood.

ROGERO

Who was most marble there changed
colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world
could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

CLEO

Are they returned to the court?

ROGERO

No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue –

EMILIA
Which is in the keeping of Paulina--a piece many
years in doing-

ROGERO

And now newly performed by that rare
Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself
eternity and could put breath into his work, would
beguile Nature of her custom.

EMILIA

 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.

ROGERO

Thither with all greediness of affection
are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

EMILIA

I thought Paulina 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.

ROGERO

Shall we thither and with our company piece
the rejoicing?

CLEO

Who would be thence that has the benefit of access?
every wink of an eye some new grace will be born:
our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.
Let's along.

*Exeunt ROGERO, CLEO & EMILIA. Enter SHEPHERD and YOKEL, dressed well.*

OTTO

Here come those I have done good to against my will,
and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEPHERD

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

YOKEL

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.

OTTO

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

YOKEL

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

SHEPHERD

And so have I, boy.

YOKEL

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.

OTTO

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.

SHEPHERD

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

YOKEL

Thou wilt amend thy life?

OTTO

Ay, an it like your good worship.

YOKEL

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

SHEPHERD

You may say it, but not swear it.

YOKEL

Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?

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, and I would thou wouldst
be a tall fellow of thy hands.

OTTO

I will prove so, sir, to my power.

YOKEL

Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not
wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not
being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings
and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the
queen's picture. Come, follow us.

*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A chapel in PAULINA'S house.

*PAULINA. Enter LEONTES, PAULO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, EMILIA, Lords, and Attendants*. *SHEPHARD, YOKEL, OTTO keep their distance.*

LEONTES

Good Paulina,
We honour you with trouble.

PERDITA

But we came
To see the statue of our queen.

LEONTES

Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA

Here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

*PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE standing like 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?

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.

PAULO

O, not by much.

PAULINA

So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

LEONTES

As now she might have done. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty.

PERDITA

Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAULINA

O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

*Leontes weeps*

CAMILLO

My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away.

PAULO

Dear my brother…

PAULINA

Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,--for the stone is mine--
I'ld not have show'd it.

LEONTES

Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA

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

LEONTES

Let be, let be.My lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

PAULO

Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd 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,
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAULINA

I am sorry, sir.

LEONTES

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
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES

No, not these twenty years.

PERDITA

So long could I. Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA

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; 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.

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! *Music*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
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. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES

O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

PAULO

She embraces him.

CAMILLO

She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

PAULO

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

PAULINA

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,
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA

Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd 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: Thou hast found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far--
For him, I partly know his mind--to find thee
An honourable husband.

*(Otto steps forward offering himself. Paulo shakes his head no.*

*Otto bows and all seems forgiven.)*

Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

*Music Dancing.* THE END