

The Winter's Tale

4.4

*Enter Florizel dressed as Doricles a countryman,
and Perdita as Queen of the Feast*

FLORIZEL

These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life; no shepherdess, 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, 5
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me±±
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up. But that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across 15
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA

Now Jove 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. O, the fates! 20
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL

Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, 25
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,

Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA O, but sir, 35
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

FLORIZEL Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o'th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant, 45
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.
Lift up your countenance as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

FLORIZEL See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter the Old Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo,
disguised, the Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others*

OLD SHEPHERD (to Perdita)
Fie, daughter, when my old wife lived, upon 55
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant, welcomed all, served all,
Would sing her song and dance her turn, now here
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle,
On his shoulder, and his, her face afire 60
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it

She would to each one sip. You are retired
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is 65
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA (to Polixenes) Sir, welcome. 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'th' 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. 75
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

POLIXENES Shepherdess,
A fair one are you. Well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PERDITA Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES Wherefore, gentle maiden, 85
Do you neglect them?

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

POLIXENES Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean. So over that art 90
Which you say adds to nature is an art
That nature makes. 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 95
Which does mend nature±±change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

PERDITA So it is.

POLIXENES

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, 100
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:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi'th' sun, 105
And with him rises, weeping. These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

She gives them flowers

CAMILLO

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

PERDITA Out, alas, 110

You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

(To Florizel) Now, my fair'st
friend,

I would I had some flowers o'th' spring that might
Become your time of day; *(to Mopsa and Dorcas)* and
yours, and yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet 115
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou letst fall
From Dis's wagon!±±daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim, 120
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength±±a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and 125

The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. 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, 130
Not like a corpse±±or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL

What you do

135

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you 140
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, 145
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA

O Doricles,

Your praises are too large. But that your youth
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You wooed me the false way.

FLORIZEL

I think you have

As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em.

155

POLIXENES *(to Camillo)*

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward. 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 160
The queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN Come on, strike up!

DORCAS Mopsa must be your mistress. Marry, garlic to
mend her kissing with!

MOPSA Now, in good time!

CLOWN Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners. 165
Come, strike up!

Music. Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses

POLIXENES

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

OLD SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it 170
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, 175
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POLIXENES She dances featly.

OLD SHEPHERD

So she does anything, though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 180
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT 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 185
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew
to his tunes.

CLOWN He could never come better. He shall come in. I
love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and 190

sung lamentably.

SERVANT He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes.
No milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He
has the prettiest love songs for maids, so without
bawdry, which is strange, with such delicate burdens 195
of dildos and fadings, `Jump her, and thump her'; and
where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were,
mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter,
he makes the maid to answer, `Whoop, do me no harm,
good man'; puts him off, slights him, with `Whoop, do 200
me no harm, good man!'

POLIXENES This is a brave fellow.

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

SERVANT He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; 205
points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'
gross; inkles, caddises, cambrics, lawns±±why, he sings
'em over as they were gods or goddesses. You would
think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the 210
sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

CLOWN Prithee bring him in, and let him approach
singing.

PERDITA Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words
in's tunes. 215

Exit Servant

CLOWN You have of these pedlars that have more in them
than you'd think, sister.

PERDITA Ay, good brother, or go about to think.
*Enter Autolycus, wearing a false beard, carrying his
pack, and singing*

AUTOLYCUS

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow, 220
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden coifs, and stomachers 225
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! 230

CLOWN 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. 235

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

MOPSA He hath paid you all he promised you. Maybe he
has paid you more, which will shame you to give him
again. 240

CLOWN Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
wear their plackets where they should bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed,
or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must
be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they 245
are whispering. Clammer your tongues, and not a word
more.

MOPSA I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-
lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLOWN Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the 250
way, and lost all my money?

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

CLOWN Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUTOLYCUS I hope so, sir, for I have about me many 255
parcels of charge.

CLOWN What hast here? Ballads?

MOPSA Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, alife,
for then we are sure they are true.

AUTOLYCUS Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a 260
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders'
heads and toads carbonadoed.

MOPSA Is it true, think you?

AUTOLYCUS Very true, and but a month old. 265

DORCAS Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUTOLYCUS Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress
Tail-Porter, and five or six honest wives' that were
present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOPSA (*to Clown*) Pray you now, buy it. 270

CLOWN Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads.
We'll buy the other things anon.

AUTOLYCUS Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared
upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April,
forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this 275
ballad against the hard hearts of maids. 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? 280

AUTOLYCUS Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more
than my pack will hold.

CLOWN Lay it by, too. Another.

AUTOLYCUS This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOPSA Let's have some merry ones. 285

AUTOLYCUS 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.

MOPSA We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part thou 290
shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DORCAS We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUTOLYCUS I can bear my part, you must know, 'tis my
occupation. Have at it with you.

They sing

AUTOLYCUS

Get you hence, for I must go 295
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. 300

MOPSA

Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill,

DORCAS

If to either, thou dost ill.

AUTOLYCUS

Neither.

DORCAS What neither?

AUTOLYCUS

Neither.

DORCAS

Thou hast sworn my love to be.

MOPSA

Thou hast sworn it more to me. 305

Then whither goest? Say, whither?

CLOWN 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. Follow me, girls. 310

Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa

AUTOLYCUS And you shall pay well for 'em.
(Sings)

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a? 315

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, 320
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Exit

Enter Servant

SERVANT Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds that have made themselves all men of hair. They call themselves saultiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't. But they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not

too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will
please plentifully.

OLD SHEPHERD Away. We'll none on't. Here has been too 330
much homely foolery already. *(To Polixenes)* I know,
sir, we weary you.

POLIXENES You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's
see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERVANT One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath 335
danced before the King, and not the worst of the three
but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

OLD SHEPHERD Leave your prating. Since these good men
are pleased, let them come in±±but quickly, now.

SERVANT Why, they stay at door, sir. 340
Here a dance of twelve satyrs

POLIXENES *(to the Old Shepherd)*

O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

(To Camillo) Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part
them.

He's simple, and tells much.

(To Florizel)

How now, fair shepherd,

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young 345

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it

To her acceptance. You have let him go,

And nothing mated with him. If your lass 350

Interpretation should abuse, and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are. 355

The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked

Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not delivered.

(To Perdita) O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand, this hand

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, 360

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

POLIXENES

What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out. 365
But to your protestation. Let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL Do, and be witness to't.

POLIXENES

And this my neighbour too?

FLORIZEL

And he, and more

Than he; and men, the earth, the heavens, and all,
That were I crowned the most imperial monarch, 370
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 375
Or to their own perdition.

POLIXENES

Fairly offered.

CAMILLO

This shows a sound affection.

OLD SHEPHERD

But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out 380
The purity of his.

OLD 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.

FLORIZEL

O, that must be

I'th' virtue of your daughter. One being dead, 385
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses.

OLD SHEPHERD

Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES

Soft, swain, a while, beseech you.

Have you a father? 390

FLORIZEL I have. But what of him?

POLIXENES Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES Methinks a father
 Is at the nuptial of his son a guest 395
 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 alt'ring rheums? Can he speak, hear,
 Know man from man? Dispute his own estate? 400
 Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing
 But what he did being childish?

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

POLIXENES By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong 405
 Something unfilial. 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.

FLORIZEL I yield all this; 410
 But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

POLIXENES Let him know't.

FLORIZEL
 He shall not.

POLIXENES Prithee let him.

FLORIZEL No, he must not.

OLD SHEPHERD
 Let him, my son. He shall not need to grieve 415
 At knowing of thy choice.

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

POLIXENES (*removing his disguise*) Mark your divorce, young sir,
 Whom son I dare not call. Thou art too base
 To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affects a sheep-hook?

(To the Old Shepherd)

Thou, old traitor, 420

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 cop'st with±±

OLD SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

POLIXENES

I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers and made 425

More homely than thy state.

(To Florizel)

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, 430

Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court.

(To the Old Shepherd)

Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.

(To Perdita)

And you, enchantment,

Worthy enough a herdsman±±yea, him too, 435

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee±±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 440

As thou art tender to't.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone.

I was not much afeard, for once or twice

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but 445

Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?

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 (*to the Old Shepherd*) Why, how now, father? 450
Speak ere thou diest.

OLD SHEPHERD I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.

(*To Florizel*)

O sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died, 455
To lie close by his honest bones. But now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.

(*To Perdita*)

O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone! 460
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.

Exit

FLORIZEL (*to Perdita*) Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
But nothing altered. What I was, I am,
More straining on for plucking back, not following 465
My leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper. At this time
He will allow no speech±±which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear. 470
Then till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

FLORIZEL I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

CAMILLO Even he, my lord.

PERDITA (*to Florizel*)

How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last 475
But till 'twere known?

FLORIZEL It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together

And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe me, father! I 480
Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO Be advised.

FLORIZEL

I am, and by my fancy. If my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason.
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

CAMILLO This is desperate, sir. 485

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 gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides 490
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honoured friend,
When he shall miss me±±as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more±±cast your good counsels 495
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver: I am put to sea
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to her need, I have 500
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAMILLO O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice, 505
Or stronger for your need.

FLORIZEL Hark, Perdita±±
(*To Camillo*) I'll hear you by and by.

CAMILLO (*aside*) He's irremovable,
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, 510
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 515
You have heard of my poor services i'th' love
That I have borne your father?

FLORIZEL Very nobly
Have you deserved. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

CAMILLO Well, my lord,

520
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honour, 525
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 but by,
As heavens forfend, your ruin±±marry her, 530
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?±±
That I may call thee something more than man, 535
And after that trust to thee.

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

FLORIZEL Not any yet.
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies 540
Of every wind that blows.

CAMILLO Then list to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose

But undergo this flight: make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, fore Leontes. 545
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 there `Son, forgiveness!'
As 'twere i'th' father's person, kisses the hands 550
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness. Th'one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

FLORIZEL Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I 555
Hold up before him?

CAMILLO Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver±±
Things known betwixt us three±±I'll write you down, 560
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
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.

CAMILLO A course more promising 565
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
To miseries enough±±no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who 570
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PERDITA One of these is true. 575
I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind.

CAMILLO Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years
Be born another such.

FLORIZEL My good Camillo,
She's as forward of her breeding as 580
She is i'th' rear our birth.

CAMILLO I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

PERDITA Your pardon, sir. For this
I'll blush you thanks.

FLORIZEL My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo, 585
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear so in Sicilia.

CAMILLO My lord, 590
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there. 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. 595
They speak apart.

Enter Autolycus

AUTOLYCUS 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 600
my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy
first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought
a benediction to the buyer; by which means I saw
whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to
my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but 605
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 that all their other

senses stuck in ears. You might have pinched a placket, 610
it was senseless. 'Twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a
purse. I could have filed keys off that hung in chains.
No hearing, no feeling but my sir's song, and admiring
the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I
picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had 615
not the old man come in with a hubbub 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

Nay, but my letters by this means being there 620
So soon as you arrive shall clear that doubt.

FLORIZEL

And those that you'll procure from King Leontes±±

CAMILLO

Shall satisfy your father.

PERDITA

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO (*seeing Autolycus*) Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this, omit 625
Nothing may give us aid.

AUTOLYCUS (*aside*) 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. 630

AUTOLYCUS 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 635
garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth
on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, (*giving him*
money) there's some boot.

AUTOLYCUS I am a poor fellow, sir. (*Aside*) I know ye well
enough. 640

CAMILLO Nay prithee, dispatch±±the gentleman is half
flayed already.

AUTOLYCUS Are you in earnest, sir? (*Aside*) I smell the

trick on't.

FLORIZEL Dispatch, I prithee. 645

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

CAMILLO Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Florizel and Autolycus exchange clothes

(To Perdita) Fortunate mistress±±let my prophecy

Come home to ye!±±you must retire yourself 650

Into some covert, 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 655

Get undescried.

PERDITA I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part.

CAMILLO No remedy.

(To Florizel) Have you done there?

FLORIZEL Should I now

meet my father

He would not call me son.

CAMILLO Nay, you shall have no hat.

He gives the hat to Perdita

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS Adieu, sir. 660

FLORIZEL

O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word.

They speak aside

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

665

To force him after, in whose company

I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' seaside.

CAMILLO The swifter speed the better. 670

Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo

AUTOLYCUS I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary for a cutpurse. A good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th'other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. 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.

Enter the Clown and the Old Shepherd, carrying a fardel and a box

Aside, aside! Here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLOWN 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.

OLD SHEPHERD Nay, but hear me.

CLOWN Nay, but hear *me*.

OLD SHEPHERD Go to, then.

CLOWN 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.

OLD SHEPHERD I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks, too, who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

CLOWN Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

AUTOLYCUS (*aside*) Very wisely, puppies.

OLD SHEPHERD Well, let us to the King. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUTOLYCUS (*aside*) I know not what impediment this
complaint may be to the flight of my master. 710

CLOWN Pray heartily he be at' palace.

AUTOLYCUS (*aside*) Though I am not naturally honest, I
am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my
pedlar's excrement.

He removes his false beard

±±How now, rustics, whither are you bound? 715

OLD SHEPHERD To th' palace, an it like your worship.

AUTOLYCUS 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 anything that is fitting to be known, discover. 720

CLOWN We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUTOLYCUS A lie, you are rough and hairy. Let me have
no lying. It becomes none but tradesmen, and they
often give us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for it
with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they 725
do not *give* us the lie.

CLOWN Your worship had like to have given us one if you
had not taken yourself with the manner.

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

AUTOLYCUS Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. 730
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-odour from me? Reflect I
not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou,
for that I insinuate to toze from thee thy business, I 735
am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie, and
one that will either push on or pluck back thy business
there. Whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

OLD SHEPHERD My business, sir, is to the King.

AUTOLYCUS What advocate hast thou to him? 740

OLD SHEPHERD I know not, an't like you.

CLOWN (*aside to the Old Shepherd*) `Advocate' 's the court
word for a pheasant. Say you have none.

OLD SHEPHERD

None, sir. I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUTOLYCUS (*aside*)

How blessed are we that are not simple men! 745

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

CLOWN This cannot be but a great courtier.

OLD SHEPHERD His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely. 750

CLOWN He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical.
A great man, I'll warrant. I know by the picking on's
teeth.

AUTOLYCUS The fardel there, what's i'th' fardel? Wherefore
that box? 755

OLD 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 th' speech of him.

AUTOLYCUS Age, thou hast lost thy labour. 760

OLD SHEPHERD Why, sir?

AUTOLYCUS The King is not at the palace, he is gone
aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself;
for if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must
know the King is full of grief. 765

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

AUTOLYCUS If that shepherd be not in handfast, let him
fly. The curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel,
will break the back of man, the heart of monster. 770

CLOWN Think you so, sir?

AUTOLYCUS 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, which, though it be great pity, 775
yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a
ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into
grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is
too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a
sheepcote? All deaths are too few, the sharpest too 780
easy.

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

AUTOLYCUS He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps'

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, and in the hottest
day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against
a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye 790
upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown
to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals,
whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being
so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain
men, what you have to the King. Being something 795
gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard,
tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in
your behalves, and if it be in man, besides the King, to
effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLOWN (*to the Old Shepherd*) He seems to be of great 800
authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though
authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the
nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the
outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember±±
'stoned', and 'flayed alive'. 805

OLD 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.

AUTOLYCUS After I have done what I promised? 810

OLD SHEPHERD Ay, sir.

AUTOLYCUS Well, give me the moiety. (*To the Clown*) Are
you a party in this business?

CLOWN In some sort, sir. But though my case be a pitiful
one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it. 815

AUTOLYCUS O, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang
him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN (*to the Old Shepherd*) Comfort, good comfort. We
must to the King, and show our strange sights. He
must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister. 820
We are gone else. (*To Autolycus*) Sir, I will give you as
much as this old man does when the business is
performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it
be brought you.

AUTOLYCUS I will trust you. Walk before toward the 825

seaside. Go on the right hand. I will but look upon the
hedge, and follow you.

CLOWN *(to the Old Shepherd)* We are blessed in this man,
as I may say, even blessed.

OLD SHEPHERD Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided 830
to do us good.

Exit with the Clown

AUTOLYCUS 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 835
knows how that may turn back to my advancement?
I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard
him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that
the complaint they have to the King concerns him
nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious, 840
for I am proof against that title, and what shame else
belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be
matter in it.

Exit