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THE  
WINTER'S TALE



THE ARDEN  
SHAKESPEARE

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THE WINTER'S TALE





# THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

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## GENERAL PREFACE

IN this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. *Æsthetic* judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition.

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# INTRODUCTION

## 1. DATE AND LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY

MANY of Shakespeare's plays were published during his life-time, either from his own MSS. (as in all probability the 1599 edition of *Romeo and Juliet*), or surreptitiously from pirated copies such as might have been bought or stolen from an actor in the play, or written in shorthand by some spectator in the pay of a publisher (as, for instance, the 1603 edition of *Hamlet*). These publications of separate plays are called Quartos (because the size of their pages is one-fourth of that of a full-sized or Folio sheet).

But not all of Shakespeare's plays were thus published: and so in 1623, seven years after his death, two of his fellow-actors and fellow-shareholders in the Globe Theatre, John Heminge and Henry Condell, collected his plays and published them in one volume. This volume is known as the Folio of 1623, or the First Folio, and its editors, if not always having access to Shakespeare's own MSS., generally have some valuable authority for their version: moreover, their volume included seventeen plays of which we have no previous quarto edition.<sup>1</sup>

Of these *The Winter's Tale* is one. We have no Quarto edition, and no evidence that one was printed. It appeared first in the Folio of 1623, where it was printed immediately after the *Twelfth Night*, thus closing one of the three classes into which the editors divided their collection, — viz., the Comedies. The printers in this instance did their work well — and, except occasionally, their text can be taken as authoritative: it is the one we have adopted here with few variations.

The date<sup>2</sup> of *The Winter's Tale* can be determined fairly accurately, from both external and internal evidence.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This First Folio (F 1) was reprinted, with textual alterations in places, in 1632 (F 2): of the Third Folio (F 3) we have two versions, one issued in 1663 and one in 1664 — the latter containing seven additional plays, of which only *Pericles* and *Lochrine*, are now even in part accepted as Shakespeare's by any authoritative critic. The Fourth Folio (F 4) appeared in 1685.

<sup>2</sup> These particulars are based on Furness's edition of *The Winter's Tale*.

<sup>3</sup> See Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, pp. 33, etc.



(1) In a MS. diary, bearing the title "Plaies and Notes thereof" (No. 208 Ashmolean Museum, Oxford), first noted by Collier in 1836, one Dr. Simon Forman, an astrologer and quack physician, records visits to several plays, including *Macbeth*: one of his entries concerns the acting of "the Winters Talle at the glob 1611 the 15 of Maye." His summary of the plot<sup>1</sup> makes it certain that Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* is the play in question. Hence *The Winter's Tale* was written before the middle of 1611.

(2) The *Office Book* of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to James the First, has the following entry: "For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed booke was missinge: and I therefore returned it without a fee this 19 of August, 1623." The Sir George Bucke referred to was Herbert's predecessor as Master of the Revels (i. e. Licenser of Plays): he secured a reversionary grant of his office in 1603, becoming formally Master of the Revels in October, 1610. Presumably then he could not "allow of" (i. e. license) a play till after October, 1610: and so he could not have licensed *The Winter's Tale* till after October, 1610. Presumably also a play would be submitted to the Master of the Revels as soon as it was ready for the stage. We should conclude from this that Shakespeare finished his *Winter's Tale* not earlier than a month or two before Bucke assumed office: in short, some time between September, 1610, and May, 1611 (on which date Forman saw it acted).

But, unfortunately, though this conclusion is probably true, the validity of this particular argument is vitiated by the fact that the *Stationers' Registers* (i. e. the records of the output of publishers comprising the company or guild to which Mary gave their charter of incorporation in 1557) make it clear that Bucke was empowered with authority to license plays as early as 1607: hence the knowledge that he licensed *The Winter's Tale* could only be accepted as certain evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was finished no earlier than just before 1607 or no earlier than just before the earliest date on which he became in effect, if not in full formality, Master of the Revels. Fortunately we are not dependent on Herbert's evidence.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix I.

<sup>2</sup> In 1842 Peter Cunningham published *Extracts from the Account of the Revels at Court*, a record of plays performed at Court during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and amongst them under the date of November 5, 1611 — is "A play called ye winters nightes Tayle." This additional piece of evidence that the play was per-



(3) Professor Thorndike<sup>1</sup> has recently suggested another piece of evidence. In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Oberon* (the date of which we know exactly, January 1, 1611), there is a dance of ten (or twelve) satyrs, who, with bells on their shaggy thighs, leap and fall suddenly into an antic dance full of gesture and swift motion. This was a new thing on the stage and is not found in any court masque before, or after, 1611. But there is a similar dance of twelve satyrs in *The Winter's Tale*.<sup>2</sup> Therefore either Jonson borrowed it from Shakespeare, or Shakespeare from Jonson. The latter, argues Professor Thorndike, is more probable, because the popular audience Shakespeare wrote for would be anxious to see what delighted the courtly audience Jonson wrote for: moreover in court performances the professional actors who acted in the theatres for which Shakespeare wrote, took the part of the dancing satyrs, and Shakespeare expressly alludes to three of his dancers as having danced before the king;<sup>3</sup> further, a dance in another masque is copied in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; and, finally, the dance is an integral part of the *Masque of Oberon*, whilst it is purely an addition in *The Winter's Tale*. So Professor Thorndike fixes the date of the play between January 1 and May 15, 1611.<sup>4</sup>

Internal evidence of the tone of the play, its structure, its style, diction and verse, confirms the external evidence of the date of *The Winter's Tale* and its consequent position in the chronology of Shakespeare's plays. It marks the time when Shakespeare had arisen from the depths of tragic gloom and could look on life serenely and with infinite pleasure and pity: when he saw deep wrongs righted and human nature justified in the majestic fortitude of its sufferers and the native goodness of its children: when repentance, forgiveness, and reconciliation were his theme and his faith. Further, it shows Shakespeare careless of the formalities of structure: the play's the thing; unities of Time and Place are vigorously cast aside; extravagant improbabilities in incident and character are given conviction by the sweep of a master hand; and

formed in 1611 is also rejected now. It has been proved that the MSS. which Cunningham used are forged — though the facts they record are not necessarily false.

<sup>1</sup> See Professor Thorndike's *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher upon Shakespeare*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 331-352.

<sup>3</sup> iv. 4. 345, 346.

<sup>4</sup> Ben Jonson, in the Introduction to *Bartholemew Fair* (1614), says, "he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels," and some editors declare that he is alluding contemptuously to *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. It may be so. But we are not dependent on Jonson's evidence for our conclusion that *The Winter's Tale* was written before 1614.

historical and geographical fact is lightly dismissed from the realm of importance and Romance. And these are signs of Shakespeare's latest dramas.

The style, and the diction, too, are those of Shakespeare's fullest growth. His language is highly metaphorical, teeming with image on image almost to the point of confusion: the thoughts are too great and too profuse to be packed into the limits of regular speech: the mind and the imagination move more rapidly than the tongue. And so we have a rapid elliptical expression charged with ideas and images, in Keats' phrase, every rift loaded with ore.

And, finally, the verse<sup>1</sup> also furnishes evidence of the maturity of its maker. There is no rhyme (except in the speech of *Time* as Chorus): there is a greater number of light and weak endings, and of double-endings: and the unit is not the line but a splendidly rhythmical paragraph. Altogether we may be almost sure that *The Winter's Tale* was written in the early part of 1611.

## 2. SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The immediate source of the plot of *The Winter's Tale* is *Pandosto*, a prose romance written by Robert Greene, — a typical Elizabethan man of letters, vagabond, pamphleteer, novelist and dramatist at once, — and published by him in 1588 with the title: *Pandosto, The Triumph of Time*.<sup>2</sup> The romance was very popular and was subsequently reprinted in 1607 with the title *Dorastus and Fawnia*.

The plot of *Pandosto*<sup>3</sup> is as follows: Pandosto, King of Bohemia, a man of "bountiful courtesy towards his friends," had to wife Bellaria, a lady of royal birth, of great beauty, fortune, and virtue. She bore him a son, Garinter, whose "perfection greatly augmented the love of the parents and the joys of their commons." They are visited by Egistus, King of Sicily, "who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto," and who is welcomed with loving embracings and protestations by Pandosto and his wife; for she is desired by her husband to welcome his old friend and "(to show how she liked him whom her husband loved)." She does so with much

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix B.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted (in part) as an Appendix to Morley's edition of *The Winter's Tale* in Cassell's National Library: and in full by P. G. Thomas in the *Shakespeare Library* (1907).

<sup>3</sup> The plot is given in detail here — because the romance is rather too long to be printed as an Appendix to this volume.

familiar courtesy, even "oftentimes coming herself into his bed-chamber, to see that nothing should be amiss to mislike him," or "walking with him into the garden, where they two in private and pleasant devices would pass away the time to both their contents." In time Pandosto becomes jealous, thinking that "his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love": and so "tormented by a flaming jealousy into such a frantic passion," he plots with his cup-bearer Franion, bribing him to poison Egistus, and hoping "as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sauce." But Franion discloses the plot to Egistus, and after waiting six days till Fortune sent a good gale of wind, they both escaped to Bohemia. At once Pandosto orders the imprisonment of Bellaria, and the unwilling guard, coming upon her playing with Garinter, is forced by fear of the king's anger, to carry her off to prison, "where with sighs and tears she passes away the time till she might come to her trial." This act and the proclamation of his wife as an adulteress, together with the lapse of some months' time, half heals Pandosto's sore. But Bellaria, crossed as she is in calamities, has soon greater griefs to make her tears more bitter: she "wings her hands," "gasps, sighs," "gushes forth streams of tears," and "utters bitter complaints"—for she is about to bear a child. So a "fair and beautiful daughter," Fawnia, is born. But Pandosto is galled afresh when he hears of this, and declares that the bastard shall be burnt at the stake with its mother: "yet at last, seeing his noblemen were importunate upon him, he was content to spare the child's life:" he decides to commit it to Fortune by placing it in a little boat and trusting it "to the mercies of the seas and the destinies:" upon which Bellaria swooned, cried, and "screched out" her lamentations.

But Pandosto was "not yet glutted with sufficient revenge." He brought Bellaria to trial into open court: but the jury refused to convict on the ground that Bellaria's appeal to be confronted by her accusers was just. Pandosto swore he would make them repent, and so, "fearing more perpetual infamy than momentary death," Bellaria requests that an appeal shall be made to the Oracle of Apollo. Pandosto "could not for shame deny it," and agreed. The answer of the oracle was as follows: "Suspicion is no proof: Jealousy is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; His babe an innocent, and the King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found." Pandosto is at once repentant and seeks reconciliation: but at this moment news of Garinter's death

is brought in — and the shock of it kills Bellaria. In despair Pandosto attempts suicide, and, not content with reviling himself, he has engraved on Bellaria's tomb an epitaph invoking perpetual curses on "him that caused his Queen to die."

Leaving Pandosto in his "dolorous passions," the tale now turns to the "tragical discourse of the young infant," Fawnia. Purely by Fortune, "who is minded thus to wanton," Fawnia has been carried to the coast of Sicilia where she is found by a poor shepherd, Porrus, who was wandering on the beach to see if a lost sheep was perchance "browsing on the sea-ivy" and who thus heard a child's crying from a boat on the shore. So Fawnia becomes one of the household of Porrus and his wife Mopsa, who are incited to keep her by the jewels and gold which were found in her mantle. Believing Porrus and Mopsa to be her parents, she grew up "to exquisite perfection both of body and mind" as their dutiful daughter, seeming "to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty." One day at a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither "she was bidden as mistress of the feast," Fawnia was seen by Dorastus, the son of Egistus, returning with his companions from a hawking expedition. Dorastus, who is being forced into a political marriage by his father, fell in love with her, and she returned his love: their passions are described in the stilted high-falutin' euphuistic language of which the romances are so full. In order to see Fawnia more frequently and to urge her to an explicit declaration of her love, Dorastus disguises himself as a shepherd. Having plighted their troth and recognising that they could never marry in Sicilia owing to the position of Egistus, they devised a plan for flight to Italy. With the help of an old servant of Dorastus', Capnio, they procured a vessel and got aboard, having to wait there, however, for Capnio before setting sail. But in the meantime Porrus, alarmed at the repeated visits of Dorastus, whose identity "was more than suspected," decided to carry the chain and jewels he had found with Fawnia to the king and disclose to him the story of his finding her. On his way to court, he is met by Capnio, who to prevent his purpose, forcibly carries him aboard, without, however, seeing the jewels which Porrus was taking to the king. So Dorastus, Fawnia, Porrus and Capnio set sail: and on the fourth day, after a fearful tempest which drove them out of their course altogether, they found themselves near "the coast of Bohemia." They landed, and Pandosto, hearing of the beauty of Fawnia, caused them to be arrested as spies, in order that he might bring her before him. On the excuse that Dorastus



had probably stolen Fawnia from her father, the king imprisoned him, refusing to believe his tale that he was Meleagrus, a Knight of Trapolonia, whither he was returning from Padua where he had been for his bride. Dorastus in prison, Pandosto tried to gain the love of Fawnia, threatening her with torture should she refuse to submit to his will.

In time, news came to Egistus that his son was imprisoned in Bohemia; he sent an embassy to ask for his release, as well as for the execution of Fawnia and Porrus. To reconcile himself with the man he had wronged, Pandosto agreed to comply with the request. But the fear of death prompted Porrus to disclose all he knew and to shew the jewels he had found with Fawnia. Of course she is recognised at once: and so all goes well. Dorastus and Fawnia are married, and Porrus is made a knight—but Pandosto, “calling to mind how first he betrayed his friend Egistus, how his jealousy was the cause of Bellaria’s death, that he contrary to the law of nature had lusted after his own daughter, moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholy fit, and to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, he slew himself.”

Such is the Romance of *Pandosto*. We must now ask ourselves:

- (1) Where did Greene get its plot and its machinery?
- (2) What did it give to *The Winter’s Tale*?
- (3) How does Shakespeare modify it in his drama?

The romances which bulk so large in Elizabethan prose fiction are the representatives in English of the Greek Romance: to this they owe their spirit, their content and their technique.<sup>1</sup> The three chief instances of types of the Greek Romance are *Theagenes and Chariclea*,<sup>2</sup> *Daphnis and Chloe*,<sup>3</sup> and *Clitophon and Leucippe*.<sup>4</sup> With the Revival of Learning, these romances became known in literary Europe, and were edited and translated into Latin, French, and English. Thus in 1569 Underdowne translated *Theagenes and Chariclea* into English; in 1587, Day did into English *Daphnis and Chloe* from a French version by Amyot; and in 1568, Comingeois translated *Clitophon and Leucippe* into French. Thus these works were easily accessible to English writers seeking models for their tales. And Greene’s *Pandosto*<sup>5</sup> is a sufficient witness of the as-

<sup>1</sup> See S. E. Wolff. *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction*. Columbia University Press (1912).

<sup>2</sup> Also called *The Æthiopica*, written by Heliodorus before 400 A.D.

<sup>3</sup> By Longus, written between 100 and 400 A.D.

<sup>4</sup> By Achilles Tatius, written between 300 and 500 A.D.

<sup>5</sup> J. Caro (*Englische Studien* (1878)) thinks that the story of *Pandosto* is based on an actual incident in the history of Poland in the fourteenth century. A certain

effect, are substituted where possible for Greene's reliance on coincidence and chance. Thus Perdita is not cast by chance in Sicilia: she is deliberately taken there by a character Shakespeare creates for the purpose, Antigonus, who believes he is taking the child to the land of its father;<sup>1</sup> but that deed done, there was no further use for Antigonus, so he is given over to the bear; and even the bear is not there by accident — it has been disturbed by the huntsmen:<sup>2</sup> still further, the clamour of the hunt has frightened two of the shepherd's flock to the beach and so brought the shepherd to look for them — and to find Perdita.<sup>3</sup>

Camillo, too, is Shakespeare's creation: or rather his amalgamation of Tranion and Capnio. In his turn, he takes the arrival of Florizel and Perdita in Sicilia out of the hands of Fortune, by whom it is contrived in Greene's novel, and makes it a deliberate plan.<sup>4</sup> His part, too, enables him to arrange for a final scene of general reconciliation in Bohemia, by disclosing the flight to Polixenes and inciting him to follow the runaways.<sup>5</sup>

(3) Lastly, Shakespeare was a dramatist, not a novelist. Many of his alterations are demanded by theatrical considerations. Thus he makes Leontes<sup>6</sup> actually confront Hermione as she is playing with Mamillius — a much more effective scene for the stage than Greene's incident of the sending of the guard to arrest the queen. Further,<sup>7</sup> Shakespeare lets Polixenes spy on Florizel — so giving us the beautiful scene where Perdita distributes the flowers to her guests, and at the same time, adding powerfully to the motive for Florizel's flight: for in Greene, Florizel only anticipates objection on the part of his father. And, lastly, Shakespeare's final scene, with its double climax, and the surprising incident of the statue is a fitting spectacle in which to close the play: and in Greene, of course, there is no suggestion of it.

But the alterations Shakespeare effected, whilst still retaining the romantic and idyllic spirit of *Pandosto*, are too numerous to mention in detail. It is sufficient to recognise that their purpose is to enhance the dramatic qualities of the play, to give cohesion and reality to its characters, and to suggest a bond of causal sequence to its most improbable incidents.

<sup>1</sup> See iii. 3. 15-46.

<sup>2</sup> This incident of the hunt is not in *Pandosto*: it occurs however in similar circumstances, in a book from which Greene was borrowing largely, for the novel — Day's translation of Longus' *Daphnis and Chloe*: so Mr. Wolf concludes that Shakespeare used Day as a source.

<sup>3</sup> See iii. 3. 65-67.

<sup>4</sup> See iv. 4. 551, etc.

<sup>5</sup> See iv. 4. 675, etc.

<sup>6</sup> See ii. 1.

<sup>7</sup> See iv. 4.

## 3. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The last years of Shakespeare's dramatic activity (1608-1611) brought forth three plays—*Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*—which are usually grouped together under the term Romances: for they have in common many qualities of plot, of tone, and of style, and these qualities are not only best described as those of Romance, but by such description are distinguished from analogous qualities in the earlier comedies of Shakespeare.

These three plays reveal the workings of the master hand and the master mind. In their spirit, they mark the attainment of a serene outlook on life and a trust in its ultimate goodness; and in their art, of a consummate sense of creative power and a defiant carelessness of technical orthodoxy. Their themes are those of bitter wrongs followed by repentance, reconciliation and forgiveness: their stories jostle tragedy with idyll, but their ending is happy: their plots are made up of a medley of improbable incidents, culled, may be, from different and incongruous sources: their incidents are varied, striking, and theatrical, and this scenic appeal is increased by a prodigal addition of spectacular elements purely for stage effect: their scenes are a reflection of the legendary or authentic history and geography of this earth, adapted and transmuted to a world of their own: "the emotions described range from the wild jealousy of Leontes to the pretty sentimental love-making of Florizel":<sup>1</sup> and all these elements are brought together in the spirit of romance to give atmosphere and form to the latest creatures of Shakespeare's imagination.

*The Winter's Tale* illustrates all these romantic qualities, in theme, story, plot, incident, and scene. It is a story both of jealousy involving death and of idyllic love. Its plot tells of conspiracies, the casting off of an infant, the intervention of an oracle, and the miraculous reconciliation of husband and wife, children and parents, friend and friend. Its incidents are exciting and surprising in their improbability; there are secret flights, secret love-makings, a worrying by a bear, and a statue which (in semblance) steps into breathing life; and the final climax is a consummate example of the management of a surprising *finale*. There is also a great display of scenic effect not inherently connected with the drama: dances, a sheep-shearing festival with song and music, and a distribution of garlands, as well as a gratuitous display of

<sup>1</sup> Thorndike, p. 134.

cozenage and the picking of pockets. Finally, *The Winter's Tale* has its setting in a world where Bohemia has a sea coast, Delphi an oracle, and where Whitsun pastorals, Julio Romano, and the oracle are all contemporary. In short, the play is of the very essence of Romance.

And as a romance it is to be judged. Its structure is that of the novel or prose romance rather than that of the drama. Its time extends over sixteen years; its place alternates capriciously between Sicilia and Bohemia. And besides thus defying the Unities of Place and Time,<sup>1</sup> it has no real unity of action. There are really two plots, — that of Leontes and Hermione, and that of Florizel and Perdita. In Greene's *Pandosto* there is no attempt to join the plots artistically: the attempt, however, is hardly necessary because he does not regard the *Pandosto*-*Bellaria* incidents as a story in themselves so much as a prelude to the *Dorastus*-*Fawnia* story.

But Shakespeare makes the *Leontes*-*Hermione* plot the chief interest, and so he tries to weld the two stories together. He creates *Camillo* for this purpose, and moreover he subordinates the recognition of *Perdita* in the last act to the coming to life of *Hermione*. Yet the artistic success of his devices is but partial. There is something loose in the structure of *The Winter's Tale*. But for the nonce, we are reconciled to the looseness, indeed, thankful for it, since it gives scope for variety of romantic charm and incident, and presents a world in which such different people as *Leontes*, *Camillo*, *Mamillius*, *Perdita*, *Florizel*, the *Clown*, and *Autolycus* can breathe and reveal their being.

Greene makes little attempt at characterization in his *Pandosto*. He gives descriptions, acts, thoughts, and passions, and appends them to a name. Shakespeare's problem is in the main to take these thoughts, actions, and passions, as far as possible, and fit them to the nature of the person to whom they belong: he has to humanize Greene's figures.

With *Leontes* his difficulties were great. In the novel, *Pandosto* at the outset is "greatly feared and loved of all men," "his mind is fraught with princely liberality": but afterwards he is a coarse

<sup>1</sup> These unities were first formulated by Castelvetro in 1576, as follows: "The time of the representation and that of the action represented must be exactly coincident": "the scene of the action must be constant, being restricted to one place alone." From 1576 onwards they became part of the creed of dramatic criticism, especially in France. But the French critics had perforce to modify their stringency: and by the time of Corneille the Unity of Time was a demand that the action represented should not occupy longer than twenty-four, or at most thirty hours; the Unity of Place, that the scene should not shift within the limits of each Act. It is interesting to note that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare embodies the two Unities.



brute, given over to tyranny, cruelty, and lust; he seeks to murder his wife, he takes the law into his own hands and attempts to force the jury into convicting her; he only appeals to the oracle at her entreaty, and then because he is afraid of refusing; and finally he attempts to seduce Fawnia. Shakespeare has this monster to humanize. And the difficulty is increased by another consideration. In Greene, Pandosto has some pretext for his suspicion in the freedom and intimacy of his wife with their guest, and in her witlessness in not perceiving her husband's dislike of it. Shakespeare cannot make his Hermione like that. And so he removes from the plot all suggestion of more than innocent familiarity. In their place he invents the incident of Polixenes' proposed departure, and so prepares for the incident<sup>1</sup> which alone serves to make Leontes suspicious, and which at the same time is in perfect harmony with the character of his Hermione. But if this alteration saves Hermione, it makes Leontes' jealousy much more improbable. And this difficulty Shakespeare does not quite overcome. We have simply to accept Leontes as causelessly jealous. But once this improbability is overcome, once Leontes becomes suspicious, then we can enter into the "probability" of his nature. And Shakespeare helps us to overcome the improbability: all the time that Hermione, at her husband's request, is persuading Polixenes to stay, Leontes is lost in the beginnings<sup>2</sup> of jealous suspicions,<sup>2</sup> so wrapped in them that he is not conscious of what is being said:<sup>3</sup> in this interval we are to imagine him considering "that Polixenes (Egistus) was a man and needs must love; that his wife was a woman, and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force."<sup>4</sup> The decision of Polixenes lends force to his suspicions: but yet he is only ankle-deep in jealousy; his thoughts go back to the days of his courtship, only to recall with bitter irony how Hermione uttered "I am yours for ever." *Tremor cordis* is on him now: and the force of his passion convinces him of the truth of his suspicions: he whips himself into fury — and lays a trap, not for his own conviction but simply for a sort of formal evidence of something to deny which would be im-

<sup>1</sup> Greene tells us that when Egistus arrived in Bohemia and was met by Pandosto and Bellaria, Pandosto "wished his wife to welcome his old friend and acquaintance: who (to show how she liked him whom her husband loved) entertained him with a familiar courtesy." Shakespeare merely puts this — not at the welcoming of the guest — but just before his departure, and so with his consummate skill, enhances the character of Hermione.

<sup>2</sup> I, 2. 27–28. Hermione may have given him thus to think by her saying that she was waiting till Leontes' effort had failed. (I, 28).

<sup>3</sup> I, 2. 86, where he asks "Is he won yet?" showing that he was not aware of Polixenes' decision.

<sup>4</sup> Pandosto.

puident.<sup>1</sup> He is utterly beside himself, and the diseased mind drives him to the most cruel deeds : he becomes the incarnation of villainy and cruelty, damning himself utterly by his inhuman treatment of his wife<sup>2</sup> and of his new-born child. Leontes is certainly monstrous, brutish, and selfish : his language and similes display a coarseness of mind, and his actions reveal a fiendish callousness to the services of friendship<sup>3</sup> and love, and a vindictive fury against supposed enemies : he is goaded into his worst cruelty by the thought of being laughed at.<sup>4</sup> But yet Shakespeare, unlike Greene, would not show him as inhuman altogether. After all he is Hermione's husband, and has been worthy of her love : even now "she would be sworn he would believe her :"<sup>5</sup> moreover he is to be her husband again after his purification by repentance ; and so lascivious old Pandosto must be changed to the sorrowing, pathetic Leontes.<sup>6</sup> Further still, Leontes is utterly convinced of the justice of what he does : he believes he is not a tyrant :<sup>7</sup> and appeals to his courtiers for their approbation of his actions :<sup>8</sup> he believes Mamillius to be sick at his mother's dishonour :<sup>9</sup> his most cruel act is devised only after the torture of sleeplessness :<sup>10</sup> he himself and not Hermione (and as this is an alteration from Greene, Shakespeare's intention is manifest) appeals to the oracle :<sup>11</sup> even Antigonus, despite Paulina and his vision of Hermione, believes in the Queen's guilt :<sup>12</sup> and those who take the side of the Queen do so not in the best manner, — Paulina with marked tactlessness, and Camillo without endeavouring to prove the vanity of Leontes' suspicions. And finally Shakespeare never allows us to forget that *if* Leontes' suspicions were true, then his case would be truly desperate : as Hermione is rare, so must Leontes' jealousy be great,<sup>13</sup> and Polixenes reminds us later, both in deed and word, that all a father's joy "is nothing else but fair posterity."<sup>14</sup> And thus Shakespeare's immense sympathy and insight work. We are not condoning Leontes at all : Shakespeare never makes evil good : but

<sup>1</sup> I. 2. 274.

<sup>2</sup> Leontes' cruelty in this case is the worse in Shakespeare, because, unlike Pandosto, he knows that her condition demands the most careful attention.

<sup>3</sup> Yet having called his courtiers liars, he makes amends by acceding to their requests as "a recompense of their dear services." II. 3. 145-155.

<sup>4</sup> II. 3. 23 ff.

<sup>5</sup> II. 1. 63.

<sup>6</sup> The only survival of the horrible incident in *Pandosto* where the lascivious old king makes love to his own daughter (without knowing her identity) is Leontes' pathetic admiration of Perdita because she reminds him of his lost wife.

<sup>7</sup> II. 3. 122. III. 2. 4 ff.

<sup>8</sup> II. 1. 187.

<sup>9</sup> II. 3. 12.

<sup>10</sup> II. 3. 1.

<sup>11</sup> II. 1. 180, etc. And his momentary rejection (III, ii, 141) of the oracle's decision (which is not in Greene) only adds to our realization of the strength of his conviction.

<sup>12</sup> III. 3. 40-46.

<sup>13</sup> I. 2. 452-457.

<sup>14</sup> IV. 4. 418-419.

equally he never makes his most villainous creatures altogether inhuman.

If Shakespeare made a human madman out of a monstrous Pandosto, his success in making the pathetically majestic Hermione out of the insignificant, screeching Bellaria is still more marked. We have seen how his first step is to remove all possible taint from the Queen: she is not at all unduly familiar with Polixenes; even her walk in the garden with him (an incident taken from the novel) is in the play Leontes' own suggestion. Other subtle transformations of the original enhance the beauty of the queen's character. Thus in Greene, after Pandosto had received his guest, "they mounted again on horseback and rode towards the city, devising and recounting how, being children, they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes": the hint is seized by Shakespeare, but he puts the suggestion for the tales and recollections of childhood into the mouth of Hermione<sup>1</sup> with the gain of charming grace. So too, her tenderness and love of children and their ways are made evident: the only excuse to which she would listen for Polixenes' departure would be that "he longs to see his son":<sup>2</sup> and most typical of all, out of one line in the novel,<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare created the picture of childhood and motherhood, Mamillius and his telling of the sad tale best for winter to his mother and her ladies.<sup>4</sup> But Greene's Bellaria is unlike Hermione. In the novel, she is ever ready "to burst forth into bitter tears and exclaim against fortune": in the play she is not "prone to weeping,"<sup>5</sup> she has perfect control over her feelings, until her cup seems full when she learns of the death of her son, and only then does she swoon: but Bellaria has a habit of swooning and "falling into a trance." Further still, Bellaria is eager to defend herself in court: "she would gladly have come to her answer" and she entreats for an appeal to the oracle. But Hermione trusts to her own sense of virtue and defends herself only when brought to trial, even then not "to prate and talk for life," but only for honour. Indeed, Shakespeare's Hermione is, as her image, a royal piece of majesty. But there is no imperiousness in her majesty. She unites with it an infinite tenderness; against Leontes' rage, she brings no bitterness; he is "but mistaken," and the worst she wishes him is to see him sorry for his error. Her majesty is just dignity. But Mrs. Jameson has given us the best portrait of Shakespeare's Hermione: "dignity without pride, love

<sup>1</sup> I. 2. 60.

<sup>2</sup> I. 2. 34.

<sup>3</sup> "Coming to the queen's lodging, they found her playing with her young son, Garinter."

<sup>4</sup> II. 1.

<sup>5</sup> II. 1. 108.



without passion, and tenderness without weakness," she has that "union of gentleness with power which constitutes the perfection of mental grace."

As Shakespeare had to create his Hermione, so Greene offered him little to retain in his portrayal of Perdita: for in the novel she is just the typical figure of such sentimental love stories, coy and gushing by turn, profusely argumentative and cunningly playful, but all the time scheming deliberately to obtain a lover, especially a princely one.<sup>1</sup> Of course, she makes him woo her in a battery of words before "she yields up the fort in friendly terms," and then she presses forward her plans unblushingly: "she told him that delay bred danger, that many mishaps did fall out between the cup and the lip, and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to pass out of Sicilia" to some place where they might marry. But Shakespeare transmutes this cheap metal. Perdita comes to us as "Flora peering in April's front"; her sensibility and the consciousness of her own nature are at once obvious, and yet her mode of revealing them is stamped with an indefinable grace and humility; she is too sensible to be carried away by Florizel's extremes, too humble to chide him for them; she puts them off with exquisite native grace.<sup>2</sup> Unreality, sham, and affectation of all sorts are repugnant to her. She will have none of nature's bastards in her rustic garden.<sup>3</sup> Her "borrow'd flaunts" she feels to be unbecoming.<sup>4</sup> Unlike Fawnia, she takes no part in the arrangement of the flight; on the contrary, she is troubled by the deception it involves, and so she only enters into it because "the play so lies that she must bear a part";<sup>5</sup> and when their plot fails she is convinced it is the justice of the heavens punishing their indirections and deceptions.<sup>6</sup> Sincerity is Perdita's prevailing quality: she knows herself, she knows Florizel better than he knows himself; and she can look the most distressing facts full in the face: "Will 't please you, sir, be gone?" To hide this self-assurance would be affectation as repugnant to her nature as to flaunt it in our faces; we see it but in its native simplicity, as much in her resolve "to queen it no inch further, but milk her ewes and weep" as in her thought to tell the king "plainly the selfsame sun that shines upon his court, hides not his visage from

<sup>1</sup> "Fawnia — seeing such a mannerly shepherd, Dorastus, (disguised, however) perfectly limned, and coming with so good a pace, began half to forget Dorastus, and to favour this pretty shepherd, whom she thought she might both love and obtain; but as she was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the young prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and saluted him." (*Pandosto*.)

<sup>2</sup> IV. 4. 5 ff. <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 82 ff. <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 10, etc. <sup>5</sup> IV. 4. 668 ff. <sup>6</sup> V. I. 203.

her cottage." For, everywhere, Perdita is a pure woman, an enchantment of nobility and homeliness, delicacy and strength. She consciously wards off the possibility that rapture should become sentiment :<sup>1</sup> her talk is of sheep, of flowers, of Whitsun pastorals, and of smock-making.<sup>2</sup> And all her grace and tenderness she lavishes on others. At the moment of her keenest grief, her first thought is for "her poor father."<sup>3</sup> We cannot accuse Florizel of exaggeration in his ecstasy :

"each your doing  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens."<sup>4</sup>

But we have not space within the limits of this Introduction to attempt an analysis of all the characters in the play. With all of them there is a sureness and insight of the mature dramatist. Florizel is the exuberant, headstrong, perhaps somewhat sentimental, and yet innately noble young prince : Paulina the fearless, passionately but tactlessly upright matron, whose wealth of tender feeling reveals itself with the mellowing of time. But we must pass over many of them to notice only those which present some special feature of Shakespeare's genius. Polixenes is a foil to Leontes : and as such we must be convinced of his inherent and unmistakable nobility. Yet the plot demands of him two possibly compromising actions : he must flee with Camillo and so hazard the accusation of cowardice in leaving Hermione, and he must cast off his son, and so run the risk of appearing unnatural and cruel. But Shakespeare prevents these difficulties. Polixenes flees in the belief that by so doing Hermione will be freed from the King's wrath.<sup>5</sup> And further Polixenes is only incited to his cruel threats by Florizel's unfilial refusal to consult his father, a crime tantamount to deception. Camillo is Shakespeare's invention, suggested by the amalgamation of the offices of the Tranion and the Capnio of Greene : he serves to piece the two constituent stories together. But to do so, he has to resort to several diplomatic artifices which smack more of skill than of simple honesty : he discloses the plot to Polixenes,<sup>6</sup> and later he deceives Florizel and Perdita.<sup>7</sup> There

<sup>1</sup> IV. 4. 130-135.

<sup>2</sup> IV. 4. 390-393.

<sup>3</sup> V. i. 202.

<sup>4</sup> IV. 4. 143-146.

<sup>5</sup> I. 2. 458-460.

<sup>6</sup> This is necessary to allow of Polixenes' escape. Franion in *Pandosto* does the same.  
<sup>7</sup> This is necessary to curtail the time of the play by making Polixenes follow the fugitives immediately. In the novel Egistus hears of the whereabouts of his son only after the lapse of considerable time, and then entirely casually, from mariners who had voyaged to the land of Pandosto.

was indeed no help for it. Camillo had to be the schemer seeking by indirections to find directions out : and as such, like Polonius, he is given the outlook and philosophy<sup>1</sup> (that is, the intellectual character) of a somewhat prosaic, even cynical man of the world. But Shakespeare saves his Camillo by displaying in him a richness of human kindness and instinctive goodness : and this is his real, his native character. His motives, springing from this, are always good : it is only his means which are the work but of his brain, which cause our misgivings : and they are justified by their success. Yet not without fitness is the schemer Camillo married to the impetuous Paulina, when the harmony of things is ultimately restored.

And lastly, we come to Autolycus. He is purely of Shakespeare's invention. He is not necessary to the plot : indeed the only part he has in it, is in bringing the shepherd and the clown on board Florizel's ship. In *Pandosto* this was effected by Capnio (whose other functions are taken over by Camillo) by sheer force. But Shakespeare preferred to do it by ruse.<sup>2</sup> And thus he made way for the master of ruses. Autolycus is the Falstaff of rogues and vagabonds. He is Falstaff in little. His traffic is sheets, not regiments : he befools knaves, not princes ; his faculty is to adapt himself with profit to all circumstances, rather than to adapt all circumstances to his profit. But if the copy is in miniature, there is still the family likeness ; what Honour is to Falstaff, Honesty is to Autolycus : both have a fine mental agility and a ready tongue : both can affect scruples of conscience for their own ends and with the most solemn mock modesty : and to both of them knavery is itself a system of morality though not of the orthodox sort. And if Autolycus is in miniature compared with Falstaff, yet there are advantages in that : he is lighter of finger and foot, his voice is more tuneful, and his spirits more mischievously frolicsome : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings, not the city and the city taverns : indeed he has thrown up the service of the court, to settle down into the profession of rogue and vagabond. And he is the most musical and amusing vagabond who ever was a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

<sup>1</sup> IV. 4. 582 ff.

<sup>2</sup> In the novel, Capnio comes on Porrus by chance and simply to prevent the disclosure of the prince's flight, carries Porrus abroad by force. But Shakespeare consistently tries to break down the over-rule of chance. Autolycus knows that the shepherd has information which will serve Florizel, and so he entraps the shepherd into Florizel's ship. Thus Shakespeare makes Autolycus play a part in the action of the play though he is not vital to it.

# THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES . . . . . King of Sicilia  
 MAMILLIUS . . . . . Young Prince of Sicilia  
 CAMILLO  
 ANTIGONUS } . . . . . Four Lords of Sicilia  
 CLEOMENES }  
 DION  
 POLIXENES . . . . . King of Bohemia  
 FLORIZEL . . . . . Prince of Bohemia  
 ARCHIDAMUS . . . . . A Lord of Bohemia  
 OLD SHEPHERD . . . . . Reputed father of Perdita  
 CLOWN . . . . . His son  
 ✓AUTOLYCUS . . . . . A rogue  
 A Mariner  
 A Gaoler

HERMIONE . . . . . Queen to Leontes  
 PERDITA . . . . . Daughter to Leontes and Hermione  
 PAULINA . . . . . Wife to Antigonus  
 EMILIA . . . . . A lady attending on Hermione  
 MOPSA }  
 DORCAS } . . . . . Shepherdesses

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

TIME, as Chorus

SCENE — SICILIA AND BOHEMIA



# THE WINTER'S TALE ]

## ACT I

SCENE I — *Antechamber in LEONTES' palace*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

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

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed — 10

*Cam.* Beseech you, —

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understand- 20  
ing instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their

childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 30

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 40

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.* 50

SCENE II — *A room of state in the same*

*Enter* LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, 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, my brother, with our thanks;  
 And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
 Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,  
 Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
 With one "We thank you" many thousands moe  
 That go before it.

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

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow. 10  
 I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
 Or breed upon our absence; that may blow  
 No sneaping winds at home, to make us say  
 "This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have stay'd  
 To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
 Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then; and  
 in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*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: so it should now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, although  
 'T were needful I denied it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder  
 Were in your love a whip to me; my stay  
 To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* 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 30

All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* 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.

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 40

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"'s

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? 50





*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

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

*Her.* Grace to boot! 80  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;  
The offences we have made you do we'll answer,  
If you first sinn'd with us and that with us  
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

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

*Her.* Never?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What! have I twice said well? when was 't  
before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-  
less

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:

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? 100  
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

*Leon.* 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.* 'T is 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.

*Leon.* [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances; 110  
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment  
May a free face put on, derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practised smiles,  
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were  
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I' fecks! 120  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
 And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
 Are all call'd neat. — Still virginalling  
 Upon his palm! — How now, you wanton calf!  
 Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots  
 that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are  
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130  
 That will say any thing: but were they false  
 As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false  
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!  
 Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam? — may 't  
 be? —

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
 Communicatest with dreams; — how can this be? — 140  
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent  
 Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost,  
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,  
 And that to the infection of my brains  
 And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord!

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



*Her.* You look  
As if you held a brow of much distraction:  
Are you moved, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest. 150  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160  
Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will! why, happy man be's dole!  
My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young price as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,  
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December,  
And with his varying childness cures in me 170  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's  
Apparent to my heart.

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

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you: you'll  
be found,  
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling  
now, 180

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!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I  
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There  
have been, 190

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in't  
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none; 200  
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly; know 't;

It will let in and out the enemy  
 With bag and baggage: many thousand on's  
 Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord. 210

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest  
 man. [*Exit Mamillius.*]

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.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

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

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They're here with me already, whispering,  
 rounding

"Sicilia is a so-forth:" 't is far gone,  
 When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,  
 That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty. 220

*Leon.* 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: not 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.

*Leon.* Ha!

*Cam.* Stays here longer. 230

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

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

*Leon.* Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!  
 Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
 My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
 Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
 Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240  
 In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,  
 If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,  
 Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
 From course required; or else thou must be counted  
 A servant grafted in my serious trust  
 And therein negligent; or else a fool  
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
 And takest it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; 250

In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Among the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out  
 Against the non-performance, 't was a fear  
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
 'T is none of mine.

260

*Leon.* 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.

270

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,

280



You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.*

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 290  
 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;  
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

*Cam.*

Good my lord, be cured

Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;  
 For 't is most dangerous.

*Leon.*

Say it be, 't is true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.*

It is; you lie, you lie:

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300  
 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?

*Leon.* 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, 310  
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
 Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
 His cup-bearer, — 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 320  
 Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.  
 I have loved thee, —

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot!  
 Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
 To appoint myself in this vexation, sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
 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, 330  
 Who I do think is 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;  
 Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness  
 Will take again your queen as yours at first,

Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me  
Even so as I mine own course have set down: 340  
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.

*Leon.* 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.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised  
me. [Exit. 350

*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, 360  
Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.



*Re-enter* 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  
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 370  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changeth thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not! do not. Do you know,  
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 't is thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 380  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me!  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, — 390  
 As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
 Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
 Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
 In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
 I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?  
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400  
 Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least  
 Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
 Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
 If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
 Since I am charged in honour and by him  
 That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,  
 Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
 I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410  
 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 yoked with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

*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 piled upon his faith and will continue 430  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 't is safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
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 440  
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,



ACT II

SCENE I — *A room in LEONTES' palace*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies*

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'T is past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still. I love you better.

*Sec. Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*Sec. Lady.* Who taught' this?

*Mam.* I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now  
What colour are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*First Lady.* Hark ye;  
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.



*Sec. Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
sir, now  
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall 't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

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

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man —

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it  
softly; 30  
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

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

*Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
never

Saw I men scour so on their way; I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup



A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40  
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
 Is not infected: but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the  
 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain  
 Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:  
 He has discover'd my design, and I 50  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
 So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.  
 Give me the boy: 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?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come  
 about her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself 60  
 With that she's big with; for 't is 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.

*Leon.* You, my lords,



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.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake 100  
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 110  
That honourable grief lodged 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!

*Leon.* 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 mis-  
tress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120  
 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.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence!

*[Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies*

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the  
 queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your jus-  
 tice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
 I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130  
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
 I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,  
 In this which you accuse her.

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

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*First Lord.* Good my lord, —

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: 140  
 You are abused and by some putter-on  
 That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,  
 I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,  
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

The second and the third, nine, and some five;  
 If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,  
 I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
 And I had rather glib myself than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease; no more. 150

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,  
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel.

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

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I,  
 my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
 To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160  
 Be blamed for 't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we  
 Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
 Imparts this; which if you, or stupified  
 Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not  
 Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves  
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
 Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege, 170



You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.*

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:  
Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180  
For in an act of this importance 't were  
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?

*First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190  
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 confined,  
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.*



SCENE II — *A prison*

*Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman and Attendants*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*  
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?

*Gaol.* For a worthy lady  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

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

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from 10  
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

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

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

*Gaol.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* 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, 20  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* 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.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't; says "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you."

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:  
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew  
them! 30

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: 40  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
 Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be denied.

50

*Paul.* 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.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
 I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

*Gaol.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send the  
 babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
 This child was prisoner to the womb and is  
 By law and process of great nature thence  
 Freed and enfranchised, not a party to  
 The anger of the king nor guilty of,  
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

60

*Gaol.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I  
 Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III — *A room in LEONTES' palace*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Servants*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest: it is but  
 weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If  
 The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,  
 She the adulteress; for the harlot king  
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
 And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
 I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me again. Who's there?

*First Serv.*

My lord?

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*First Serv.* He took good rest to-night;  
 'T is hoped his sickness is discharg'd.

10

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
 He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,  
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,  
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
 And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,  
 See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought  
 of him:

The very thought of my revenges that way  
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:  
 They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor  
 Shall she within my power.

20

*Enter PAULINA, with a child*

*First Lord.*

You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
 to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough. 30

*Sec. Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded

None should come at him.

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

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charged 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.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* 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: 50  
When she will take the rein I let her run;



But she'll not stumble.

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

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord,  
Good queen; I say good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* 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 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

*Leon.* Out!

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

*Paul.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.  
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;

Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

*Paul.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Takest up the princess by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon 't!

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did; then 't were past all  
doubt

80

You'ld call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.*

Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself, for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will  
not —

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to 't — once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.*

A callet

90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her hus-  
band

And now baits me! 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!

*Paul.*

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 't is 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, 100  
 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!

*Leon.* A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands 110

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
 Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
 Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not:

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

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, 120  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
 Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.* 130

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
And see it instantly consumed with fire;  
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; 140  
For thou set'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

*Lords.* We can: my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You're liars all.

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better  
credit:

We have always truly served you, and beseech  
you

So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,  
As recompense of our dear services 150

Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.  
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;  
You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160  
To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you  
adventure  
To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

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

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark and perform it, see'st thou: for the  
fail 170

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
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 it own protection



And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180  
 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 190  
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*]

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

*Enter a Servant*

*Serv.* Please your highness, posts  
 From those you sent to the oracle are come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
 Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty three days  
 They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells  
 The great Apollo suddenly will have 200  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath  
 Been publicly accused, so shall she have

A just and open trial. While she lives  
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
 And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.]

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ACT III

SCENE I — *A sea-port in Sicilia*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION*

*Cleo.* 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  
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
 How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly  
 It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
 And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10  
 That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the 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.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
 Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
 So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
 I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it



thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance 20  
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for  
their better safety, to fly away by night.

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say "not guilty:" mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine 30  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devised  
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe 40  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
'T is a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50  
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of 60  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accused, I do confess  
I loved him as in honour he required,  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me, with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend, whose love had  
spoke, 70

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
That it was yours. 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.

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



*Her.* Sir,

80

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

*Leon.*

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.

90

*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  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starr'd must unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,  
Haled 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.

100

But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life, 110  
 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  
 'T is rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle:  
 Apollo be my judge!

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

*[Exeunt certain Officers.]*

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my father: 120  
 O that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
 The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION*

*Off.* You here shall swear upon this sword of  
 justice,  
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have  
 brought  
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest and that since then  
 You have not dared to break the holy seal 130  
 Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo., Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* 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.

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down. 140

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

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* 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.

*Leon.* How! gone!

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]  
How now there!

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

*Leon.* Take her hence: 150  
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and 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;  
 For, being transported by my jealousies  
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160  
 Camillo for the minister to poison  
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
 My swift command, though I with death and with,  
 Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
 Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane  
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great, and to the hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended, 170  
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters  
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA*

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

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
 What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
 In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny 180  
 Together working with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
 For girls of nine, O, think what they have done  
 And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;  
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,  
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190  
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter  
 To be or none or little; though a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:  
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,  
 Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart  
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords, 200  
 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.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If word  
 nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier



Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee 210  
 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.

*Leon.*

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserved  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.*

Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.*

I am sorry for't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them, 220  
 I do repent. Alas! I have show'd 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: do not receive affliction  
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. 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; 230  
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too: take your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.*

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 240  
 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  
 Unto these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III — *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner*

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

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
 And frown upon 's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;  
 Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
 I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not 10  
 Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;  
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
 Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
 I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
 To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:

I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the  
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another; 20  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break her from: "Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself and thought  
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40  
I will be squared by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
Appollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie, and there thy character: there these;  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
     pretty,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor  
     wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50  
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!  
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:  
 I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.]*

*Enter a Shepherd*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between sixteen  
 and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep 60  
 out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but  
 getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,  
 stealing, fighting — Hark you now! Would any but  
 these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty  
 hunt this weather? They have scared away two of  
 my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find  
 than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by  
 the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be  
 thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; 70  
 a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder?  
 A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape:  
 though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-  
 gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some  
 stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-

work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

80

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

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

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls 100 roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now: I have not winked since I



saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped 110  
the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open it. So, let's see: it was told me I should 120  
be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What's within, boy?

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

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: 130  
come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put 140  
him i' the ground.

*Shep.* 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good  
deeds on 't. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV

SCENE I — *Enter* TIME, *the* Chorus

*Time.* I, that please some, try all, both joy and  
terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,

To use my wings. Impute it not a crime

To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power

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

To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was

10

Or what is now received: I witness to

The times that brought them in; so shall I do

To the freshest things now reigning and make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,

The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving

That he shuts up himself, imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be

20

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,

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



considered, as too much I cannot, to be more 20  
thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit  
therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal coun-  
try, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very nam-  
ing punishes me with the remembrance of that peni-  
tent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my  
brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and  
children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say  
to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my  
son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not 30  
being gracious, than they are in losing them when  
they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince.  
What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown:  
but I have missingly noted, he is of late much re-  
tired from court and is less frequent to his princely  
exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and  
with some care; so far that I have eyes under my 40  
service which look upon his removedness; from  
whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom  
from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man,  
they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the  
imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an un-  
speakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath  
a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is  
extended more than can be thought to begin from  
such a cottage. 50

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; but,  
I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou  
shalt accompany us to the place; where we will,

not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

60

*Pol.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — *A road near the Shepherd's cottage*

*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.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served 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.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

20

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolykus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

30

*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.

*Clo.* I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them

40

means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates? — none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race 50 or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

*Aut.* O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I' the name of me —

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

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are 60 mighty ones and millions.

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

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horse- 70 man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*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.* [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office. 80

*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 kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you? 90

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man 100 well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him 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 110 that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked 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, <sup>120</sup> and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced 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 unrolled <sup>130</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV — *The Shepherd's cottage*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do 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.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:  
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd 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, sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

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

*Per.* 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 borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 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.

*Per.* O, but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is  
Opposed, as it must be, by the 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.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita, 40  
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
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.

*Per.* O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

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

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others, with  
POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon  
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' the table, now i' the middle;  
 On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 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  
 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
 Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* [To *Pol.*] Sir, welcome: 70

It is my father's will I should take on me  
 The hostess-ship o' the day. [To *Cam.*] 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!

*Pol.* Shepherdess, —

A fair one are you — well you fit our ages  
 With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient, 80  
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season  
 Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
 Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
 Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not

To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said

There is an art which in their piedness shares

With great creating nature.

*Pol.* 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

Which does mend nature, change it rather, but

The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

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

*Per.* 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 't were 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' the sun

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.

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

*Per.* Out, alas!

You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through. Now, my  
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! 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 Phœbus in his strength — a malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and

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!

*Flo.* What, like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 110  
Not like a corse; 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.

*Flo.*

What you do

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,





*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.

Come, strike up!

[*Music.* Here a dance of *Shepherds*  
and *Shepherdesses.*

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

*Shep.* They call him Doricles; and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it; 170  
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:  
I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; though I report  
it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of. 180

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* 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; 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 sung lamentably. 190

*Serv.* 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 burthens 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 me no harm, good 200 man."

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

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

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

*Clo.* Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [Exit Servant.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'ld think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220  
 Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
 Masks for faces and for noses;  
 Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,  
 Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
 Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
 For my lads to give their dears:  
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
 What maids lack from head to heel:  
 Come buy of me, come; come buy, come  
 buy; 230  
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
 Come buy.

*Clo.* 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.

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

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars. 240

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

*Clo.* 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 off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before

all our guests? 't is well they are whispering: 250  
clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

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

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened 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 260  
parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

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

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

270

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

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

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four- 280  
score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this 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.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

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

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another. 290

*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; 't is in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear: 't is in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on 't a month ago. 300

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation; have at it with you.

### SONG

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill. 310

*A.* Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be.

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?



*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. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.* 320

*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 finest, finest wear-a?  
 Come to the pedlar;  
 Money's a medler,  
 That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.* 330

*Re-enter Servant*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, 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' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't: here has been 340 too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, |  
sir, hath danced before the king; and not the  
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a  
half by the squier.

*Shep.* Leave your prating: since these good men  
are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now. 350

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that here-  
after.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to  
part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] 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 ran-  
sack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it 360  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
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.

*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 370

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,  
 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 380

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 know-  
                   ledge

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.

*Shep.*

But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.*

I cannot speak

390

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.

*Shep.*

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.

*Shep.* Come, your hand; 400  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* 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. Pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate? 410  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

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

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
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.

*Flo.* I yield all this;

420

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is 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.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* 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 acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor, 430  
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 copest with, —

*Shep.* 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,  
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:

440



Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment, —  
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
 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 450  
 As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.

*Per.* 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  
 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. 460

*Cam.* Why, how now, father!

Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know. 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,  
 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. O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone! 470

If I might die within this hour, I have lived

To die when I desire. [Exit.

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;

More straining on for plucking back, not following

My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* 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: 480

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 't would be  
thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 't were known!

*Flo.* It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I 490

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advised.

*Flo.* 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.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
 The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide 500  
 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 honour'd friend,  
 When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean  
 not

To see him any more, — cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion: let myself and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know  
 And so deliver, I am put to sea  
 With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
 And most opportune to our need I have 510  
 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.

*Cam.* O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*  
 I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* 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, 520  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia  
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

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

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
 You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
 That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* 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. 530

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
 If you may please to think I love the king  
 And through him what is nearest to him, which is  
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:  
 If your more ponderous and settled project  
 May suffer alteration, on mine honour,  
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
 As shall become your highness; where you may  
 Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,  
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by —  
 As heavens forefend! — your ruin; marry her, 540  
 And, with my best endeavours in your absence,  
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
 And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
 May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
 That I may call thee something more than man  
 And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies 550  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* 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:  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,  
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands 560  
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought of time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* 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: 570  
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.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd 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 580  
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.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

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

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding as 590  
She is i' the rear our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say 't is pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita!  
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?  
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
 Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Cam.*

My lord,

Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes 600  
 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.  
 [*They talk aside.*]

*Re-enter AUTOLYCUS*

*Aut.* 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- 610  
 ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng  
 who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been  
 hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer:  
 by which means I saw whose purse was best in  
 picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remem-  
 bered. My clown, who wants but something to be  
 a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches'  
 song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had  
 both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the  
 herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: 620  
 you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless;  
 't was 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 not the old man come in, with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

630

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King Leontes —

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolycus.*]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit

Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

*Cam.* How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? 640  
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly, — thou must think there's a necessity in't, — and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

650

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

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

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.

660

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy  
Come home to ye! — you must retire yourself  
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  
Get undescried.

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

*Cam.* No remedy.

Have you done there?

670

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

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.

[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!  
Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the  
king

Of this escape and whither they are bound;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail  
 To force him after: in whose company  
 I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight  
 I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.*

Fortune speed us!

680

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. 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 any 690 thing 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.

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd*

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang- 700 ing, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* 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.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.



*Shep.* Go to, then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; 710 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.

*Shep.* 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. 720

*Clo.* 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 how much an ounce.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

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

*Aut.* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at palace. 730

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover. 740

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* 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 do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, <sup>750</sup> if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? <sup>I 760</sup> am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen. <sup>770</sup>

*Aut.* How blessed are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

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

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? 780  
Wherefore that box?

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

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* 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 790 serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

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

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that 800 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 our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

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

810

*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 <sup>820</sup> 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 man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be <sup>830</sup> 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."

*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?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

840

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

*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.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old <sup>850</sup> man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*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 blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shep.* Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.* <sup>860</sup>

*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 <sup>870</sup> 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 — *A room in LEONTES' palace*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,  
*and* Servants

*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,  
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  
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and 10  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

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

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest 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 graced  
Your kindness better.

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

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
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  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,  
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;  
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, 40  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care  
not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50  
I know, in honour, O, that ever I  
Had squared 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,  
And better used, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
(Where we 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  
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  
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

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

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

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

*Cleo.* Good madam, —

*Paul.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,  
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 80  
To see her in your arms.

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

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
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  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90  
'T is not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

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

*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, 100  
Nor was not to be equall'd;" — thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is 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,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How! not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman 110  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 't is strange  
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*  
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,  
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that which may  
 Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

120

*Re-enter CLEOMENES 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! ✱ ✱ 130  
 And your 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  
 seized

140

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
 Measured 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  
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150  
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Exposed 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.

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

*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;  
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  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170  
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:

For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you  
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.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190  
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  
Endured all weathers.

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

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the  
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 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?

*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,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That "once," I see by your good father's  
speed, 210

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 owed no more to time  
Than I do now: with thought of such affections, 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,

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

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:

Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230

I am a 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.*]

SCENE II — *Before LEONTES' palace*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman*

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

*First 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 chamber;  
only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he  
found the child.

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

*First Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the 10  
business; but the changes I perceived in the king  
and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they



seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the ex- 20 tremity of the one, it must needs be.

*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, 30 that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

*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's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the

affection of nobleness which nature shows above 40  
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?

*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 50  
was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with  
countenance of such distraction 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 forgiveness; 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 60  
many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another  
encounter, which lames report to follow it and  
undoes description to do it.

*Sec. Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus,  
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 70  
him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina  
knows.

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

*Third Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined 80 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.

*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 90 water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 100

*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 Ro-

mano, 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: 110 thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*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?

*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 120 to our knowledge. Let's along. [*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, over-fond 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 't is all one to me; for 130 had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown*

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



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

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentle-<sup>140</sup>man born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

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

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

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born<sup>150</sup> 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.

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

*Clo.* Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all<sup>160</sup> the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

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

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

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

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.<sup>170</sup>



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

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*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 180 wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

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

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

SCENE III — *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

That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir,

I did not well I meant well. All my services

You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,  
With your crown'd brother and these your con-  
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.*

O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: but we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.*

As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well. 20

*[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers  
Hermione standing like a statue.]*

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*Leon.*

Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.*

O, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence; 30  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her  
As she lived now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,  
 So much to my good comfort, as it is  
 Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
 Even with such life of majesty, warm life,  
 As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!  
 I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me  
 For being more stone than it? O royal piece  
 There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
 My evils conjured to remembrance and  
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
 Standing like stone with thee.

40

*Per.* And give me leave,  
 And do not say 't is superstition, that  
 I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
 Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

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

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
 So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
 Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

50

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
 Let him that was the cause of this have power  
 To take off so much grief from you as he  
 Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
 If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
 Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone is  
 mine —

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

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

May think anon it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —

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

Would you not deem it breathed? and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,  
As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain:

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina, 70

Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but

I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,

For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear: 80

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
 You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
 With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.*

So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.*

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
 For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
 I'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
 And take you by the hand: but then you'll think —  
 Which I protest against — I am assisted  
 By wicked powers.

90

*Leon.*

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak,  
 I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
 To make her speak as move.

*Paul.*

It is required

You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
 On: those that think it is unlawful business  
 I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.*

Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.*

Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*

'T is 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:

100

[*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?

*Leon.* O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art  
 Lawful as eating.

110

*Pol.* She embraces him.

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

*Pol.* Ay, and make 't manifest where she has  
 lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

*Paul.* 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; 120  
 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 preserved? where lived?  
 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 preserved  
 Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
 Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation. Go together,

130



# NOTES

## ABBREVIATIONS

Abbott . . . . .	Abbott's <i>Shakespearian Grammar</i> , 3d edition.
F 1 or F . . . . .	First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays.
F 2 . . . . .	Second Folio (1632).
F 3 . . . . .	Third Folio (1663 and 1664).
F 4 . . . . .	Fourth Folio (1685).
New Eng. Dict. . . . .	<i>A New English Dictionary</i> , ed. Murray.

For the meaning of words not given in these notes, the student is referred to the Glossary at the end of the volume.

The numbering of the lines corresponds to that of the Globe Edition: this applies also to the scenes in prose.

*Dramatis Personæ.* This is given imperfectly in Ff and was first compiled fully by Rowe.

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## ACT I—SCENE 1

The play opens with the note of happy anticipation and expectancy, there is joy in Bohemia and Sicilia and the consummation of joy is looked for in the promise of the young prince. But this vision is to be cruelly destroyed.

*Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.* F 1 has simply *Scena prima*. Rowe has *A Palace*; Theobald and following editors have *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace*.

7. *Bohemia*, the King of Bohemia. Cf. 21, Sicilia = the King of Sicilia. Similarly, "England" and "France" in *King John*, "Egypt" for Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

9-10. "For whatever of our entertainment may shame us, our cordiality shall make amends." The Folios have a colon after *shame us*; with this reading, *wherein* refers to *visitation*, and the meaning is, "In this visit of yours 'though we cannot give you

equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us' (Johnson)."

26. *which*, as. See Abbott, § 278.

30. *attorneyed*. Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, etc., (Johnson), an attorney being primarily a substitute: cf. *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 100.

"I will have no attorney but myself."

33. *a vast*. A wide desolate stretch; of space, in this instance, as in *Pericles*, iii. 1. 1, "Thou God of this great vast"; of time, in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 198, "the dead vast and middle of the night."

37-50. Note the irony of these speeches when read in the light of subsequent happenings. All these early references to Mamillius make his death the more pathetic, and so increase our horror at the frenzy of Leontes which brings it about.

38. *of*. "In," in a local or even instrumental sense.

40. *note*. Knowledge: cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 85,

"that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him."

43. *physics the subject*. Affords a cordial to the state (Johnson). *Subject* is used collectively for the subjects: cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 72,

"Why this same stout and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land."

## SCENE 2

This scene introduces the chief characters to us, and gives the plot its starting point: we see Leontes gradually submerged in jealousy, and gradually but swiftly work himself into frenzy. He plots against Polixenes' life, but Polixenes is informed by Camillo, whom the king had chosen as poisoner of his friend; so they flee together. Shakespeare intensifies the bitterness and gloom by alternating with it glimpses and recollections of the happiness and joy which is being thus rudely disturbed.

*A room of state in the same*. Capell supplies this headline, the Folios reading only *Scæna Secunda*: his reading is followed by subsequent editors.

1. *Nine changes*, etc. Nine months have elapsed since . . . etc. *the watery star*, i.e. the moon; cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 118, where the moon is referred to as the "moist star."

*hath*. Either singular by attraction after "star": or possibly

a 3d person plural in —*th*. F 1 has an instance of the latter in the present play, i. 1. 30, but Ff 3, 4 read *have*, and Abbott (§ 334) gives only one clear instance of such plural—*The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 33, “where men enforced doth speak anything.”

2. *Note*. Observation, reckoning: “reckoning” is perhaps better, as it gives point to the mention of the shepherd by alluding to his and the countryman’s way of marking time.

6-8. Cf. *Henry V*. Chorus 15-18:

“O pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million:  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.”

8. *moe*, *i. e.* more. “Moe” is really the neuter form, “more” being masculine and feminine. But Shakespeare often uses “moe” as the plural, “more” as the singular: Cf. “enow” and “enough.”

12-14. *that may blow*, etc. This is generally taken as a wish. But the expression may be elliptical, and as “fears” that a thing may happen necessarily, involve “hopes” that it may not, the full expression would be, “I am questioned by my fears as to what may happen and only hope that no sneaping winds, etc.” (Deighton.) The *this* in l. 14 then refers to the one particular fear expressed by the phrase “that may blow,” etc.: Polixenes hopes that he will not have to say that this fear is too well justified, “put forth too truly.”

16. *put us to 't*: force us to do our utmost, drive us to extremities.

19. *I'll no*, etc., *i. e.* I will have no, etc.

24-25. *which to hinder . . . whip to me*. To hinder which would be a punishment to me, although you inflicted it out of love. (Furness.)

28 ff. Hermione has been silent up to now: but her very first words prevent our setting this down to weakness or ineffectual modesty, as it might have been with some women. The fact of her silence, leading to the king’s request that she should speak, serves to heighten the causelessness of his jealousy: the reason for her silence is sufficient for its fact, and moreover, assures us of the fact that we are dealing with a queen of no mean dignity and power.

33. *ward*. Posture of defence. The metaphor (of fencing) is introduced by the “charge” in l. 30.

39. *at*, *i. e.* in: cf. *Richard II*, v. 3. 51: “at London.”

40. *take*. Probably, “charm.” The *New Eng. Dict.* only gives “take” in the sense of casting an evil charm, “to strike



with disease," quoting *The Merry Wives*, iv. 4. 33, "he blasts the tree and takes the cattle," *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 2. 37, "Now, the witch take me," *Hamlet*, i. 1. 163, "then no planets strike, No fairy takes." But the word must also have been used in the sense of casting a pleasant spell, "to enthrall with delight": e.g. *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 120, "daffodils, that . . . take the winds of March with beauty." Professor Moorman quotes also Jonson, *The Memory of Shakespeare*,

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James."

To let him, to allow him to remain.

41. *gest*, the time allotted for a halt. This is the interpretation of the *New Eng. Dict.*, which marks such use as peculiar to Shakespeare. The usual form of the word is "gist," now obsolete, meaning "a stopping place," like the French *gîte*, a lodging. The transference of the idea of an "appointed place" to that of an "appointed time" is not difficult to conceive.

42. *good deed*. In deed, in reality.

43. *jar*. Tick: cf. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, canto iv. stanza 107, "He hears no waking-clocke, nor watch to jarre."

43-44. The expression is doubly elliptical: it would read in full, "I love thee not one jar of the clock behind that love with which whatever lady she loves her lord." The first ellipsis would give, "I love thee not one jar o' the clock behind what whatever lady she her lord": and the second, after cutting down "whatever" to "what" (cf. Abbott, § 255, and *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 72, "Beyond all limit of what else i' the world.") and then squeezing the two "whats" so obtained, into one, gives "I love thee not one jar o' the clock behind what lady she her lord."

"She" is used as a noun as often in Shakespeare, meaning "woman." Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 259, "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive." "Lady" has then an attributive sense, "of rank"—the idea carried with it being probably one commonly found in literature, that a woman of rank would have a nobler conception of her honour, and hence, of the love owing to her husband than would a woman of no rank.

Collier's adoption of "should" for "she" from a note on a copy of F 1 is prosaic, but not so much so as Deighton's suggestion that the "she" is merely redundant. Moreover, there is no need to insert the hyphen "lady-she" as most editors have done since Staunton: none of the Ff have it.

52-53. Rowe made this interrogative by putting a mark of interrogation after "guest," and is commended by Furness. But there is no need to do so; none of the Ff do. And moreover the line better expresses the tone of Hermione's remark without the interrogation, though with it the meaning would be the same. She expresses a fixed determination to keep Polixenes as prisoner or as guest: that is the important point: whether as guest or as prisoner is for the moment a secondary consideration to be taken up later (l. 55). The use of the imperative "force" emphasises her resolution: the interrogative would tend to throw the emphasis on the secondary question "as a prisoner, not like a guest."

53. *pay your fees*. "An allusion to a piece of English law procedure — that, guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation." (Campbell.)

68. *changed*, *i. e.* exchanged. This is an instance of intense dramatic irony: just at this moment Leontes is exchanging not innocence, but guilt, for innocence! Observe, too, how as soon as the first step to tragedy is taken by Polixenes' surrender to Hermione, we have the alternating note of joy in the revival of remembered joy and the questionings of days of youth. Perhaps Hermione has already detected signs of moodiness in Leontes, and by her talking of youth is trying to draw him into conversation: but he remains silent.

70. This is the reading of F 1. Ff 2, 3, 4, insert "no" between "ill-doing" and "nor," and so supply the omission in F 1 of the stressed syllable in the fourth foot. But perhaps the pause can have metrical value sufficient to compensate for the omission.

73. *blood*. Passions: the passions were supposed to have origin in the blood: cf. *Hamlet*, iii, 2, 74, "whose blood and judgment are so well commingled."

74-75. *the imposition clear'd hereditary ours*. Paraphrase thus, "Had we pursued that life of innocence we should have removed even that stain of original sin which is imposed on all of us by the very fact of our birth." "Clear'd" implies the idea of the washing away of a stain, not merely the temporary suspension of the consideration of it, as Theobald interpreted — "setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might," etc.

76 ff. Note how dramatically Shakespeare uses these innocent tender memories. Taken simply, their tenderness and joy accentuate by contrast the gloom to follow: for Leontes, if he heard them, they must have been goads to press on thoughts on which he was

brooding: and still further, they serve to draw forth evidence of Hermione's gaiety and wit.

80. *Grace to boot.* "Grace to our profit," hence, Grace help us! cf. *Richard III*, v. 3, 301, "St. George to boot!"

87. *At my request*, etc. This is only intelligible as a working of jealousy if we assume that it has been simmering some little time: we imagine that during the last fifty lines Leontes has been wrapped in jealous broodings.

89. *Never?* Again the memories of happiness and joy are called up—all of them to intensify what is to follow.

101-105. These words must be spoken with a note of suppressed bitterness. Otherwise the "Too hot" immediately following is an abrupt and inconsequential change.

112. A line with two extra-metrical unstressed syllables. See Appendix B.

113. *fertile bosom.* Paraphrase "abundant generosity."

115. *paddling*, fingering fondly.

118. *The mort o' the deer.* It is probably better to interpret as Skeat does, "'Mort' just means 'death,' neither more nor less, la mort sans phrase." Though it is indubitable that the "mort" of the deer was a hunting phrase denoting the four notes blown when the deer was taken, yet the simile does not involve allusion so much to the sound of the huntsman's horn as to the last sighs of the death-stricken deer.

120. *I' fecks.* A colloquialism for "in faith." Again we note the alternation of joy and gloom, repose and tremor cordis: Leontes' last speech was the grimmest we have had so far, and so here follows a relatively stronger repose than memories of youth, viz., the actual presence of Mamillius. But the horror returns at once.

123. *neat.* This takes up the suggestion underlying "brows" (l. 119), "neat" being horned cattle.

125. *virginalling*, i.e. playing with the fingers as on the virginals. A virginal, or a pair of virginals, was a musical instrument, a square-legged spinet, much in use in the seventeenth century.

126. *calf.* This was used as a term of endearment. "To the present day among the peoples of the Highlands of Scotland, and of the Gaelic speaking population of Ireland, *laogh*, which means a calf or a fawn, is the very fondest epithet that a mother can apply to her boy-baby." (Mackay.)

128. *a rough pash and the shoots*, probably "the rough head and the horns." Leontes is coarsely and gruesomely revelling in his own imagined shame.

132. *o'er-dyed blacks*. "Black garments the texture of which is weakened by excessive dyeing. In other words, the adjective 'false' refers, not to the colour, but to the texture of the garments." (Moorman.)

137. *my collop!* As an illustration of this as a term of endearment, Professor Herford quotes the proverbial saying that "it is a dear collop that is cut out of their own flesh."

138-144. Leontes' thought here is difficult to follow. It turns on the tyranny of the emotions and dramatically enough is, in its form, the expression in brief utterances, bordering on obscurity, of one himself under their tyranny. The structure is broken by the parenthesis, "How can this be?" which dramatically serves to intensify the frenzy by keeping its immediate cause — Hermione's supposed guilt — immediately before the speaker's eye: for unlike Hamlet Leontes does not fly to tranquil regions of intellectual generalities remote from the immediate circumstances occasioning them: his imagination in this, its wildest flight, is in close and passionate contact with its supposed real basis in fact.

Leontes starts by disbelieving momentarily his suspicions: "can thy dam" be guilty? The remark, "Affection, thy intention stabs the centre," may express his own consciousness that the intensity (*intention*) of his emotions (*affection*) may overcome and is overcoming and destroying his saner thoughts and better nature (*stabs the centre*). But immediately he has given expression to his remark on the intensity of emotions, he himself is swiftly transported by their intensity: and the consciousness of its destructive power passes rapidly away step by step, so that from a first distrust in the possibility of his wife's dishonour he ultimately reaches conviction of it. "An intense emotion makes a man believe what he thought impossible, even imparts reality to dreams and gives body to nothing" (139-142): thus much the reason might grant as a general position, but at once comes the intensity of emotion when Leontes applies the general position to his own case: "if the intensity of emotion has such power when its creatures have no basis in fact, how much greater is its power when it is working on things which have a basis in fact" (142-143): even yet the consciousness of the tyranny of the emotions has not altogether passed; he yet realises that they may transport "beyond commission" (144), *i. e.* that they may give conviction beyond the warrant of fact. But now he himself is quite under their tyranny and he is pushed by them to the conviction of his wife's dishonour.

151. *its*. The more usual genitive of "it" in Shakespeare is



“*his*.” “*Its*” occurs but ten times in F 1, and generally is more emphatic than “*his*” would be. See Abbott, § 228. Cf. ll. 152 and 266 below.

154. *methoughts*. This is a common Elizabethan variant of “*methought*” by analogy with “*methinks*.”

161. *Will you take eggs for money?* A proverb, meaning “*Will you submit to take eggs instead of money?*” “*Will you suffer yourself to be cozened?*”

163. *happy man be's dole!* A proverbial expression: “*may his 'dole' or share in life be to be a happy man*” (Johnson).

171–172. *So stands . . . me*. “*Such is this child's function towards me.*”

174 ff. The bitterness and irony of Leontes in this and the next speech need no comment.

177. *Apparent, i. e.* heir apparent, next heir.

178. *Shall's.* Shall we.

183. *neb*. This word seems originally to have been used for the beak of a bird: and so its later use for the mouth or the nose may easily be understood. Here the lips, or the mouth, seems the obvious meaning.

188. *whose issue, i. e.* the issue of which. Note Leontes' imagery throughout this scene: it is coarse and brutal, often filthy.

196. *Sir Smile*. “*Possibly suggested by a smile on the face of Polixenes, whom Leontes is furtively watching.*” (Furness.)

201–202. *It is . . . predominant*. Paraphrase, “*This Vice is a sort of planet of unchastity, spreading ruin where it is in the ascendant (predominant) by making wives unfaithful.*” *Strike* is obviously here “*to blast,*” “*to destroy by malign influence*”: cf. l. 40.

214. *still came home*. “*Continually came back,*” *i. e.* failed to take hold.

217. *They're here with me already*. “*The people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture — the cuckold's emblem — with their fingers*” (Staunton).

*rounding* may be rendered “*whispering with an air of mystery,*” thus preserving the idea of mystery which was early associated with the word “*rune,*” from which the verb “*to round*” (properly “*roun,*” “*rown,*” from O. E. *rūnian*) is derived” (Moorman).

218. *so-forth*. Leontes uses this to avoid using a plain but opprobrious word.

222. *so it is, i. e.* so it happens.

224. *thy conceit is soaking*. “*Thy mind is receptive.*”



225. *common blocks*. The metaphor is drawn from the absorbent quality of wooden hat-blocks on which the crown of a hat was shaped.

226. *severals*, that is, individuals.

227. *lower messes*. Those who dine at the lower tables; hence "menials."

237. The chamber-councils allude probably not to matters of state but to particulars of Leontes' private life.

248. *play'd home*. Played to a finish: cf. *King Lear*, iii. 3. 13, "these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home."

256. *industriously*, *i. e.* by forethought and plan, deliberately.

259-261. *where I the issue . . . non-performance*. Capell's paraphrase makes the meaning quite clear: "the execution of which *by another* did cry out against his non-performance *who should have done it*: meaning, cause him to be condemned, when his 'doubted issue' proved happy."

267. Leontes becomes incoherent. He is overbrimming in his conviction, attested by all his faculties, seeing, hearing, thinking, etc. His utter blindness is seen in his denomination of the half-expected denial as "impudent." But the climax is reached when he puts the burden of the proof upon Camillo.

268. *eye-glass*. Used for the crystalline lens of the eye.

270. *For to a vision so apparent*. "For to a thing so clear to be seen."

271-2. *for cogitation . . . think*. To make this something more than an empty platitude "think" must be construed with "my wife is slippery."

281. *present*, *i. e.* instant.

284. *that*, *i. e.* Hermione's supposed sin.

286. *career*. Literally, "the gallop at full speed," and hence "the free course."

288. *horsing foot on foot*. Setting his foot on hers, hers on his.

291. *pin and web*. Cataract: cf. Florio, *A Worlde of Wordes* (1598), "Cateratta, Also a disease in the eies called a pin and a web"; and *King Lear*, iii. 4. 120, "He gives the web and pin, squints the eye."

306. *glass*, *i. e.* hour-glass.

307. *her medal*. A medal of her.

311. *thrifths*. That is, profits.

314. *bench'd*. Metaphorically, "raised to authority."

*worship*. Dignity.

317. *To give mine enemy a lasting wink*. To kill: cf. *The*

*Tempest*, ii. 1. 285, "To the perpetual wink for aye might put this ancient morsel."

318. *cordial*. Used adjectively, "restorative, comforting."

319. *rash*. Quick.

323. *So sovereignly being honourable*. Paraphrase, "being so sovereignly, so supremely honourable."

324. *that, i. e.* the crack in his dread mistress. The meaning is, "if you doubt her unfaithfulness, go rot!"

326. *To appoint myself in*, to put onto myself.

334. *fetch off*. That is, "kill." Shakespeare's language is in close touch with the living and actually spoken language of his day; yet it would not be quite accurate to say that this is a colloquialism.

337-338. *and thereby . . . tongues*. That is, "and moreover in order to silence slanderous tongues."

358. *Of thousands that had struck anointed kings*, etc. Sir William Blackstone argued from this passage that *The Winter's Tale* must have been written after the death of Elizabeth: for she had put Mary, Queen of Scots, to death, and an author who wrote a passage like this in her lifetime would have been courting disaster.

363. *break-neck*. "Ruinous course": this is another instance of Shakespeare's language pulsating with the blood of actual life.

372. *Wasting his eyes to the contrary*. "Turning his glance hastily in the opposite direction."

*falling* is here used factitively: "letting fall."

377-380. This passage may be paraphrased thus, "That must be case (*'tis thereabouts*)—you do know and dare not tell; you are intelligible to yourself obviously, for what you do know, you must know; you cannot say to yourself you dare not yourself know. Treat me with the same plainness—be intelligible to me, tell me openly and plainly that I may understand."

388. *basilisk*. This (also called a cockatrice) is a fabulous reptile hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg: it was supposed to have power to kill by its breath and look. Halliwell quotes from Holland's *Plinie*, "Yea, and (by report) if he [the basilisk] do but set his eie on a man, it is enough to take away his life."

393. *gentry*. That is, "rank."

394. *In whose success, i. e.*, by virtue of succession from whom.

397. *ignorant concealment*. Concealment by shamming ignorance.

400. *all the parts of man*. "All the duties imposed by Honour on man." (Furness.)

412. *him*. Shakespeare is using the pronoun here where we should use a noun — “the man.” “I am appointed the man to murder you.” Such a usage is common in Shakespeare: cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 259, “Lady, you are the cruel’st she alive.”

416. *vice*. Metaphorically, “to screw, as with the instrument, the vice.”

419. *Best, i. e.* Christ.

424–425. *Swear his thought over*, etc. Paraphrase, “Over-swear, bear down his thought by calling every star in heaven to witness your innocence.”

430–431. *will continue . . . body, i. e.*, will last as long as his body lasts.

431. *this, i. e.* this suspicion of me.

435. *trunk*. Figuratively, “body.”

444. *I dare not stand by*. I dare not remain here (if you seek to corroborate my information).

446. *Thereon his execution sworn*. “Whose execution thereon (*i. e.* by his conviction) has been determined.”

448. *places, i. e.* station.

456. *Profess’d*. Made professions of friendship: cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 77,

“If you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.”

458–460. Furness’s explanation of this passage seems the best. According to him, Polixenes, despite Camillo’s clear expression (414–417), has not realized the extent of Leontes’ suspicion: he imagines that Leontes only suspects his (Polixenes’) faith, not that of Hermione as well; he thinks that Leontes has a suspicion that he (Polixenes) has designs on the queen’s honor, but that they remain no more than designs at present: so happiness will be restored by his own flight; the king will believe that danger is removed, and the queen will at least have the comfort of that. This is the only interpretation which allows of our regarding Polixenes’ departure as honourable, and not a cowardly desertion of Hermione in the teeth of her infuriated husband. And moreover the text is most obviously interpreted, “May my hasty departure prove my best course, and bring what comfort it may to the gracious queen, whose name cannot but be linked with mine in the king’s thoughts, but who is not yet the fatal object of his ill-founded suspicion” — as Furness interprets it.

462. *avoid*. That is, “depart.”

## ACT II — SCENE 1

This scene opens with the note of exquisite joy and promise, but the suggestion of a sad winter's tale and of churchyards, prepares for the entry of Leontes, further infuriated by hearing of the flight of Camillo and Polixenes. And the scene passes at once to the tragic part of the plot, the juxtaposition of tragedy and idyll being typical of the Romances.

*A room in Leontes' Palace.* The Ff have simply *Scæna Prima*, and *Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.* Rowe supplied the headline: and also postponed mention of the entry of Leontes, etc., until the appropriate place—l. 32.

1. Note that the only suggestion in Greene for this scene is the one line which says that the guards came upon Bellaria at play with Garinter.

11. *Who taught' this!* This is the reading of F 1, the apostrophe indicating that a *you* is to be elided for metrical reasons. Rowe printed the *you* in full, as do most subsequent editors. But the apostrophe is sufficient.

31. *Yond crickets.* "Mamillius refers to 'yond' Ladies-in-waiting, with their tittering and chirping laughter." (Furness.)

37. *censure, i. e.* judgment, the usual meaning in Shakespeare.

37 ff. Leontes has utterly persuaded himself of the truth of his suspicions; he doubts no longer.

38. *Alack, for lesser knowledge.* "O that my knowledge were less." (Johnson).

40. *A spider steep'd.* The allusion is to the old belief that a spider was venomous provided that one knew of its presence in the poisoned food or drink: ignorance of its presence was a charm against its poison.

45. *hefts.* Heavings.

51. *pinch'd.* Galled, outwitted, tricked: the word expresses the physical torment Leontes was feeling as well as the spiritual torment.

62. *But I'd say, etc.* I need but say, etc. This remark of Hermione's reveals her open nature, and at the same time reflects some credit on Leontes, for Hermione trusts in his love for her.

64. *to the nayward, i. e.,* to denial.

69. *her without-door form.* Cf. *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 15, "All of her, that is out of door, most rich." (Walker.)



71. *brands*. Marks of disgrace: again we see how Leontes conceives of these things as physical distortions and sufferings.

72-3. *O, I am out . . . does*. "I am wrong; not calumny, but mercy herself in this case uses these brands."

79. *replenish'd*. Metaphorically (from the root idea of "full") 'perfect.'

82-3. *O thou thing . . . place*. Leontes will not call her, as she is a queen, by the name he thinks she has deserved by the crime he imputes to her.

86. *mannerly distinguishment*. Distinctions according to social etiquette.

94. *vulgars, i. e.* vulgar people.

95 ff. Hermione's first thought when she sees that Leontes is serious in his accusations is for his feelings when he finds himself wrong: and when immediately afterward she talks of the wrong done to her, it is with a suggestion of tenderness reminiscent of the way old differences were made up, merely by acknowledging their error.

102. *centre*. According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy the earth was the centre of the world. Here *centre* means "earth."

104. *afar off guilty*, guilty in some, though remote, degree. The sense of the whole line is, "He who shall speak for her, shall, merely because he speaks, be regarded as in some measure a sharer in her guilt."

115. *heard, i. e.* obeyed.

118. *fools*. The word is here used as a term of endearment: cf. *King Lear*, v. 3. 247, "And my poor fool is hanged."

121. *action*. This is used somewhat loosely in a legal sense, "indictment."

133-135. *If it prove . . . couples with her*. Herford explains as follows: "If Hermione is unfaithful, I'll turn my wife's chamber to a stall, treat her as I treat my horses and hounds, nay, run in leashes with her myself." Other editors, notably Malone, have taken the first proposition, "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," as merely expressing the same idea as the second, "I'll go in couples with her," that is, "I'll fasten her to me, since I will trust her no farther than when I feel and see her." Hanmer takes *stables* as a wrong reading for *stable-stand*, a term used in Forest Laws — *stabilis statio* — to denote a *station* or place where a deer stealer fixes his stand to watch for and kill deer. But not to go into minute details as to exact meaning, the phrase "I'll keep my stable where I lodge my wife" expresses, through imagery appro-



priate to the type of character of Antigonus, that trust in one fundamental thing on which the whole order of the universe is built, which in different image is expressed by the philosophic Elder Brother in *Comus*:

“ If this fail  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness  
And earth's base built on stubble.”

It is Antigonus' mode of expressing an utterly annihilating and destructive supposition by imagery of domestic topsy-turvydom, stables where the ladies' chamber would naturally be.

143. *land-damn*. This is the spelling of F 4. Ff 1, 2, 3 have *land-damne*. The word has caused great difficulty to commentators. Some of them regard the word as a misprint, where the — *damn* is due to the *damn'd* in the previous line having caught the printers' eye again: and so they offer many emendations: *land-damm* (Hanmer), *lamback* (Collier), *laudanum* (Farmer), *live-damn* (Walker), *half-damn* (Heath). Other commentators say that *land-damn* is an instance of Shakespeare's use of an obsolete dialect word. Huntly (*Glossary of the Cotswold Dialect*) gives, “ *Landam*, To abuse with rancour, damn through the land.” Thorncliff (*Notes and Queries*, 1875, v. iii. 464) writes: “Forty years ago an old custom was still in use in this district [Buxton]. When any slanderer was detected, or any parties discovered in adultery, it was usual to *lan-dan* them. This was done by the rustics traversing from house to house along the countryside blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles. When an audience was assembled, the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were thus *land-damned*.” Another correspondent to the same journal (7th series, xii. 160) asserts that *land-damn* was used fifty years ago in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary* also gives the words *landam*, *landan*, and the compounds *landam-lantan*, *lantan-rantan*, as obsolete words of the Gloucestershire dialect meaning “to abuse with rancour”: but C. T. Onions (*A Shakespeare Glossary*) says “that the alleged survival of the word in dialects with the sense ‘to abuse with rancour’ appears to be imperfectly authenticated.” He himself offers a conjectural meaning, “to make a hell on earth for.”

148. *false generations*, *i. e.* bastards.

151-154. Note the type of imagery Leontes uses.

153-4. *As you feel doing thus*. This alludes to some stage-action done either by Antigonus to himself or by Leontes to Antigonus, perhaps, as Hanmer says in his stage-direction, Leontes

grasps Antigonus by the arm: in either case "the instruments that feel" are the fingers.

159. *Upon this ground*, in this case.

165. *which*. Abbott (§ 249) calls this the supplementary pronoun. After quoting this passage, he adds "Here, *which* means 'as regards which,' and in this and in other places, it approximates to that vulgar idiom which is well known to readers of *Martin Chuzzlewit*."

176. *touch'd conjecture*, roused suspicion.

177-8. *That lack'd sight . . . seeing*. "That wanted nothing for proof but actual eye witness."

180. In the novel *Pandosto*, the queen suggests the appeal to the oracle. By making Leontes do it of his own initiative Shakespeare somewhat redeems the king: he accentuates his conviction and gives him some semblance of a desire to be just; he also lets us see that Leontes really loves his wife; thus better preparing the ground for the violent repulsion that follows the report of the oracle.

183. *Delphos*. The oracle was at Delphi, and this, by confusion with Delos, is conceived to be an island. But in this confusion Shakespeare is following Greene.

185. *stuff'd*. Metaphorically, "abundant, adequate."

187. Note how Leontes seeks the approbation of his courtiers. It is one of Shakespeare's ways of securing some sympathy for an apparently impossibly difficult case.

194. *free*, that is, accessible to all.

195-196. *Lest that the treachery . . . perform*. This alludes to the "plot against his life and crown" in which Leontes believed Hermione was conspiring with Polixenes and Camillo.

198. *raise*, stir up.

## SCENE 2

This scene introduces to us the impetuous Paulina, and by the revelation of her impetuosity in the action she proposes, prepares us for condoning in some slight degree the utter villainy of the king, since he is exasperated by Paulina's trumpet tongue.

*A prison*. This is the headline which Pope first gave. Capell prefers "*Outer room of a prison*." Perhaps we are to imagine Paulina as at the prison gate and Emilia inside the prison: in l. 55 Emilia asks Paulina to come something nearer, and Furness says the only explanation he can find for this sentence is that Emilia is asking Paulina to enter or come further within the prison.

7. Paulina's impetuosity was well-known, and her action in this business anticipated. Hence her entry has been expressly forbidden.

20. *passes colouring*. "Outdoes all the arts of painting." (Herford).

23. *on*. "As a result of."

44. *free*, that is, freely-offered.

49. *hammer'd of*. Was shaping (with the metaphor of forging) or kept on urging (with the more obvious metaphor of the repeated strokes of the hammer).

50. *tempt*. Perhaps in addition to meaning "to solicit" the word here has a suggestion of its derivative "attempt." Hence "venture to solicit."

57. *to pass it, i. e.* by letting it pass.

58 ff. The scene here offers scope for an element in great favour with the writers both of the Greek and the English Romances — legal argumentation and casuistry. But Shakespeare does not give us too much.

### SCENE 3.

This scene contributes to the plot the planning of the casting away of Perdita. The problem immediately before Shakespeare is to bring the monstrous inhumanity of this within the range of human possibility: and this he does by a succession of suggestions and devices the general tone of which is exemplified by the indirect and semi-pathetic appeal of the first line: the inhuman madman is beyond our sympathy, but the sleepless sufferer may extort it.

*A room in Leontes' Palace*. As usual, the Ff simply number this scene, without localising it. Pope headed it *The Palace*.

4-7. *for the harlot king . . . hook to me*. Leontes is in wild torment and passion, and his language is as befits, highly metaphorical. The meaning of the first metaphor "quite beyond my arm" is obvious. The second "out of the blank and level of my brain, plot-proof" alludes to the white centre of the target (*blank*) and to the course of the missile (*level*); Polixenes is beyond the reach of the missiles of Leontes' brain, his plots. The third, "I can hook to me," recalls the grappling irons by which an attacking vessel hooked itself to its foe.

12-17. Leontes' attribution of the cause of the illness of Mamilius to a nobleness of nature languishing for his mother's crime serves in some small measure to redeem Leontes in our esteem:

he has some conceptions of nobleness. And on the other hand, the real cause of the illness adds to the pathos of Hermione's innocence.

18. *him, i. e.* Polixenes. He cannot drive Polixenes' image from his mind, but is haunted by it and goaded to fury.

23-24. We realise the intensity of the physical torment and insane self-torture Leontes is inflicting on himself.

30. *free, i. e.* free from the crime of which Leontes in his jealousy has accused her.

41. *gossips*. This word is used in its common Elizabethan meaning, "sponsors for the baptismal ceremony." But its modern meaning was coming into use in Shakespeare's days: its genesis is given by C. T. Onions—"gossip, applied to a woman's female friends invited to be present at a birth, (hence) tattling or gossiping woman": cf. *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1. 9. "long-tongu'd gossip."

42-44. This shows us the worsen side of Leontes, his insane prejudice. Despite the fact that he continually appeals to us to be considered just, yet constitutionally he is a tyrant who deliberately refuses to hear the opposite side.

49. *commit*. The word is used here in its legal sense, "imprison."

53-55. *profess . . . dare*. The Ff read *professes* and *dares*, such usage being a not uncommon irregularity in Shakespeare. But most editors from Rowe onwards have altered the verb to the regular grammatical form.

56. *comforting*, in the legal sense, "abetting, countenancing."

57. *Than such as most seem yours*. Than those persons who most seem to be your loyal servants.

58-60. Paulina in her zest for the queen tactlessly and impetuously stresses and repeats "good" five times in three lines—just the very word the king had found exasperating before.

67. *mankind*. Masculine, fierce, bold: cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, iv. 4, "'Twas a sound knock she gave me; the mankind girl." (Theobald).

68. *intelligencing*, in a special sense, "playing the go-between, pandaring."

74. *woman-tired*, henpecked. Dyce's *Glossary* gives *tire* as a term of falconry applied to birds of prey and meaning "to pull, to tear, to seize eagerly."

*unroosted*, that is, knocked from your roost.

75. *dame Partlet*. This is the name of the hen in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*.



78. *by that forced baseness*. In obedience to a command in which words are so distorted that she is called bastard.

85-86. *slander . . . sword's*. Cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 35: "slander whose edge is sharper than the sword."

96. *the old proverb*. Staunton quotes this old proverb from Overbury's *Characters*: "the devill calls him his *white Sonne*; he is so like him, that hee is the worse for it, and hee takes after his father."

100. *trick*, in the sense of "peculiar or characteristic expression."

106. *yellow, i. e.* the colour of jealousy. In the *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 109, to avenge himself on Falstaff, Nym says — referring to Page — "I will possess him with yellowness," *i. e.* with jealousy.

108. *lozel*. Rogue. Etymologically, "one who has *lost* his own good and welfare," since the root is the same as that of the verb "to lose."

121 ff. It is remarkable how throughout the play Leontes regards his actions as prompted by justice. The fact that they are not secures him our opprobrium: but the conviction that he thinks they are drags forth something of our sympathies.

127. *What needs these hands*. This is spoken to Antigonus, who is pushing Paulina from the room.

139. *proper, i. e.* own.

145 ff. When carried away by passion Leontes will hear nothing: it was in such mood that his blackest deeds were committed. And yet, tactfully treated, he is amenable, even if grudgingly so: he bends somewhat at the appeal of his courtiers. Again it is the humanising touch of Shakespeare, bringing into view the natural reluctances and half-relentings.

160. *Lady Margery*. A contemptuous word for a woman.

162. *this*. The reference is to Antigonus. Leontes was too young to have a grey beard.

170. *fail*. This is the usual earlier form of the modern *failure*, which Shakespeare never uses.

178. *it own*. Shakespeare seldom uses *its*, though we have already had it three times in Act I of this play. The regular possessive case of *it* was *his*. But in the early seventeenth century *his* was gradually dropping out of use, and was to be replaced later by *its*; before this final replacement was usual, however, the use of intermediate forms like *it, it own, it's*, was very common. See Abbott, §§ 217, 228.

182. *strangely*, as of foreign birth (Polixenes being a foreigner).



189-190. *be prosperous . . . require.* "Enjoy more prosperity than such a deed as this entitles you to."

192-193. Once more we realise the torment of Leontes — he is haunted by the image of Polixenes, which is ever present in his thoughts and his dreams — "*another's issue.*"

198. *beyond account.* "Beyond any of which we have account, unprecedented" (Furness).

### ACT III—SCENE 1

This scene is introduced for dramatic relief, a breath of "air most sweet" to relieve the murky atmosphere we have been breathing and are still to breathe. Moreover its reference to the gravity and reverence of the priests lends a dignity and a conviction to the oracle and its revelation as something "ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly." It gives just the proper atmosphere for what is to follow — the justification of Hermione. Perhaps the suggestion for the scene is contained in Greene's remark that the embassy to the oracle "despatched their affairs with speed" because they were "desirous to see the situation and custom of the island."

*A Seaport in Sicilia.* In conformity with their usual practice, the Ff do not denote the locality of this scene. The Cambridge Editors gave the headline, "*A Seaport in Sicilia.*" But Köppel (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, ix. 289) rejects this; following a note of Theobald's, he conceives of Cleomenes and Dion as being on the journey from the sea-coast to the Court. In the last act (ii. 3. 193-196) we heard that Cleomenes and Dion are landed and are hastening to the Court: in this scene (21) Dion calls for *fresh horses*, to enable them to hasten over the last stage of their journey. Halliwell, on the other hand, thinks that Cleomenes and Dion have not yet left Greece; and Furness says that a strong argument for this is that in the very first line of Cleomenes' speech he says, "The climate's delicate," not "The climate *was* delicate." This, however, does not appear to prove anything: Cleomenes is stating a general proposition which holds good independently of time.

2. *the isle.* See Note to ii. 1. 183.

14. *The time is worth the use on 't.* The time has been well spent. Singer illustrates this saying by quoting from Florio's *Montaigne*, "The time we live is worth the money we pay for it."

17. *carriage, i. e. carrying-out, execution:* cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 141, "The . . . whole carriage of this action."

19. *divine.* The priest who officiated at the oracle.

## SCENE 2

Trial scenes were greatly favoured by the Romance writers, since they offered great scope for rhetoric and casuistry. But Shakespeare, whilst enhancing the dramaturgic value of the scene, adds to its dramatic value by limiting the oratory and using it as the implement of the revelation of character. He makes it move swiftly and by the striking incidents of the vindication of Hermione by the oracle, the news of her son's death, and her own apparent death, he gives place for the rapid conversion of Leontes.

*A Court of Justice.* To the merely numerical headline of the Ff. Theobald added the note, *Scene represents a Court of Justice.*

4-5. Leontes is haunted by the fear of being considered tyrannous: and this surely is one touch of nature which secures for him some little of our regard.

10. *Silence.* F1 prints this in italics as if it were a stage direction: Ff 2, 3, 4 attach it to *Enter Hermione*. Rowe first incorporated it within the text.

18. *pretence*, in the sense of "purpose, intention": cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 138, "and thence against the undivulged pretence I fight off treasonous malice."

29. *But thus.* "But as I have to speak, this is what I say." (Deighton). Unlike Bellaria in *Pandosto*, Hermione is not eager to defend herself in public examination.

36. *which, i. e.* my unhappiness.

43-44. *For life . . . spare.* "'Life' is to me now only 'grief,' and as such only is considered by me: I would therefore willingly dismiss it." (Johnson.)

50-51. *With what . . . thus.* By what objectionable (*uncurrent*) manner of behaviour (*encounter*) have I so exceeded propriety (*strain'd*), that I must be thus arraigned.

55 ff. Notice how Leontes appeals to proverbial generalities and common beliefs. This is not only an indication of his character: it has a peculiar dramatic value in that the truisms add a semblance of truth to his side of the case, indeed they might almost be regarded as vindications by appeal to mob-law and the opinions of the groundlings. It is another of Shakespeare's ways of securing a modicum of dramatic sympathy for his villains.

56-57. *wanted less.* This, a common Elizabethan construction, is an implicit double negative, which, however, in their usage

is not an affirmative. Modern usage would demand “*wanted* (*i. e.* lacked) *more*.”

60-62. Leontes had accused Hermione of “bolder vices.” She admits failings which come to her in the name of faults, but nothing so enormous as adultery. The passage may be interpreted, “I must not at all acknowledge faults more than I am really possessed of (*mistress of*).”

82. *in the level of*. Most commentators, following Johnson, explain this as “a metaphor from archery,” “to be within the reach of,” and hence “at the mercy of.” But Furness would regard *in* as *on*, and would interpret “My life—the actions you impute to me—and your dreams are on a level.” He regards this meaning as being confirmed by the intense scorn with which Leontes repeats almost her very words—“your actions are my *dreams!* I *dream’d* you had a bastard!”

86. *fact*. In a common Elizabethan sense of the word, “crime.”

87. *Which to deny concerns more than avails*. “The denial of it is more a matter of trouble than of help, since your conviction is determined.” And Leontes, with such arrant prejudices, strives to obtain our approbation for his justice!

88. *like to itself*, “like a fatherless brat such as it is, ought to be.”

94. *commodity, i. e.* thing of pleasure (because convenient or fitting).

100. *Starr’d*. By obvious metaphor, “fated.”

101. *it*. See note to ii. 3, 178.

102. *post*. This refers to the public boards and posts on which notices, proclamations, etc., were affixed.

103. *immodest*. This is used in the sense of “immoderate,” hence “excessive.”

107. *strength of limit*. That is, normal strength, the acquirement of which demands a prescribed period of rest after confinement. Shakespeare uses *limit* several times in the sense of a prescribed period: cf. *Richard III*, iii. 3. 7, “The limit of your lives is out.”

110. *no life*. This seemed unintelligible to the earlier commentators, who proposed many emendations. Thus Hanmer “no! life,” Collier “No: life.” But with Furness’s note, these are seen to be unnecessary. “With line 109, Hermione ends her defence by commanding the trial to proceed. Then the thought of a sullied name flashes upon her, and that she has not with sufficient emphasis contended for the preservation of her honour: she hastily

resumes, but fearing lest the King should misinterpret and suppose that it is to plead for life and not for what was, for her boy's sake, infinitely dearer to her, she exclaims 'Mistake me not! No life! Give me not that! I prize it not a straw!'"

115. *'T is rigour and not law.* This phrase is borrowed *verbatim* from *Pandosto*. Indeed, Shakespeare's version of the trial scene is very similar in thought and, at places, in expression to the parallel scene in *Pandosto*.

120. *The Emperor of Russia was my father.* In Greene, the Emperor of Russia is father to the wife of Egistus (=Polixenes) and not to Bellaria (=Hermione). But the mention of her father by Hermione at this point is a fine touch of Shakespeare's art, giving a sense of majesty and pathos. The "eyes of pity" add to the gentleness of Hermione, the mere suggestion, though a negative one, of revenge adds to the awful impressiveness of the scene.

123. *flatness.* Professor Moorman renders this justly "abjectness."

136. *the king shall live, etc.* Only in the 1588 edition of *Pandosto* do we read "the King shall live without an heire": in later editions the phrase runs "the king shall die without an heire." Presumably then, Shakespeare used the 1588 edition.

139, 141 ff. From these words we realise the intensity of Leontes' conviction of his wife's guilt: he defies the oracle on the strength of it.

145. *by mere conceit.* By the mere imagination of the queen's fate.

146. *speed.* Here used in the common Elizabethan sense, "fortune, hap."

169. The word *certain* may have dropped out before *hazard* in this line. Only with the substitution of a two-syllabled word is the line metrically complete.

171. *No richer than his honour.* That is, "with no riches but his honour."

187. *of a fool, i. e.* in thy capacity of fool.

188. *damnable.* The more regular form would be the adverbial *damnably*.

210. *stir.* In the sense of "shift, remove."

213. *still, i. e.* continuously, ever.

225. *At my petition.* This refers to l. 209-210 "therefore be-take thee to nothing but despair!"

241. *recreation.* Leontes means "the means of bringing me back to life and sanity!"



## SCENE 3

This scene marks the end of the first part of the story, and appropriately opens with grim-looking skies. But it assures us of the ultimate rule of good, for the heavens frown on those who are but the instruments of evil and dole to them their deserts. Yet even these heavy matters are presented to us from a fresh and a jovial standpoint: we hear of them out of the mouth of a simple shepherd and his more simple son, the Clown. We know that it is a lucky day and that good deeds and joy are to come from it.

*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.* To the mere *Scæna Tertia* of the Ff Rowe added *A desert Country: the Sea at a little distance*, and Pope heads this scene *Scene changes to Bohemia*.

*Enter Antigonus.* By creating Antigonus, Shakespeare is enabled to make Perdita's coming to Bohemia a thing designed and not merely fortuitous as it is in Greene. See Introduction, 2.

2. *The deserts of Bohemia.* In *Pandosto*, Greene speaks of the "sea-coast of Bohemia": and like him, Shakespeare extends his Bohemia up to the sea, whereas the historical and authentic Bohemia has no coast. But the Bohemia of *The Winter's Tale* is Shakespeare's Romantic Bohemia which can have as much sea-coast as he chooses to give it. In the same way, his Rome, his Padua, and his Milan are all sea-ports.

21. *vessel.* The metaphor by which this word stands for "creature, person" is apparent from the *fill'd* of the next line.

22. *and so becoming.* It seems best to interpret this as "and one to whom sorrow was so becoming": and with this interpretation we must regard *becoming* as having no definite connection with *fill'd*. Many commentators have thought that the *becoming* is a compositor's error for some word which is connected in sense and metaphor with the word *fill'd*. Collier suggested *o'er-running*, Daniel, *o'er-brimming*. Professor Moorman suggests *beteeming*, "to beteem" meaning "to pour all about": he illustrates by quoting T. Adams' *Gener. Serp.* (1618), "These beteem their poison to the overthrow of all," and also *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 131.

"Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes."

But there does not seem sufficient reason for altering the text of the Ff: *becoming* is perfectly appropriate, expressing the seemli-



ness of the whole of the visionary Hermione's appearance. And, moreover, after first giving this general or summary description, Antigonus then naturally proceeds to enumerate particular details of Hermione's appearance and actions, specifying as one of them the fact that "her eyes became two spouts."

47. *thy character, i. e.* the written description (by which Perdita was afterwards identified).

47. *these.* This refers to the gold, ornaments, and clothes which were left with Perdita.

48. *breed thee.* Supply the cost of thy rearing.

49. *And still rest thine.* Probably this means "and yet not be all spent," *i. e.* if fortune please, the gold, etc., may be sufficient for Perdita's upbringing, and to spare.

51. *to loss, i. e.* of parents and home, as well as to death.

56. *A savage clamour.* Antigonus hears the hounds and the bear, and so has a reason in addition to the coming of the storm for hastening aboard.

58. *Exit, pursued by a bear.* Antigonus is not disposed of altogether in "the most unprincipled and reckless fashion," Sir Walter Raleigh would have us believe. We must admit that the main reason for thus killing him is the fact that he had fulfilled the dramatic function for which he was created, and so was of no further use to Shakespeare. But that is not the full tale. Antigonus's death has some symbolical propriety, since he believed Hermione to be guilty (44-46), and we are reminded (34-36) that he suffers for his share in the "ungentle business." Dramatically his death was necessary. By it, we know on whose side the gods are; and it prevents the improbability of Paulina's preservation of Hermione unknown to her husband and the court by making her a widow and offering her appropriate seclusion.

*Enter a Shepherd.* With this entry the atmosphere is cleared at once: the humour and the simple rusticity give us a foretaste of what is to come.

63. *browsing of ivy.* Like Greene, Shakespeare gives the shepherd a purpose in being on the shore.

70. *barne.* The word for "child" is now only preserved in dialects, as the Scottish "bairn" and the North of England "barn."

70. *child.* A writer in *Notes and Queries* (April 22, 1876) says that this use of the word *child* for a "girl" still obtained in Shropshire: "is it a lad or a child"? But probably this sense of the word was becoming obsolete in Shakespeare's day: for as Professor Moorman points out, although the *New Eng. Dict.* asserts

that Shakespeare never uses the phrase *my child* when the reference is to a son, but frequently when it is to a daughter, yet in this very play Mamillius is called by Camillo "a gallant child." It looks as if Shakespeare was deliberately making the language of his Shepherd old-fashioned.

96. *land-service*. Strictly speaking, this is a military term expressing service on land as opposed to that on the sea. It is the clown's humorous way of describing what has happened on land just after he has told what has happened at sea.

100. *flap-dragoned*, *i. e.* swallowed as one swallows a flap-dragon, that is, at one gulp. According to Johnson a flap-dragon is a "small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor": apparently the sport consists in swallowing this at one gulp. In the Christmas game of "snap-dragon" a raisin is snapped from a glass of burning brandy. The two amusements seem to be varieties of one. At all events, the Clown's allusion is apt, and his meaning clear. Incidentally his fondness for these prandial metaphors is worthy of note.

119. *bearing-cloth*. This is the garment which a child wore at the baptismal ceremony.

124. *made*. The Ff all read "mad." *Made* is Theobald's emendation, convincing both by its sense and by reference to *Pandosto*—"the good old man desired his wife to be quiet; if she would hold her peace, they were made forever"—for that Shakespeare had this passage in mind is clear by l. 123, "and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy."

125. *well to live*. This is analogous to our phrase "well to do," well off.

130. *still*, *i. e.* always.

135. *curst*. Savage: cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 25, "God sends a curst cow short horns."

#### ACT 4 — SCENE 1

This scene is a somewhat clumsy device for drawing attention to the interval of sixteen years between the events of the first three acts and those of the last two. It could be removed without loss to the drama. Some commentators regard it as not by Shakespeare—but as an addition by some producer of the play. However, while seeing nothing in its intrinsic worth to establish it as Shakespeare's, we see nothing decisively against its authenticity. And there are two presumptions in its favour. In the first place, Shakespeare

is notoriously careless of plot-technique in matters of this kind: and in the second (as Lueders points out, *Sh. Jahrbuch*, 1870, v. p. 282) "the idea of thus introducing time [is] presumably derived from the title of Greene's novel, which is *Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time* . . . wherein is discovered that, although by means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed."

From Theobald onwards many editors have regarded this scene as an interlude; they begin the numbering of the scenes of Act iv with the next scene (in this edition, as in the Ff, Scene 2) which they label Scene 1.

2. *makes and unfolds*. The regular form of this, since it is first person, would be *make and unfold*: but such irregular use is common in Shakespeare. Time may be said to *make* error in the sense that it causes misunderstandings, which misunderstandings are in their turn, removed by Time, and thus error is *unfolded*.

6. *leave the growth untried*. "Inquire not what has grown in the interval" (Herford).

8. *self-born*. There is no point in reading any more into this than "*one and the self-same*." The *self-born* simply cuts off that hour from other hours by accentuating its completeness: "in one disconnected hour," "in one hour and no more," or "in one and the self-same hour." Professor Herford explains "self-born" as "self-begotten, *i. e.* the issue of Time." This interpretation adds to the idea of Time's autocratic quality, his imperious power to "o'erthrow law," by insisting on his power to beget himself in succession solely by himself. But the former interpretation seems better. It throws emphasis on the absoluteness of Time's authority "to plant and o'er-throw" indiscriminately *in the same moment*. The force of Time's plea that his passing over sixteen years suddenly shall not be imputed to him as a crime is this very fact: he pleads that he has the power to overthrow his own law by sudden revolution.

9-10. *Let me pass . . . receiv'd*. "Let me pass rapidly over years now with that same authority to overthrow law which I had in the past and have yet." The particular law he will overthrow is that of the regular succession of time in equal periods: he will break down the interval of the progress of past to present, and present to future. Time's words, with their use of *am* for *was* (10), are an outward sign that the distinction of past and present is broken down by him. In the same way *witness* (11) is used in the present tense instead of in the past. Capell recognised that it re-

ferred to past time, and so substituted *witness'd*: and Furness remarks that Capell's suggestion is extremely plausible, since "the *d* was present to the ear of the compositor in the *t* of *to*." But it seems to us, that as in l. 10, so here again by a somewhat fanciful device the present tense is used as an apparent sign that the distinction between past and present is broken down by Time himself.

15. *seems, sc.* seems stale.

24-25. *now grown in grace Equal with wondering, i. e.* "who has acquired grace equal to the admiring amazement it excites."

27-28. *daughter . . . after.* In *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 244-5, we have the same rime. Was *daughter* pronounced "dafter," or *after* "auter"? In *King Lear*, i. 4. 312, etc., *daughter* rimes with *caught her* and *slaughter*: and in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, *here-after* rimes with *water*. But on the other hand *daughter* in some modern dialects is pronounced "dafter," and Professor Moorman points out that in Isaac Walton's will (1683) the actual spelling is *dafter* and *granddafter*.

## SCENE 2

The second part of the plot is joined to the first by presenting us first, not with new characters, but with those we knew in the past, Polixenes and Camillo. And we are made to know at once that the mellowing of years has brought the desire for home ties, and has produced a penitence which bodes well for the ultimate reunion of broken bonds.

*Bohemia. The Palace of Polixenes.* See note on the numbering of the preceding scene. Theobald headed this scene, *Act iv. Sc. 1. The Court of Bohemia*; and Capell, *A Room in Polixenes' Palace*.

5. *been aired abroad, i. e.* lived abroad.

8. *feeling.* Heart-felt.

22. *the heaping friendships.* The heaping up of offices of friendship.

27. *are.* "*Loss*" is the grammatical subject, but the verb agrees irregularly with "*queen and children.*"

31. *approved.* Given proof of.

40-41. *I have eyes . . . removedness.* Servants of mine are spying on him in his retreats.

52. *angle.* Metaphorically, attraction, bait.



## SCENE 3

In the last scene we noted a change from the murky atmosphere of tempestuous raving to the sweeter breath of memory and realised goodness. Now the change is still more apparent. The scene opens with a song which brings at once the joyful air of spring and the freshness and irresponsibility of rustic life: whilst the song at the end of the scene is a fit prelude to the incoming of Perdita immediately after.

*A road near the Shepherd's Cottage.* This is Malone's headline. The Ff. have nothing but the number; Pope suggested *The Country*, and Capell, *Fields near the Shepherd's*.

1. *peer*, *i. e.* appear.

2. *doxy*. A cant term for a loose woman; cf. Cotgrave "Gueuse: f. A woman beggar, a she rogue, a great lazie and louzie queene; a Doxie or Mort."

4. *pale*. This may be taken in two senses. Either (1) pallor, as in *Venus and Adonis* 589, "a sudden pale . . . Usurps her cheeks." In this sense we may interpret the line, "In spring the red blood vanquishes the pallor of winter." Or (2) enclosure, fenced area, for which sense, cf. *Henry V.* Chorus, 9, 10, "Behold, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys." In this sense the line would mean "In spring the red blood rules where winter formerly ruled."

7. *pugging-tooth*. Perhaps this is a variant of *pug-tooth*, meaning "eye-tooth." But, like sweet-tooth, it acquires a derived sense: *pugging* seems to have come to mean "thievish": cf. the word *puggards*, for "thieves," in Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, v. 1.

11. *aunts*. This is another cant term for light women.

14. *three-pile*, *i. e.* three-pile velvet—velvet with a specially fine finish.

23-4. *When the kite . . . linen.* "When the kite is collecting material for its nest, keep an eye on your lesser linen articles: when I am about 'to feather my nest,' keep your eye on your sheets." In *The Ornithology of Shakespeare*, Harting tells of a kite's nest he found in Huntingdonshire, which was lined "with small pieces of linen, part of a saddle-girth, a bit of a harvest glove, part of a straw-bonnet, pieces of paper and a worsted garter."

24. *Autolykus*. In Greek myth, he is the son of Hermes (or Mercury), and like his father is renowned as a skilful thief.



27. *die and drab*. Dice and loose women. He means "with gaming and women I came to these rags."

28. *silly cheat*. Either Autolycus is referring to the act of cheating, in which case *silly cheat* is another phrase for the snapping up of unconsidered trifles: or by *silly cheat* he refers to the fools who are cheated and defrauded of trifles.

28-30. *Gallows . . . terrors to me*. "A highwayman's life is too much in danger of the gallows or at least is too certain to involve hard blows in encounters for me to undertake it."

33. *tods*. This is of course a verb, meaning "produces a tod." A tod is twenty-eight pounds weight of wool. Stafford's *Briefe Concepte of English Policy* (1581) tells us that a tod of wool was worth from twenty to twenty-two shillings, or in the Clown's words, "pound and odd shilling."

36. *cock*, *i. e.* a woodcock: and hence the obvious metaphorical sense, "one easily caught," "a fool."

38. *counters*. He refers to imitation coins used to assist in reckoning.

41. *what will this sister of mine do with rice?* This sly question after the mention of rice may have been suggested by the Clown's recalling the practice of throwing rice at married couples as they come out of church after the wedding ceremony: for, of course, he had seen much of Florizel lately.

44. *three-man song-men all*, *i. e.* all able to sing catches and rounds. The word *three-man* seems to be a corruption of "free-man," caused by the fact that catches were most commonly in three parts, trios: cf. Hooker's *Life of Carew* (1575), "The King would very often use him to sing with him certain songs then called fre-men songs, as namely 'By the bank as I lay.'"

46. *means*. The Elizabethan word for tenors.

47. *sings psalms to hornpipes*. Sings psalms to lively tunes suitable for a merry dance like the hornpipe. Douce says that Puritans did this sort of thing to burlesque the *plain chant* of the Catholics.

49. *that's out of my note*. That doesn't come among the things I have to note and procure.

52. *raisins o' the sun*. Sun-dried (as opposed to artificially dried) raisins.

54. *me* — . This is probably an incompleted *mercy*: or perhaps, as Herford explains, the full phrase is complete, being "a vulgar oath of the type of 'Body o' me.'"

92. *troll-my-dames*. This is a game in which balls were

“trolled” (*i. e.* rolled) through arches fixed on a board. The word is a corruption of the French “trou-madame.”

99. *abide*. We may take this in the sense of “barely and with difficulty remain” (Staunton). But it seems better to regard it as an instance of a habit Shakespeare is fond of attributing to his clowns, namely, a use of words they do not understand with the consequence of the production of nonsense: Dogberry is always doing it, and in this play the Clown talks of very pleasant ballads sung lamentably, much as Quince talks of “very tragical mirth.”

101. *ape-bearer*. One who goes round the country with monkeys for show.

103. *compassed a motion of the Prodigal son*, *i. e.* acquired a puppet-show in which the Prodigal Son was performed. These puppet shows depicting biblical scenes were the last survivals of the old Miracle Plays, and must have been common in Shakespeare’s day: cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 1. 104, “O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet.”

109. Bear-baiting was one of the brutal sports of Elizabethan and later England. Dryden thus satirises his countrymen:

“Bold Britons at a brave Bear-Garden fray  
Are roused: and, clattering sticks, cry — Play, play, play!  
Meantime your filthy foreigner will stare  
And mutters to himself ‘*Ha! gent barbare!*’  
And, gad, ’t is well he mutters; well for him;  
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.”

Epilogue to *Aureng-Zebe*.

130. *unrolled*, *i. e.* struck off the rolls of his “profession,” that of thieves, wanderers, and beggars.

132. *Jog on, jog on*, etc. Both the tune and the words of this song were very popular. The song is an old folk-song which is found reprinted with two additional stanzas in a collection of songs called *An Antidote against Melancholy* (1661). The tune, or at least a tune with this title, is found in the 1650 edition of *The Dancing Master* as well as in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707).

#### SCENE 4

This long scene is of the very stuff of Romance; it includes almost every element the Romancers loved, and with a predominant idyllic tone, yet contrives to be packed with many varied appeals: there is the purely idyllic, there is philosophy, there is

humour, there is dancing and feasting and merrymaking, there is love-making, and there is the sterner note of possible tragedy. Nowhere is the essential romance quality of jostling tragedy and idyll so apparent as in the highly dramatic culmination, "Mark our contract."—"Mark your divorce, young sir." But the whole scene is stamped with the most exquisite beauty: for by reason of the dramatic economy and the greater consideration for the main plot, Shakespeare is constrained to put into it almost the whole of the Perdita-Florizel plot; and this is nothing but beauty and charm.

*The Shepherd's Cottage.* To the Ff's numbering of this scene, *Scena Quarta*, Theobald added *The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cotte*; Hanmer, *The old Shepherd's House*; and Capell, *A Room in the Shepherd's House*.

6. *extremes.* Perdita has in mind the "extravagancies" both of Florizel's praise of her and of his actions in disguising himself as a shepherd.

8. *mark o' the land.* "The object of the nation's pride and hope" (Clarke).

11. *mess, i. e. dish.* The whole sentence is to be taken not only literally (in reference to the *eating* part of the feast), but also metaphorically (in reference to the antics and mummeries connected with it).

12. *with a custom.* From habit.

13-14. *sworn, . . . glass.* Probably *sworn* refers to Florizel, who, says Perdita, by the fact of his being dressed as a *swain*, seems as though sworn to show her herself in a glass, to show her as she really is, a shepherd's girl: and still further, by his taking the dress of a person *beneath* himself, to point out by contrast her apparent pride in being goddess-like pranked up. The commentators find it difficult to see how "sworn" is appropriate. But the whole point of Perdita's speech is that she is imagining for the moment that Florizel's action is *deliberately* to show herself a glass: (of course she does not suggest that it is so at all, but it is part of the grace in her, her consciousness of the falseness of her own appearance, that she feels that it would be fitting for him, a bounden duty, to do so consciously) and so *sworn*, suggesting deliberate prearranged action and recognition of bounden duty, is truly appropriate. Those editors who do not find it appropriate have suggested various emendations: Hanmer, Capell, and Dyce read "swoon"; Collier, "so worn"; Mitford, "scorn." Theobald suggested an alteration of the whole passage to "swoon, I think, to see myself i' the glass." But no alteration is necessary;

and moreover, to make Perdita talk of possible "swooning," either actual or metaphorical, is radically to profane her character.

17. *difference*, *sc.* of rank.

18-24. How exquisitely she seems to assume all blame on herself, as if she, and only she, were in an unjustifiable position, and not at all the king with all the sternness of his presence.

22. *bound up*. The metaphor is from book-binding, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3. 87: "This precious book of love, this unbound lover."

33. *Nor in a way so chaste*. Nor with so chaste a purpose.

40. *Or I my life*. Most editors interpret this, "or I must change my life for death." Furness objects to this interpretation: "I doubt that her despondency went quite so far." He thinks she merely means that her present mode of life, "queening it" in courtship with a prince, will be changed to one of drudgery and weeping. But it is not so much despondency which she expresses if she says that death to her will be the result of the prince's maintaining his resolution when opposed by the power of the king: it is rather clear vision attested by later happenings, for when the king actually realised Florizel's opposition and resolution he did threaten death to Perdita (iv. 4. 435-440). And moreover the grace of Perdita is enhanced when we regard her — not as bemoaning her own sufferings to Florizel — but as merely stating a fact, namely, that he will be deprived of her and so will be caused pain. It is part of her charm that she is thinking solely of Florizel's feelings, and yet thinking of them with a clearness equal to her tenderness.

41. *forc'd*, *i. e.* far-fetched.

65. *unknown friends to 's*, friends unknown to us. See Abbott, § 419 *a*, on the transposition of adjectival phrases.

76. *remembrance*. Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 180.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.

There's rue for you; we may call it Herb of Grace."

82. *gillyvors*. This flower is the clove-scented pink. The modern form "gillyflower" is an example of "popular etymology"; *gillyvor* is derived from Low Latin *caryophyllum*, which in French became *girofle*, and in Middle English *gilofre* by metathesis.

83. *bastards*. Their name is appropriate because they are not a pure birth of nature, but an artificial production of the crossing of different species.

87-8. *There is an art . . . nature*. Perdita is alluding to the



artificial means by which man produces hybrid plants such as "streaked gillyvors."

104. *Hot*. This is generally explained as "aromatic," but without clear reason. It seems more probable to interpret *hot* as "ardent," *i. e.* lavender suitable for an ardent lover. Furness quotes an Elizabethan song to show that lavender was regarded as a suitable token for an ardent lover. Still, it is difficult to see how the apparently justifiable *ardent* lavender is suitable as a gift to Camillo and Polixenes or to their followers, all "men of middle age."

105. *The marigold . . . sun*. The adjectival phrase has caused many commentators to think that Shakespeare had the sunflower in mind. But the phrase holds true also of the flower still ordinarily called the marigold.

116. *Proserpina*. Shakespeare is thinking of the legend of Proserpina as told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, book v. 398, etc. Ovid was a great favourite with Shakespeare, who read him in Golding's translation, as well perhaps as in the original. Golding's translation of that part of the legend which Shakespeare has in mind here, runs,

"While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking her pastime,  
In gathering eyther Violets blew, or Lillies white as Lime,  
Dis spide her : loude hir : caught her up . . .  
The Ladie with a wailing voyce afright did often call . . .  
And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,  
By chance she let hir lap slip downe, and out her flowers went."

118. *Dis's waggon*. Pluto's chariot.

119. *take*. See Note, i. 2. 4.

120. *dim*. Perhaps violets are called *dim* in comparison with the brightness of golden daffodils: the idea is that they are of so subdued a colour that by the side of daffodils they are hardly seen.

121. *sweeter*. This includes the twofold idea, more pleasing in appearance than the lids of Juno's eyes, and in perfume than Cytherea's breath.

123. *unmarried*. The image seems to have in it a suggestion of the sanctity and retiredness of a nunnery. The impression of the aloofness of the pale primrose from earthly things, is also expressed by Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies."

126. *The crown imperial*. This is the yellow fritillary, "which for its stately beautifulnesse deserveth the first place in this our



garden of delight, to be entreated of before all other Lillies" (Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris*).

127. *flower-de-luce*. This is some sort of iris.

133 etc. Perdita has none of the effusiveness of the general heroine of romance. This semi-apology for her rapturous confession of love adds as much dignity to her character as Hamlet's "Something too much of this" does to his.

134. *Whitsun pastorals*. Furness states that he has not found any Pastoral Play peculiar to Whitsuntide. But in *Henry V*, ii. 4. 25, we have reference to a "Whitsun morris-dance"; and we know that these dances also included mimicry if not regular acting: cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 4. 162, etc.

"for at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd  
. . . I did play a lamentable part :  
Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

In all probability most of these dance-plays, or more properly "pageants of delight," had a pastoral setting and theme, like Adam de la Halle's *Le Jeu de Robin et Marian*.

143-6. *each your doing . . . queens*. "The whole sentence may be paraphrased: 'Your way of doing everything (so peculiarly your own in every particular) crowns what you are at present doing, so that all your acts are queens.'" (Furness.)

148. *peepeth*. Ff 1, 2 read *peepes*, Ff 3, 4, *peeps*. *Peepeth* is the emendation of the *Globe* editors to obviate the metrical difficulty of the Folio readings. Capell preserves *peeps* and inserts *so* before *fairly*: Rowe inserts *forth* in the same place.

152. *skill*. The word here signifies "reason": cf. Warner, *Albion's England* (1606).

"Our Queene deceast conceald her heire,  
I wot not for what skill."

160. *look out*. This is Theobald's emendation for the Folio reading *look on 't*. The sentence may be paraphrased in the words of Perdita herself: "her blood peeps fairly through in her blushes."

163. *in good time*. This is equivalent to the French *à la bonne heure*, "that's all right," "very well," mostly with an ironical suggestion. Of course it is so used by Mopsa, who is angry, and whose anger draws on her the Clown's rebuke in the next line.

180. The Romancers made great use of theatrical devices, especially for the sake of creating an interest by dramatic suspense. Just as the proud and babbling old Shepherd is coming to the crux of his disclosure, *Enter Servant*, and the tale is thus put off.

187. *better, i. e.* at a more suitable time, more opportunely.

192. *milliner*. This trade—a haberdasher or dealer in fancy articles of dress—was a man's occupation in Elizabethan England.

195. *dildos and fadings*. *Dildo* seems to be a meaningless tag, the origin of which we do not know: it was common in the refrain of ballads. Furness adds that *dildo* had also a coarse meaning. *Fading*, like *dildo*, was also a common ballad-tag. It is described by C. T. Onions (*Shakespeare Glossary*) as "the refrain of an indelicate song." Gifford says: "This word, which was the burden of a popular Irish song, gave the name to a dance frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious kind." In a catch (*circa* 1600) "The Courtier scorns the country clowns," the last line is "With a fading, fading, fading, fading, fading, fading."

198. *break a foul gap into the matter*. Make a gap in the continuity of the song by inserting licentious patter in parenthesis.

200. "*Whoop, do me no harm*." Like "Jump her, thump her," this is the refrain of at least one popular old ballad. Capell mentions this line as the refrain of a song in Fry's *Ancient Poetry*. All the songs and ballads alluded to in this scene are licentious: the servant's description, "so without bawdry," is, of course, part, of the joke, as Perdita realised, for she knew that it was highly necessary to "forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes." Her modesty is not of the passive sort, but is effectively active.

204. *unbraided*. The *New Eng. Dict.* accepts Staunton's rendering of this word as "unspoiled, unfaded, sterling," and labels the word *braided* as obsolete in the contrary sense. Bailey's *Dictionary* (1721) has "*Braided*, faded, that hath lost its colour."

206. *points*. A play on the two meanings of the word, (1) laces with metal tags for supporting the hose, and (2) points in legal argument.

217. *You have of these pedlars*, etc. "You have some of these pedlars, etc." The *of* is used in a partitive or genitival sense as in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 37. "There be of them that will themselves laugh."

221. *Cypress*. This seems to have been a transparent fabric of

fine texture, very like crape. It was probably so called because originally such stuffs were imported from Cyprus.

222. *Gloves . . . roses.* Gloves were often perfumed: cf. *Much Ado*, [iii, 4. 62, "These gloves . . . are in excellent perfume."

224. *Bugle bracelet.* This is a bracelet made of black-glass beads. A *bugle* was a glass bead, generally black, made in the shape of a tube, so that it could be threaded onto points and laces to ornament dress: metaphorically it was used of things of a glittering blackness, as in *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 47, "bugle eyeballs."

228. *poking-sticks.* These were small rods, which, when heated, were used in stiffening or ironing the frills of ruffs.

245. *placket, i. e.* petticoat, or perhaps the slit in a petticoat. The Clown asks if manners have so far left the girls that they expose to view what ought to be covered up?

247. *kiln-hole.* This was the recess in which the fire-place and oven for the preparation of malt was built.

250. *clamour.* This is obviously a verb; its meaning is "to silence." It has no connection with the Latin *clamor*, which gives us our noun "clamour," but is from the Middle English *clom*, meaning "silence," which in its turn is probably from Old English *clom*, "a fetter."

253. *tawdoy-lace.* This was a popular sort of silk necktie "so called from St. Audrey (Etheldreda) who thought herself punished by a tumour in the throat for wearing rich necklaces." These neckties were sold especially at the fair held at Ely on St. Audrey's day, October 17.

*sweet.* See Note to l. 222.

261. *of charge, i. e.* of value.

263. *o' life.* The Ff read *a life*. But with both readings the editors interpret the phrase as a mild rustic oath, "on my life," "by my life," "as I live."

268. *carbonadoed.* Cut into pieces for broiling: cf. *King Lear*, ii. 2. 21, "draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks", and *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 199, "scotched him and notched him like a carbonado."

279. *ballad of a fish.* Autolycus and his ballads give us an insight into one aspect of provincial life in Elizabeth's days, when of course there were no regular newspapers. Striking incidents, murders, and prodigies were made the subject of ballads, and in this form were reported broadcast through the land: the ballad singer and seller was the newsagent of the time. In the *Stationer's*

*Registers, anno 1604*, we have the following entry, which Shakespeare seems to have had in his mind when telling us of the ballad of a fish: "The most true and strange report of A monstrous fishe that appeared in the forme of A woman from the wast upward Seene in the Sea."

295. *Two maids wooing a man*. There is a song with this title, but the earliest version we have of it is the one Dr. Boyce put to music and published in 1759.

316. *sad*, as usual, *serious*.

329. *meddler*. This is from the verb "meddle," meaning "to have connections with, to have a share in, to tamper with." Money is a meddler, says Autolycus, in the sense that it has a share in all men do, prompting them to all and in all their exchanging and buyings and sellings.

333. *men of hair*. Men dressed in skins, or having garments to imitate Satyrs. The servant's description of the dancers as *Saltiers* is probably his rustic blunder for *Satyrs*.

338. *bowling*. We know that the game of bowls was very popular in the days of Drake and Shakespeare. In this reference to it, the servant is metaphorically contrasting the easy, staid motion of ordinary dancing with the high-leaping and "jumps of twelve foot three" of the Satyrs.

352. *Here a dance of twelve Satyrs*. For Professor Thorndyke's suggestion of the bearing of this on the date of the play, see Introduction I.

352. *O, father . . . hereafter*. "Said in reply to something the Shepherd has asked him during the dance" (Mason).

359. *she, i. e. lady*. See Note to i. 2. 43-44.

363. *Interpretation should abuse*, were to interpret wrongly.

364. *straited*, put to it, reduced to straits.

366. *Of happy holding her*, of keeping her happily.

368. *looks, sc. for*; "looks for," "expects."

370 etc. Florizel is somewhat sentimental; his breathing of his life before the ancient sir, is soon "put out" by a prosaic remark of the latter's.

374. *fann'd snow*. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 141.

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand."

377. *was fair*. Abbott (§ 244, on the omission of the relative) gives numerous instances of which this is one, in which the relative



tends to be omitted where the antecedent immediately precedes the verb to which the relative would be subject: cf. *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2. 33, "I have a brother is condemn'd to die."

388. *Fairly offer'd*. If we regard Polixenes as knowing already what line of action he was to take, we cannot but regard this playing as cruel indifference and harsh cynicism. But that would be unjust. Polixenes is obviously troubled at his son's actions, and obviously does not approve of some elements in them. Yet he is charmed by Perdita's presence, and his dallying with and encouraging of the lovers is not deliberate cruelty. His harshness is drawn out later, and by something of which as yet there has been no sign.

392. *By the pattern, etc.* Furness very appositely remarks: "A woman's simile; just as Imogen exclaims,

'Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripped—to pieces with me!'"

The simile seems to breathe the very spirit of homely domesticity.

409. *altering rheums*. C. T. Onions explains *rheum* as "a morbid defluxion of humours (such as was supposed to cause rheumatism)." Possibly *altering*, "changing," merely intensifies the idea of the *defluxion* of the humours, and hence of the gravity of the rheum. Other editors interpret *altering rheums* as "rheums altering the sufferer"; and Professor Moorman explains *altering* as "weakening," quoting for comparison the French *altérer*.

416. *reason my son, etc.* This is an elliptical expression for "it is reasonable that my son, etc." A similar ellipsis occurs in *King John*, v. 2. 120, "And reason, too, he should."

Like Leontes, Polixenes himself is making a mess of things in the vital matter of the joy of a father and of fatherhood, "all whose joy is nothing else but fair posterity." And the fact that Polixenes, of whose goodness we are assured, makes such, if a much less harsh mistake, does by its similarity and its contrast suggest a little possible extenuation in the case of Leontes.

430. *affects*. Shakespeare cared more for sound than for grammar when the meaning was not obscured by the grammatical error: hence *affects* instead of "affect'st." Furness quotes a parallel instance, *Hamlet*, i. 4. 53, "That thou . . . Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon."

433. *of force, perforce, needs*.



434. *copest with*, hast to do with.

435 etc. Polixenes' fury appears to be an intensified petulance into which he was goaded, not so much by the fact of Florizel's courtship of Perdita, as by his refusal after entreaty to consult his father. Only thus is his conduct justifiable at all.

441. *Farre*. This is the reading of Ff 1, 2, 3. F 4 reads *far*. But *farre* is the regular form of the comparative of "far," though the Middle English spelling would be *ferre* (comparative of *fer* = *far*) as it is in Chaucer's description of the travels of his Knight — "And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferre" (Prologue, *Canterbury Tales*, 47).

444. *dead*. This is altered by the Cambridge editors to "dread;" but the alteration is not necessary, as *dead* can bear the sense of "fatal, mortal"; cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 57, "So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim."

445. *yea, him too . . . thee*. "Yea, worthy too of him, who (if the honour of my family were not concerned) shows himself unworthy of you" (Deighton). Florizel had deliberately deceived his father, and so, says Polixenes, was unworthy of Perdita. It is only when we remember how keenly Polixenes felt this that we can at all excuse his cruelty.

451 etc. This is Perdita's great self-revealing speech. We may note in it: (1) her absolute self-assurance without conceit, for she mentions the sun and her cottage, not herself, when she is protesting against the indignity the King had thrown on her: (2) her utter unselfishness in immediately offering to release Florizel; at the same time showing her clearer vision of the results of defiance; (3) her ready self-resignation and self-adaptation, "I'll queen it no inch farther." Yet the whole speech is pure woman and its charm is gathered to a head in the splendid pathos of the last line.

456. *alike, i. e.* without distinction.

459. *queen it, i. e.* play the queen, or affianced bride of the king to be.

465. *the bed my father died*. "In relative sentences the preposition is often not repeated," (Abbott, § 394). In this case both the relative and the preposition, *upon which*, are omitted: cf. ii. 1. 133, above, "In this which you accuse her."

468. *Where no . . . dust*. That is, in unhallowed burial: it is prescribed in the rubric of the Liturgy of Edward VI (1549) that the priest (and not, as the present Prayer Book prescribes, any person standing by) should cast earth on the corpse.

475. *straining on, sc.* the leash. The metaphor, as is obvious from the next line, is from coursing.

489. *and mar the seeds within.* Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 59.

“though the treasure  
Of Nature’s germens tumble all together,”

and *King Lear*, iii. 2. 8, “Crack nature’s moulds, all germens spill at once” (Furness).

492. *fancy.* This generally means “love” in Shakespeare: cf. the song in *The Merchant of Venice*, “Tell me where is Fancy bred.” The verb “fancy” in Shakespeare always has the sense of “to love, to fall in love.”

Florizel is somewhat reckless; but his passion and ardour are of the right sort, and, moreover, they do not prevent his thinking of his father (see 507).

495. *it, i. e.* madness.

510. *opportune.* This is to be accented “opportune.”

513. *benefit your knowledge,* profit you to know.

515. *easier,* more yielding, more pliant.

524. *curious business,* business so particular that great *care* is necessary in dealing with it.

530. *as, i. e.* “as often as” or “as soon as.”

538. *the whom.* Abbott (§ 270) says that this use of *the* with *who* is perhaps unique in Shakespeare, whilst *the* with *which* is very common. He explains this by suggesting that “*who* is considered definite already and stands for a noun, while *which* is considered as an indefinite adjective; just as in French we have *lequel*, but not *lequi*.”

541. *with,* in addition to. Camillo incites Florizel to marry and afterwards to strive to qualify his father’s wrath, adding parenthetically that besides Florizel’s strivings, his own best endeavours will be used to that purpose.

542. *discontenting,* dissatisfied.

543. *bring him up to liking,* urge him to approval.

549. *To,* of.

558. *free, i. e.* willing, eager.

561 ff. *o’er and o’er . . . kindness.* “Talks incessantly on two topics, his former unkindness and his present kindness in amends for it.”

563. *the one, sc.* unkindness.

567. Camillo is unscrupulous in his Polonius-like use of “wind-

laces and assays of bias"; he not only suggests deliberate falsification to Florizel, but in the very act of doing so is deceiving him: and that under the pretence of being secret with him. Yet this is a romance, not a tragedy; and moreover Camillo has a greater heart than has Polonius: so he is not in the end stuck dead like a rat and lugged into the neighbour room — he is married to Paulina.

571. *point you forth*, *i. e.* indicate for you.

580 ff. *Nothing . . . be*. Camillo means, "if instead of a fixed plan of going to Sicilia, you simply give yourselves to be the slaves of chance and every wind that blows, then you have but two things before you: either the miseries of the open sea, or, what is little better (though best in such plight), anchorage in some safer, but still unpleasant, place."

585. *alters*, *i. e.* changes for the worse; cf. French *altérer* and see the note to l. 409 above.

587. *take in*, conquer, overpower; cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 25. 24. "To take in many towns."

591. *o' her birth*. The Ff read *'our*, which Rowe altered to *o' her*: and though he returned to the Folio reading in his second edition, the emendation is preferable to the Folio reading. Such a personal contrast between Perdita's and Florizel's state as *'our* would imply, would be intolerable patronage in Florizel's mouth at this point.

597. *Medecine*, *i. e.* physician: cf. *Macbeth*, v. 2. 27.

"Meet we the medecine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us."

599. *appear*, *sc.* as such.

603. *For instance*, for proof.

605. *Re-enter Autolycus*. At this point, we do not want to be worried with the prosaic details of the arrangements for flight: we simply want the fugitives off: and so we are provided with the excellent diversion of Autolycus. He offers us the comments of topsy-turvydom on the theme of the play—"What a Fool Honesty is!" and further he provides Camillo with the instrument of disguise, and comes in to contribute his quota to the *dénouement*.

608. *pomander*. This was a ball of perfumes worn on a chain round the neck, like an amulet.

*table-book*, notebook: the leaves of a notebook are "tablets" or "tables"; cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 2. 39, where love letters are

called "young Cupid's tablets," and *Hamlet*, ii, 2. 136, "If I had played the desk or table-book."

612. *hallowed*. That is, made holy by some religious association, and hence efficacious against disease, etc. The Pardoner in *The Canterbury Tales* is a great trader in such relics.

613. *best in picture*, "best to look at, in best condition" (Herford).

618. *pettitoes*. The word means properly "the feet of a pig." But here it may be no more than a diminutive of contempt: cf. *mannikin*.

620. *all their other senses stuck on ears*. This is Autolycus' quaint way of saying that they did nothing but listen as if they were all ears.

621. *pinched*. This slang word for "stolen" is still in use.  
*placket*. See Note to l. 245 above.

622. *geld a codpiece of a purse*. Autolycus' indelicate way of saying "steal a purse from a trouser pocket."

624. *my sir's*, i. e. the clown's.

635. *who*. Shakespeare often uses *who* for the regular *whom*. See Abbott, § 274.

636. *this*, i. e. this fellow, Autolycus.

650. *there's some boot*. "Here is a gift thrown in to equalize the bargain." Of course there is in this case no need for the *boot*, as Autolycus has already "the better pennyworth"; it is just Camillo's good-humoured way of putting it.

651. (*Aside*). Autolycus is never asleep to his own advantages.

654. *flayed*. Metaphorically, undressed. The Ff read *fled* which is obviously a misprint.

658. *earnest*, earnest-money, part of the purchase price in advance — in this case, the *boot* alluded to in 650.

661 ff. *let my prophecy . . . ye*. This is a parenthesis suggested by Camillo's address to Perdita: he called her *fortunate* somewhat prematurely; but he adds, "may it be prophetic of your lot, may you be fortunate."

667. *For I do fear eyes over — to shipboard, etc.* The Ff indicate that the clause "For . . . over" is parenthetical by printing it in brackets. Commentators, not liking the phrase *eyes over*, have suggested that the parenthesis ends with *eyes*; and so they read

"that you may —  
For I do fear eyes — over to shipboard  
Get undescried."



But there is little reason to alter the form of the Ff. The phrase is parenthetic, merely thrown in to explain his action: hence its brevity and elliptical form. We can interpret: "I do fear eyes overlooking our business," or "I do fear eyes above us and so able to see all we are doing."

669. Perdita but half-willingly and of necessity only gives way to Camillo's schemes: their deception does not please her.

689. . . . *boot*. *What a boot*. Shakespeare is playing on the double meaning of the word, (1) as in 650, a gift to equalize the bargain, (2) advantage, profit.

692. *piece*. The word is used in a general sense for and as "thing": here its meaning is a little more particular, "act."

694. *clog*. The derogative use of this word, applied to a person, "encumbrance," may be illustrated by Bertram's application of it to Helena (*All's Well*, ii. 5. 58), "Here comes my clog."

696. *I hold it . . . conceal*. Autolycus has a fully graduated scale of inverted morality: and his loyalty to his profession demands his choice of the greater degree of knavery.

702-705. Autolycus overhears this, though the Clown does not know him in his new gear. But by hearing it, Autolycus sees a motive for carrying the Shepherd and the Clown to Florizel, a circumstance which is purely a thing of chance in *Pandosto*. Unconsciously, too, Autolycus is thus to become an instrument in the final *dénouement*.

730. *at' palace*. F1 prints this apostrophe after the *t* to mark the omission of the definite article.

733. *excrement*. The word is here used in its liberal sense, "outgrowth," alluding to the pedlar's beard.

743 ff. Autolycus, like many of Shakespeare's clowns, makes great game of logic and plays on words. He confuses the clowns by his display of intellectual jugglery, and at the same time impresses them with the dignity of soldiership and of men of his quality. "Tradesmen lie," he says: *i. e.*, "they give us the lie." Now comes the play on the metaphor: "but they do not give," "they sell, since we pay them with stamped coin." And now the conclusion: "therefore they do not give us the lie": and then, the emphasis shifting from *give* to the whole phrase *give us the lie* and especially to the *us*, the implication is apparent: "therefore they do not lie to us."

750-751. *if you had . . . manner*. "'Manner' is mainour, Old French *manœuvre*, *meïnor*, Latin *a manu*, 'from the hand,' or 'in



the work.' The old law phrase 'to be taken as a thief with the mainour' signifies to be taken in the very act of killing venison, or stealing wood, or preparing to do so; or it denotes the being taken with the thing stolen in his hands or possession." (Rushton, *Shakespeare A Lawyer*.) Hence, *taken with the manner* means "taken in the act." Probably the Clown is trying somewhat blunderingly to compliment Autolycus: he says in effect, "You told us that tradesmen often give you soldiers the lie, and we were believing it to be so, though it is certainly a lie: and so you caught yourself in the act of giving us this very wrong impression, and then so finely demonstrated that tradesmen dare not give you soldiers the lie."

759. *toaze*, tear. This is probably a variant of the word *touse*, "to tear," which occurs in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 309, "touze you joint from joint."

767. *pheasant*. The Ff read plainly *pheazant*; but Kendrick suggests that the true reading is *present*, the printer being misled by the pheasant in the following line. Perhaps the Shepherd confuses *present* with *pheasant*, or, more likely, the obvious present which occurs to him as a countryman, is one of game. Kendrick's suggestion has this advantage, that there is more connection between the idea of an *advocate* and that of a *present*, than between the idea of an *advocate* and that of a *pheasant*. But perhaps the emendation is unnecessary; Shakespeare is fond of making his clowns talk exquisite nonsense.

775. *His garments are rich*. His garments, as commentators have noticed, were the "swain's wearing" which Florizel had assumed and not his ordinary courtier's dress. And so they find one of Shakespeare's inconsistencies here. But the question is not of great moment. Perhaps the "swain's wearing" was but a cloak or over-all put on over some articles of courtly dress: indeed, that there was some incongruity in the dress when Autolycus wore it seems evident from the Clown's description of it as *fantastical*, a word which means more than *ill-fitting*.

779. *the picking on's teeth*. Autolycus' possession of a tooth pick for "the picking of his teeth" was a sign of his pretension to elegance: cf. *King John*, i. 1. 190.

"Now your traveller,  
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
Why then I suck my teeth," etc.

786. *Age*. For this use of an abstract term concretely, cf. 433 above, "enchantment."

790. *capable of, i. e.* able to comprehend.

794. *handfast, i. e.* on bail. Staunton explains it as a legal technical term signifying, like the French *mainprise*, "at large only on security given."

804. *sheep-whistling*, sheep-tending, whistling after his sheep.

811 ff. Professor Herford points out that this is a somewhat heightened version of the death inflicted on Ambrogivolo, the Iachimo of the immediate source of *Cymbeline*, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, ii. 9.

824. *being something gently considered*. That is, for a consideration or bribe suitable to my estate and service: cf. *Three Ladies of London* (Hazlitt-Dodsley's *Old Plays*). "What, *consider* me? does thou think that I am a bribe-taker?"

841. *moiety*. Autolycus wants immediate possession of the half of the bribe which the Shepherd had on him, and which he had promised to double.

843. *case*. Again Shakespeare is showing his delight in punning: there is a play on the double meaning of *case*, (1) cause, condition, (2) skin.

864. *occasion*. In the sense of "reason, cause."

## ACT V — SCENE 1

In the last act Polixenes and Camillo were brought before us again after the lapse of years. The flight of Perdita and Florizel now serves to bring us back to Sicilia and to Leontes: and at the outset of the scene, the air is cleared and we see the old and penitent king in saint-like sorrow. This scene carries on the Perdita-Florizel plot up to the point of its unravelling; and it prepares for the complete *dénouement* by revealing to us Leontes 'so purified that he is spiritually fitted for the return of Hermione. Further, Shakespeare prepares, by skilful manipulation of suggestions and references, for the audience's reception of the highly daring incident which forms the spectacular climax of the play and its *grand finale*.

*A Room in Leontes' Palace*. This is Capell's headline for the mere numbering of the scene which the Ff give.

6 ff. Note how skilfully and yet appositely Shakespeare contrives to fix attention on Hermione — who has apparently been

dead some sixteen years. And this attention is maintained by many direct or indirect appeals throughout the scene.

19. *good now*. This is a common Shakespearian phrase denoting expostulation or entreaty; cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 70, "Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows," etc. Furness describes this use of *good* as adding force to whatever meaning *now* may happen to bear: in this case *now* is deprecatory, and *good* adds a plaintive emphasis.

27. *fail*. For this Shakespearian word for "failure," see note to ii. 3. 170.

29. *incertain*, *i. e.* irresolute.

29-30. We are being prepared for the *dénouement*: though of course, this mention of the rejoicing that might be if the queen were alive, alludes to such an event as entirely supposititious. Still, the mere mention helps to create the suitable atmosphere.

35 ff. Note how the threads of the plot are being drawn together. One thing now mentioned as monstrous to human reason we of the audience know to be about to be revealed as fact: and so we are gradually being prepared to accept an even greater monstrosity of reason.

35. *Respecting*, *i. e.* in comparison with.

59. *Where we offenders . . . soul-vex'd*. This line has given commentators much trouble. The Ff read "(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd." The text adopted in this edition is that of Knight and the Cambridge editors: it differs from the Folio only in making the subordinate sentence end at *now*, and putting *appear* with the principal clause. But the alteration does not affect the interpretation, which assumes that *appear* belongs both to the subordinate clause and to the principal one, repetition of the word being avoided by a somewhat harsh ellipsis of one occurrence of the word; in full the text would read: "Where we offenders now appear, appear soul-vex'd." But the ellipsis appears too harsh even for Shakespeare to many editors: and so we have a number of suggested emendations. "(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vex'd" (Theobald, Johnson, Dyce); "(Where we offenders now appear, soul-vex'd) Begin 'And why to me?'" (Capell); "(Where we offenders move) appear soul-vex'd" (Delius).

60. *Why to me?* *sc.* this humiliation: cf. Jonson's *Execration upon Vulcan* (quoted by the Cambridge editors)

"And why to me this? thou lame god of fire,  
What have I done thus to provoke thy ire?"

68. Paulina's insistence on Leontes' swearing not to marry again assures us of one moral change in Leontes' spiritual regeneration by showing us his susceptibility to persuasion and argument — a quality which in his early days would have saved the tragedy, and, moreover, it focuses attention on Paulina and her mysterious actions and motives. Thus it doubly prepares for the *dénouement*.

75. *affront*, *i. e.* confront: cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 31, "That he . . . may here affront Ophelia."

*Good madam,—I have done.* The Ff give this line to Cleomenes. But Capell's suggestion that "I have done" belongs to Paulina has been adopted by most editors. It is like Paulina *to have done*, and then *to go on talking*.

84. *Enter a Gentleman.* The Ff have *Enter a Servant*, but lines 98–103 give conviction to Theobald's substitution of a *Gentleman*.

90. *out of circumstance*, *i. e.* without formality and ceremony.

100. *that theme*, *i. e.* Hermione.

109. *who*. This is both irregular and elliptical for "those whom."

113. *assisted with*, attended by.

127. *so hit in you*, so perfectly reproduced in you.

136–8. *whom . . . him*. This repetition of the object which has already been expressed by the relative is a fairly common idiom in Shakespeare.

137. *my life*. This is not the object of the verb "desire," but is an adverbial phrase, meaning "during my life," "before I die."

140. *at friend*, as being on terms of friendship; cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 3. 46, "The wind at help," and see Abbott, § 143.

142. *Which waits upon worn times*, which attends old age.

149. *offices*, "doings" (in general), here, "words."

156. *adventure*, in the general Elizabethan sense of "chance, risking."

170. *climate*. This verb is interpreted "to dwell in a particular region or clime" (*Shakespeare Glossary*), "to sojourn under our skies" (Herford). The "clime" is properly that region of the heavens which is above any given place. Shakespeare is using his customary boldness with words, converting a noun into a verb without change of form: see Abbott, § 290, where a number of similar instances are given, including one very bold one — "He godded me" (*Coriolanus*, v. 3. 11).

171. *graceful*, gracious, amply endowed with graces.

172. *sacred*, sacred because the person of a king.



174. *Have left me issueless.* Leontes says this believing it to be true. But the audience know that it is really false — for they know that Perdita — unknown to her, of course — is actually before him. Such a device is very common in drama, and is generally called Dramatic Irony.

187. *it, i. e.* the speaking amazedly or confusedly.

202. *deaths in death.* That is, tortures, each one of which is deadly.

202 ff. Notice that Perdita's first thought on discovery is not of herself, but of her (supposed) father. We see moreover from her next words how she is repelled by shifts involving deception: heaven sets spies to detect them.

207. *The odds for high and low's alike.* Princes and beggars are treated indifferently by Fortune.

214. *worth.* "Worth signifies any kind of worthiness, and among others that of high descent" (Johnson).

219. *since,* when (see Abbott, § 132).

219-20. *since you owed . . . now,* "when you were as young as I am now." Note how recollections and memories of former days are made prominent in this scene: this line is a direct appeal for them. Of course, they serve to create an atmosphere for the reëmergence of the Queen of the old days.

227. How beautifully Shakespeare makes use of Greene's horrible tale of Pandosto's lust for Fawnia! She appeals to Leontes by her likeness to Hermione: and this appearance in the flesh of Perdita, a second Hermione, leads the way to the re-appearance in the flesh of Hermione herself.

229. How complete is Leontes' regeneration! he, the original breaker of bonds, is now the restorer of peace!

230. *Your honour . . . desires.* This is a hypothetical clause: "if your honour be not overthrown by your desires!"

## SCENE 2

This scene presents the unravelling of the Florizel-Perdita plot. But the intensity and amazedness of the event is qualified and restrained so that it will not counteract the *dénouement* of the main plot which is to follow immediately. So the scene is in prose, as being less intense than verse: the incident is narrated, not enacted; and the interest is diversified by the introduction of such subsidiary appeals as the courtier's euphuistic mode of



speech and the humour of Autolycus, the Clown, and the Shepherd. All these forbid a concentration of interest on Florizel and Perdita: that concentration is required in the next scene for Hermione.

*Before Leontes' Palace.* This is Capell's addition to the *Scena Secunda* of the Ff.

5. *after a little amazedness, i. e.* after the King had recovered somewhat from his astonishment.

12. *notes of admiration.* That is, marks of exclamation, (!). The full sentence may be interpreted: "the changes in the king and Camillo marked their amazement as plainly and as fully as the mark of exclamation denotes the spirit of the words it follows." *admiration*, as often, "wonder," "astonishment."

14. *cases of their eyes, eyelids:* cf. *Pericles*, iii. 2. 99,

"Behold  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels."

19. *but seeing*, than what could be seen.

20. *importance*, in the sense of "import."

27. On the function of the ballad-mongers as newsagents, see Note to iv. 4. 279.

33. *pregnant by circumstance.* "Full to conviction with circumstantial evidence," hence "perfectly evident."

38. *character, i. e.* handwriting,

39. *affection.* The word here bears the sense of "natural disposition, quality."

52. *countenance*, bearing, demeanour. The word generally has this abstract meaning in Shakespeare, scarcely ever the concrete meaning of "face."

53. *favour, i. e.* features.

59. *clipping*, embracing: cf. *1 Henry 4*, iii. 1. 44, "clipp'd in with the sea," and, for a more explicit expression of the same metaphor, *King John*, v. 2. 34, "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about."

60. *weather-bitten.* Steevens explains this as "corroded by the weather." Ff 3, 4 read *weather-beaten*, but this metaphor is less original and less forcible. Shakespeare's meaning is illustrated by Ritson's quotation of "weather-bitten epitaph" from Antony Munday's *Gerileon of England*, Part ii (1592).

*conduit of many kings' reigns.* Shakespeare is indulging his love of puns: this particular one (*rains* and *reigns*) is somewhat

“high-fantastical,” but it fits in with the affected speech of the Gentlemen speaking. Conduits or water-pipes, we are told, were often made in the form of a human figure.

63. *do, i. e.* express.

70. *innocence*, in the sense of “simplicity.”

89 ff. The diction of these Gentlemen doubtless reproduces types of affected speech prevalent at court in the early years of the century (cf. Osric in *Hamlet* and Oswald in *King Lear*). Fashions in courtly speech were brief, and the “Euphuism” of Lyly, who first created a model of courtly speech, had long been out of date. But the later fashions shared with it the common character of preciousness, — the desire to speak otherwise than “the base vulgar,” — tho’ they carried it out by different methods and with varying degrees of artistic feeling for form.

98. *most marble*. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 240, “Now from head to foot I am marble constant.”

104. *piece*. This word is used in a general sense like “thing”: here it may be interpreted particularly, “work of art.”

105. *performed*. This is used in its liberal sense, “completed.”

106. *Julio Romano*. Giulio de Pietro de Filippo de Giannuzzi (Julio Romano) was born at Rome in 1499; he was the favourite pupil of Raphael who left him his instruments. He finished Raphael’s fresco in the Hall of Constantine in the Vatican, and later practically rebuilt the cathedral at Mantua, where he died in 1546 (cf. J. E. G. de Montmorency in *The Contemporary Review*, May, 1913). Shakespeare may have known the painter from Vasari’s *Life*; or, if Shakespeare ever went to Italy, he may have seen Julio’s epitaph in Mantua; or most probably, there may have been some of Julio’s work in the Whitehall collection. Some critics have urged against Shakespeare that Romano is known only as a painter. But Vasari quotes an epitaph on Julio which speaks of his “sculptured and painted” work: so he was probably both painter and sculptor. And further, the statue of Hermione is represented as being painted (v. 3. 47): we know from contemporary evidence that the Elizabethans liked painted statues; cf. Jonson’s *Magnetic Lady*.

*Dr. Rut.* I’ll have her statue cut now in white marble.

*Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most ardent colours.

*Dr. Rut.* That’s right! all city statues must be painted,  
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgment.

Shakespeare has also been blamed for making *Julio Romano* contemporary with the Delphic oracle. But all things are possible in the fairyland of romance.

108. *custom*, trade.

111. *greediness of affection*, hunger of love.

117. *piece*, in the sense of "piece out," "increase."

120. *grace*, blessing.

121. *unthrifty to our knowledge*, careless of enriching our knowledge.

127. *so*, *i. e.* as.

138. *gentleman born*. The Elizabethan definition of a "gentleman born" is quoted by Douce from *The Book of Honor and Armes* (1590): "he must be descended from three degrees of gentry, both on mother's and father's side."

159. *preposterous*, the Clown's blunder for "prosperous."

173. *franklins*, yeoman farmers (below the rank of gentlemen).

177. *tall*, bold, courageous: cf. *Richard III*, i. 4. 157, "Spoke like a tall fellow." Cotgrave illustrates the use of the phrase "fellow of thy hands" by his rendering of the French *Homme à la main*, "a man of execution or valour, a man of his hands."

### SCENE 3

This, the final scene shortly but majestically gives us the climax — Hermione's descent to life and to Leontes. The threads of the "old tale" are drawn together: all severed ties are united, and the actors are "precious winners all"; their exultation and joy Shakespeare suggests to our ready perception without dilating on them at length.

*A chapel in Paulina's house.* This is Capell's addition to the *Scena Tertia* of the Ff.

*Enter Leontes, etc.* This is Rowe's arrangement. In the Ff we have *Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina; Hermione (like a Statue): Lords, etc.*

4. *home*, *i. e.* in full. See Notes to i. 2. 214 and 248.

12. *singularities*, *i. e.* rarities.

18. *lonely*. F1 reads *lovely*. But Hanmer's emendation justifies itself by its greater cogency, and by the easy confusion of a *v* and an *n*.

20. Notice the appropriate slowness of the spondaic movement of the first half of this line.

28-9. *nothing So aged*. *Nothing* is used here as an adverb, just as "something" is in l. 23 above, *something near*.

32. *As, i. e.* as if.

41. *admiring*, amazed, wondering: cf. *admiration* in the sense of "amazement, wonder" above.

51. *So many summers dry*. In full, "which so many summers cannot dry."

52. Metrically this line consists of but four feet.

54-56. *Let him . . . himself*. "Let him (*i. e.* myself) who was, though unintentionally the cause of this, have the power by his sympathy to divert upon himself so much of this grief as he may justly make his own" (Deighton).

60-61. Notice how skilfully and gradually, by suggestion, the atmosphere of expectation is created: we are made to expect the impossible, and hence are ready to believe it when it comes.

62. *Would I . . . already* —. The end of this line is marked by a full stop in the Ff; but most editors substitute a dash to imply that Leontes breaks off in his thought to turn his mind to some other thing. Regarding the line as an incompleting expression, we may imagine a host of things Leontes might have been about to say: Staunton, for instance, says "the expression is neither more nor less than an imprecation equivalent to 'Would I may die,' etc.: and the King's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark that he will think *anon* it moves, is 'May I die if I do not think it moves already.'"

67. *The fixure . . . in't*. "Though the eye, as the eye of a statue, is necessarily fixed, yet it seems to have motion" (Deighton). Bradley (*New Eng. Dict.*) explains *fixure* as an adaptation of the late Latin *fixura*, "fixture" being an altered form after the analogy of "mixture."

68. *As, i. e.* "for so."

86. *presently*, as generally in Shakespeare, "immediately." *resolve you*, 'prepare yourselves.' Of course, the audience has been prepared by a number of devices already: but as the thing to come is so stupendously daring, we are given one final incentive to cast aside all unbelief: and our feelings are helped to take the final step by the aid of strains of music.

96. *unlawful business*. The business would be thought unlawful if it apparently dealt with the black art.



100. *look upon*, look on. For this use of the preposition *upon*, see Abbott, § 192.

107. *double*, twice over.

117. Now, for the third time, *The Winter's Tale* is spoken of as "like an old tale," that is, a tale in which we are to take much of the impossible and the fantastic for granted.

129. *upon this push*. "By impulse of this (*i. e.* Perdita's story)."

130. *with like relation*, *i. e.* with your (Hermione's) tale.

131. *precious winners*, winners of things of price, winners of what you prize.

132. *Partake to*, participate with, share with; cf. *Pericles*, i. 1. 153, "Our mind partakes her private actions to your secrecy."

135. *lost*. Furness suggests that perhaps Paulina's metaphorical reference to her own death takes shape from memory of the form of death which befell Antigonus.

145. *richly noted*, highly reputed.

149-151. These lines are addressed to Hermione. It is an exquisite touch which thus suggests that Hermione has so to be asked to look at Polixenes: it was the last faint trace of fear in the memory of the past which moved to forbear looking at him.

149. *This*. Most editors accept this typographical emendation for the Folio reading *This*.'

150-151. *whom heavens . . .* etc. This is an instance of what Abbott calls a confusion of two constructions. The subject (*who*) of *is troth* — *plight* is made the object of *directing*. Abbott gives as a parallel instance, "Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned" (*The Tempest*, iii. 3. 92).



## APPENDIX A

EXTRACT from *The Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*, by Dr. Simon Forman:

“In the Winters Talle at the glob  
1611 the 15 of Maye g<sup>1</sup>

“Obserue ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom w<sup>t</sup> Ielosity of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia his frind that came to se him. and howe he contriued his death and wold haue had his cup berer to haue poisoned. who gaue the King of bohemia warning thereof & fled with him to bohemia | Remeber also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo & the Aunswer of appollo. that she was giltles. and that the kinge was Ielouse &c and howe Except the child was found Agane that was loste the Kinge should die without yssue. for the child was caried into bohemia & ther laid in a forrest & brought up by a sheppard. And the kinge of bohemia his sonn maried that wentch & howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent a [*sic*] was that child and the Iewells found about her. she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16 yers old

Remember also the Rog that cam in all tottered like coll pixci<sup>2</sup> and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money. and after cam to the shep sher with a pedlers packe & there cosoned them Again of all their money. And howe he changed apparrell wt the Kinge of bomia his sonn. and then howe he turned Courtiar, &c | beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.”

<sup>1</sup> *g* is interpreted by Halliwell as Wednesday — but without given reason.

<sup>2</sup> *coll pixci* is explained by Staunton as a corruption of the nickname of some noted vagabond of the time.

## APPENDIX B

### NOTE ON THE METRE OF *THE WINTER'S TALE*

#### 1. BLANK VERSE

The metre generally employed by Shakespeare in his plays is called blank verse. This verse is, as its name implies, without rhyme, and its rhythmic base (sometimes, misleadingly, called the *normal* rhythm) consists in the fivefold recurrence of alternately stressed and unstressed syllables, beginning with an unstressed, ending with a stressed syllable, and hence called a rising rhythm : e. g.

To míng | le friénd | ship fár | is míng | ling bloóds. (i. 2. 109.)

It is usual to call such a verse *iambic pentameter* — pentameter because the combination of stressed and unstressed syllables which periodically recurs does so five times, and iambic because within each of these recurring units or feet the rhythmic arrangement is an unstressed followed by a stressed syllable. It will be at once apparent that the basis of this as of all English metre, is stress.

Stress is the strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on any syllable for some particular reason ; but stress is not exactly what is generally called emphasis, for emphasis is the strong dwelling of the voice always and only on that syllable which sense determines ; nor is it at all the same as quantity, for quantity denotes solely the time for which the voice dwells on a particular syllable. Beyond this, however, one can hardly say what stress is. But one quality of stress must be insisted upon strongly, for this quality is the real distinguishing factor in the nature of English verse : the stress given to a syllable can and does vary infinitely, and all this infinite variety must be plainly and fully recognised : for the ear alone is judge. It is only for the convenience of such notes as this Appendix that we standardise stress as if only three variations — unstressed, weak-stressed, and strong-stressed — were possible : and if the result of such a course is that the young student endeavors to reduce all stresses to one of these three, and recognises no

other variety, then it were better for his understanding of the beauty of verse that the appendix were omitted entirely. Let him read verse naturally, as sense and ear seem to require: when he has thus decided how a verse is to be read, then only, and even then, but for the subsidiary purpose of accounting for the principles of verse, let him think of iambs, full stresses, weak stresses, etc. Only thus can he read essays on metre, and yet preserve an ear for poetry.

## 2. NORMAL VARIATIONS

The primary form of the Shakespearian line is the succession of five feet, each of two syllables, and each consisting of an unstressed followed by a stressed syllable. But such arrangement easily becomes monotonous and mechanic. Hence it is frequently varied.

i. The stress in one or more of the feet may be varied by inversion, *i. e.* by throwing the stress onto the first syllable of the foot instead of onto the second. The rhythm of such a foot is usually called *trochaic*, or falling rhythm, and the foot a *trochee*. Usually the inversion comes at the beginning of the line, or after a pause: for its immediate effect is to hold up, as it were, the foot in which it occurs, and so draw special notice to that foot. But when the foot in which inversion occurs is immediately followed by a normal foot, the holding up is only momentary, and the total result is a greater impetus and precipitation consequent on two unstressed syllables coming together: that part of the line following the inversion gets, as it were, a running start. This naturally does not apply to an inversion in the last foot of an end stopped line—in which case the effect is usually that of a very apparent halting, *e. g.*

1st foot (exceedingly common).

Súmmon | a séss | ion, that we may arraign. (ii. 3. 202.)

2d foot (rare, and only for specific effects of emphasis).

He thínks, | náy, with | all confidence he swears. (i. 2. 414.)

3d foot.

As sóft | as dóve's | dówn, and | as white as it. (iv. 4. 373.)

In thóse | unplédg'd | dáys was | my wife a girl. (i. 2. 78.)

4th foot.

The brát | hath beén | cast out, | like to | itself. (iii. 2. 88.)

Almóst | as like | as éggs: | wómen | say só. (i. 2. 130.)

5th foot (rare).

She príz | es nótt | such tríf | les às | thése are. (iv. 4. 367.)

Peéring | in Ápr | il's frónt. | This your | sheép-sheáring.

(iv. 4. 3.)

In the last example, the inversion in the fifth foot is not beyond all question. But the line is an instance of Shakespeare's common practice of admitting more than one inversion in one line.

ii. Further variety is obtained by the introduction of an extra unstressed syllable to any foot in the line: the foot then corresponds to an anapaest instead of an iambus. These extra syllables are not extra-metrical. Their introduction, giving a succession of lightly pronounced, to a certain extent slurred, unstressed syllables, serves to give the verse a conversational flow and rhythm: and consequently they are very common in dramatic verse, but not so common in the more exalted verse of the epic, e. g.

1st foot.

Běing nów | awake, I'll queen it no inch farther. (iv. 4. 459.)

Yoŭ hăd múch | ado to make his anchor hold. (i. 2. 213.)

2d foot.

The mirth | ō' thě feást. | Or I'll be thine, my fair. (iv. 4. 42.)

The mort | ō' thě déer; | O, that is entertainment. (i. 2. 118.)

3d foot.

The grác | ious márk | ō' thě lánd, | you have obscured. (iv. 4. 8.)

4th foot.

Thése your | unús | ual wéeds | tő eăch párt | of you. (iv. 4. 1.)

5th foot.

Fól | low ús | tő thě cóurt. | Thou chúrl | főr thís tíme. (iv. 4. 442.)

We wére | as twínn'd | lámbs that | did frísk | ĩ thě sún. (i. 2. 67.)

It is by no means unusual, especially in Shakespeare's later plays, for there to be more than one foot with an extra unstressed syllable.

Wě äre yóurs | ĩ thě gárd | en: sháll's | atténd | you thére? (i. 2. 178.)

iii. Occasionally, but rarely, an unstressed syllable is omitted, especially where the stress is exceptionally strong, or where a pause may be assumed to compensate for the omission: e. g.

How Í | am gáll'd, | — míght'st | bespí ce | a cúp. (i. 2. 316.)

iv. In addition to the extra unstressed syllables (see ii. above) which are an integral part of the metre in that they alter the rhythmic structure of the verse, there are also extra-metrical syllables, so called because they do not really modify the rhythmic structure. They are very common in Shakespeare's later plays, occurring generally after a pause, and especially at the end of a line: e. g.

But on | ly see | (ing), all oth | er cir | cumstanc(es). (ii. 1. 178.)



They are very common when a change of speaker occurs within the line :

In that | which seems | (so).

Be it | forbid, | my lord ! (i. 2. 241.)

Sometimes two such extra-metrical syllables occur together :

May a | free face | put on, | derive | a lib | (erty). (i. 2. 112.)

(though some people would regard the conventional stress attaching to *-ty* as sufficient justification for regarding this line as of six feet).

The occurrence of extra-metrical syllables is very common when a proper name is the last word at the end of the line or before the pause :

To your | own con | science, sir, | before | Polix (enes.) (iii. 2. 47.)

That e'er | the sun | shone bright | on. O | Hermi (one.) (v. 1. 95.)

Thou art | Hermi(one); | or rath | er thou | art she. (v. 3. 25.)

The rar | est of | all wom | en. Go, | Cleom (enes.) (v. 1. 112.)

When a line ends with one or more extra-metrical syllables, it is said to have a double or feminine ending. Such endings are rare in Shakespeare's early plays, but become so common in later plays that they can be considered normal. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are no double endings ; in *The Winter's Tale*, 12 out of 21 lines have them. The dramatic advantage of the double ending is its closer approximation to ordinary language, but it has the defect of this quality in that it tends towards the formlessness of prose, a defect amply illustrated in later Elizabethan drama.

v. A normal line of blank verse has a sense pause at the end of the line, and a slighter pause (a break or *cæsura*) within the line. In his later plays Shakespeare obtains variety by allowing the *cæsura* to fall at any point within the line, and by omitting the pause at the end of the line. As a consequence, the distance between two pauses, instead of being fixed, may vary from a few syllables almost to the full extent of two lines : e. g. iv. 4. 344-355.

In Shakespeare's early plays, the normal line is end-stopped, but in the later plays the number of end-stopped lines decreases in gradual proportion : thus in *The Comedy of Errors* the proportion of end-stopped lines is 3 in 23, or 1 in 7.66, in *The Winter's Tale* it is 9 in 21, or 1 in 2.3. Thus the increasing frequency of run-on lines is a useful guide to the approximate date of a play : cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, i. 1. 99-121, and *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 517-543, as examples of opposed types at either extreme.



## 3. WEAK STRESSES

We have already stated that stress occurs in very many different degrees. Thus, while the base-rhythm of the foot is an unstressed followed by a stressed syllable, either or both syllables may, and commonly do, depart from this by having some intermediate degree of stress. Hence arise both the endless variety as between foot and foot, and also the possibility of the no less endlessly varied rhythms of the entire verse.

i. Thus as a rule there are not five full stresses in a line. Generally there are four or three full stresses and one or two weaker stresses: e. g.

Lóok on | me with | your wél | kin éye : | sweet villain! (i. 2. 136.)

Thou máyst | cojóin | with sóme | thing; ànd | thou dóst. (i. 2. 143.)

Let whát | is déar | in Síe | ilý | be chéap. (i. 2. 175.)

A sérv | ant gráft | ed in | my sér | ious trúst. (i. 2. 246.)

The commonest place in which this substitution of a weak stress (or of an unstressed syllable) for a strong one occurs, is the fifth foot. Run-on lines do not necessarily alter the rhythmic quality of the verse; but the run-on is made more obvious by a modification in the stressing of the last foot of the line. When this last foot bears a weaker stress than the normal foot, then an impetus is given to the run-on. Hence the prevalence of what are called 'light' and 'weak' endings. A light ending is a monosyllabic ending on which 'the voice can to a small extent dwell': e. g. auxiliary verbs, personal pronouns, etc.

Nóthing | so cér | tain às | your áneh | ors, whò. (iv. 4. 580.)

A weak ending is a monosyllabic ending of such nature that the voice cannot possibly dwell on it, but must inevitably be precipitated forward to the next line: e. g. prepositions like *for*, *from*, *in*, conjunctions like *and*, *or*, *if*. Even a weak ending, however, acquires a conventional stress, though a weak one, by its position in the line.

The mán | ner òf | your béar | ing towärts | him, with. (iv. 4. 568.)

Fréed and | enfránch | ised, nó | a pár | ty tò

The áng | er òf | the kíng | nor guíl | ty òf. (ii. 2. 61, 62.)

The frequency of light and weak endings is a further test of the comparative lateness of the date of any of Shakespeare's plays. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are no light endings and no weak ones;

in *The Winter's Tale* there are 3.12 per cent of light endings, 2.36 per cent of weak endings.

ii. On the other hand, there are often two stressed syllables in one foot: e. g.

Still sléep | móck'd déath: | behóld, | and sáy | 't is wéll. (v. 3. 20.)

This is not uncommon in verses composed mainly of monosyllables. The heavy spondaic movement gives a strength and solemnity which can have great dramatic and poetic value.

#### 4. LESS USUAL VARIATIONS

i. Occasionally lines occur with six stresses and feet instead of five:

Or Éth | ióp | ian's tóoth | òr the | fann'd snów | that's bólted. (iv. 4. 374.)

Lines of six stresses are fairly common in *The Winter's Tale*. They may be regarded as normal lines of five stresses to which is attached a more or less isolated foot: e. g.

Making practised smiles

Ás in | a lóok | ing gláss, | and thén | to sígh | as 't wére  
The most o' the deer. (i. 2. 117.)

See also

*My lord*, in iv. 4. 532, *although* in i. 2. 22, *thereto* in i. 2. 391, *For as* in iii. 2. 87.

ii. Further, some lines have only four stresses, although there is generally some special circumstance compensating for the omission:

that you might do

Nóthing | but thát; | move stíll, | stíll só. (iv. 4. 142.)

in which line the last four words may be regarded as bearing the slow, heavy stress of intense rapture, and so compensating for an apparent omission of one foot.

Similarly

scarce any joy

Díd év | er só | long líve. | No sórrow (v. 3. 52.)

may be regarded as compensated for the absence of the one foot by the pause after *live*. In this, it may be parallel to the difficult line

The dóct | rine òf | ill-dóing, | nor dreám'd. (i. 2. 70.)

in which the marked pause after *doing* may have the compensative value necessary.

In the line

Which yóu | knew gréat | and tò | the házard. (iii. 2. 169.)

there are only three full stresses; but commentators have suggested the insertion of *certain* before *hazard*, and this would make the verse regular.

iii. Very rarely there are incomplete lines of no more than two stresses. These are generally dramatically appropriate, expressing an irritable perturbation, or an overwhelming passion: e. g. i. 2. 182, iv. 4. 404. See also i. 2. 46, ii. 3. 102.

### 5. APPARENT IRREGULARITIES

i. *Accentual*. It often happens that a line reads awkwardly because we have changed our accentuation of some words since Shakespeare's day: thus Shakespeare accents *character*, in *Hamlet* i. 3. 59; *author'ized*, *Macbeth* iii. 4. 66. Similarly in *The Winter's Tale* we have *access'*, v. 1. 87, *contract'*, iv. 4. 428, *oppor'tune*, iv. 4. 511. It sometimes happens—probably because in some cases the accentuation had not definitely settled itself—that Shakespeare uses two different accentuations for the same word: e. g. *something'* and *some'thing*, *where'fore* and *wherefore'*, *com'plete* and *complete'*.

ii. *Syllabic*. a. Sometimes a prefix is omitted: thus we get *'shrew* for *beschrew*, i. 2. 281; *'longs* for *belongs*, iii. 2. 104.

b. It is quite common for an initial vowel to be lost after a consonant in the preceding word: thus we get *this'* for *this is*, *shall's* for *shall us*.

c. An unstressed vowel before a consonant within the word is often lost, especially in

i. the inflection— as in the superlatives *dear'st*, *sweet'st*, iii. 2. 202, and in the past tense and participle; indeed the shortened forms are the most usual in this play.

ii. the last syllable but one of polysyllabic words accented on the first syllable: e. g.

With thoughts | so qual | (i)fiéd as | your char | ities. (ii. 1. 113.)

The inn | (o)cent milk | in it | most inn | (o)cent mouth. (iii. 2. 101.)

d. Two vowels coming together in the same or adjacent words often coalesce: e. g. *tô* appear, iii. 2. 81; *unusuál*, iv. 4. 1; *nuptiál*,

iv. 4. 50; *many*  $\widehat{a}$ , i. 2. 192. So, too, a light vowel preceded by a diphthong is generally absorbed by the diphthong: e. g. *power* is generally monosyllabic.

Shakespeare varies in his use of words ending in *-ion*, *-ian*, *-ious*, etc.; sometimes the termination is monosyllabic, sometimes dissyllabic: cf. *transformati-ions*, iv. 4. 31, and *celebratiōn*, iv. 4. 50.

e. Often where a liquid (*l*, *m*, *n*, *r*) follows another consonant immediately, a vowel sound is introduced between them, thus producing an additional syllable: thus the termination *-ble* has itself generally monosyllabic value, as in *honourable* (4 syllables), ii. 1. 111. So also

Grace and | remem | b(e)rance | be to | you both. (iv. 4. 76.)

f. On the other hand, a liquid often causes the loss of a light vowel sound immediately following it: thus *spirit* and *peril* are often monosyllabic.

g. The liquid *r* may resolve a preceding vowel or diphthong into two syllables: e. g. *you-r*, iii. 2. 232, and (possibly) *tho-rns*, i. 2. 329.

h. *th* and *v* (and more rarely other consonants) coming between two vowels are occasionally dropped, reducing two syllables to one: e. g. *shōvels*, iv. 4. 470; *even*, *whether*. We also get *tōwards*, iv. 4. 568.

## 6. PROSE

There is generally an apparent reason when Shakespeare temporarily rejects his usual medium — verse — for prose. Thus in this play, as in most others, the comic characters, Autolycus, the Shepherd, the Clown, Mopsa, etc., use prose; and when the more exalted personages speak to these characters, prose is regularly their usage. When the comic characters lay aside their comic quality really or apparently and appear in a more exalted manner, they occasionally speak in verse: thus the Shepherd (iv. 4. 55 etc.) as master of ceremonies opens the sheep-shearing feast in verse, and Autolycus (iv. 4, 771) assumes the attitude of the publican moralist in three lines of blank verse. Further, prose is the usual medium for messages conveyed by servants, and for announcements made by them; this usage is analogous to the formal prose of ceremonial occasions, as, for instance, the Indictment of Hermione, and the message of the oracle in this play.

In addition we find prose in three other scenes, i. 1, iv. 2, v. 2. In

all of them the prose is probably intended to mark an ease and calmness in the emotional atmosphere. In i. 1 we have the frank intimacy and undisturbed joy which is soon to be rudely stirred, but the calm is as yet unbroken, passion as yet dormant. In iv. 2 we have what is virtually another opening scene, the opening of the second part of the play; and here again the prose marks a quietness of emotional atmosphere, not as in the former case, a quietness which is as yet undisturbed, but a quietness which is the work of time. And so these two scenes mark oases of spiritual calm in a desert of intense heat; their normality is marked by their prose, and is thus contrasted with the abnormal intensity of excitement and emotion which finds its fittest expression in the verse of the rest of the play; v. 2 is rather different. Probably the casting of the relation of the discovery of Perdita into prose is Shakespeare's deliberate effort to allay the excitement and amazedness of the incident, and by that means to preserve the emotional climax for the resurrection of Hermione immediately following.



## GLOSSARY

(I need hardly say that most of the following notes are based directly on Murray's *New English Dictionary*.)

**acre** (i. 2. 96), in this instance, a lineal measure, 40 poles, a furlong; from O. E. *æcer*, cognate, Lat. *ager*, Gr. *ἀγρός*, the original significance of the root being "open country." There are three distinct senses of the word:— (1) a piece of arable land of any dimensions; cf. N. Carpenter, *Geog. Delin.*: "Some parcels of ground should as pastures be divided from Woody acres," and cf. also the modern phrase, "broad acres:" (2) a definite measure originally as much as a yoke of oxen could plough in one day, afterwards fixed by statutes previous to and during the time of Henry VIII to the area enclosed by 40 poles length and 4 poles breadth: (3) a lineal measure, an acre length, generally 40 poles or a furlong, since this was the length of the acre standard of legal fiction; cf. Holland, *Pliny*: "The length of the very demy Island . . . is not above 87 miles and a halfe, and the breadth is no place less than two acres of land."

**allay** (iv. 2. 9), abatement, tempering, retardment. The root signification is "mixture," from O. North Fr. *aley*, from the verb *aleier*, *aloyer*, ultimately from Lat. *alligare*, to bind together, mix. But the French form was erroneously connected with the phrase *à loi*, to law, to standard; and so the idea of a standard mixture was associated with

the word before it was accepted into our language. And this confusion was very much further confounded when the word — as noun and verb — came into English. There is an English verb *allay* direct from O. E. *a-lecgan*, to set on one side, to put off: but several M. E. forms of this word are identical with some of the forms of at least four Romance words also existing in English at that time, *viz.* (1) a word from Latin *alleviare*, to lighten; (2) one from Latin *alligare*, to bind, to mix; (3) one from Lat. *allegare*, to send for, to cite; (4) one from O. Fr. *alléguer*, connected with 3. This identity of form gave rise to a network of overlapping meanings, some of which are combinations of the senses of any two of the five words mentioned. Thus in our present text, there are connections with "putting off," "lightening," and "mixing."

**allow** (iv. 1. 29), admit what is offered, concede what is claimed, from O. Fr. *alouer*, which is really the form of two distinct words: (1) meaning "to praise," "to commend," Lat. *allaudare*, (2) meaning "to bestow," "to assign," Lat. *allocare*. In O. Fr. these were regarded as two senses of the same word, and when the English took the word, they took the two senses. So *allow* has senses which blend the two primary significations, as in the present case.

- amazedly** (v. 1. 187), with astonishment and wonder, as if out of one's wits. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 150: "My lord, I shall reply amazedly, Half sleep, half waking."
- ancientry** (iii. 3. 63), elders, old folks; the abstract noun from *ancient*, from Fr. *ancien*, from Low Lat. *antianum*, ultimately from Lat. *ante*, before, + suffix *anus*. Generally the word has the abstract sense "ancientness," but here it has the rare and obsolete collective sense. Cf. 1589, R. Harvey, *Plaine Perc.*: "By the Auncientry of the Parish."
- attach** (v. 1. 182), arrest; from O. Fr. *atacher*, cognate with It. *attacare*, from *à*, to, + root found in *détacher*, and which is perhaps connected with Genevese *tache*, Sp. *tacha*, round-headed nail: at all events, the sense of fastening, nailing to, is contained in "arrest." Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1. 6: "Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer."
- bawcock** (i. 2. 121), a colloquial or burlesque term of endearment, fine fellow; from Fr. *beau coq*.
- bide upon** (i. 2. 242), dwell, insist upon; *bide* is from O. E. *bīdan*, to wait, which meaning is preserved in *abide*: with "bide upon" cf. "bide by," to stand firm by, to adhere to.
- blench** (i. 2. 333), turn aside, swerve; origin uncertain, but perhaps from O. E. *blenčan*, to deceive, to cheat, which is perhaps connected with the root which has given us *blink*. The meaning is clear enough. Cf. 1553 Bale, *Gardiner's Obed.*: "He obeyeth truly which . . . blenchet not out out of the Waye of Goddes commaundementes," and also *Measure for Measure*, iv. 5. 5: "And hold you ever to our special drift, Though sometimes you do blench from this to that."
- boiled brains** (iii. 3. 64), hot-headed young fellows: *boiled* was often used metaphorically in a contemptuous sense; e. g. *boiled stuff*, a common Elizabethan phrase for a loose woman.
- bolted** (iv. 4. 374), sifted; of course, figuratively in this instance; from O. Fr. *bulter*, which goes back to an earlier *buleter*, representing a form *bureter*, from It. *burattare*, from *buratto*, a meal-sieve.
- born** (i. 2. 134), boundary; from Fr. *borne*, which is perhaps from O. Fr. *bodne*, *bone*, *boune*; if so, then *born* is closely related to *bound*, from O. Fr. *boune*. The word occurs several times in early Elizabethan literature, then drops out of use, and its 18th century revival is attributed by Sir J. Murray to the renewed interest in Shakespeare and the popularity of Hamlet's speech about the "undiscover'd country from whose born no traveller returns." Cf. *Berners, Froissart*: "All places lyenge betwene the boundes and bournes folowyng."
- budget** (iv. 3. 20), pouch, bag, wallet; from Fr. *bougette*, diminutive of *bouge*, a leather bag, Lat. *bulga*, a bag; perhaps ultimately of Gaulish origin. Cf. O. Irish *bolg*, a sack.
- bug** (iii. 2. 93) bugbear, object of terror; M. E. *bugge*, perhaps from Welsh *bug*, ghost. The present sense dropped when the word came to be used for the name of an insect, surviving only in the compound *bugbear*. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, v. 2. 2: "For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all."
- caddisses** (iv. 4. 208), short for caddis-ribbons, worsted tapes or bindings used for garters. Cf. 1580 Lyly, *Euphues*: "The country

- dame girdeth herself as straight in the waste with a coarse caddes, as the Madame of the Court with a silke riband." *Caddis* includes the senses of two words which have been confused: (1) *cadaz*, *cadace*, O. Fr. *cadaz*, *cadaz*, in Cotgrave, *cadarce* "the tow or coarsest part of silke, whereof sleave is made," and (2) Fr. *cadis*, "une sorte de serge de laine, de bas pris."
- callat** (ii. 3. 90), lewd woman, trull or perhaps only generally abusive, a scold. The word is obsolete except in dialects, and its form was usually *callet*, for which three alternative origins are suggested, (1) Fr. *caillette*, "foole, ninnie, noddie," (Cotgrave), diminutive of *caille*, quail, which was esteemed a silly bird; (2) Fr. *calotte*, a kind of small bonnet for the top of the head; (3) Gaelic *caille*, girl. Cf. 1600 Holland, *Livy*: "Any un-honest woman or wanton callot," where the cogent phrase translates the Lat. *impudica*.
- caparison** (iv. 3. 27), clothes, dress. The word seems to have signified generally "a saddle-cloth" or "horse trappings," less commonly "horse armour," and less commonly still, "dress" (of men or women): but if the suggested derivation is correct (O. Fr. *caparasson*, augmentative from mediæval Lat. *caparo*, a sort of cape worn by old women) perhaps the least common sense is the original one.
- childness** (i. 2. 170), childishness. Murray marks this sense of the word as rare and gives only this instance.
- clap** (i. 2. 104), seal (a bargain) by a hand-shake: the original sense is "to make an explosive sound," whence the word was applied to actions incidentally accompanied by such noise, such as striking, hitting: so it was applied to the striking of hands in token of a bargain. Cf. *Henry V*, v. 2. 133: "Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain."
- colour** (iv. 4. 568), pretext, show of reason — a common sense of the word. Cf. 1494 Fabyan: "Without fraude, colour, or disceyte."
- commend** (ii. 3. 182), commit, from Lat. *commendare*, to commit to anyone's charge, from *con*, intensive, + *mandare*, to commit into one's charge.
- commission** (i. 2. 40), authoritative direction to act in a certain manner. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 118: "Such Commission from above I have received, to answer thy desire Of knowledge within bounds."
- condition** (iv. 4. 738), nature, character — an obsolete sense; M. E. *condicion*, O. Fr. *condicion*, Lat. *condicionem*, a compact or stipulation, from *con*, together, + *dicere*, to tell, declare.
- cordial** (v. 3. 78), restorative, reviving; from mediæval Lat. *cordialis*, adjective from *cor*, *cordis*, heart. Cf. 1533 Elyot, *Cast. Helthe*: "Al thinges which be cordiall, that is to say, which do in any wise comfort the heart."
- dibble** (iv. 4. 100), instrument for making holes in the ground for planting seeds, etc., a stout, pointed, cylindrical stick; perhaps the word is an instrumental or diminutive from *dib*, which in its turn is a derived form from *dab*. Cf. 1573 Tusser, *Husb.*: "Through cunning with dibble, rake, mattock and spade, By line and by level, trim garden is made."
- discase** (iv. 4. 647), undress. Cf. *Tempest*, v. 1. 85: "Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell: I will

- discase me, and myself present As I was sometime Milan."
- discover'd** (ii. 1. 50), divulged, revealed (an archaic sense). Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 2. 12. "The Prince discover'd to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter."
- discovery** (i. 2. 441), see *discover'd* above: here the word seems to mean no more than disclosure or revelation of new circumstances.
- dislikén** (iv. 4. 665), disguise. Murray marks the word as obsolete, giving only this instance of its use.
- dispute** (iv. 4. 410), maintain, govern, regulate: from O. Fr. *desputer*, Lat. *disputare*, to compute, estimate, from *dis* + *putare*, to compute, reckon. The derivation shows that the word did not originally imply a formal argument in speech: in this text, there is no such implication.
- encounter** (iii. 2. 50), behavior, style of address, manner of meeting; O. Fr. *encontre*, late Latin *incontrare*, to meet, come against. In this case the word has acquired a specialized meaning — not merely "meeting." Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 189: "Thus has he . . . only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter."
- extempore** (iv. 4. 691), a Latin phrase, *ex tempore*, "out of the time," "on the inspiration of the moment:" here it has the general signification of "without forethought or cunning plan." Cf. the phrase "to live extempore," in the sense of "to live from hand to mouth."
- fardel** (iv. 4. 727, 738), bundle, parcel, (archaic); O. Fr. *fardel*, diminutive of *farde*, burden.
- featly** (iv. 4. 176), with grace and agility — a very common word in Elizabethan literature. The obsolete adjective *feat*, fit, proper, neat, is from Fr. *fait*, Lat. *factus*, past part. of *facere*, to make.
- federary** (ii. 1. 90), accomplice. This is the sole instance of the occurrence of this word in this form, which is etymologically the correct derivative of Lat. *foedus*, covenant. The common form is *fedary* or *fedarie*, or *foedarie*, and the metre of this line in the *Winter's Tale* seems to indicate that *fedary* was intended: perhaps *federary* is due to some scholar's correction of the original MS. Shakespeare's usual forms *fedary*, *foedarie*, in the sense of confederate, accomplice, are erroneous: they are not the derivatives of *foedus*, but of the mediæval Lat. *feodum*, and thus they are variants of *feodary*, *feudary*, feudal tenant.
- feeding** (iv. 4. 169), lands, heritage, estate, in a general sense. Cf. *Laws of Philip and Mary*, 1554-1555: "Lands or feedings, apt for milch kine."
- flaunts** (iv. 4. 23), things used to make a show, showy dress, finery; origin uncertain. Cf. 1590 Smith, *Wedding Garment*: "So the wedding Garment shall seeme better than all the flants of vanity."
- flax-wench** (i. 2. 277), female flax worker; perhaps in addition to the implied social contempt in this word in its present context, there is also a moral contempt, but the *New Eng. Dict.* gives no authority for such interpretation.
- gallimaufry** (iv. 4. 335), confused jumble, ridiculous medley; also applied to a dish of hashed-up food: from Fr. *galimafrée*.
- glib** (ii. 1. 149), castrate, geld; apparently a corruption of *lib*, with the same meaning, and probably connected etymologically with the root in *left*.



**gust** (i. 2. 219), taste, hence, figuratively, experience, realize. Lat. *gustare*, from *gustus*, taste.

**handed** (iv. 4. 358), dealt with, dabbled with.

**having** (iv. 4. 739), property, wealth. Cf. 1652 Brome, *Novella*: "Looke to my house and havings; keep all safe."

**heat** (i. 2. 96), (by an abruptly expressed metaphor) rush over, dash across.

**hent** (iv. 3. 132), grasp, lay hold of; O. E. *hentan*, to seize. Cf. Spenser, *Shepherd's Cal.* Feb.: "His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand."

**hovering** (i. 2. 302), hesitating, wavering.

**hoxes** (i. 2. 244), houghs, hamstrings. Cf. Wyclif's *Bible*, *Josh.* xi. 6: "Thou schalt hoxe the horsis of hem:" the word may be from *hoxen*, to hamstring; philologists compare Ger. *hechsen*, to hamstring, pointing out the dialect forms without the *n*, *hächsen*, *hessen*, *häsen*.

**inkles** (iv. 4. 208), varieties or pieces of linen tape; an *inkle* is a kind of linen tape, then the word came to mean a piece of such tape: so *inkles*, either pieces or varieties. The word is of uncertain origin; some suggest early Dutch *enckel*, *inckel*, single, which word might conceivably be applied to narrow or inferior tape — but there is no evidence of this. Cf. 1639 T. de Grey, *Compl. Horsem.*: "With an incle or filliting bind the hough."

**intelligence** (iv. 2. 42, 51), information, news — a sense not uncommon from early times and still in use: thus Murray gives an instance from the Coventry Mystery Plays, and another from McCarthy, *History of Our Own Times*: "The most accurate

source of intelligence in all matters of public interest." From Fr. *intelligence*, Lat. *intelligentia*, understanding.

**intelligencing** (ii. 3. 68), conveying information, acting as spy; see above.

**knack** (iv. 4. 438), *pl.* **knacks** (iv. 4. 359), toy, trifle, trinket; may be same word as *knack*, a sharp, sounding blow; if so, then according to Murray, it is of echoic origin, and has analogues in Dutch, German, Norwegian, and even Gaelic. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 67: "Why 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell, A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babie's cap."

**limber** (i. 2. 47), pliant, easily bent, figuratively, easily refutable, or perhaps merely, limp, flaccid: usually spelled *limmer*, *lymmer*, synonymous with dialect word *limmock*; it may be a compound of *limb*, as *leathwake* is a compound of *lith* (limb). Cf. 1602 Marston, *Ant. and Mel.*: "Confusion to these limber sycophants!"

**loss** (ii. 3. 192), perdition, ruin, destruction; connected etymologically with *leese*, *lease*, *loose*, *lorn*; there is an O. E. *los*, only found, however, in the phrase "to lose," meaning dissolution; *loss* is certainly connected with this, though it is not directly a derivative. Cf. Caxton, *Cato*: "When they seken in the losse and the dethe of yonge chyl dren," and *Lear*, iii. 6. 102: "His life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss."

**lunes** (ii. 2. 30), fits of frenzy and madness. Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale, 1778: "My master is in his old lunes, and so am I." The word gives us an insight into the science of mediæval medicine, which connected the moon with



- the prevalence of certain humours in body and mind: so *lune* from mediæval Lat. *luna*, moon; cf. also Ger. *Laune*, whim.
- marted** (iv. 4. 362), trafficked in; the noun *mart* is probably from Dutch *mart*, now *markt*, and etymologically connected with *market*, which is O. Fr. *market*, Sp. *mercado*, It. *mercato*, all of them going back to the Lat. *mercatus*, from *mercari*, to trade.
- material** (i. 2. 216), of serious import. Cf. More, *Dyaloge*: "Sith this thing is much material, as whereupon many great thynges do depende," and *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 136: "Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's."
- measure** (iv. 4. 756), grave, stately walk; generally used in reference to stately dancing, "to tread a measure."
- missingly** (iv. 2. 35), with a sense of loss. Murray gives only this instance of the use of the word.
- overture** (ii. 1. 172), literally, opening, hence, opening up or revelation of a matter, disclosure; from O. Fr. *overture*, an opening. Cf. 1548 Hall, *Chron.*: "The kyng had knowledge of the chief Capitaynes of this tumulte by the overture of hys espyes."
- owe** (iii. 2. 39), have, possess, own. Cf. Chaucer, *Pard. Tale*: "The goode man that the beestes oweth." This is the root meaning of the word, O. E. *ágan*, pres. tense *áh*, past, *áhte*, which by regular philological law becomes modern English *owe*, *owed*, *ought*: in very early M. E., however, *ought* acquired its present indefinite sense; early, too, *ágan*, *owe* in the sense of the Lat. *habere* underwent changes, indicated by its use in the O. E. phrase *ágan to geldanne*, to have to pay, to the sense of the Lat. *debere*, to have
- an obligation, to *owe* in the modern sense. The old sense, to have, to possess, is still not extinct in dialect.
- pantler** (iv. 4. 56), originally, baker; in M. E. applied to the person who had charge of the bread, the pantry. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 258: "He would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well." Probably, the word is an altered form of *panter* by analogy with *buller*: *panter* is M. E. *paneter*, O. Fr. *paneter*, mediæval Lat. *panetarius*, from Lat. *panem*, bread.
- perfect** (iii. 3. 1), certain, assured (a rare and obsolete sense). Cf. 1568 Grafton, *Chron.*: "He had perfecte worde that the Duke of Clarence came forward towarde him with a great army," and *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 73: "I am perfect that the Pannonians . . . for their liberties are now in arms."
- ponderous** (iv. 4. 534), literally, heavy, hence, of grave importance.
- practice** (iii. 2. 168), trickery, treason. This is the sense of the first known occurrence of the word in English, 1494, Fabyan, *Chron.*: "The towne of Seynt Denys . . . was goten by treason or practyse," and this too is its common sense in Elizabethan literature. The form of the noun suffix *-ice* is due to analogy with *justice*, etc., the earlier form being *practyse*, *-ize*, which was apparently from the verb form *practise*, from O. Fr. *practiser*.
- prank'd up** (iv. 4. 10), gaily decked out, showily dressed: cognate with Dutch *pronk*, show, finery, Ger. *Prunk*, pomp. Cf. Lyly, *Euphues*: "As willing . . . as you are to prancke your selves in a lookinge Glasse."

- present** (iii. 3. 4), immediate, instant, (an obsolete sense): O. Fr. *present*, Lat. *praesens*, *praesentem*, present, immediate, really pres. part. of *prae-esse*, to be before, to be at hand. Cf. Bacon, *Essay*, *Sacred Medit.*: "Peter stroke Ananias . . . with present death."
- prig** (iv. 3. 108), a cant term for thief; of unknown origin. Cf. Fielding, *Jon. Wild.*: "The same endowments have often composed the statesman and the prig; for so we call what the vulgar name a Thief."
- prognostication** (iv. 4. 816), literally, prophecy, prediction, here in the applied sense, an almanac giving an astrological forecast for the year. Cf. 1583 Stubbes, *Anat. Abus.*: "The makers of prognostications, or almanacs for the yeere." M. E., O. F. *prónóstica-cion*, mediæval Lat. *prognosticare*, from *prognosticus*, from Gr. *προγνωτικός*, foreknowing.
- purchase** (iv. 4. 521), to obtain, get: the root sense is "procure by effort, seek for;" M. E., A. Fr. *purchaser* = O. Fr. *por-*, *purchacier*, *-chasser*, to seek to obtain, Lat. *pro* + popular Lat. *captiare*, to catch.
- puts forth** (i. 2. 254), (figuratively on analogy with the sprouting of plants) appears, shows itself. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 416: "Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth."
- putter-on** (ii. 1. 141), instigator, schemer, inciter. Cf. *Henry VIII*, i. 2. 24: "My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as putter-on Of these exactions."
- quick** (iv. 4. 132), alive, living; O. E. *civic*. Cf. 1661, Fuller, *Worthies*: "Not the quick but dead worthies properly pertain to my pen."
- quoifs** (iv. 4. 226), close-fitting hoods; generally spelled *coif*: Fr. *coiffe*, Low Lat. *cofia*, M. H. Ger. *kupfe*, O. H. Ger. *chuph*, head.
- race** (iv. 3. 50), root; O. Fr. *rais*, Lat. *radicem*.
- rehearse** (v. 2. 67), tell, narrate (now a rare sense); O. Fr. *rehercer*, apparently from *re* + *hercer*, to harrow, from *herse*, harrow, Lat. *hirpex*, rake. Cf. 1483 Caxton, *Gold. Leg.*: "First we shal reherce here the birthe and begynnyng of Judas."
- remember** (iii. 2. 231), remind (archaic). Cf. Chaucer *Frank. Tale*: "This was as thise bookes me remember, The cold frosty seson of Decembre."
- require** (ii. 3. 190), call for (as retribution), demand; O. Fr. *requer-*, *requier*, Lat. *requirere*, from *re* + *quaerere*, to seek, ask.
- rift** (v. 1. 66), (probably) split, gape open; of Scandinavian origin; cf. O. Nor. *ripta*, to break (a bargain, etc.). Cf. Bacon, *Sylva*: "When ice is congealed in a cup, the ice will swell instead of contracting; and sometimes rift."
- sacred** (i. 2. 76), the epithet of royalty, royal: it is really the past part. of an obsolete verb, *sacre*, to consecrate, Lat. *sacrare*, from *sacer*, sacred, but the participial sense is now lost.
- scour** (ii. 1. 35), move rapidly, run; the word may be equivalent to the O. Nor. *skúr*, storm (Eng. *shower*) and to the Nor. *skura*, to rush violently. Cf. Spenser, *Faery-Queene*, l. ii. 20: "The lady . . . from him fled away with all her powre: who after her as hastily gan scowre."
- seeming** (iv. 4. 75), form, appearance — probably incorporating the idea of "fitting," which we

- get in the verb *beseem*. The verb *seem* has this idea in its root: M. E. *seme*, O. Nor. *sóma*, Icel. *sáma*, to honor, conform to; cf. O. Nor. *sóma*, to beseem, befit.
- skill** (ii. 1. 166), (apparently) craft, cunning; but Murray gives no instance of this sense; he gives one sense "discrimination in relation to special circumstances." But just as both *craft* and *cunning* bear a deteriorated sense, it is possible that *skill* has such a sense here.
- sleeve-hand** (iv. 4. 211), wristband or cuff of a sleeve. Cf. 1550 Leland *Collect*: "A surcoat of the same [crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the Coller, skirts, and Sleeve-hands garnished with ribbons of gold."
- slippery** (i. 2. 273), unchaste, licentious: the adjective was originally *slipper* (O. E. *slīpor*), but this is now obsolete; *slippery* is perhaps formed from it by analogy with the Low Ger. *slipperig*.
- sneaping** (i. 2. 13), nipping, biting: *sneap* is probably an alternative form of the dialect verb *snape*, to rebuke, snub, O. Nor. *sneyþa*, to outrage. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 100: "Like an envious sneaping frost, That bites the first-born infants of the Spring."
- spices** (iii. 2. 185), specimens; the original meaning is allied to this. O. Fr. *espice*, Lat. *species*, kind, sort.
- square** (iv. 4. 212), embroidered bosom or yoke of a garment (Onions): the adjective *square* is from O. Fr. *esquarre*, from Low Lat. past part. of *exquadrare*, to make square, from *quadros*, four-cornered, from the root of *quat-tuor*, four.
- squared** (iii. 3. 41, v. 1. 52), regulated, governed, ruled.
- squash** (i. 2. 160), literally, an unripe pea-pod, used contemptuously of a young person; either an intensive of *quash*, O. Fr. *quasser*, modern Fr. *casser*, Lat. *quassare*, frequent. of *quatere*, to shake, or perhaps M. E. *squachen*, O. Fr. *esquacher*, from *es-*, *ex-* + Low Lat. *coacticare*, from *coactus*, past part. of *cogere*, to compel, literally, to drive together.
- squier** (iv. 4. 348), measuring instrument, foot-rule; this is a common early and Elizabethan form of *square*.
- stomacher** (iv. 4. 226), article of dress, usually of fine material richly ornamented, for the breast or stomach, having a gown or doublet laced over it, worn by men and women in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.
- strain'd** (iii. 2. 51), exceeded bounds, forced beyond proper limits; O. Fr. *streindre*, Lat. *stringo*, to bind tight. Cf. Butler, *Hudibras*: "He that strains too far a vow, Will break it, like an o'erbent bow."
- surplus** (v. 3. 7), overplus; Fr. *surplus*, Low Lat. *superplus*, Lat. *super* + *plus*.
- tardied** (iii. 2. 163), delayed, held back; an obsolete verb from the adj. *tardy*, Fr. *tardif*, popular Lat. *tardivus*, Lat. *tardus*, slow.
- tell** (iv. 4. 185), count, reckon; "to mention or name one by one, specifying them as *one*, *two*, *three*, etc., and hence to ascertain from the number of the last how many there are in the whole series" (Murray). Cf. the phrase "to tell one's beads," "to tell sheep;" O. E. *tellan*, cf. Ger. *zählen*.
- tremor cordis** (i. 2. 110), Latin, trembling of the heart.

- uncurrent** (iii. 2. 50), figuratively, not allowable or passable, hence, objectionable or extraordinary (Onions).
- undergo** (ii. 3. 164), take upon oneself, undertake to perform.
- utter** (iv. 4. 330), put on the market, put forth. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 67: "Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law Is death to any he that utters them." From M. E. *uttren*, from O. E. *uttera*, compar. of *ūt*, out.
- wanton** (ii. 1. 18), frolic; M. E. *wantoun*, *wantowen*, from *wan* (prefix with sense of *un-* as in the obsolete *wanhope*, despair) + *towen*, O. E. *togen*, past part. of *téon*, to draw, educate. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, 4. 148: "I wanton'd with thy breakers."
- warder** (iv. 3. 48), kind of cooking pear; either from Wardon in Bedfordshire, or perhaps from the noun *warden*, guardian, because these pears can be kept a long time.
- warp** (i. 2. 364), be distorted; also used transitively, to distort. Cf. *All's Well*, v. 3. 49: "His scornful perspective . . . which warp'd the line of every other favour:" partly from O. Nor. *varpa*, to throw; cognate Ger. *werfen*, to throw, partly from O. E. *wearp*, from *wearpan*, to throw.
- welkin** (i. 2. 136), attributively, blue, sky-blue, or, perhaps, heavenly; O. E. *wolcnu*, pl. of *wolcen*, cloud.
- whoobub** (iv. 4. 628), hubbub, tumult, confusion: some say from O. F. *houper*, whoop, from *houpl* interjection used in calling; others say of Irish origin, comparing Gaelic *ubub*, an interjection of contempt, and Irish *abu*, a war cry.
- yest** (iii. 3. 94), figuratively, froth: O. E. *gist*, from the root in O. H. Ger. *jesan*, ferment, cognate Gr. ζέω, βοί . . .





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