

Aut. 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, 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 out throne into a sheep cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. ⁸¹³

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

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ 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 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 gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it. ⁸³³

Clo. He seems to be of great 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!' ⁸³⁹

Shep. 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.

Aut. After I have done what I promised? ⁸⁴⁵

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business? ⁸⁴⁸

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example. ⁸⁵³

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. 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. ⁸⁶⁰

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed. ⁸⁶⁵

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

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]

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

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last, ⁴

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of ⁸ The wrong I did myself; which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord; ¹² If one by one you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd

Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! ¹⁶ She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me

Sorely to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good

now Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: ²⁰ You might have spoken a thousand things that

would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, ²⁴ You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,

May drop upon his kingdom and devour ²⁸ Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than for royalty's repair,

For present comfort, and for future good, ³² To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; ³⁶ For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir

Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason ⁴¹

As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me; who, on my life,

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel ⁴⁴ My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills.—[To LEONTES.] Care not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander Left his to the worthiest, so his successor ⁴⁸

Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, Who hast the memory of Hermione,

I know, in honour; O! that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes, Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one

worse, ⁵⁶ And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse and on this stage,—

Where we're offenders now,—appear soul-vex'd, And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power, ⁶⁰ She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so: Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't ⁶⁴ You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your

ears Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd

Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars! And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear ⁶⁹ Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit! ⁷²

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over much. ⁷⁶

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

Cleo. Good madam,— I have done. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, ⁷⁶

No remedy, but you will,—give me the office To choose you a queen, she shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should

take joy To see her in your arms.

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

Paul. That Shall be when your first queen's again in breath; ⁸⁴ Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. 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.

Leon. What with him? he comes not ⁸⁸ 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? ⁹²

Gent. But few, ⁹² And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? ⁹⁶

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione! As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better gone, so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

Have said and writ so,—but your writing now Is colder than that theme,—'She had not been,

Nor was not to be equall'd; thus your verse ¹⁰¹ Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam: The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, ¹⁰⁵ Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else, make proselytes ¹⁰⁸

Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women? ¹¹²

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes; ¹¹² Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,

[Exeunt CLEOMENES, LORDS, and Gentleman.] He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. 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.

Leon. Prithee, no more: cease! thou know'st He dies to me again when talk'd of; sure, ¹²⁰

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 CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince; For she did print your royal father off, ¹²⁵

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, 128
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 132
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, 136
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, 140
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,—
Which waits upon worn times,—hath something seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself 143
The land and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O, my brother!—
Good gentleman,—the wrongs I have done thee
stir 148

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— 153
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, 156
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the war-like Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence— 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly—we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; 164
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods 168
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin: 172
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
bless'd—

As he from heaven merits it—with you, 175
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir, 180

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.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak. 185
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him:

I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court 188
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; 193
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo? 196
Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 200
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

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

Leon. You are married? 204
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.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is, 208
When once she is my wife.

Leon. 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 212

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, 216
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 affec-
tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege, 224
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.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [To FLORIZEL.]

But your petition 228
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, 232
And mark what way I make: come, good my
lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it: whereupon, after a little amazed-
ness, we were all commanded out of the cham-
ber; only this methought I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child. 8

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

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the busi-
ness; but the changes I perceived in the king
and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture;
they looked as they had heard of a world ran-
somed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of
wonder appeared in them; but the wisest be-
holder, that knew no more but seeing, could not
say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in
the extremity of the one it must needs be. 21

Enter another Gentleman.

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

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

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can
deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this
news which is called true is so like an old tale,
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has
the king found his heir? 32

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were
pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear
you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the
proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione, her
jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Anti-
gonus found with it, which they know to be his
character; the majesty of the creature in re-
semblance of the mother, the affection of noble-
ness which nature shows above her breeding,
and many other evidences proclaim her with all
certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see
the meeting of the two kings? 44

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which
was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There
might you have beheld one joy crown another,
so, and in such manner that, it seemed, sorrow
wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded
in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding
up of hands, with countenances of such dis-
traction that they were to be known by garment,
not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out
of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if
that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy
mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia for-
giveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then
again worries he his daughter with clipping her;
now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands
by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings'
reigns. I never heard of such another encoun-
ter, which lames report to follow it and undoes
description to do it. 64

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Anti-
gonus that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will
have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep
and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with
a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who
has not only his innocence—which seems much
—to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings
of his that Paulina knows. 73

First Gent. What became of his bark and his
followers?

Third Gent. Wracked, the same instant of
their master's death, and in the view of the shep-
herd: so that all the instruments which aided to
expose the child were even then lost when it was
found. But, O! the noble combat that 'twixt
joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina. She had
one eye declined for the loss of her husband,
another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled:
she lifted the princess from the earth, and so
locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her
to her heart that she might no more be in
danger of losing. 87

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

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of
all, and that which angled for mine eyes,—
caught the water though not the fish,—was when
at the relation of the queen's death, with the
manner how she came to it,—bravely confessed
and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness
wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of
dour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I
would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my
heart wept blood. Who was most marble there
changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed:
if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had
been universal. 103

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No; the princess hearing of her
mother's statue, which is in the keeping of
Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now
newly performed by that rare Italian master,
Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity
and could put breath into his work, would
beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 116

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing? 122

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. 126

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune. 141

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. 144

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now gentleman born. 153

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born. 153

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours. 156

Shep. And so have I, boy. 156

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed. 164

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more. 164

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 164

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master. 173

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen. 173

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship. 178

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 178

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it. 178

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? 178

Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 178

Shep. How if it be false, son? 182

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. 182

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 191

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. 197

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort 1

That I have had of thee! 1

Paul. What, sovereign sir, 1

I did not well, I meant well. All my services 1

You have paid home; but that you have vouch- 1

saf'd, 1

With your crown'd brother and these your con- 1

tracted 1

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to 1

visit, 1

It is a surplus of your grace, which never 1

My life may last to answer. 1

Leon. O Paulina! 8

We honour you with trouble: but we came 8

To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 8

Have we pass'd through, not without much 8

content 8

In many singularities, but we saw not 12

That which my daughter came to look upon, 12

The statue of her mother. 12

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, 12

So her dead likeness, I do well believe, 16

Excels whatever yet you look'd upon 16

Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it 16

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare 16

To see the life as lively mock'd as ever 16

Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis 20

well. 20

[*PAULINA draws back a curtain, and dis-* 20

covers HERMIONE as a statue. 20

I like your silence: it the more shows off 20

Your wonder; but yet speak: first you, my 20

liege. 20

Comes it not something near? 20

Leon. Her natural posture! 26

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed 26

Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she 26

In thy not chiding, for she was as tender 26

As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, 26

Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing 26

So aged as this seems. 26

Pol. O! not by much. 29

Paul. So much the more our carver's excel- 29

lence; 29

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes 29

her 29

As she liv'd now. 29

Leon. As now she might have done, 32

So much to my good comfort, as it is 32

Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood, 32

Even with such life of majesty,—warm life, 32

As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd 32

her. 36

I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me 36

For being more stone than it? O, royal piece! 36

There's magic in thy majesty, which has 36

My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, 40

Standing like stone with thee. 40

Per. And give me leave, 43

And do not say 'tis superstition, that 43

I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady, 43

Dear queen, that ended when I but began, 43

Give me that hand of yours to kiss. 43

Paul. O, patience! 43

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's 43

Not dry. 48

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore 48

laid on, 48

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 48

So many summers dry: scarce any joy 48

Did ever so long live; no sorrow 52

But kill'd itself much sooner. 52

Pol. Dear my brother, 56

Let him that was the cause of this have power 56

To take off so much grief from you as he 56

Will piece up in himself. 56

Paul. Indeed, my lord, 56

If I had thought the sight of my poor image 56

Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone 56

is mine,— 56

I'd not have show'd it. 56

Leon. Do not draw the curtain. 60

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest 60

your fancy 60

May think anon it moves. 60

Leon. Let be, let be! 64

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al- 64

ready— 64

What was he that did make it? See, my lord, 64

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those 64

veins 64

Did verily bear blood? 64

Pol. Masterly done: 64

The very life seems warm upon her lip. 64

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't, 64

As we are mock'd with art. 64

Paul. I'll draw the curtain; 68

My lord's almost so far transported that 68

He'll think anon it lives. 68

Leon. O sweet Paulina! 76

Make me to think so twenty years together: 76

Not settled senses of the world can match 76

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone. 76

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd 76

you: but 76

I could afflict you further. 76

Leon. Do, Paulina; 76

For this affliction has a taste as sweet 76

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, 76

There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel 76

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock 76

me, 76

For I will kiss her. 76

Paul. Good my lord, forbear. 80

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet: 80

You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own 80

With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain? 80

Leon. No, not these twenty years. 84

Per. So long could I 84

Stand by, a looker-on. 84

Paul. Either forbear, 84

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you 84

For more amazement. If you can behold it, 84

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend, 88

And take you by the hand; but then you'll 88

think,— 88

Which I protest against,—I am assisted 88

By wicked powers. 88

Leon. What you can make her do, 92

I am content to look on: what to speak, 92

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy 92

To make her speak as move. 92

Paul. It is requir'd 96

You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still; 96

Or those that think it is unlawful business 96

I am about, let them depart. 96

Leon. Proceed: 96

No foot shall stir. 96

Paul. Music, awake her: strike! [*Music.* 96

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach; 96

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; 96

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away; 96

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from 96

him 96

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs: 96

[*HERMIONE comes down.* 96

Start not; her actions shall be holy as 104

You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her 104

Until you see her die again, for then 104

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand: 104

When she was young you woo'd her; now in 108

age 108

Is she become the suitor! 108

Leon. [*Embracing her.*] O! she's warm. 108

If this be magic, let it be an art 108

Lawful as eating. 108

Pol. She embraces him. 112

Cam. She hangs about his neck: 112

If she pertain to life let her speak too. 112

Pol. Ay; and make't manifest where she has 112

liv'd, 112

Or how stol'n from the dead. 112

Paul. That she is living, 116

Were it but told you, should be hooted at 116

Like an old tale; but it appears she lives, 116

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.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to
HERMIONE.

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.

Paul. There's time enough for that; 128
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, 132
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and
there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O! peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my con-
sent, 136
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 140
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 144
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your par-
dons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks 148
My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,
And son unto the king,—whom heavens direct-
ing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely 152
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, Son to the King.
ARTHUR, Duke of Britaine, Nephew to the King.
THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.
THE EARL OF ESSEX.
THE EARL OF SALISBURY.
THE LORD BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son to Sir Robert Faulcon-
bridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.
PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.

QUEEN ELINOR, Mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCH OF SPAIN, Niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald,
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Atten-
dants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE,
ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHA-
TILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King
of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here. 4

Eli. A strange beginning; 'borrow'd ma-
jesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the
embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true
behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword 12
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody
war, 17

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and
blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth, 21

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart
in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; 24
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay. 28
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world 33
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love, 36

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than
your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-
troversy, 44

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. [Exit Sheriff.

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay 48
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE
and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, 52
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faul-
conbridge. 56

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.