

The Winter's Tale

3.1

Enter Cleomenes and Dion

CLEOMENES

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION

I shall report,

For most it caught me, the celestial habits±±
Methinks I so should term them±±and the reverence 5
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice±±
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' off'ring!

CLEOMENES

But of all, the burst

And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense 10
That I was nothing.

DION

If th'event o'th' journey

Prove as successful to the Queen±±O, be't so!±±
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

CLEOMENES

Great Apollo

Turn all to th' best! These proclamations, 15
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION

The violent carriage of it

Will clear or end the business. When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go. Fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt