

Living Shakespeare

THE
WINTER'S TALE

by

William Shakespeare

With The New Temple Notes and Glossary

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THE WINTER'S TALE

ACTING VERSION

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

LEONTES, <i>king of Sicilia.</i>	A Gaoler.
MAMILLIUS, <i>young prince of Sicilia.</i>	A Servant.
CAMILLO, } <i>Two Lords of Sicilia.</i>	
ANTIGONUS, }	
POLIXENES, <i>king of Bohemia.</i>	HERMIONE, <i>queen to Leontes.</i>
FLORIZEL, <i>prince of Bohemia.</i>	PERDITA, <i>daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</i>
Old Shepherd, <i>reputed father of Perdita.</i>	PAULINA, <i>wife to Antigonus.</i>
Clown, <i>his son.</i>	EMILIA, <i>a lady attending on Hermione.</i>
AUTOLYCUS, <i>a rogue.</i>	MOPSA, <i>a Shepherdess.</i>
A Lord.	

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

ACT ONE

Nar. Polixenes, king of Bohemia, has been on a visit to his boyhood friend Leontes, king of Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Polixenes, Camillo and Attendants

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, Leontes, with our thanks.
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore,
I multiply
With one "We thank you," many thousands more
That go before it.

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

Pol. Sir, that's tomorrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence.
Besides, I have stay'd

Leo. To tire your royalty.
We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

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

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

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

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
(To Pol.) 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: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?

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

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:

To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Leo. (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.

Pol. What we chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly "not guilty"; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather

You have tripp'd since.

Leo. (aside) But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,

As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows!
Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

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

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose? when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,
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.

Pol. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest. Hermione,
How thou lov'st 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.

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

Leo. 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 Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants
Gone already!*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

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

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

Leo. Didst note it?

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

Leo. 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.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be 't: "good" should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: but noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

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

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

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

The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
Let that suffice. 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.

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

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty)? horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia, who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
(Their own particular thrifts) they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

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

Leo. Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
(Who I do think as mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby forestalling
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me

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

Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all:

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

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

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Exit

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy 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 Polixenes

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

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

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

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him

That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

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

Pol. O then, my best blood turn

To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences; 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 pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. 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,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impaw'd, away tonight!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon,
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; 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'er shades 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.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come sir, away.

Exeunt

ACT TWO

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies; to them,
Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords and others*

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

1. L. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
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. How came the posterns
So easily open?

1. L. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so

On your command.

Leo. I know 't too well.

Give me the box: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. 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 Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

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

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

Her. 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.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: 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.

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

Leo. 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.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. 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 lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified, as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd 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. My women, come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence!

Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies

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

I. L. 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.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

I. L. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain.

Leo. Antigonus,
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Doth push on this proceeding;
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

I. L. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. (*aside*) To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

Exeunt

Nar. Paulina, wife of Antigonus, visits the queen in prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants

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

Exit Gentleman

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

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy lady

And one whom much I honour.

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

Gao. I may not, madam:

To the contrary I have express commandment.

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

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

Pau. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants

Gao. And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Pau. Well, be 't so, prithee.

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?
 Em. As well as one so great and so forlorn
 May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
 (Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
 She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
 Pau. A boy?
 Em. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live: the queen receiv'd
 Much comfort in 't, says, "My poor prisoner
 I am innocent as you."
 Pau. These dangerous, unsafe lures 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.
 Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
 As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

*Exeunt**Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants;
to them, Paulina, with a child*

1. L. Madam, he hath not slept tonight, commanded
 None should come at him.
 Pau. Not so hot, good sir.
 I come to bring him sleep.
 Leo. What noise there, ho?
 Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference
 About some gossips for your highness.
 Leo. How?
 Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.
 I knew she would.
 Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.
 Leo. What? Canst not rule her?
 Pau. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
 He shall not rule me.
 Ant. La you now, you hear,
 When she will take the rein, I let her run,
 (But she'll not stumble).
 Pau. Good my liege, I come;
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
 From your good queen.
 Leo. Good queen?
 Pau. 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.
 Leo. Force her hence.
 Pau. 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.
 Laying down the child
 Leo. Out!

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

Pau. Not so:
 I am as ignorant in that as you
 In so entitling me; and no less honest
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
 (As this world goes) to pass for honest.
 Leo. Traitors!
 Will you not push her out?
 This brat is none of mine,
 It is the issue of Polixenes:
 Hence with it, and together with the dam
 Commit them to the fire!
 Pau. It is yours;
 And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
 So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold my lords,
 Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's!
 Leo. A gross hag!
 And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.
 Ant. Hang all the husbands
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.
 Leo. Once more, take her hence.
 Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.
 Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
 Pau. 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-hing'd fancy) something savours
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
 Yea, scandalous to the world.
 Leo. On your allegiance,
 Out of the chamber with her! Away with her!
 Pau. I pray you, do not push me, I'll begone.
 Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours: Jove send her
 A better guiding spirit! What needs these bands?
 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.
 Leo. Antigonus, come 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?
 Ant. Anything, my lord;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent: anything possible.
 Leo. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.
 Ant. I will, my lord
 Leo. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
 Of any point in 't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
 (Whom for this time we pardon). We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune

Exit

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it: take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,

Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

*Exeunt, severally, Leontes and train;
Antigonus with the child*

ACT THREE

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers

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

*Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina
and Ladies attending*

Leo. Read the indictment.
Off. *(reads)* Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of
Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the
life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.

Her. 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; I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so.

For Polixenes
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
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.

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.

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

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

Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
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,
The 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,
Held out to murder myself on every post

Proclaim'd 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 rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

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

Leo. Break up the seals and read.
Off. *(reads)* Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo
a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe
truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if
that which is lost be not found.

1. L. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Prais'd!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord, even so
As it is here set down.

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

Enter Servant

Ser. My lord, the king, the king!
Leo. What is the business?
Ser. 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.

Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *(Hermione faints)* How now
there?

Pau. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy,
How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina

Pau. Woe the while!

Break too!

1. L. What fit is this? good lady?
Pau. 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.
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.

1. L. Say no more.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. L. Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Pau. I am sorry for 't:
All faults, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alack! I have shown too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. 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: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

Exeunt

ACT FOUR

Nar. Antigonus and the baby Perdita are wrecked on the
Bohemian shore. Antigonus is killed by a bear. Perdita
is found by an old shepherd who brings her up as his
daughter. Sixteen years pass. It is the time of the ancient
celebration of sheep-shearing in Bohemia.

Enter Autolycus, singing

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.

My father nam'd me Autolycus, who being, as I am,
litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of un-
considered trifles.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh; with hey! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-
pile, but now I am out of service:

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.

Enter Clown

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

Aut. *(aside)* If the springe hold, the cock's mine. O that ever
I was born!

Grovelling on the ground

Clo. I' the name of me!

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

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

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

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

Clo. How now! Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir *(picks his pocket)*: good sir, softly. You

ha' done me a charitable office.

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

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

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that was once a servant of the prince: I can-
not tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he
was certainly whipp'd out of the court; and, having flown
over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue:
some call him Autolycus.

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

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

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

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of
heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

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

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

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

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

SONG

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.

Nar. Prince Florizel, son of Polixenes, has fallen in love with
Perdita. He has come to the celebration disguised as a
shepherd.

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

Per. Now love afford you cause!

To me the difference forges dread; (your greatness Hath not been used to fear.) Even now I tremble To think your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did.

- Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these fore'd thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o' the feast. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
- Nar. Among the guests are Polixenes and old Camillo in disguise. They are looking for Prince Florizel.
- Per. (To Polixenes) Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. (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!
- Flo. But come, our dance, I pray; your hand, my Perdita.
- Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
- Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds
and Shepherdesses*

- Pol. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
- She. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:
He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd 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.
- Pol. She dances feately.

Enter Servant

- Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you
would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the
bagpipe could not move you: 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.
- Clo. He could never come better. Prithee bring him in, and
let him approach singing.
- Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's
tunes.

Exit Servant

Enter Autolycus, singing

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress 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.

- Mop. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet

gloves.

- Clo. Mopsa, have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the,
way, and lost all my money?
- Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore,
it behoves men to be wary.
- Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.
- Aut. I hope so, sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.
- Clo. What hast here? ballads?
- Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.
- Mop. Let's have some merry ones.
- Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune
of "Two maids wooing a man:" 'there's scarce a maid
westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.
- Clo. 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. Fol-
low me, girls.

Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa

- Aut. 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 fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Exit

- Pol. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd it
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him.
- Flo. 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 lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
- Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

- Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

- Pol. And this my neighbour too?

- Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

- Pol. Fairly offer'd.

- Cam. This shows a sound affection.

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

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

She. 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.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

She. Come, your hand;

Pol. And, daughter, yours.
Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. 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.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.
No, he must not.

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

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

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
Discovering himself
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook? Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

She. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.

Exeunt

Nar. Florizel disobeys his father. Encouraged by Camillo he
escapes with Perdita to the court of Leontes.

ACT FIVE

*Enter Leontes, Paulina, Lords, and Servants;
to them, a Lord*

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

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

I. L. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

I. L. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Leo. Go;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.

Exeunt Lord and Others
Still, 'tis strange

Pau. He thus should steal upon us.
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.

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

*Re-enter Lord and Others, 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 you, fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leo. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord

I. L. 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.
- Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.
1. L. 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.
- Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
1. L. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.
- Leo. Who? Camillo?
1. L. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake.
- Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
- Leo. You are married?
- Flo. 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.
- Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
- Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
- Leo. 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.
- Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
- Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
- Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't; not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
- Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. (*to Florizel*) But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
- Exeunt*
- Nar. The old shepherd reveals how he found Perdita and she is
proved to be the daughter of Leontes and Hermione.
Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita and Camillo visit the
chapel in Paulina's house to see the statue of Hermione.
- Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue*
- Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
- Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
- Pau. My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.
- Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
- Pau. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
- Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.
- Pau. Music awake her; strike! *Music*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
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?
- Leo. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
- Pol. She embraces him.
- Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
- Pol. Ay, and mak 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.
- Pau. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while:
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing: turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.
- Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? How
found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
- Pau. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. 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.
- Leo. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. 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. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-pledge to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were divorced; happily had we met

Notes

I. ii. 11. I am question'd by my fears . . . ; a much disputed passage. The reading of the text implies a sense which is a development of that put forward by Hamner. It is the reading of F with the insertion of the brackets, and the passage would mean 'I am afraid of what conspiracy may breed in my absence, which may come to full bloom if there is no nipping wind to prevent it, and then we shall have to say that it is too true a bloom of conspiracy.' On this interpretation the key is that blow is used as of a flower, not as of a wind. I should feel more happy about it if it were more natural to use meeping in a semi-complimentary sense.

I. ii. 74-75. the imposition . . . ; i.e. we could have cleared ourselves even of the charge of 'original sin.'

I. ii. 96. beat an acre; there is, I think, clearly some corruption. N.E.D. doubtfully suggests for beat 'to run swiftly over, as in a race,' but even if this meaning were tenable, acre is very awkward, since what is wanted is a measure of length and not of area, and of a short length at that.

I. ii. 138. Affection? . . . ; the sense of this obscure passage seems to be 'if the mental purpose roused by physical instinct can give reality to mere fancy, a fortiori it can be dominant when there is some reality for it to take hold on.'

I. ii. 324. I have lov'd thee; the New Cambridge editors rightly point out that it is most unlikely that Camillo would address the king as thee; they would therefore read 'I have lov'd the—', which is easy enough graphically, but it is not particularly good in sense, nor does it seem to give much of a point of departure for Leontes' retort.

I. ii. 458. Good expedition . . . ; this has caused much trouble, and many editors accept Warburton's emendation queen's; but Malone's view that comfort is a verb is probably right and gives adequate sense. Nothing of means 'no (legitimate) part of.'

II. i. 134. I'll keep my stables . . . ; the sense is clear from the phrase that follows. Antigonus must mean that he will keep his wife under the closest observation. But why it should mean that no one has adequately explained. Is it just that he will keep her as it were in a stall? Cf. Much Ado about Nothing, III. iv. 44.

II. i. 143. Land-damn; F Land-damn. No satisfactory explanation. It looks like a repetition of damn'd in the line before with an intensive prefix, though it may be, as some editors think, no more than a coined word meaning to thrash, 'lambast.'

II. i. 153. doing thus; there must here be some stage business. Capell thought that Leontes pulled Antigonus' nose (a sign of contempt for a person's wife), which seems as probable as anything else.

II. iii. 159. Lady Margery; the New Cambridge editors acutely point out that as 'margery-prater' was slang for a hen, Lady Margery is a variant on Dame Parlett above.

III. i. (S.D.). I borrow the stage-direction from the New Cambridge editors, who rightly point out that at the end of the last scene the two emissaries are reported as already posting to the court, so that the traditional 'a seaport' will not do.

III. i. 2. iude; Shakespeare takes over from Greene the confusion between Dulos, the island sacred to Apollo, and Delphi, where his oracle was.

III. ii. 49. With what encounter . . . ; 'with what kind of un-sanctioned behaviour I have gone beyond due bounds so that I appear in this light.'

III. ii. 59-61. More than mistress of . . . ; though the sense is clear, I doubt whether it can be wrested from the words as they stand, and to quote 'more mirth than I am mistress of' from As You Like It, though it makes clear what was hardly obscure, that Hermione is picking up Leontes' own id, is not otherwise helpful. Hermione means that she must not acknowledge any guilty implications of her actions.

III. iii. 1. Shakespeare again follows Greene into error and on to the famous sea-coast of Bohemia.

III. iii. 58. S.D.; one of the very few stage-directions in this text. There can be no reasonable doubt that the bear appeared on the stage. Mucedorus was revived in 1610 or 1611 (probably the latter) with a scene specially written for a clown and a white bear; and two white bears drew a chariot in Jonson's masque Oberon (1611). It looks as though about this time there was a favourite (and well-trained) bear available, as much of a draw, one may imagine, as a star film-dog.

III. iii. 74. trunk-work; i.e. the kind of trick by which Iachimo secures access to Imogen.

III. iii. 98. flap-dragoned; i.e. swallowed, from a game apparently like the modern snap-dragon, in which raisins in burning brandy were extinguished by being taken in the mouth.

IV. iii. 7. pugging; since 'puggard' was slang for a thief, there is no need to take Collier's emendation 'priggling' (with the same sense), though it is graphically easy enough.

IV. iii. 23. My traffic is sheets . . . ; Charlton explains that this means that when the kite builds its nest people must look after small articles which the kite may take as material, but that Autolycus is after bigger game. And there is doubtless an allusion to the practice of the thieves who with a book on the end of a long stick pulled down from windows articles there hung out. I would feel happier about the explanation if the order of the clauses in the text were transposed, and My traffic is sheets were the climax.

IV. iii. 25. Shakespeare's Autolycus is only born 'under Mercury.' The classical Autolycus was Mercury's son, and so a hereditary thief, 'such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peer,' as Golding's translation of the Metamorphoses describes him.

IV. iii. 51. I' the name of me!; there has been a deal of needless bother about this, many editors taking me to be an incomplete mercy. It is merely a euphemism, like 'Pore me!' for 'Pore God!', though it has a comic turn and may well have been intended as a comment on the edict to restrain swearing on the stage.

IV. iv. 9. swain's wearing; no doubt Florizel's wearing may be a kind of fancy dress, but there can surely be no doubt that Perdita means that whereas she has been, in both senses, dressed up, he has been dressed down. The point is of some importance, because attempts have been made to show that Florizel's apparel is so 'fancy' that it can later be naturally mistaken for that of a courtier. It is so mistaken, but why is difficult to understand.

IV. iv. 13. sworn; the New Cambridge editors support Theobald's reading sworn. If one could agree that Perdita 'is evidently in great agitation at the opening of this scene' one would accept the emendation with reader alacrity. But I cannot see that she is more than rather pleasurably fluttered, and sworn is a strong word. It is graphically easy, and gives a good balance. If F's reading is retained it must mean, I think, that Florizel by his attire is reminding

Perdita of what she really is, i.e. the shepherdess.

IV. iv. 79-83. Perdita's trouble is that she dislikes the autumn (middle-aged) flowers which would suit them, and so has to approximate with winter flowers. Both carnations and gillyflowers were traditionally connected with wantonness.

IV. iv. 104. Hot; mysterious. No one has explained why lavender should be hot. The New Cambridge editors suggest Goat, in the sense of 'wild' (cf. goat-marjoram), but they do not explain why the lavender should be wild when everything else is from Perdita's garden.

IV. iv. 119. take; it seems almost impiety to annotate one of the loveliest of famous passages; but it is easy to miss the force of take. It can, of course, mean just 'captivate' (as in the modern 'to be taken with'); but it had also a much stronger meaning, 'to enchant' (usually malignantly, as in 'no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm'). The winds of March are not only captivated; they are quelled.

IV. iv. 195. dildos and fadings; contradicting the so without bawdry, since dildos is common in ballad refrains for the phallus, and fading is part of 'the refrain of a popular song of indecent character' (N.E.D., not further explained).

IV. iv. 246. clammer; a technical term in bell-ringing, for the acceleration of the strokes leading up to the final stoppage.

IV. iv. 248. sawdry-lace; a corruption of 'St Audrey lace'; the saint died of a tumour in the throat which she regarded as punishment for a vain love of necklaces in her youth.

IV. iv. 438-39. Even here undone! I was not . . . ; F reads Even here undone: I was not . . . and a colon is not uncommon for an exclamation mark. The New Cambridge editors adopt with admiration Johnson's punctuation, Even here, undone, I was not . . . and blame all other editors for not explaining the 'pointless exclamation' of the text. But why is the exclamation pointless? When Perdita's castle in the air has suddenly fallen in fragments about her ears, is not Even here undone! as natural a remark as might be? I was not much afraid seems to me on any showing a curious remark, but Johnson's punctuation only partially helps it. I fancy that Perdita's remark is one of puzzlement. She feels that the naturally should have been asford before the king—she has been true to her blood, and felt, to her own surprise, like a king's daughter.

IV. iv. 740. pbeasant; unless this is corrupt, which there is no reason to suppose, the New Cambridge editors are surely right in seeing an allusion to the custom of bribing magistrates with a bird, cf. 'capon justices.'

V. ii. 97. Julio Romano; a famous Italian painter who died in 1546. He also practised sculpture.

V. iii. 96. Or those that think . . . ; Hamner's attractive emendation of F's Or: those that think.

V. iii. 147. What? look upon my brother; it is tempting to insert a stage-direction here. The point of the remark is usually explained in such terms as 'Uttered as he suddenly catches sight of Polixenes, and forgets that he has been leaving him out of it.' The point is surely much sharper and more ironic than that. Polixenes and Hermione, as I take it, are, not unnaturally, a little ill at ease, remembering the last time that they looked at each other, and Hermione is rather consciously not looking at Polixenes. Leontes gives her, but in a very different spirit, as direct a command as his Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you of I. ii.

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Table with 2 columns: Act I SCENE I and Act I SCENE II. Lists line numbers and corresponding glosses for various words and phrases.

Table with 2 columns: Act I Sc. ii—continued. Lists line numbers and corresponding glosses for various words and phrases.

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Act Second

SCENE I	
<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
25 SAD, serious	141 PUTTER-ON, inciter
37 CEASURE, judgment	149 GLIA, castrate
45 HEFTS, retchings	165 OR, either
51 PINCH'D, trapped	170 PROPERLY, peculiarly
90 FEDERARY, accomplice	172 OVERTURE, disclosure
102 CENTRE, earth (as centre of universe)	182 POST, haste
105 BUT THAT HE SPEAKS, merely by his speaking	185 STUFF'D SURFICIENCY, full reliability
SCENE II	
30 LUNES, freaks	49 HAMMER'D OF, deliberated on
47 PRESENTLY, at once	50 TEMPT, try
SCENE III	
5-7 BLANK AND LEVEL, range and aim	75 DAME PARTLET, the traditional wife of Chantecler
13 CONCEIVING, comprehending	90 CALLAT, drab
17 SOLELY, alone	91 BOUNDLESS, uncurbed
41 GOMPS, godparents	106 YELLOW, i.e. jealousy
67 MANEING, mad	108 LOZEL, good-for-nothing
68 INTELLIGENCING, go-between	163 UNDERGO, undertake
74 WOMAN-TIR'D, henpecked (' <i>tire</i> ' is a word in falconry meaning 'to tear' of the hawk)	192 POSTS, messengers

Act Third

SCENE I	
4 HABITS, clothes	
SCENE II	
25 BOOT, help	92 BUG, bug-bear
36 PATTERN, match	93 COMMODITY, advantage
37 TAKE, charm	106 LIMIT, allotted time (i.e. for recovery after child-birth)
38 OWE, own	143 CONCRET, imagination
39 MOIETY, half	144 SPRED, fortune
81 LEVEL, range	166 PRACTICE, design
85 FACT, guilt	185 OF, on top of being
86 CONCERNS MORE THAN AVAILS, exercises you more than it can help you	196 CONCEIVE, understand
	204 TINCTURE, colour
SCENE III	
1 PERFECT, certain	72 SCAPE, 'slip'
11 'THE LAND, inland	115 BEARING-CLOTH, christening-robe
13 KEEP, dwell	SOUTER, gentlemen next below a knight
39 TOYS, trifles	124 NEXT, nearest
41 BE SQUAR'D, behave accordingly	130 CURST, dangerous
47 CHARACTER, description	
70 BARN, child	
	CHILD, girl

Act Fourth

SCENE I	
<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
18 FOND, foolish	
SCENE II	
46 ANGLE, bait on hook	
SCENE III	
2 DOXY, beggar's drab	43 MEANS, tenors
4 PALE, pallor	46 WARDEN, of Warden pears
14 THREE-PILS, rich velvet	47 RACE, foot
20 BUDGET, wallet	49 RAINS OF THE SUN, sun-dried grapes (i.e. simply raisins)
26-27 WITTE DIE AND DRAB I FORCEAS'D THIS CAPARISON, dicing and drabbing have brought me to these rags	86 TROLL-MY-DAMES, game like bagatelle played by ladies (and hence the players themselves)
28 KNOCK, blows	94 APE-BEARER, 'organ-grinder'
32 'LEVEN WETHER TOD, 28 lbs. of wool (yielded by 11 sheep)	95 COMPAN'D A MOTION, got hold of a puppet-show
35 SPRINGE, trap	98 IN, into the part of
cock, woodcock (traditionally foolish bird)	100 PIGO, thief
42 THREE-MAN SONG-MEN, singers of 3-part songs	101 WAKE, annual parish festival
SCENE IV	
<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
1 WEEDS, clothes	196 STRETCH-MOUTH'D, loose-mouthed
3 PEERING, peeping	197 BREAK A FOUL GAP INTO THE MATTER, insert an indecent interlude
8 MAKE, cydonite	203 UNBRAINED, unmoiled
11 MEEL, group of diners	207 INKLES, tapes
23 FLAUNTS, 'plumes'	CADDIES, worsted garters
24 APPREHEND, imagine	207 LAWN, fine linen
41 FORC'D, far-fetched	210 SLEEVY-HAND, cuff
42 OR, either	SQUARE, embroidered yoke
74 RIDEWAY, for remembrance	219 CYPRES, crape
WUX, for repentance	224 QUOITS, headdresses
75 SEEMING, beauty	STOMACHERS, ornamental coverings for chest
SAVOUR, scent	226 FOKING-STICKS, metal sticks heated and used to adjust pleats of ruff
89 MEAN, means	242 FLACKET, hole in petticoat
114 BECOME, suit	244 KILN-HOLE, furnace-room (for drying grain, malt, etc.)
116 PROSERPINA, Proserpina	248 TAWDRY-LACE, silk tie
118 HUB, i.e. Pluto, the king of hell	250 COZEN'D, cheated
127 FLOWER-DE-LOCK, iris	256 CHANGE, value
132 QUICK, alive	
143 EACH YOUR DOING, your every action	
144 SINGULAR, individual	
152 SKILL, reason	
154 TURTLES, turtle-doves	
169 FEEDING, rearing	
182 TABOR, drum	

Act IV Sc. iv—continued	
<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
263 CARBONADOED, slashed for broiling	428 FARRE, farther
271 MOX, more (Eliiz. plur.)	DEUCALION, the 'Noah' of Greek mythology
308 SAD, serious	479 FANCV, love
323 HEAT-HEADS, cow-heads	511 CURIOUS, demanding care
326 GALLIMAUFFY, jumble	595 POMANDEA, scent-ball
328 BOWLING, playing bowls	TABLE-BOOK, memorandum-book
336 JUMPS, i.e. the caper in morris-dancing	604 PETTICOES, trotters
350 INTERPRETATION SHOULD ABUSE, should misinterpret you	676 CLOG, encumbrance
361 BOLTED, sifted	704 FARDEL, bundle
396 ALTERING RHEUMS, rheumatism which transforms him	711 EXCREMENT, outgrowth
403 REASON, it is reasonable that	732 TOAZE, elicit
423 FOND, foolish	766 IN HAND-FAST, under arrest
425 KNACK, trinket	814 CASE, cating (with pun)
	821 PAWN, hostage

Act Fifth

SCENE I	
90 OUT OF CIRCUMSTANCE, uncertainious	170 CLIMATE, reside
108 PROFESSORS, sectaries	230 YOUR HONOUR NOT, so long as your honour is not
140 AT FRIEND, as a friend	
SCENE II	
10 NOTES OF ADMIRATION, exclamation marks	96 PERFORM'D, finished
17 IMPORTANCE, import	107 REMOVED, remote
36-37 AFFECTION OF NOBLENESS, unconscious nobility	112 UNTHRIFTY, not careful to increase
54 CLIPPING, embracing	116 ABOARD THE PRINCE, aboard the prince's ship
62 CREDIT BE ASLEEP, there is done to believe it	128 MOX, more (Eliiz. plur.)
65 INNOCENCE, simpleness	161 FRANKELINS, yeomen
	165 TALL, 'stout'
SCENE III	
4 HOME, in full	41 ADMIRING, wondering
12 SINGULARITIES, rarities	129 PUSH, occasion