```xml
<?xml version="1.0" encoding="UTF-8"?>
<TEI xmlns="http://www.tei-c.org/ns/1.0">
  <teiHeader>
    <fileDesc>
      <titleStmt>
        <title type="statement">The Winters Tale from Mr. William Shakespeares
comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It Solutions
PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="PW">
```

```xml
          <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
          <resp>project management</resp>
          <resp>proofing</resp>
          <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
          <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
          <resp>proofing</resp>
          <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JS">
          <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
          <resp>proofing</resp>
          <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="ES">
          <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
          <resp>proofing</resp>
          <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JC">
          <persName>James Cummings</persName>
          <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <funder>
          <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
          Crowdfunding</funder>
        <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
      </titleStmt>
      <editionStmt>
        <edition n="first"> First publication edition. <date when="2014-04-23">23
April
          2014</date>
        </edition>
      </editionStmt>
      <publicationStmt>
        <publisher>
          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian
Libraries</orgName>,
          <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
        </publisher>
        <date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
        <authority>
```

```xml
        <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss"
xml:id="bdlss">Bodleian Digital
            Library Systems and Services</orgName>
      </authority>
      <address>
         <addrLine>Osney One Building</addrLine>
         <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
         <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
          <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
      </address>
      <availability>
         <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
      </availability>
      <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
      <idno type="url">http://solo-
aleph.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/?func=direct&amp;doc_number=011814163&amp;format=9
99&amp;local_base=HOL60</idno>
   </publicationStmt>

   <sourceDesc>
     <bibl>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">First Folio</title>
        <pubPlace>
          <settlement>London</settlement>, <country>England</country>
        </pubPlace>:
        <publisher>
          <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
            Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
        </publisher>
        <date type="canonical" when="1623">1623</date>
        <date type="entry" when="1623-11-08">8 November 1623 (entered)</date>
        <idno type="shelfmark">Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7</idno>
        <idno type="estcCitationNo">S111228</idno>
        <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
        <note type="citation">ESTC, S111228</note>
        <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
        <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
        <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
        <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare
First Folios a
```

```xml
                descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
                Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First
Folios,
                With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
                1999), p.1-19</note>
        </bibl>
        <msDesc>
          <msIdentifier>
            <country>United Kingdom</country>
            <settlement>Oxford</settlement>
            <institution>University of Oxford</institution>
            <repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
            <idno type="shelfmark">Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7</idno>
            <altIdentifier type="previous">
              <idno type="shelfmark">S 2.17 Art. [first Bodleian shelfmark,
                1624-1664?]</idno>
            </altIdentifier>
            <altIdentifier type="previous">
              <idno type="shelfmark">Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian
                shelfmark, 1906-?]</idno>
            </altIdentifier>
          </msIdentifier>
          <msContents>
            <titlePage>
              <docTitle>
                <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                  <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                  <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp; <lb/>TRAGEDIES.
</titlePart>
                <titlePart>Publiſhed according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>

              </docTitle>

                <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at the
charges
                of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
            </titlePage>
          </msContents>
          <physDesc>
            <objectDesc form="codex">
              <supportDesc>
                <support>
                  <dimensions>
                    <height unit="mm">349</height>
```

```xml
      <width unit="mm">323</width>
    </dimensions>
  </support>
  <foliation>
    <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
      79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
    <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59
      misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161
      misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p.
      189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p.
      265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies;
      p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166
      numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count:
      p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38;
      p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
  </foliation>
  <collation>
    <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly
      cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6$ ($\pi A1+1$) [$\pi B^2$], $^2A$-$2B^6$
      $2C^2$ a-$g^6$ $\chi gg^8$ h-$v^6$ $x^4$ $\chi1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-ff$^6$ gg$^2$ Gg$^6$
      hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6$ ($\pi A1+1$, $\pi A5+1.2$)$^2A$-$2B^6$ $2C^2$ a-$g^6$ $^2g^8$ h-$v^6$ $x^4$
      'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2$ 2G$^6$ 2h$^6$ 2k-2v$^6$
      $x^6$ 2y-3b$^6$.</p>
    <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3gg1$ mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2
      mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
    <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1
      recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1
      recto.</p>
  </collation>
  <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader".
    The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount
    towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the
    Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the
    central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
    including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare
    Books.</condition>
```

```xml
        </supportDesc>
        <layoutDesc>
          <layout>
            <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
            <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
            <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
Blount, I.
                Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
            <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
          </layout>

          </layoutDesc>
        </objectDesc>
        <decoDesc>
          <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
          <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed:
"Martin-
earlier
            Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
the
            state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading,
            especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with
plate
            jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the
earlier
            in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the
            state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
          </decoNote>
        </decoDesc>
        <additions>
          <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
            unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was
seen".
            2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
            (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations
on
            leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added
after
            leaving the Library.</p>
        </additions>
        <bindingDesc>
          <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound
for the
            Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth
ties, red
            sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the
head
            of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
            Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
```

Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
          </bindingDesc>
        </physDesc>
        <history>
          <origin>
            <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
            </p>
          </origin>
          <acquisition>
            <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl>
              <title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
            <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson,

The
                Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
                Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
              <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
                Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
            </acquisition>
          </history>
          <additional>
            <surrogates>
              <listBibl>
                <bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available at:
<ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
/bibl>
              </listBibl>
            </surrogates>
          </additional>
        </msDesc>
      </sourceDesc>
    </fileDesc>
    <profileDesc>
      <particDesc>
        <listPerson>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-lad.2">
            <persName type="standard">Second Lady</persName>
            <persName type="form">2. Lady.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-ant">
            <persName type="standard">Antigonus, a lord of Sicilia</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ant.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Antig.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-arc">
            <persName type="standard">Archidamus, a lord of Bohemia</persName>
            <persName type="form">Arch.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-aut">
            <persName type="standard">Autolycus, a rogue</persName>
            <persName type="form">Aut.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Aut:</persName>
            <persName type="form">Autol.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-cam">
            <persName type="standard">Camillo, a lord of Sicilia</persName>
            <persName type="form">Cam.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-cle">
            <persName type="standard">Cleomenes, a lord of Sicilia</persName>
            <persName type="form">Cleo.</persName>

```xml
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-clo">
      <persName type="standard">Clown, son of the old Shepherd</persName>
      <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Clowne.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-dio">
      <persName type="standard">Dion, a lord of Sicilia</persName>
      <persName type="form">Dio.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Dion.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-dor">
      <persName type="standard">Dorcas, a shepherdess</persName>
      <persName type="form">Dor.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Dor:</persName>
      <persName type="form">Dorcas.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-emi">
      <persName type="standard">Emilia, a lady attending on
Hermione</persName>
      <persName type="form">Emil.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-flo">
      <persName type="standard">Florizel, prince of Bohemia</persName>
      <persName type="form">Flo.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-gao">
      <persName type="standard">Gaoler</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gao.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-gen.1">
      <persName type="standard">First Gentleman</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gent. 1.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-gen.2">
      <persName type="standard">Second Gentleman</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gent. 2.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-gen.3">
      <persName type="standard">Third Gentleman</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gent. 3.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-her">
      <persName type="standard">Hermione, queen to Leontes</persName>
      <persName type="form">Her.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-wt-lad.1">
      <persName type="standard">First Lady</persName>
      <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-leo">
          <persName type="standard">Leontes, king of Sicilia</persName>
          <persName type="form">Leo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Leon.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-lor.1">
          <persName type="standard">First Lord</persName>
          <persName type="form">Lord.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-lds">
          <persName type="standard">Lords</persName>
          <persName type="form">Lords.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-mam">
          <persName type="standard">Mamillius, young prince of
Sicilia</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mam.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-mar">
          <persName type="standard">Mariner</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-mop">
          <persName type="standard">Mopsa, a shepherdess</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mop.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mop:</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-off">
          <persName type="standard">Officer</persName>
          <persName type="form">Offic.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Officer.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-pau">
          <persName type="standard">Paulina, wife to Antigonus</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pau.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Paul.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-per">
          <persName type="standard">Perdita, daughter to Leontes and
Hermione</persName>
          <persName type="form">Per.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Perd.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-pol">
          <persName type="standard">Polixenes, king of Bohemia</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pol.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-wt-ser">
          <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
```

```xml
            <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Seru.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Seruant.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-osh">
            <persName type="standard">Old Shepherd, reputed father of
Perdita</persName>
            <persName type="form">Shep.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-wt-tim">
            <persName type="standard">Time, as the chorus</persName>
            <persName type="form">Time.</persName>
          </person>
        </listPerson>
      </particDesc>
    </profileDesc>
  </teiHeader>
  <text type="play" xml:id="F-wt">
    <body>
      <div type="play" n="14">
        <pb facs="#axc0296-0.jpg"/>
        <pb facs="#axc0297-0.jpg" n="277"/>
        <head rend="center">The Winters Tale.</head>
        <div type="act" n="1">
          <div type="scene" n="1">
            <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Camillo and
Archidamus.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
              <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
              <p>
                <c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c>F you shall chance (<hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) to visit <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, on <lb/>the
like
                occasion whereon my seruices are now <lb/>on&#x2011;foot, you
shall see (as
                I haue said) great dif-<lb/>ference betwixt our <hi
rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, and your <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
              <p>I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of <lb/>
                <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi> meanes to pay <hi
rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>
                the Visitation, which hee <lb/>iustly owes him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
              <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <p>Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we <lb/>will be iustified in our
          Loues: for indeed————</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>'Beseech you————</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
        <p>Verely I speake it in the freedome of my know-<lb/>ledge: we cannot
          with such magnificence———— in so rare——
          <lb/>I know not what to say———— Wee will giue you sleepie <lb/>Drinkes, that your Sences (vn&#x2011;intelligent of our insuffi-<lb/>cience) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little ac-<lb/>cuse vs.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen <lb/>freely.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
        <p>'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding in-<lb/>structs me, and as
          mine honestie puts it to vtterance.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>
          <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi> cannot shew himselfe ouer&#x2011;kind to <hi rend="italic">Bohe-<lb/>mia</hi>: They were trayn'd together in
          their Child&#x2011;hoods; <lb/>and there rooted betwixt them then such an
          affection, <lb/>which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more <lb/>mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperati-<lb/>on of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perso-<lb/>nall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter&#x2011;change of <lb/>Gifts, Letters,
          louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to <lb/>be together, though absent:
          shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; <lb/>and embrac'd as it were from the ends of
          opposed Winds. <lb/>The Heauens continue their Loues.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
        <p>I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice <lb/>or Matter, to
```

alter

        it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort <lb/>of your young Prince <hi
rend="italic">Mamillius</hi>: it is a Gentleman of the <lb/>greatest
        Promise, that euer came into my Note.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: <lb/>it is a gallant
Child;
        one, that (indeed) Physicks the Sub-<lb/>iect, makes old hearts
        fresh: they that went on Crutches <lb/>ere he was borne, desire yet
their
        life, to see him a Man.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
      <p>Would they else be content to die?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should <lb/>desire to
liue.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-arc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
      <p>If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to <lb/>liue on
Crutches till he
        had one.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2">
    <head rend="center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leontes, Hermione,
Mamillius,
        Polixenes, Camillo.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
      <p>Nine Changes of the Watry&#x2011;Starre hath been</p>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne</l>
      <l>Without a Burthen: Time as long againe</l>
      <l>Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,</l>
      <l>And yet we should, for perpetuitie,</l>
      <l>Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher</l>
      <l>(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply</l>
      <l>With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,</l>
      <l>That goe before it.</l>
    </sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Stay your Thanks a while,</l>
  <l>And pay them when you part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, that's to morrow:</l>
  <l>I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,</l>
  <l>Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow</l>
  <l>No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,</l>
  <l>This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd</l>
  <l>To tyre your Royaltie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>We are tougher (Brother) </l>
  <l>Then you can put vs to't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>No longer stay.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>One Seue'night longer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>Very sooth, to morrow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Wee'le part the time between's then: and in that <lb/>Ile no
    gaine&#x2011;saying.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Presse me not ('beseech you) so:</l>
  <l>There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th'World</l>
  <l>So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,</l>
  <l>Were there necessitie in your request, although</l>
  <l>'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires</l>
  <l>Doe euen drag me home&#x2011;ward: which to hinder,</l>
  <l>Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,</l>
  <l>To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,</l>
  <l>Farewell (our Brother.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <p>Tongue&#x2011;ty'd our Queene? speake you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill</l>
  <l>You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)</l>
  <l>Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure</l>
  <l>All in <hi rend="italic">Bohemia's</hi> well: this satisfaction,</l>
  <l>The by&#x2011;gone&#x2011;day proclaim'd, say this to him,</l>
  <l>He's beat from his best ward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Well said, <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:</l>
  <l>But let him say so then, and let him goe;</l>
  <l>But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,</l>
  <l>Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.</l>
  <l>Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture</l>
  <l>The borrow of a Weeke. When at <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>
  </l>
  <l>You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,</l>
  <l>To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest</l>
  <l>Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good&#x2011;deed) <hi
rend="italic">Leontes</hi>,</l>
  <l>I loue thee not a Iarre o'th'Clock, behind</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Aa</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">What</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0298-0.jpg" n="278"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>No, Madame.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, but you will?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>I may not verily.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <p>Verely?</p>
    <l>You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,</l>
    <l>Though you would seek t'vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,</l>
    <l>Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely</l>
    <l>You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is</l>
    <l>As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?</l>
    <l>Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,</l>
    <l>Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees</l>
    <l>When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?</l>
    <l>My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,</l>
    <l>One of them you shall be.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>Your Guest then, Madame:</l>
    <l>To be your Prisoner, should import offending;</l>
    <l>Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,</l>
    <l>Then you to punish.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Not your Gaoler then,</l>
    <l>But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you</l>
    <l>Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:</l>
    <l>You were pretty Lordings then?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>We were (faire Queene)</l>
    <l>Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,</l>
    <l>But such a day to morrow, as to day,</l>
    <l>And to be Boy eternall.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Was not my Lord</l>
    <l>The veryer Wag o'th'two?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,</l>
    <l>And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,</l>
    <l>Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not</l>
    <l>The Doctrine of ill&#x2011;doing, nor dream'd</l>
    <l>That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,</l>
    <l>And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd</l>
    <l>With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen</l>
    <l>Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,</l>
    <l>Hereditarie ours.</l>
  </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>By this we gather</l>
  <l>You haue tript since.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>O my most sacred Lady,</l>
  <l>Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for</l>
  <l>In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;</l>
  <l>Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes</l>
  <l>Of my young Play&#x2011;fellow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Grace to boot:</l>
  <l>Of this make no conclusion, least you say</l>
  <l>Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,</l>
  <l>Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,</l>
  <l>If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs</l>
  <l>You did continue fault; and that you slipt not</l>
  <l>With any, but with vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Is he woon yet?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Hee'le stay (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>At my request, he would not:</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi> (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st</l>
  <l>To better purpose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Neuer?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Neuer, but once.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?</l>
  <l>I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's</l>
```

```xml
<l>As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,</l>
<l>Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.</l>
<l>Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's</l>
<l>With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere</l>
<l>With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale:</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.</l>
<l>What was my first: it ha's an elder Sister,</l>
<l>Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were <hi
rend="italic">Grace</hi>.</l>
<l>But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?</l>
<l>Nay, let me haue't: I long.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
<l>Why, that was when</l>
<l>Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselues to death,</l>
<l>Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:</l>
<l>A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,</l>
<l>I am yours for euer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>'Tis Grace indeed.</l>
<l>Why lo&#x2011;you now; I haue spoke to th'purpose twice:</l>
<l>The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;</l>
<l>Th'other, for some while a Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
<l>Too hot, too hot:</l>
<l>To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.</l>
<l>I haue <hi rend="italic">Tremor Cordis</hi> on me: my heart
daunces,</l>
<l>But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment</l>
<l>May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie</l>
<l>From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,</l>
<l>And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:</l>
<l>But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,</l>
<l>As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles</l>
<l>As in a Looking&#x2011;Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere</l>
<l>The Mort o'th'Deere: oh, that is entertainment</l>
<l>My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. <hi
rend="italic">Mamillius</hi>,</l>
<l>Art thou my Boy?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mam">
<speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
<p>I, my good Lord.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>I'fecks:</l>
  <l>Why that's my Bawcock: what? Has't smutch'd thy Nose?</l>
  <l>They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,</l>
  <l>We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:</l>
  <l>And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,</l>
  <l>Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling</l>
  <l>Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)</l>
  <l>Art thou my Calfe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
  <p>Yes, if you will (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou want'st a rough pash, &amp; the shoots that I haue</l>
  <l>To be full, like me: yet they say we are</l>
  <l>Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,</l>
  <l>(That will say any thing.) But were they false</l>
  <l>As o're&#x2011;dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false</l>
  <l>As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes</l>
  <l>No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,</l>
  <l>To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)</l>
  <l>Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,</l>
  <l>Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be</l>
  <l>Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.</l>
  <l>Thou do'st make possible things not so held,</l>
  <l>Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)</l>
  <l>With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,</l>
  <l>And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,</l>
  <l>Thou may'st co&#x2011;ioyne with something, and thou do'st,</l>
  <l>(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,</l>
  <l>(And that to the infection of my Braines,</l>
  <l>And hardning of my Browes.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>What meanes <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>He something seemes vnsetled.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>How? my Lord?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
```

```
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>What cheere? how is’t with you, best Brother?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <p>You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction: <lb/>Are you mou’d (my Lord?)</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>No, in good earnest.</l>
    <l>How sometimes Nature will betray it’s folly?</l>
    <l>It’s tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime</l>
    <l>To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Of</fw>
    <pb facs="#axc0299-0.jpg" n="279"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle</l>
    <l>Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn&#x2011;breech’d,</l>
    <l>In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzled,</l>
    <l>Least it should bite it’s Master, and so proue</l>
    <l>(As Ornaments oft do’s) too dangerous:</l>
    <l>How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,</l>
    <l>This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,</l>
    <l>Will you take Egges for Money?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
    <p>No (my Lord) Ile fight.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>You will: why happy man be’s dole. My Brother</l>
    <l>Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we</l>
    <l>Doe seeme to be of ours?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>If at home (Sir)</l>
    <l>He’s all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;</l>
    <l>Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;</l>
    <l>My Parasite, my Souldier: States&#x2011;man; all:</l>
    <l>He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,</l>
    <l>And with his varying child&#x2011;nesse, cures in me</l>
    <l>Thoughts, that would thick my blood.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
```

```
    <l>So stands this Squire</l>
    <l>Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)</l>
    <l>And leaue you to your grauer steps. <hi
rend="italic">Hermione</hi>,</l>
    <l>How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;</l>
    <l>Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:</l>
    <l>Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's</l>
    <l>Apparant to my heart.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>If you would seeke vs,</l>
    <l>We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,</l>
    <l>Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,</l>
    <l>(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)</l>
    <l>Goe too, goe too.</l>
    <l>How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?</l>
    <l>And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife</l>
    <l>To her allowing Husband. Gone already,</l>
    <l>Ynch&#x2011;thick, knee&#x2011;deepe; ore head and eares a
fork'd one.</l>
    <l>Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I</l>
    <l>Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue</l>
    <l>Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor</l>
    <l>Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been</l>
    <l>(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,</l>
    <l>And many a man there is (euen at this present,</l>
    <l>Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,</l>
    <l>That little thinkes she ha's been sluyc'd in's absence,</l>
    <l>And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by</l>
    <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Smile</hi>, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort
      in't,</l>
    <l>Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd</l>
    <l>(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire</l>
    <l>That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind</l>
    <l>Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:</l>
    <l>It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike</l>
    <l>Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:</l>
    <l>From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,</l>
    <l>No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,</l>
    <l>It will let in and out the Enemy,</l>
    <l>With bag and baggage: many thousand on's</l>
    <l>Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
```

```
        <p>I am like you say.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <l>Why, that's some comfort.</l>
        <l>What? <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> there?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>I, my good Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <l>Goe play (<hi rend="italic">Mamillius</hi>) thou'rt an honest man:
</l>

        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>, this great Sir will yet stay longer.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <l>You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,</l>
        <l>When you cast out, it still came home.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <p>Didst note it?</p>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>He would not stay at your Petitions, made <lb/>His Businesse more
          materiall.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <l>Didst perceiue it?</l>
        <l>They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:</l>
        <l>Sicilia is a so&#x2011;forth: 'tis farre gone,</l>
        <l>When I shall gust it last. How cam't (<hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>)</l>
        <l>That he did stay?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <p>At the good Queenes entreatie.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <l>At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,</l>
        <l>But so it is, it is not. Was this taken</l>
```

<l>By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?</l>
    <l>For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in</l>
    <l>More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,</l>
    <l>But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls</l>
    <l>Of Head‑peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes</l>
    <l>Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi> stayes here longer.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>Ha?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>Stayes here longer.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>I, but why?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties <lb/>Of our most
gracious
        Mistresse.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Satisfie?</l>
    <l>Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?</l>
    <l>Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (<hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>)</l>
    <l>With all the neerest things to my heart, as well</l>
    <l>My Chamber‑Councels, wherein (Priest‑like)
thou</l>
    <l>Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed</l>
    <l>Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been</l>
    <l>Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd</l>
    <l>In that which seemes so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>Be it forbid (my Lord.)</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>

```xml
    <l>To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or</l>
    <l>If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,</l>
    <l>Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning</l>
    <l>From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted</l>
    <l>A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,</l>
    <l>And therein negligent: or else a Foole,</l>
    <l>That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,</l>
    <l>And tak'st it all for ieast.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>My gracious Lord,</l>
    <l>I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,</l>
    <l>In euery one of these, no man is free,</l>
    <l>But that his negligence, his folly, feare,</l>
    <l>Among the infinite doings of the World,</l>
    <l>Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)</l>
    <l>If euer I were wilfull&#x2011;negligent,</l>
    <l>It was my folly: if industriously</l>
    <l>I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,</l>
    <l>Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull</l>
    <l>To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,</l>
    <l>Whereof the execution did cry out</l>
    <l>Against the non&#x2011;performance, 'twas a feare</l>
    <l>Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)</l>
    <l>Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie</l>
    <l>Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace</l>
    <l>Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas</l>
    <l>By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,</l>
    <l>'Tis none of mine.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>Ha' not you seene <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>?</p>
    <l>(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye&#x2011;glasse</l>
    <l>Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?</l>
    <l>(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor</l>
    <l>Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation</l>
    <l>Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Aa2</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">My</fw>
    <pb facs="#axc0300-0.jpg" n="280"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,</l>
    <l>Or else be impudently negatiue,</l>
    <l>To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say</l>
    <l>My Wife's a Holy&#x2011;Horse, deserues a Name</l>
    <l>As ranke as any Flax&#x2011;Wench, that puts to</l>
    <l>Before her troth&#x2011;plight: say't, and iustify't.</l>
```

```
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>I would not be a stander&#x2011;by, to heare</l>
      <l>My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without</l>
      <l>My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,</l>
      <l>You neuer spoke what did become you lesse</l>
      <l>Then this; which to reiterate, were sin</l>
      <l>As deepe as that, though true.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>Is whispering nothing?</l>
      <l>Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?</l>
      <l>Kissing with in&#x2011;side Lip? stopping the Cariere</l>
      <l>Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible</l>
      <l>Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?</l>
      <l>Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?</l>
      <l>Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid&#x2011;night? and all Eyes</l>
      <l>Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,</l>
      <l>That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?</l>
      <l>Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,</l>
      <l>The couering Skie is nothing, <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>
nothing,</l>
      <l>My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,</l>
      <l>If this be nothing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>Good my Lord, be cur'd</l>
      <l>Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,</l>
      <l>For 'tis most dangerous.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <p>Say it be, 'tis true.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>No, no, my Lord.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>It is: you lye, you lye:</l>
      <l>I say thou lyest <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>, and I hate thee,</l>
      <l>Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,</l>
      <l>Or else a houering Temporizer, that</l>
      <l>Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,</l>
      <l>Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer</l>
      <l>Infected (as her life) she would not liue</l>
```

<l>The running of one Glasse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>Who do's infect her?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging</l>
    <l>About his neck (<hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>) who, if I</l>
    <l>Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes</l>
    <l>To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,</l>
    <l>(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that</l>
    <l>Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou</l>
    <l>His Cup‑bearer, whom I from meaner forme</l>
    <l>Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see</l>
    <l>Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,</l>
    <l>How I am gall'd, might'st be‑spice a Cup,</l>
    <l>To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:</l>
    <l>Which Draught to me, were cordiall.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>Sir (my Lord)</l>
    <l>I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,</l>
    <l>But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke</l>
    <l>Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot</l>
    <l>Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse</l>
    <l>(So soueraignely being Honorable.)</l>
    <l>I haue lou'd thee,</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Make that thy question, and goe rot:</l>
    <l>Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,</l>
    <l>To appoint my selfe in this vexation?</l>
    <l>Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes</l>
    <l>(Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,</l>
    <l>Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)</l>
    <l>Giue scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,</l>
    <l>(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?</l>
    <l>Could man so blench?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>I must beleeue you (Sir)</l>
    <l>I doe, and will fetch off <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi> for't:</l>
    <l>Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse</l>

```xml
    <l>Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,</l>
    <l>Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing</l>
    <l>The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes</l>
    <l>Knowne, and ally'd to yours.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou do'st aduise me,</l>
  <l>Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:</l>
  <l>Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord,</l>
  <l>Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare</l>
  <l>As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>,</l>
  <l>And with your Queene: I am his Cup&#x2011;bearer,</l>
  <l>If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,</l>
  <l>Account me not your Seruant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>This is all:</l>
  <l>Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;</l>
  <l>Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>Ile do't, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>O miserable Lady. But for me,</l>
  <l>What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner</l>
  <l>Of good <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>, and my ground to do't,</l>
  <l>Is the obedience to a Master; one,</l>
  <l>Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue</l>
  <l>All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,</l>
  <l>Promotion followes: If I could find example</l>
  <l>Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,</l>
  <l>And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since</l>
  <l>Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,</l>
  <l>Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine</l>
    <l>To me a breake&#x2011;neck. Happy Starre raigne now,</l>
    <l>Here comes <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Polixenes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>This is strange: Me thinks</l>
    <l>My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?</l>
    <l>Good day <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>Hayle most Royall Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <p>What is the Newes i'th'Court?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>None rare (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>The King hath on him such a countenance,</l>
    <l>As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region</l>
    <l>Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him</l>
    <l>With customarie complement, when hee</l>
    <l>Wafting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling</l>
    <l>A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and</l>
    <l>So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,</l>
    <l>That changes thus his Manners.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <p>I dare not know (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?</l>
    <l>Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:</l>
    <l>For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,</l>
    <l>And cannot say, you dare not. Good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
    <l>Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,</l>
    <l>Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be</l>
    <l>A partie in this alteration, finding</l>
    <l>My selfe thus alter'd with't.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>There is a sicknesse</l>
  <l>Which puts some of vs in distemper, but</l>
  <l>I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught</l>
  <l>Of you, that yet are well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>How caught of me?</l>
  <l>Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I haue</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0301-0.jpg" n="281"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better</l>
  <l>By my regard, but kill'd none so: <hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
  <l>As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto</l>
  <l>Clerke&#x2011;like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes</l>
  <l>Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,</l>
  <l>In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,</l>
  <l>If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,</l>
  <l>Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not</l>
  <l>In ignorant concealement.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>I may not answere.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?</l>
  <l>I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare <hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
  <l>I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,</l>
  <l>Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least</l>
  <l>Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare</l>
  <l>What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme</l>
  <l>Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,</l>
  <l>Which way to be preuented, if to be:</l>
  <l>If not, how best to beare it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, I will tell you,</l>
  <l>Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him</l>
  <l>That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,</l>
  <l>Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as</l>
  <l>I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Cry lost, and so good night.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>On, good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>I am appointed him to murther you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>By whom, <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>By the King.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>For what?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,</l>
  <l>As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument</l>
  <l>To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene</l>
  <l>Forbiddenly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Oh then, my best blood turne</l>
  <l>To an infected Gelly, and my Name</l>
  <l>Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:</l>
  <l>Turne then my freshest Reputation to</l>
  <l>A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill</l>
  <l>Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd,</l>
  <l>Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection</l>
  <l>That ere was heard, or read.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Sweare his thought ouer</l>
  <l>By each particular Starre in Heauen, and</l>
  <l>By all their Influences; you may as well</l>
  <l>Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,</l>
  <l>As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake</l>
  <l>The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation</l>
  <l>Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue</l>
  <l>The standing of his Body.</l>
```

```xml
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
        <p>How should this grow?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <l>I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to</l>
        <l>Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.</l>
        <l>If therefore you dare trust my honestie,</l>
        <l>That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you</l>
        <l>Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,</l>
        <l>Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,</l>
        <l>And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,</l>
        <l>Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my selfe, Ile put</l>
        <l>My fortunes to your seruice (which are here</l>
        <l>By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,</l>
        <l>For by the honor of my Parents, I</l>
        <l>Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,</l>
        <l>I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,</l>
        <l>Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:</l>
        <l>Thereon his Execution sworne.</l>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
        <l>I doe beleeue thee:</l>
        <l>I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,</l>
        <l>Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall</l>
        <l>Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and</l>
        <l>My people did expect my hence departure</l>
        <l>Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie</l>
        <l>Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,</l>
        <l>Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,</l>
        <l>Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,</l>
        <l>He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer</l>
        <l>Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must</l>
        <l>In that be made more bitter. Feare ore&#x2011;shades me:</l>
        <l>Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort</l>
        <l>The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing</l>
        <l>Of his ill&#x2011;ta'ne suspition. Come <hi
rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
        <l>I will respect thee as a Father, if</l>
        <l>Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <l>It is in mine authoritie to command</l>
        <l>The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse</l>
        <l>To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.</l>
```

```xml
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="2">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hermione, Mamillius,
Ladies:
          Leontes, <lb/> Antigonus, Lords.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-wt-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l>Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,</l>
          <l>'Tis past enduring.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-lad.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <p>Come (my gracious Lord) <lb/>Shall I be your
play&#x2011;fellow?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
          <p>No, Ile none of you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-lad.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <p>Why (my sweet Lord?)</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
          <p>You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if <lb/>I were a Baby
still. I
            loue you better.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-lad.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Lady.</speaker>
          <p>And why so (my Lord?)</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
          <l>Not for because</l>
          <l>Your Browes are blacker (yet black&#x2011;browes they say</l>
          <l>Become some Women best, so that there be not</l>
          <l>Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,</l>
          <l>Or a halfe&#x2011;Moone, made with a Pen.)</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-lad.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Lady.</speaker>
          <p>Who taught 'this?</p>
```

```
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <p>I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now, <lb/>What colour are
your
         eye&#x2011;browes?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-lad.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <p>Blew (my Lord.)</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose <lb/>That ha's beene
blew,
         but not her eye&#x2011;browes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-lad.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>Harke ye,</l>
      <l>
        <gap extent="2"
           unit="chars"
           reason="illegible"
           agent="partiallyInkedType"
           resp="#LMC"/>e Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall</l>
      <l>Present our seruices to a fine new Prince</l>
      <l>One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,</l>
      <l>If we would haue you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-lad.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Lady.</speaker>
      <l>She is spread of late</l>
      <l>Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now</l>
      <l>I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,</l>
      <l>And tell's a Tale.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <l>Merry, or sad, shal't be?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>As merry as you will.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
```

```xml
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <l>A sad Tale’s best for Winter:</l>
      <l>I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>Let’s haue that (good Sir.)</l>
      <l>Come&#x2011;on, sit downe, come&#x2011;on, and doe your
best,</l>
      <l>To fright me with your Sprights: you’re powrefull at it.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Aa3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight"> Mam. <hi
rend="roman">There</hi>
    </fw>
    <pb facs="#axc0302-0.jpg" n="282"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <l>There was a man.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>Nay, come sit downe: then on.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mam.</speaker>
      <l>Dwelt by a Church&#x2011;yard: I will tell it softly,</l>
      <l>Yond Crickets shall not heare it.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <p>Come on then, and giu’t me in mine eare.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
      <p>Was hee met there? his Traine? <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> with
        <lb/>him?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
      <l>Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer</l>
      <l>Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them</l>
      <l>Euen to their Ships.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>How blest am I</l>
      <l>In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?</l>
```

<l>Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,</l>
    <l>In being so blest? There may be in the Cup</l>
    <l>A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,</l>
    <l>And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge</l>
    <l>Is not infected) but if one present</l>
    <l>Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne</l>
    <l>How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides</l>
    <l>With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> was his helpe in this, his Pandar:</l>
    <l>There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;</l>
    <l>All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,</l>
    <l>Whom I employ'd, was pre&#x2011;employ'd by him:</l>
    <l>He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I</l>
    <l>Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick</l>
    <l>For them to play at will: how came the Posternes</l>
    <l>So easily open?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
    <l>By his great authority,</l>
    <l>Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,</l>
    <l>On your command.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>I know't too well.</l>
    <l>Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:</l>
    <l>Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you</l>
    <l>Haue too much blood in him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <p>What is this? Sport?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,</l>
    <l>Away with him, and let her sport her selfe</l>
    <l>With that shee's big&#x2011;with, for 'tis <hi
rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Ha's made thee swell thus.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>But Il'd say he had not;</l>
    <l>And Ile be sworne you would beleeue my saying,</l>
    <l>How e're you leane to th'Nay&#x2011;ward.</l>
  </sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>You (my Lords)</l>
  <l>Looke on her, marke her well: be but about</l>
  <l>To say she is a goodly Lady, and</l>
  <l>The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde</l>
  <l>'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable;</l>
  <l>Prayse her but for this her
without&#x2011;dore&#x2011;Forme,</l>
  <l>(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight</l>
  <l>The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty&#x2011;brands</l>
  <l>That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,</l>
  <l>That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare</l>
  <l>Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,</l>
  <l>When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,</l>
  <l>Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne</l>
  <l>(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)</l>
  <l>Shee's an Adultresse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Should a Villaine say so,</l>
  <l>(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)</l>
  <l>He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)</l>
  <l>Doe but mistake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>You haue mistooke (my Lady)</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi> for <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi>:
O thou
    Thing,</l>
  <l>(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,</l>
  <l>Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Should a like Language vse to all degrees,</l>
  <l>And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,</l>
  <l>Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said</l>
  <l>Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:</l>
  <l>More; shee's a Traytor, and <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> is</l>
  <l>A Federarie with her, and one that knowes</l>
  <l>What she should shame to know her selfe,</l>
  <l>But with her most vild Principall: that shee's</l>
  <l>A Bed&#x2011;swaruer, euen as bad as those</l>
  <l>That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy</l>
  <l>To this their late escape.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
```

```
  <l>No (by my life)</l>
  <l>Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,</l>
  <l>When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that</l>
  <l>You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,</l>
  <l>You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say</l>
  <l>You did mistake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>No: if I mistake</l>
  <l>In those Foundations which I build vpon,</l>
  <l>The Centre is not bigge enough to beare</l>
  <l>A Schoole&#x2011;Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:</l>
  <l>He who shall speake for her, is a farre&#x2011;off guiltie,</l>
  <l>But that he speakes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>There's some ill Planet raignes:</l>
  <l>I must be patient, till the Heauens looke</l>
  <l>With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,</l>
  <l>I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex</l>
  <l>Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew</l>
  <l>Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue</l>
  <l>That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes</l>
  <l>Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)</l>
  <l>With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities</l>
  <l>Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so</l>
  <l>The Kings will be perform'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Shall I be heard?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes</l>
  <l>My Women may be with me, for you see</l>
  <l>My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)</l>
  <l>There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris</l>
  <l>Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,</l>
  <l>As I come out; this Action I now goe on,</l>
  <l>Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)</l>
  <l>I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now</l>
  <l>I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Goe, doe our bidding: hence.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <p>Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice</l>
  <l>Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,</l>
  <l>Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>For her (my Lord)</l>
  <l>I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)</l>
  <l>Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse</l>
  <l>I'th'eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane</l>
  <l>In this, which you accuse her.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>If it proue</l>
  <l>Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where</l>
  <l>I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:</l>
  <l>Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:</l>
  <l>For euery ynch of Woman in the World,</l>
  <l>I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,</l>
  <l>If she be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Hold your peaces.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <p>Good my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>It is for you we speake, not for our selues:</l>
  <l>You are abus'd, and by some putter on,</l>
  <l>That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I would</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0303-0.jpg" n="283"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>I would Land&#x2011;damne him: be she honor&#x2011;flaw'd,</l>
  <l>I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;</l>
  <l>The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:</l>
  <l>If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor</l>
```

```
    <l>Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see</l>
    <l>To bring false generations: they are co&#x2011;heyres,</l>
    <l>And I had rather glib my selfe, then they</l>
    <l>Should not produce faire issue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Cease, no more:</l>
  <l>You smell this businesse with a sence as cold</l>
  <l>As is a dead&#x2011;mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,</l>
  <l>As you feele doing thus: and see withall</l>
  <l>The Instruments that feele.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>If it be so,</l>
  <l>We neede no graue to burie honesty,</l>
  <l>There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten</l>
  <l>Of the whole dungy&#x2011;earth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>What? lacke I credit?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)</l>
  <l>Vpon this ground: and more it would content me</l>
  <l>To haue her Honor true, then your suspition</l>
  <l>Be blam'd for't how you might.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Why what neede we</l>
  <l>Commune with you of this? but rather follow</l>
  <l>Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue</l>
  <l>Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse</l>
  <l>Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,</l>
  <l>Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not</l>
  <l>Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,</l>
  <l>We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,</l>
  <l>The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,</l>
  <l>Is all properly ours</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>And I wish (my Liege)</l>
  <l>You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,</l>
  <l>Without more ouerture.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>How could that be?</l>
  <l>Either thou art most ignorant by age,</l>
  <l>Or thou wer't borne a foole: <hi rend="italic">Camillo's</hi> flight</l>
  <l>Added to their Familiarity</l>
  <l>(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,</l>
  <l>That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation</l>
  <l>But onely seeing, all other circumstances</l>
  <l>Made vp to'th deed) doth push&#x2011;on this proceeding.</l>
  <l>Yet, for a greater confirmation</l>
  <l>(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere</l>
  <l>Most pitteous to be wilde) I hane dispatch'd in post,</l>
  <l>To sacred <hi rend="italic">Delphos</hi>, to <hi rend="italic">Appollo's</hi> Temple,</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cleomines</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Dion</hi>, whom you
    know</l>
  <l>Of stuff'd&#x2011;sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle</l>
  <l>They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had</l>
  <l>Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <p>Well done (my Lord.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Though I am satisfide, and neede no more</l>
  <l>Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle</l>
  <l>Giue rest to th'mindes of others; such as he</l>
  <l>Whose ignorant credulitie, will not</l>
  <l>Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good</l>
  <l>From our free person, she should be confinde,</l>
  <l>Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,</l>
  <l>Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,</l>
  <l>We are to speake in publique: for this businesse</l>
  <l>Will raise vs all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>To laughter, as I take it,</l>
  <l>If the good truth, were knowne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
```

```xml
<head rend="center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler,
    Emilia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>The Keeper of the prison, call to him:</l>
  <l>Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,</l>
  <l>No Court in Europe is too good for thee,</l>
  <l>What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,</l>
  <l>You know me, do you not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gao">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
  <l>For a worthy Lady,</l>
  <l>And one, who much I honour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>Pray you then,</l>
  <l>Conduct me to the Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gao">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
  <l>I may not (Madam)</l>
  <l>To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>Here's a&#x2011;do, to locke vp honesty &amp; honour from</l>
  <l>Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you</l>
  <l>To see her Women? Any of them? <hi
rend="italic">Emilia</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gao">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
  <l>So please you (Madam)</l>
  <l>To put a&#x2011;part these your attendants, I</l>
  <l>Shall bring <hi rend="italic">Emilia</hi> forth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>I pray now call her:</l>
  <l>With&#x2011;draw your selues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gao">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
  <p>And Madam, <lb/>I must be present at your Conference.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>Well: be't so: prethee.</l>
  <l>Heere's such a&#x2011;doe, to make no staine, a staine,</l>
  <l>As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,</l>
  <l>How fares our gracious Lady?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>As well as one so great, and so forlorne</l>
  <l>May hold together: On her frights, and greefes</l>
  <l>(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)</l>
  <l>She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <p>A boy?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>A daughter, and a goodly babe,</l>
  <l>Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues</l>
  <l>Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,</l>
  <l>I am innocent as you,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>I dare be sworne:</l>
  <l>These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:</l>
  <l>He must be told on't, and he shall: the office</l>
  <l>Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,</l>
  <l>If I proue hony&#x2011;mouth'd, let my tongue blister.</l>
  <l>And neuer to my red&#x2011;look'd Anger bee</l>
  <l>The Trumpet any more: pray you (<hi
rend="italic">Emilia</hi>)</l>
  <l>Commend my best obedience to the Queene,</l>
  <l>If she dares trust me with her little babe,</l>
  <l>I'le shew't the King, and vndertake to bee</l>
  <l>Her Aduocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know</l>
  <l>How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:</l>
  <l>The silence often of pure innocence</l>
  <l>Perswades, when speaking failes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
  <l>Most worthy Madam,</l>
  <l>Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,</l>
  <l>That your free vndertaking cannot misse</l>
  <l>A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing</l>
  <l>So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship</l>
```

```xml
    <l>To visit the next roome, Ile presently</l>
    <l>Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,</l>
    <l>Who, but to day hammered of this designe,</l>
    <l>But durst not tempt a minister of honour</l>
    <l>Least she should be deny'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Pau</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0304-0.jpg" n="284"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>Tell her (<hi rend="italic">Emilia</hi>)</l>
    <l>Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't</l>
    <l>As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted</l>
    <l>I shall do good,</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-emi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>
    <l>Now be you blest for it.</l>
    <l>Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-gao">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,</l>
    <l>I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,</l>
    <l>Hauing no warrant.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
    <l>You neede not feare it (sir)</l>
    <l>This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is</l>
    <l>By Law and processe of great Nature, thence</l>
    <l>Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to</l>
    <l>The anger of the King, nor guilty of</l>
    <l>(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-gao">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
    <p>I do beleeue it.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <p>Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I <lb/>Will stand betwixt you,
and

    danger.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
```

```xml
<head rend="center">Scæna Tertia.</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina,
    Antigonus, and Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse</l>
  <l>To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if</l>
  <l>The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,</l>
  <l>She, th'Adultresse: for the harlot&#x2011;King</l>
  <l>Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke</l>
  <l>And leuell of my braine: plot&#x2011;proofe: but shee,</l>
  <l>I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,</l>
  <l>Giuen to the fire, a moity of my rest</l>
  <l>Might come to me againe. Whose there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>How do's the boy?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd</l>
  <l>His sicknesse is discharg'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>To see his Noblenesse,</l>
  <l>Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.</l>
  <l>He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,</l>
  <l>Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:</l>
  <l>Threw&#x2011;off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,</l>
  <l>And down&#x2011;right languish'd. Leaue me solely: goe,</l>
  <l>See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,</l>
  <l>The very thought of my Reuenges that way</l>
  <l>Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,</l>
  <l>And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,</l>
  <l>Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance</l>
  <l>Take it on her: <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:</l>
  <l>They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor</l>
  <l>Shall she, within my powre.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paulina.</stage>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <p>You must not enter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:</l>
  <l>Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)</l>
  <l>Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,</l>
  <l>More free, then he is iealous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <p>That's enough.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded <lb/>None should come at
     him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>Not so hot (good Sir)</l>
  <l>I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe</l>
  <l>At each his needlesse heauings: such as you</l>
  <l>Nourish the cause of his awaking. I</l>
  <l>Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;</l>
  <l>(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,</l>
  <l>That presses him from sleepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Who noyse there, hoe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,</l>
  <l>About some Gossips for your Highnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>How?</l>
  <l>Away with that audacious Lady. <hi rend="italic">Antigonus</hi>,</l>
  <l>I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,</l>
  <l>I knew she would.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>I told her so (my Lord)</l>
  <l>On your displeasures perill, and on mine,</l>
  <l>She should not visit you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>What? canst not rule her?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>From all dishonestie he can: in this</l>
  <l>(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)</l>
  <l>Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,</l>
  <l>He shall not rule me:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>La&#x2011;you now, you heare,</l>
  <l>When she will take the raine, I let her run,</l>
  <l>But shee'l not stumble.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Good my Liege, I come:</l>
  <l>And I beseech you heare me, who professes</l>
  <l>My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,</l>
  <l>Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares</l>
  <l>Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,</l>
  <l>Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come</l>
  <l>From your good Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Good Queene?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,</l>
  <l>I say good Queene,</l>
  <l>And would by combate, make her good so, were I</l>
  <l>A man, the worst about you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Force her hence.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <l>Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes</l>
      <l>First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,</l>
      <l>B<gap extent="1"
          unit="chars"
          reason="illegible"
          agent="uninkedType"
          resp="#LMC"/>t first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene</l>
      <l>(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,</l>
      <l>Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>Out:</l>
      <l>A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:</l>
      <l>A most intelligencing bawd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
      <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
      <l>Not so:</l>
      <l>I am as ignorant in that, as you,</l>
      <l>In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest</l>
      <l>Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant</l>
      <l>(As this world goes) to passe for honest:</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>Traitors;</l>
      <l>Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,</l>
      <l>Thou dotard, thou art woman&#x2011;tyr'd: vnroosted</l>
      <l>By thy dame <hi rend="italic">Partlet</hi> heere. Take vp the
Bastard,</l>
      <l>Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
      <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
      <l>For euer</l>
      <l>Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou</l>
      <l>Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse</l>
      <l>Which he ha's put vpon't.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <p>He dreads his Wife.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
      <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
      <l>So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt</l>
      <l>Youl'd call your children, yours.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
```

```
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>A nest of Traitors.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <p>I am none, by this good light.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
    <l>Nor I: nor any</l>
    <l>But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
    <pb facs="#axc0305-0.jpg" n="285"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,</l>
    <l>His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,</l>
    <l>Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not</l>
    <l>(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse</l>
    <l>He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue</l>
    <l>The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,</l>
    <l>As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>A Callat</l>
    <l>Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,</l>
    <l>And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,</l>
    <l>It is the Issue of <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>.</l>
    <l>Hence with it, and together with the Dam,</l>
    <l>Commit them to the fire.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>It is yours:</l>
    <l>And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,</l>
    <l>So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)</l>
    <l>Although the Print be little, the whole Matter</l>
    <l>And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,</l>
    <l>The trick of's Frowne, his Fore&#x2011;head, nay, the Valley,</l>
    <l>The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:</l>
    <l>The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)</l>
    <l>And thou good Goddesse <hi rend="italic">Nature</hi>, which hast
made it</l>
    <l>So like to him that got it, if thou hast</l>
    <l>The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours</l>
    <l>No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,</l>
    <l>Her Children, not her Husbands.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>A grosse Hagge:</l>
    <l>And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,</l>
    <l>That wilt not stay her Tongue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
    <l>Hang all the Husbands</l>
    <l>That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe</l>
    <l>Hardly one Subiect.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>Once more take her hence.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord</l>
    <l>Can doe no more.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <p>Ile ha' thee burnt.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>I care not:</l>
    <l>It is an Heretique that makes the fire,</l>
    <l>Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:</l>
    <l>But this most cruell vsage of your Queene</l>
    <l>(Not able to produce more accusation</l>
    <l>Then your owne weake&#x2011;hindg'd Fancy) somthing
sauors</l>
    <l>Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,</l>
    <l>Yea, scandalous to the World.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>On your Allegeance,</l>
    <l>Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,</l>
    <l>Where were her life? she durst not call me so,</l>
    <l>If she did know me one. Away with her.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.</l>
    <l>Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: <hi
rend="italic">Ioue</hi> send
        her</l>
    <l>A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?</l>
```

<l>You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,</l>
    <l>Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.</l>
    <l>So, so: Farewell, we are gone.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.</l>
  <l>My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast</l>
  <l>A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,</l>
  <l>And see it instantly consum'd with fire.</l>
  <l>Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:</l>
  <l>Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,</l>
  <l>(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,</l>
  <l>With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,</l>
  <l>And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;</l>
  <l>The Bastard‑braynes with these my proper hands</l>
  <l>Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,</l>
  <l>For thou sett'st on thy Wife.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>I did not, Sir:</l>
  <l>These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,</l>
  <l>Can cleare me in't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lds">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
  <l>We can: my Royall Liege,</l>
  <l>He is not guiltie of her comming hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>You're lyers all.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:</l>
  <l>We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'</l>
  <l>So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,</l>
  <l>(As recompence of our deare seruices</l>
  <l>Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,</l>
  <l>Which being so horrible, so bloody, must</l>
  <l>Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>I am a Feather for each Wind that blowes:</l>
  <l>Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,</l>

```
    <l>And call me Father? better burne it now,</l>
    <l>Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.</l>
    <l>It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:</l>
    <l>You that haue beene so tenderly officious</l>
    <l>With Lady <hi rend="italic">Margerie</hi>, your Mid&#x2011;wife there,</l>
    <l>To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,</l>
    <l>So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,</l>
    <l>To saue this Brats life?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
    <l>Any thing (my Lord)</l>
    <l>That my abilitie may vndergoe,</l>
    <l>And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;</l>
    <l>Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,</l>
    <l>To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>It shall be possible: Sweare by this Sword</l>
    <l>Thou wilt performe my bidding.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
    <p>I will (my Lord.)</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile</l>
    <l>Of any point in't, shall not onely be</l>
    <l>Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd&#x2011;tongu'd Wife,</l>
    <l>(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,</l>
    <l>As thou art Liege&#x2011;man to vs, that thou carry</l>
    <l>This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it</l>
    <l>To some remote and desart place, quite out</l>
    <l>Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it</l>
    <l>(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,</l>
    <l>And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune</l>
    <l>It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,</l>
    <l>On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,</l>
    <l>That thou commend it strangely to some place,</l>
    <l>Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
    <l>I sweare to doe this: though a present death</l>
    <l>Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)</l>
    <l>Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens</l>
    <l>To be thy Nurs<gap extent="1"
```

```
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="partiallyInkedType"
            resp="#LMC"/>s. Wolues and Beares, they
      say,</l>
   <l>(Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done</l>
   <l>Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous</l>
   <l>In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing</l>
   <l>Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side</l>
   <l>(Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.)</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
   <l>No: Ile not reare</l>
   <l>Anothers Issue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter a Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>
   <l>Please' your Highnesse, Posts</l>
   <l>From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come</l>
   <l>An houre since: <hi rend="italic">Cleomines</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Dion</hi>,</l>
   <l>Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,</l>
   <l>Hasting to th'Court.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
   <l>So please you (Sir) their speed</l>
   <l>Hath beene beyond accompt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
   <l>Twentie three days</l>
   <l>They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore&#x2011;tells</l>
   <l>The great <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> suddenly will haue</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
   <pb facs="#axc0306-0.jpg" n="286"/>
   <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,</l>
   <l>Summon a Session, that we may arraigne</l>
   <l>Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath</l>
   <l>Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue</l>
   <l>A iust and open Triall. While she liues,</l>
   <l>My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,</l>
   <l>And thinke vpon my bidding.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

```xml
          </div>
        </div>
        <div type="act" n="3">
          <div type="scene" n="1">
            <head rend="center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleomines and
Dion.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
              <l>The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,</l>
              <l>Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing</l>
              <l>The common prayse it beares.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dion.</speaker>
              <l>I shall report,</l>
              <l>For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,</l>
              <l>(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence</l>
              <l>Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,</l>
              <l>How ceremonious, solemne, and vn&#x2011;earthly</l>
              <l>It was i'th'Offring?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
              <l>But of all, the burst</l>
              <l>And the eare&#x2011;deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,</l>
              <l>Kin to <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi> Thunder, so surpriz'd my
Sence,</l>
              <l>That I was nothing.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
              <l>If th'euent o'th'Iourney</l>
              <l>Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)</l>
              <l>As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,</l>
              <l>The time is worth the vse on't.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
              <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>
              </l>
              <l>Turne all to th'best: these Proclamations,</l>
              <l>So forcing faults vpon <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>,</l>
              <l>I little like.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
              <l>The violent carriage of it</l>
              <l>Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle</l>
```

```xml
            <l>(Thus by <hi rend="italic">Apollo's</hi> great Diuine seal'd
vp)</l>
            <l>Shall the Contents discouer: something rare</l>
            <l>Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,</l>
            <l>And gracious be the issue.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="2">
          <head rend="center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leontes, Lords,
Officers:
            Hermione (as to her <lb/>Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
            <l>This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)</l>
            <l>Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,</l>
            <l>The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one</l>
            <l>Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd</l>
            <l>Of being tyrannous, since we so openly</l>
            <l>Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,</l>
            <l>Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:</l>
            <l>Produce the Prisoner.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-off">
            <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
            <l>It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene</l>
            <l>Appeare in person, here in Court.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Silence.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
            <p>Reade the Indictment.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-off">
            <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic">
              <hi rend="roman">Hermione</hi>, Queene to the worthy <hi
rend="roman">Leontes</hi>, King <lb/>of Sicilia, thou art here accused
              and arraigned of High Trea-<lb/>son, in committing Adultery with <hi
rend="roman">Polixenes</hi> King of Bohemia, <cb n="2"/>
              <lb/>and conspiring with <hi rend="roman">Camillo</hi> to take
away the Life
              of our Soue-<lb/>raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the
              pretence whereof <lb/>being by circumstances partly layd open, thou
(<hi rend="roman">Hermione</hi>) con-<lb/>trary to the Faith and
              Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst coun-<lb/>saile and ayde them,
              for their better safetie, to flye away by <lb/>Night.</p>
          </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Since what I am to say, must be but that</l>
  <l>Which contradicts my Accusation, and</l>
  <l>The testimonie on my part, no other</l>
  <l>But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me</l>
  <l>To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie</l>
  <l>Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)</l>
  <l>Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine</l>
  <l>Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)</l>
  <l>I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make</l>
  <l>False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie</l>
  <l>Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know</l>
  <l>(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life</l>
  <l>Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,</l>
  <l>As I am now vnhappy; which is more</l>
  <l>Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,</l>
  <l>And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,</l>
  <l>A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe</l>
  <l>A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,</l>
  <l>The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing</l>
  <l>To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore</l>
  <l>Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it</l>
  <l>As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,</l>
  <l>'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,</l>
  <l>And onely that I stand for. I appeale</l>
  <l>To your owne Conscience (Sir) before <hi
  rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,</l>
  <l>How merited to be so: Since he came,</l>
  <l>With what encounter so vncurrant, I</l>
  <l>Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond</l>
  <l>The bound of Honor, or in act, or will</l>
  <l>That way enclining, hardned be the hearts</l>
  <l>Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin</l>
  <l>Cry fie vpon my Graue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>I ne're heard yet,</l>
  <l>That any of these bolder Vices wanted</l>
  <l>Lesse Impudence to gaine&#x2011;say what they did,</l>
  <l>Then to performe it first.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>That's true enough,</l>
  <l>Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>You will not owne it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>More then Mistresse of,</l>
  <l>Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not</l>
  <l>At all acknowledge. For <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>
  </l>
  <l>(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse</l>
  <l>I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:</l>
  <l>With such a kind of Loue, as might become</l>
  <l>A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,</l>
  <l>So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:</l>
  <l>Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me</l>
  <l>Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude</l>
  <l>To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,</l>
  <l>Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,</l>
  <l>That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,</l>
  <l>I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd</l>
  <l>For me to try how: All I know of it,</l>
  <l>Is, that <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> was an honest man;</l>
  <l>And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues</l>
  <l>(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>You knew of his departure, as you know</l>
  <l>What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Her.</hi> Sir</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0307-0.jpg" n="287"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>Sir,</p>
  <l>You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:</l>
  <l>My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,</l>
  <l>Which Ile lay downe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Your Actions are my Dreames.</l>
  <l>You had a Bastard by <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>,</l>
  <l>And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,</l>
  <l>(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;</l>
  <l>Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,</l>
    <l>No Father owning it (which is indeed</l>
    <l>More criminall in thee, then it) so thou</l>
    <l>Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,</l>
    <l>Looke for no lesse then death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, spare your Threats:</l>
  <l>The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:</l>
  <l>To me can Life be no commoditie;</l>
  <l>The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)</l>
  <l>I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,</l>
  <l>But know not how it went. My second Ioy,</l>
  <l>And first Fruits of my body, from his presence</l>
  <l>I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort</l>
  <l>(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast</l>
  <l>(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)</l>
  <l>Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post</l>
  <l>Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred</l>
  <l>The Child&#x2011;bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs</l>
  <l>To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried</l>
  <l>Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before</l>
  <l>I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)</l>
  <l>Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,</l>
  <l>That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:</l>
  <l>But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,</l>
  <l>(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,</l>
  <l>Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd</l>
  <l>Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,</l>
  <l>But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you</l>
  <l>'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,</l>
  <l>I doe referre me to the Oracle:</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> be my Iudge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>This your request</l>
  <l>Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth</l>
  <l>(And in <hi rend="italic">Apollo's</hi> Name) his Oracle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>The Emperor of Russia was my Father.</l>
  <l>Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding</l>
  <l>His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see</l>
  <l>The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes</l>
  <l>Of Pitty, not Reuenge.</l>
</sp>
```

```
        <sp who="#F-wt-off">
          <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
          <l>You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,</l>
          <l>That you (<hi rend="italic">Cleomines</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Dion</hi>)
             haue</l>
          <l>Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought</l>
          <l>This seal’d&#x2011;vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer’d</l>
          <l>Of great <hi rend="italic">Apollo’s</hi> Priest; and that since
then,</l>
          <l>You haue not dar’d to breake the holy Seale,</l>
          <l>Nor read the Secrets in’t.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Dio</hi>. All this we sweare.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
          <p>Breake vp the Seales, and read.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-off">
          <speaker rend="italic">Officer.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic">
            <hi rend="roman">Hermione</hi> is chast, <hi
rend="roman">Polixenes</hi> blamelesse, <hi rend="roman">Camillo</hi>
                <lb/> a true Subiect, <hi rend="roman">Leontes</hi> a iealous
Tyrant, his
             innocent Babe <lb/>truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an
Heire,
             if that <lb/>which is lost, be not found.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-lds">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
          <p>Now blessed be the great <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <p>Praysed.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
          <p>Hast thou read truth?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-off">
          <speaker rend="italic">Offic.</speaker>
          <p>I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
```

```xml
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-ser">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <p>My Lord the King: the King?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <p>What is the businesse?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-ser">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <l>O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.</l>
      <l>The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare</l>
      <l>Of the Queenes speed, is gone.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <p>How? gone?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-ser">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <p>Is dead.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Apollo's</hi> angry, and the Heauens themselues,</l>
      <l>Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
      <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
      <l>This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe</l>
      <l>And see what Death is doing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
      <l>Take her hence:</l>
      <l>Her heart is but o're&#x2011;charg'd: she will recouer.</l>
      <l>I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:</l>
      <l>'Beseech you tenderly apply to her</l>
      <l>Some remedies for life. <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> pardon</l>
      <l>My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.</l>
      <l>Ile reconcile me to <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>,</l>
      <l>New woe my Queene, recall the good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>
```

</l>
        <l>(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)</l>
        <l>For being transported by my Iealousies</l>
        <l>To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose</l>
        <l>
           <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi> for the minister, to poison</l>
        <l>My friend <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>: which had been
done,</l>
        <l>But that the good mind of <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>
tardied</l>
        <l>My swift command: though I with Death, and with</l>
        <l>Reward, did threaten and encourage him,</l>
        <l>Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,</l>
        <l>And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest</l>
        <l>Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here</l>
        <l>(Which you knew great) and to the hazard</l>
        <l>Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,</l>
        <l>No richer then his Honor: How he glisters</l>
        <l>Through my Rust? and how his Pietie</l>
        <l>Do's my deeds make the blacker?</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <l>Woe the while:</l>
        <l>O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)</l>
        <l>Breake too.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
        <p>What fit is this? good Lady?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <l>What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?</l>
        <l>What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?</l>
        <l>In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture</l>
        <l>Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues</l>
        <l>To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny</l>
        <l>(Together working with thy Iealousies,</l>
        <l>Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle</l>
        <l>For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,</l>
        <l>And then run mad indeed: starke&#x2011;mad: for all</l>
        <l>Thy by&#x2011;gone fooleries were but spices of it.</l>
        <l>That thou betrayed'st <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>, 'twas
nothing,</l>
        <l>(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,</l>
        <l>And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.</l>
        <l>Thou would'st haue poyson'd good <hi rend="italic">Camillo's</hi>
Honor,</l>
        <l>To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,</l>

<l>More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon</l>
<l>The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby‑daughter,</l>
<l>To be or none, or little; though a Deuill</l>
<l>Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't;</l>
<l>Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death</l>
<l>Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts</l>
<l>(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart</l>
<l>That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire</l>
<l>Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,</l>
<l>Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,</l>
<l>When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0308-0.jpg" n="288"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't</l>
<l>Not drop'd downe yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <p>The higher powres forbid.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
  <l>I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath</l>
  <l>Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring</l>
  <l>Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye</l>
  <l>Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you</l>
  <l>As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,</l>
  <l>Do not repent these things, for they are heauier</l>
  <l>Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee</l>
  <l>To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,</l>
  <l>Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,</l>
  <l>Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter</l>
  <l>In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods</l>
  <l>To looke that way thou wer't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Go on, go on:</l>
  <l>Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd</l>
  <l>All tongues to talke their bittrest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>Say no more;</l>
  <l>How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault</l>
  <l>I'th boldnesse of your speech.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Pau.</speaker>
    <l>I am sorry for't;</l>
    <l>All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,</l>
    <l>I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much</l>
    <l>The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht</l>
    <l>To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe</l>
    <l>Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction</l>
    <l>At my petition; I beseech you, rather</l>
    <l>Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you</l>
    <l>Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)</l>
    <l>Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:</l>
    <l>The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)</l>
    <l>Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:</l>
    <l>Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,</l>
    <l>(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,</l>
    <l>And Ile say nothing.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Thou didst speake but well,</l>
    <l>When most the truth: which I receyue much better,</l>
    <l>Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me</l>
    <l>To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,</l>
    <l>One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall</l>
    <l>The causes of their death appeare (vnto</l>
    <l>Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit</l>
    <l>The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there</l>
    <l>Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature</l>
    <l>Will beare vp with this exercise, so long</l>
    <l>I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me</l>
    <l>To these sorrowes.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="center">Scæna Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe,
    Sheepe&#x00AD;<lb/>heard, and Clowne.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-wt-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon,</l>
    <l>The Desarts of <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>I (my Lord) and feare</l>
    <l>We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,</l>
    <l>And threaten present blusters. In my conscience</l>
```

```xml
    <l>The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,</l>
    <l>And frowne vpon's.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,</l>
  <l>Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>I call vpon thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Make your best haste, and go not</l>
  <l>Too&#x2011;farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,</l>
  <l>Besides this place is famous for the Creatures</l>
  <l>Of prey, that keepe vpon't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antig.</speaker>
  <l>Go thou away,</l>
  <l>Ile follow instantly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>I am glad at heart</l>
  <l>To be so ridde o'th businesse.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Come, poore babe;</l>
  <l>I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead</l>
  <l>May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother</l>
  <l>Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame</l>
  <l>So like a waking. To me comes a creature,</l>
  <l>Sometimes her head on one side, some another,</l>
  <l>I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow</l>
  <l>So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes</l>
  <l>Like very sanctity she did approach</l>
  <l>My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,</l>
  <l>And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes</l>
  <l>Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon</l>
  <l>Did this breake from her. Good <hi
rend="italic">Antigonus</hi>,</l>
  <l>Since Fate (against thy better disposition)</l>
  <l>Hath made thy person for the Thrower&#x2011;out</l>
  <l>Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,</l>
  <l>Places remote enough are in <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>,</l>
  <l>There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe</l>
  <l>Is counted lost for euer, <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi></l>
```

```
                    </l>
                    <l>I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse</l>
                    <l>Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see</l>
                    <l>Thy Wife <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi> more: and so, with
shriekes</l>
                    <l>She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,</l>
                    <l>I did in time collect my selfe, and thought</l>
                    <l>This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,</l>
                    <l>Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,</l>
                    <l>I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeue</l>
                    <l>
                       <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi> hath suffer'd death, and that</l>
                    <l>
                       <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> would (this being indeede the issue</l>
                    <l>Of King <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>) it should heere be
laide</l>
                    <l>(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth</l>
                    <l>Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,</l>
                    <l>There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,</l>
                    <l>Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)</l>
                    <l>And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,</l>
                    <l>That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd</l>
                    <l>To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,</l>
                    <l>But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I</l>
                    <l>To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,</l>
                    <l>The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue</l>
                    <l>A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw</l>
                    <l>The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?</l>
                    <l>Well may I get a&#x2011;boord: This is the Chace,</l>
                    <l>I am gone foreuer.</l>
                 </sp>
                 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit pursued by a
Beare.</stage>
                 <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
                    <p>I would there were no age betweene ten and <lb/>three and twenty,
or that
                       youth would sleep out the rest: <lb/>for there is nothing (in the
betweene)
                       but getting wen-<lb/>ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry,
                       stealing, <lb/>fighting, hearke you now: would any but these
                       boylde&#x00AD;<lb/>braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt
this
                       wea-<lb/>ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
                       <lb/>which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-<lb/>ster;
                       if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea&#x2011;side, brou-<lb/>zing
                       of Iuy. Good&#x2011;lucke (and't be thy will) what haue <lb/>we
heere? Mercy
                       on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A <lb/>boy, or a Childe I wonder?
(A
```

pretty one, a verie prettie <lb/>one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">can</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0309-0.jpg" n="289"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<lb/>can reade Waiting&#x2011;Gentlewoman in the scape: this has <lb/>beene

some staire&#x2011;worke, some Trunke&#x2011;worke, some be&#x00AD;<lb/>hinde&#x2011;doore worke: they were warmer that got this,

<lb/>then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet <lb/>Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. <lb/>Whoa&#x2011;ho&#x2011;hoa.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Hilloa, loa.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to <lb/>talke on, when thou art

dead and rotten, come hither: <lb/>what ayl'st thou, man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I haue seene two such sights, by Sea &amp; by Land: <lb/>but I am not to say

it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be&#x2011;twixt <lb/>the Firmament and

it, you cannot thrust a bodkins <lb/>point.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>Why boy, how is it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-<lb/>ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point: <lb/>Oh, the most pitteous

cry of the poore soules, sometimes <lb/>to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now

the Shippe boaring <lb/>the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed

<lb/>with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hogs&#x2011;head.
<lb/>And then for the Land&#x2011;seruice, to see how the <lb/>Beare tore

out his shoulder‑bone, how he cride to mee <lb/>for helpe, and said
his name was <hi rend="italic">Antigonus</hi>, a Nobleman: <lb/>But to make
an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap­<lb/>dragon'd it: but
first, how the poore soules roared, and <lb/>the sea mock'd them: and how the
poore Gentleman roa-<lb/>red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring
lowder <lb/>then the sea, or weather.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
            <p>Name of mercy, when was this boy?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these <lb/>sights: the men are not
yet cold vnder water, nor the <lb/>Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's
at it now.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
            <p>Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde <lb/>man.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue <lb/>help'd her; there your
charity would haue lack'd footing.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
            <p>Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee <lb/>heere boy. Now blesse thy
selfe: thou met'st with things <lb/>dying, I with things new borne. Here's a
sight for thee: <lb/>Looke thee, a bearing‑cloath for a Squires
childe: looke <lb/>thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's
see, it <lb/>was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some
<lb/>Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your <lb/>youth are forgiuen you,
you're well to liue. Golde, all <lb/>Go<gap extent="1"

```
                unit="chars"
                reason="illegible"
                agent="inkBlot"
                resp="#LMC"/>d.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
           <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
           <p>This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp <lb/>with't, keepe it
              close: home, home, the next way. We <lb/>are luckie (boy) and to bee
```
so
```
              still requires nothing but <lb/>secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good
```
boy)
```
              the next <lb/>way home.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
           <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
           <p>Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go <lb/>see if the Beare
```
bee
```
              gone from the Gentleman, and how <lb/>much he hath eaten: they are
```
neuer
```
              curst but when they <lb/>are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile
```
bury
```
              it.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
           <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
           <p>That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by <lb/>that which is
```
left of
```
              him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight <lb/>of him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
           <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
           <p>'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him <lb/>i'th'ground.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
           <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
           <p>'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds <lb/>on't.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
         <cb n="2"/>
        </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="4">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Time, the
Chorus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Time.</speaker>
```

```xml
<l>I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror</l>
<l>Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,</l>
<l>Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)</l>
<l>To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime</l>
<l>To me, or my swift passage, that I slide</l>
<l>Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride</l>
<l>Of that wide gap, since it is in my power</l>
<l>To orethrow Law, and in one selfe&#x2011;borne howre</l>
<l>To plant, and ore&#x2011;whelme Custome. Let me passe</l>
<l>The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,</l>
<l>Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to</l>
<l>The times that brought them in, so shall I do</l>
<l>To th'freshest things now reigning, and make stale</l>
<l>The glistering of this present, as my Tale</l>
<l>Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,</l>
<l>I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing</l>
<l>As you had slept betweene: <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi>
leauing</l>
<l>Th'effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing</l>
<l>That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me</l>
<l>(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be</l>
<l>In faire Bohemia, and remember well,</l>
<l>I mentioned a sonne o'th'Kings, which <hi
rend="italic">Florizell</hi>
</l>
<l>I now name to you: and with speed so pace</l>
<l>To speake of <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>, now growne in
grace</l>
<l>Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues</l>
<l>I list not prophesie: but let Times newes</l>
<l>Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-<lb
rend="turnunder"/>
     <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>ter</l>
<l>And what to her adheres, which followes after,</l>
<l>Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,</l>
<l>If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:</l>
<l>If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,</l>
<l>He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.</l>
       </sp>
       <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
     </div>
     <div type="scene" n="2">
       <head rend="center">Scena Secunda.</head>
       <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
       <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Polixenes, and
Camillo.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
         <p>I pray thee (good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) be no more
            importu-<lb/>nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death
```

to <lb/>grant this.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey: <lb/>though I haue
(for the

      most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-<lb/>sire to lay my bones there.
      Besides, the penitent King <lb/>(my Master) hath sent for me, to
whose

      feeling sorrowes <lb/>I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke
so)

      which <lb/>is another spurre to my departure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>As thou lou’st me (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) wipe not out the
rest

      <lb/>of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of
<lb/>thee,

      thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to <lb/>haue had thee,
then thus

      to want thee, thou hauing made <lb/>me Businesses, (which none
(without

      thee) can suffici-<lb/>ently manage) must either stay to execute them
      thy selfe, <lb/>or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:
      <lb/>which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I
<lb/>cannot) to

      bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my stu-<lb/>die, and my profite
      therein, the heaping friendshippes. <lb/>Of that fatall Countrey
Sicillia,

      prethee speake no more, <lb/>whose very naming, punnishes me with
the

      remembrance <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Bb</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">of</fw>
      <pb facs="#axc0310-0.jpg" n="290"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <lb/>of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King <lb/>my
      brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene &amp;
<lb/>Children, are
      euen now to be a&#x2011;fresh lamented. Say to <lb/>me, when
saw’st thou the
      Prince <hi rend="italic">Florizell</hi> my son? Kings <lb/>are no
lesse

      vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then <lb/>they are in loosing
      them, when they haue approued their <lb/>Vertues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what <lb/>his happier

affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I <lb/>haue (missingly) noted, he

is of late much retyred from <lb/>Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then <lb/>formerly he hath appeared.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>I haue considered so much (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) and with

    <lb/>some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, <lb/>which

looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue <lb/>this Intelligence, that

he is seldome from the house of a <lb/>most homely shepheard: a man (they

say) that from very <lb/>nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, <lb/>is growne into an vnspeakable estate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a <lb/>daughter of most rare

note: the report of her is extended <lb/>more, then can be thought to begin

from such a cottage</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I <lb/>feare) the Angle that

pluckes our sonne thither. Thou <lb/>shalt accompany vs to the place, where

we will (not app-<lb/>earing what we are) haue some question with the

shep-<lb/>heard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to <lb/>get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my <lb/>present

partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts <lb/>of Sicillia.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>I willingly obey your command.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>My best <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>, we must disguise our selues.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>

```
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Autolicus
singing.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
    <lg rend="italic">
      <l>When Daffadils begin to peere,</l>
      <l>With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,</l>
      <l>Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,</l>
      <l>For the red blood raigns in <choice>
          <abbr>y&#x0034;</abbr>
          <expan>the</expan>
        </choice> winters pale.</l>
    </lg>
    <lg rend="italic">
      <l>The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,</l>
      <l>With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:</l>
      <l>Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,</l>
      <l>For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.</l>
    </lg>
    <lg rend="italic">
      <l>The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,</l>
      <l>With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:</l>
      <l>Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts</l>
      <l>While we lye tumbling in the hay.</l>
    </lg>

    <p>I haue seru'd Prince <hi rend="italic">Florizell</hi>, and in my time
wore
      three <lb/>pile, but now I am out of seruice.</p>

    <lg rend="italic">
      <l>But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)</l>
      <l>the pale Moone shines by night:</l>
      <l>And when I wander here, and there</l>
      <l>I then do most go right.</l>
      <l>If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,</l>
      <l>and beare the Sow&#x2011;skin Bowget,</l>
      <l>Then my account I well may giue,</l>
      <l>and in the Stockes auouch&#x2011;it.</l>
    </lg>

    <p>My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to <lb/>lesser
Linnen.
      My Father nam'd me <hi rend="italic">Autolicus</hi>, who be-<cb
n="2"/>
      <lb/>ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a
      <lb/>snapper&#x2011;vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
<lb/>I
```

purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly <lb/>Cheate.
            Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on <lb/>the Highway.
Beating and
            hanging are terrors to mee: <lb/>For the life to come, I sleepe out the
            thought of it. A <lb/>prize, a prize.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Let me see, euery Leauen‑weather toddes, euery <lb/>tod
yeeldes pound
            and odde shilling: fifteene hundred <lb/>shorne, what comes the wooll
            too?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
          <p>If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, <lb/>what am I to buy
for our
            Sheepe‑shearing‑Feast? Three <lb/>pound of Sugar,
fiue pound of
            Currence, Rice: What <lb/>will this sister of mine do with Rice? But
my
            father hath <lb/>made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on.
Shee
            <lb/>hath made‑me four and twenty Nose‑gayes for
the
            shea-<lb/>rers (three‑man song‑men, all, and very
good
            ones) but <lb/>they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one
            Puri-<lb/>tan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to
            horne‑pipes. <lb/>I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden
Pies,
            Mace: <lb/>Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen;
<lb/>a Race
            or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure <lb/>pound of Prewyns,
and as
            many of Reysons o'th Sun.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
          <p>Oh, that euer I was borne.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>I'th'name of me.</p>
        </sp>

```
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these <lb/>ragges: and then,
death,
              death.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags <lb/>to lay on thee,
rather
              then haue these off.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, <lb/>more then the
stripes I
              haue receiued, which are mightie <lb/>ones and millions.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Alas poore man, a million of beating may come <lb/>to a great
matter.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and ap-<lb/>parrell tane from
              me, and these detestable things put vp-<lb/>on me.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>What, by a horse&#x2011;man, or a foot&#x2011;man?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>A footman (sweet sir) a footman.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments <lb/>he has left
with thee:
              If this bee a horsemans Coate, it <lb/>hath seene very hot seruice.
Lend me
              thy hand, Ile helpe <lb/>thee. Come, lend me thy hand.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
```

```xml
        <p>Alas poore soule.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my
<lb/>shoulder&#x2011;blade
          is out.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>How now? Canst stand?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done <lb/>me a charitable
          office.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for <lb/>thee.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue <lb/>a Kinsman not
past
          three quarters of a mile hence, vnto <lb/>whome I was going: I shall
there
          haue money, or anie <lb/>thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you,
that
          killes <lb/>my heart.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd <lb/>you?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about <lb/>with
          Troll&#x2011;my&#x2011;dames: I knew him once a seruant of the
<lb/>Prince:
          I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Ver-<lb/>tues it was, but
          hee was certainely Whipt out of the <lb/>Court.</p>
      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
        <hi rend="italic">Clo.</hi>
      </fw>
      <pb facs="#axc0311-0.jpg" n="291"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
```

```xml
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt <lb/>out of the Court: they
            cherish it to make it stay there; <lb/>and yet it will no more but abide.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, <lb/>he hath bene since an
            Ape&#x2011;bearer, then a Processe&#x2011;seruer <lb/>(a Baylffe) then hee
            compast a Motion of the Prodigall <lb/>sonne, and married a Tinkers wife,
            within a Mile where <lb/>my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer
            ma-<lb/>ny knauish professions) he setled onely in Rogue: some
            <lb/>call him <hi rend="italic">Autolicus</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts <lb/>Wakes, Faires, and
            Beare&#x2011;baitings.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that <lb/>put me into this
            apparel.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Not a more cowardly Rogue in all <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>; If <lb/>you
            had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld haue <lb/>runne.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am <lb/>false of heart that
            way, &amp; that he knew I warrant him.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>How do you now?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, <lb/>and walke: I will euen
```

```
              take my leaue of you, &amp; pace soft-<lb/>ly towards my
              Kinsmans.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Shall I bring thee on the way?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our
              <lb/>sheepe&#x2011;shearing.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot e-<lb/>nough to
purchase
              your Spice: Ile be with you at your <lb/>sheepe&#x2011;shearing too:
If I
              make not this Cheat bring out <lb/>another, and the sheerers proue
sheepe,
              let me be vnrold, <lb/>and my name put in the booke of Vertue.</p>

            <stage type="business">Song.</stage>
            <lg rend="italic">
              <l>Iog&#x2011;on, Iog&#x2011;on, the foot&#x2011;path way,</l>
              <l>And merrily hent the Stile&#x2011;a:</l>
              <l>A merry heart goes all the day,</l>
              <l>Your sad tyres in a Mile&#x2011;a.</l>
            </lg>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4">
          <head rend="center">Scena Quarta.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Florizell, Perdita,
Shepherd,
              Clowne, Polixenes, Ca-<lb/>millo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants,
              Autolicus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
            <l>These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you</l>
            <l>Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but <hi rend="italic">Flora</hi>
            </l>
            <l>Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe&#x2011;shearing,</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,</l>
    <l>And you the Queene on't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Sir: my gracious Lord,</l>
  <l>To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:</l>
  <l>(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe</l>
  <l>The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obscur'd</l>
  <l>With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)</l>
  <l>Most Goddesse&#x2011;like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts</l>
  <l>In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders</l>
  <l>Digest with a Custome, I should blush</l>
  <l>To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,</l>
  <l>To shew my selfe a glasse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>I blesse the time</l>
  <l>When my good Falcon, made her flight a&#x2011;crosse</l>
  <l>Thy Fathers ground.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Now Ioue affoord you cause:</l>
  <l>To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble</l>
  <l>To thinke your Father, by some accident</l>
  <l>Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,</l>
  <l>How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,</l>
  <l>Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how</l>
  <l>Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold</l>
  <l>The sternnesse of his presence?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Apprehend</l>
  <l>Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues</l>
  <l>(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken</l>
  <l>The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,</l>
  <l>Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune</l>
  <l>A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire&#x2011;roab'd&#x2011;God</l>
  <l>Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,</l>
  <l>As I seeme now. Their transformations,</l>
  <l>Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,</l>
  <l>Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires</l>
  <l>Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts</l>
  <l>Burne hotter then my Faith.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>O but Sir,</l>
  <l>Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis</l>
  <l>Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King:</l>
  <l>One of these two must be necessities,</l>
  <l>Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-<lb
rend="turnunder"/>
          <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>pose,</l>
  <l>Or I my life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou deer'st <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>,</l>
  <l>With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not</l>
  <l>The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)</l>
  <l>Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be</l>
  <l>Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if</l>
  <l>I be not thine. To this I am most constant,</l>
  <l>Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)</l>
  <l>Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing</l>
  <l>That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:</l>
  <l>Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day</l>
  <l>Of celebration of that nuptiall, which</l>
  <l>We two haue sworne shall come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>O Lady Fortune,</l>
  <l>Stand you auspicious.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>See, your Guests approach,</l>
  <l>Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,</l>
  <l>And let's be red with mirth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon</l>
  <l>This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,</l>
  <l>Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,</l>
  <l>Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere</l>
  <l>At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:</l>
  <l>On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire</l>
  <l>With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it</l>
  <l>She would to each one sip. You are retyred,</l>
  <l>As if you were a feasted one: and not</l>
  <l>The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid</l>
  <l>These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is</l>
```

<l>A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.</l>
<l>Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe</l>
<l>That which you are, Mistris o'th'Feast. Come on,</l>
<l>And bid vs welcome to your sheepe&#x2011;shearing,</l>
<l>As your good flocke shall prosper.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, welcome:</l>
  <l>It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee</l>
  <l>The Hostesseship o'th'day: you're welcome sir.</l>
  <l>Giue me those Flowres there (<hi rend="italic">Dorcas</hi>.)

    Reuerend

       Sirs,</l>
  <l>For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe</l>
  <l>Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long:</l>
  <l>Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,</l>
  <l>And welcome to our Shearing.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Bb2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Pol.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0312-0.jpg" n="292"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Shepherdesse,</l>
  <l>(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages</l>
  <l>With flowres of Winter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, the yeare growing ancient,</l>
  <l>Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth</l>
  <l>Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season</l>
  <l>Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly&#x2011;vors,</l>
  <l>(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind</l>
  <l>Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not</l>
  <l>To get slips of them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Wherefore (gentle Maiden) </l>
  <l>Do you neglect them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>For I haue heard it said,</l>

```xml
    <l>There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares</l>
    <l>With great creating&#x2011;Nature.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>Say there be:</l>
    <l>Yet Nature is made better by no meane,</l>
    <l>But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,</l>
    <l>(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art</l>
    <l>That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry</l>
    <l>A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,</l>
    <l>And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde</l>
    <l>By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art</l>
    <l>Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but</l>
    <l>The Art it selfe, is Nature.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-per">
    <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
    <p>So it is.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>Then make you Garden rich in Gilly' vors,</l>
    <l>And do not call them bastards.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-per">
    <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
    <l>Ile not put</l>
    <l>The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:</l>
    <l>No more then were I painted, I would wish</l>
    <l>This youth should say 'twer well: and onely therefore</l>
    <l>Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:</l>
    <l>Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,</l>
    <l>The Mary&#x2011;gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,</l>
    <l>And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres</l>
    <l>Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen</l>
    <l>To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,</l>
    <l>And onely liue by gazing.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-per">
    <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
    <l>Out alas:</l>
    <l>You'ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary</l>
    <l>Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst <lb
rend="turnover"/>
        <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>Friend,</l>
```

<l>I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might</l>
<l>Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,</l>
<l>That weare vpon your Virgin&#x2011;branches yet</l>
<l>Your Maiden&#x2011;heads growing: O <hi
rend="italic">Proserpina</hi>,</l>
<l>For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall</l>
<l>From <hi rend="italic">Dysses</hi> Waggon: Daffadils,</l>
<l>That come before the Swallow dares, and take</l>
<l>The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,</l>
<l>But sweeter then the lids of <hi rend="italic">Iuno's</hi> eyes,</l>
<l>Or <hi rend="italic">Cytherea's</hi> breath) pale
Prime&#x2011;roses,</l>
<l>That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold</l>
<l>Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie</l>
<l>Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and</l>
<l>The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,</l>
<l>(The Flowre&#x2011;de&#x2011;Luce being one.) O, these I
lacke,</l>
<l>To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,</l>
<l>To strew him o're, and ore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
<speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
<p>What? like a Coarse?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
<speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
<l>No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:</l>
<l>Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,</l>
<l>But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,</l>
<l>Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do</l>
<l>In Whitson&#x2011;Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Do's change my disposition:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
<speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
<l>What you do,</l>
<l>Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)</l>
<l>I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,</l>
<l>I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,</l>
<l>Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,</l>
<l>To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you</l>
<l>A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do</l>
<l>Nothing but that: moue still, still so:</l>
<l>And owne no other Function. Each your doing,</l>
<l>(So singular, in each particular)</l>
<l>Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,</l>
<l>That all your Actes, are Queenes.</l>
</sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>O <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>,</l>
  <l>Your praises are too large: but that your youth</l>
  <l>And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,</l>
  <l>Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd</l>
  <l>With wisedome, I might feare (my <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>)</l>
  <l>You woo'd me the false way.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke you haue</l>
  <l>As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose</l>
  <l>To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,</l>
  <l>Your hand (my <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>:) so Turtles paire</l>
  <l>That neuer meane to part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <p>Ile sweare for 'em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>This is the prettiest Low&#x2011;borne Lasse, that euer</l>
  <l>Ran on the greene&#x2011;sord: Nothing she do's, or seems</l>
  <l>But smackes of something greater then her selfe,</l>
  <l>Too Noble for this place.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>He tels her something</l>
  <l>That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is</l>
  <l>The Queene of Curds and Creame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Come on: strike vp.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-dor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dorcas.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Mopsa</hi> must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
<lb/>to
    mend her kissing with.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>Now in good time.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners, <lb/>Come, strike
vp.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere a Daunce of
Shepheards and
  <lb/>Shephearddesses.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,</l>
  <l>Which dances with your daughter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>They call him <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>, and boasts
himselfe</l>
  <l>To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it</l>
  <l>Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:</l>
  <l>He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,</l>
  <l>I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone</l>
  <l>Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade</l>
  <l>As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,</l>
  <l>I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose</l>
  <l>Who loues another best.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>She dances featly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>So she do's any thing, though I report it</l>
  <l>That should be silent: If yong <hi rend="italic">Doricles</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that</l>
  <l>Which he not dreames of.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the <lb/>doore, you
would neuer
    dance againe after a Tabor and <lb/>Pipe: no, the Bag&#x2011;pipe
could not
    moue you: hee singes <lb/>seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell
money: hee
    vtters <lb/>them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
    <lb/>his Tunes.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: <lb/>I loue a ballad but euen
      too well, if it be dolefull matter <lb/>merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and <lb/>sung lamentally.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Ser.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0313-0.jpg" n="293"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: <lb/>No Milliner can so fit
      his customers with Gloues: he has <lb/>the prettiest Loue&#x2011;songs for
      Maids, so without bawdrie <lb/>(which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-<lb/>do's and Fadings: Iump&#x2011;her, and thump&#x2011;her; and where <lb/>some stretch&#x2011;mouth'd Rascall, would
      (as it were) meane <lb/>mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter,
      hee <lb/>makes the maid to answere, <hi rend="italic">Whoop, doe me no harme
      good <lb/>man</hi>: put's him off, slights him, with <hi rend="italic">Whoop, doe mee no <lb/>harme good man</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>This is a braue fellow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-<lb/>ceited fellow, has
      he any vnbraided Wares?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-<lb/>bow; Points, more
      then all the Lawyers in <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, can <lb/>learnedly
      handle, though they come to him by th'grosse: <lb/>Inckles, Caddysses,
      Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings <lb/>em ouer, as they were Gods, or
```

Goddesses: you would <lb/>thinke a Smocke were a shee&#x2011;Angell, he so chauntes to <lb/>the sleeue&#x2011;hand, and the worke about the square on't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach sin-<lb/>ging.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <p>Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words <lb/>in's tunes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in <lb/>them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <p>I, good brother, or go about to thinke.</p>

  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Autolicus singing.</stage>
  <lg rend="italic center">
    <l>Lawne as white as driuen Snow, </l>
    <l>Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow, </l>
    <l>Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses, </l>
    <l>Maskes for faces, and for noses: </l>
    <l>Bugle&#x2011;bracelet, Necke lace Amber, </l>
    <l>Perfume for a Ladies Chamber: </l>
    <l>Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers </l>
    <l>For my Lads, to giue their deers: </l>
    <l>Pins, and poaking&#x2011;stickes of steele. </l>
    <l>What Maids lacke from head to heele: </l>
    <l>Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy, </l>
    <l>Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy. </l>
  </lg>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>If I were not in loue with <hi rend="italic">Mopsa</hi>, thou shouldst <lb/>take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will <lb/>also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.</p>
</sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they <lb/>come not too late

    now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-dor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
  <p>He hath promis'd you more then that, or there <lb/>be lyars.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be <lb/>he has paid you more,

    which will shame you to giue him <lb/>againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Is there no manners left among maids? Will they <lb/>weare their plackets,

    where they should bear their faces? <lb/>Is there not milking&#x2011;time?

    When you are going to bed? <lb/>Or kill&#x2011;hole? To whistle of these

    secrets, but you must <lb/>be tittle&#x2011;tatling before all our guests?

    'Tis well they are <lb/>whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word
    more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry&#x00AD;<lb/>lace, and a paire of

    sweet Gloues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the <lb/>way, and lost all my

    money.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-<lb/>fore it behooues

    men to be wary.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here</p>
```

```
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels <lb/>of charge.</p>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>What hast heere? Ballads?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
      <p>Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a <lb/>life, for then we
are
        sure they are true.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsu-<lb/>rers wife was
        brought to bed of twenty money baggs at <lb/>a burthen, and how she
long'd
        to eate Adders heads, and <lb/>Toads carbonado'd.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
      <p>Is it true, thinke you?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>Very true, and but a moneth old.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
      <p>Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist. <hi
rend="italic">Tale&#x2011;Porter</hi>, <lb/>and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were
        present. <lb/>Why should I carry lyes abroad?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
      <p>'Pray you now buy it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Come&#x2011;on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-<lb/>lads:
        Wee'l buy the other things anon.</p>
    </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared <lb/>vpon the coast, on
        wensday the fourescore of April, fortie <lb/>thousand fadom aboue water,
        &amp; sung this ballad against <lb/>the hard hearts of maids: it was thought
        she was a Wo-<lb/>man, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold
        not ex-<lb/>change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
        <lb/>pittifull, and as true.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-dor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
  <p>Is it true too, thinke you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Autol.</speaker>
  <p>Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more <lb/>then my packe will
        hold.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Lay it by too; another.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>Let's haue some merry ones.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the <lb/>tune of two maids
        wooing a man: there's scarse a Maide <lb/>westward but she sings it: 'tis in
        request, I can tell you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-mop">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mop.</speaker>
  <p>We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou <lb/>shalt heare, 'tis in
        three parts.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-dor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
```

```
        <p>We had the tune on't, a month agoe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-<lb/>cupation: Haue
at
          it with you:</p>
        <stage rend="italic inline center">Song</stage>
        <l rend="italic"> Get you hence, for I must goe </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Aut.</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Where it fits not you to know.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Dor.</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Whether?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Mop.</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> O whether?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Dor.</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Whether?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Mop.</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> It becomes thy oath full well,</l>
        <l>Thou to me thy secrets tell.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Dor:</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Me too: Let me go thether:</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Mop:</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Dor:</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> If to either thou dost ill,</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Aut:</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> Neither.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Dor:</speaker>
        <l rend="italic"> What neither?</l>
```

```xml
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic center">Aut:</speaker>
          <l rend="italic"> Neither:</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-dor">
          <speaker rend="italic center">Dor:</speaker>
          <l rend="italic"> Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-mop">
          <speaker rend="italic center">Mop:</speaker>
          <l rend="italic"> Thou hast sworne it more to mee.</l>
          <l>Then whether goest? Say whether?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My <lb/>Father, and
the Gent.
          are in sad talke, &amp; wee'll not trouble <lb/>them: Come bring
away thy
          pack after me, Wenches Ile <lb/>buy for you both: Pedler let's haue
the first
          choice; follow <lb/>me girls.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
          <p>And you shall pay well for 'em.</p>
          <stage type="business">Song.</stage>
          <lg rend="italic center">
            <l>Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape? </l>
            <l>My dainty Ducke, my deere&#x2011;a? </l>
            <l>Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head </l>
            <l>Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare&#x2011;a. </l>
            <l>Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler, </l>
            <l>That doth vtter all mens ware&#x2011;a. </l>
          </lg>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-wt-ser">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seruant.</speaker>
          <p>Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-<lb/>herds, three
            Neat&#x2011;herds, three Swine&#x2011;herds <choice>
              <abbr>y&#x0054;</abbr>
            </choice>
            <expan>that</expan> haue made <fw type="sig"
place="footCentre">Bb3</fw>
              <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">them</fw>
              <pb facs="#axc0314-0.jpg" n="294"/>
              <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
              <cb n="1"/>
```

<lb/>themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers,
<lb/>and
they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a
gal-<lb/>ly&#x2011;maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't:
but
<lb/>they themselues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough <lb/>for
some,
that know little but bowling) it will please <lb/>plentifully.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too <lb/>much homely
foolery already.
I know (Sir) wee wea-<lb/>rie you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see <lb/>these
foure&#x2011;threes of Heardsmen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) <lb/>hath danc'd
before the
King: and not the worst of the <lb/>three, but iumpes twelue foote and
a
halfe by th'squire.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>Leaue your prating, since these good men are <lb/>pleas'd, let them
come in:
but quickly now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Why, they stay at doore Sir.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere a Dance of twelue
  Satyres</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:</l>
  <l>Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,</l>
  <l>He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)</l>
  <l>Your heart is full of something, that do's take</l>
  <l>Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,</l>
  <l>And handed loue, as you do; I was wont</l>
  <l>To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt</l>
  <l>The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it</l>

```xml
    <l>To her acceptance: you haue let him go,</l>
    <l>And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse</l>
    <l>Interpretation should abuse, and call this</l>
    <l>Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited</l>
    <l>For a reply at least, if you make a care</l>
    <l>Of happie holding her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <l>Old Sir, I know</l>
    <l>She prizes not such trifles as these are:</l>
    <l>The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt</l>
    <l>Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,</l>
    <l>But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life</l>
    <l>Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)</l>
    <l>Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,</l>
    <l>As soft as Doues&#x2011;downe, and as white as it,</l>
    <l>Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted</l>
    <l>By th'Northerne blasts, twice ore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>What followes this?</l>
    <l>How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash</l>
    <l>The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out,</l>
    <l>But to your protestation: Let me heare</l>
    <l>What you professe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <p>Do, and be witnesse too't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <p>And this my neighbour too?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <l>And he, and more</l>
    <l>Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;</l>
    <l>That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch</l>
    <l>Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth</l>
    <l>That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge</l>
    <l>More then was euer mans, I would not prize them</l>
    <l>Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,</l>
    <l>Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,</l>
    <l>Or to their owne perdition.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <p>Fairely offer'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>This shewes a sound affection.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>But my daughter,</l>
  <l>Say you the like to him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot speake</l>
  <l>So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better</l>
  <l>By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out</l>
  <l>The puritie of his.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>Take hands, a bargaine;</l>
  <l>And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:</l>
  <l>I giue my daughter to him, and will make</l>
  <l>Her Portion, equall his.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>O, that must bee</l>
  <l>I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,</l>
  <l>I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,</l>
  <l>Enough then for your wonder: but come&#x2011;on,</l>
  <l>Contract vs fore these Witnesses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>Come, your hand:</l>
  <l>And daughter, yours.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Soft Swaine a&#x2011;while, beseech you,</l>
  <l>Haue you a Father?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <p>I haue: but what of him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <p>Knowes he of this?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <p>He neither do's, nor shall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Me&#x2011;thinkes a Father,</l>
  <l>Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest</l>
  <l>That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more</l>
  <l>Is not your Father growne incapeable</l>
  <l>Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid</l>
  <l>With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?</l>
  <l>Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?</l>
  <l>Lies he not bed&#x2011;rid? And againe, do's nothing</l>
  <l>But what he did, being childish?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>No good Sir:</l>
  <l>He has his health, and ampler strength indeed</l>
  <l>Then most haue of his age.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>By my white beard,</l>
  <l>You offer him (if this be so) a wrong</l>
  <l>Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne</l>
  <l>Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason</l>
  <l>The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else</l>
  <l>But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile</l>
  <l>In such a businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>I yeeld all this;</l>
  <l>But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)</l>
  <l>Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint</l>
  <l>My Father of this businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>Let him know't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <p>He shall not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <p>Prethee let him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <p>No, he must not.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
    <p>Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue <lb/>At knowing of thy
        choice.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <l>Come, come, he must not:</l>
    <l>Marke our Contract.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>Marke your diuorce (yong sir)</l>
    <l>Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base</l>
    <l>To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,</l>
    <l>That thus affects a sheepe&#x2011;hooke? Thou, old Traitor,</l>
    <l>I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can</l>
    <l>But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece</l>
    <l>Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know</l>
    <l>The royall Foole thou coap'st with.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
    <p>Oh my heart.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <l>Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers &amp; made</l>
    <l>More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)</l>
    <l>If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,</l>
    <l>That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer</l>
    <l>I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,</l>
    <l>Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,</l>
    <l>Farre then <hi rend="italic">Deucalion</hi> off: (marke thou my words)</l>
    <l>Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time</l>
    <l>(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee</l>
    <l>From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Wor.</fw>
    <pb facs="#axc0315-0.jpg" n="295"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
```

```xml
    <l>Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,</l>
    <l>That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)</l>
    <l>Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou</l>
    <l>These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,</l>
    <l>Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,</l>
    <l>I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee</l>
    <l>As thou art tender to't.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Euen heere vndone:</l>
  <l>I was not much a&#x2011;fear'd: for once, or twice</l>
  <l>I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,</l>
  <l>The selfe&#x2011;same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,</l>
  <l>Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but</l>
  <l>Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?</l>
  <l>I told you what would come of this: Beseech you</l>
  <l>Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine</l>
  <l>Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,</l>
  <l>But milke my Ewes, and weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Why how now Father,</l>
  <l>Speake ere thou dyest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot speake, nor thinke,</l>
  <l>Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,</l>
  <l>You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,</l>
  <l>That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,</l>
  <l>To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,</l>
  <l>To lye close by his honest bones; but now</l>
  <l>Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me</l>
  <l>Where no Priest shouels&#x2011;in dust. Oh cursed wretch,</l>
  <l>That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture</l>
  <l>To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:</l>
  <l>If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd</l>
  <l>To die when I desire.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Why looke you so vpon me?</l>
  <l>I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,</l>
  <l>But nothing altred: What I was, I am:</l>
  <l>More straining on, for plucking backe; not following</l>
  <l>My leash vnwillingly.</l>
```

```xml
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>Gracious my Lord,</l>
      <l>You know my Fathers temper: at this time</l>
      <l>He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse</l>
      <l>You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly</l>
      <l>Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;</l>
      <l>Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle</l>
      <l>Come not before him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>I not purpose it:</l>
      <l>I thinke <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>Euen he, my Lord.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-per">
      <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
      <l>How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?</l>
      <l>How often said my dignity would last</l>
      <l>But till 'twer knowne?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>It cannot faile, but by</l>
      <l>The violation of my faith, and then</l>
      <l>Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,</l>
      <l>And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:</l>
      <l>From my succession wipe me (Father) I</l>
      <l>Am heyre to my affection.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>Be aduis'd.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason</l>
      <l>Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:</l>
      <l>If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,</l>
      <l>Do bid it welcome.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <p>This is desperate (sir.)</p>
    </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:</l>
  <l>I needs must thinke it honesty. <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
  <l>Not for <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>, nor the pompe that may</l>
  <l>Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or</l>
  <l>The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath</l>
  <l>To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,</l>
  <l>As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,</l>
  <l>When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not</l>
  <l>To see him any more) cast your good counsailes</l>
  <l>Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune</l>
  <l>Tug for the time to come. This you may know,</l>
  <l>And so deliuer, I am put to Sea</l>
  <l>With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:</l>
  <l>And most opportune to her neede, I haue</l>
  <l>A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd</l>
  <l>For this designe. What course I meane to hold</l>
  <l>Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor</l>
  <l>Concerne me the reporting.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>O my Lord,</l>
  <l>I would your spirit were easier for aduice,</l>
  <l>Or stronger for your neede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Hearke <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>,</l>
  <l>Ile heare you by and by.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Hee's irremoueable,</l>
  <l>Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if</l>
  <l>His going, I could frame to serue my turne,</l>
  <l>Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,</l>
  <l>Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,</l>
  <l>And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom</l>
  <l>I so much thirst to see.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Now good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
  <l>I am so fraught with curious businesse, that</l>
  <l>I leaue out ceremony.</l>
```

```xml
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>Sir, I thinke</l>
      <l>You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue</l>
      <l>That I haue borne your Father?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>Very nobly</l>
      <l>Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke</l>
      <l>To speake your deeds: not little of his care</l>
      <l>To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>Well (my Lord)</l>
      <l>If you may please to thinke I loue the King,</l>
      <l>And through him, what's neerest to him, which is</l>
      <l>Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,</l>
      <l>If your more ponderous and setled proiect</l>
      <l>May suffer alteration. On mine honor,</l>
      <l>Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing</l>
      <l>As shall become your Highnesse, where you may</l>
      <l>Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see</l>
      <l>There's no disiunction to be made, but by</l>
      <l>(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,</l>
      <l>And with my best endeuours, in your absence,</l>
      <l>Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie</l>
      <l>And bring him vp to liking.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>How <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>
      </l>
      <l>May this (almost a miracle) be done?</l>
      <l>That I may call thee something more then man,</l>
      <l>And after that trust to thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
      <l>Haue you thought on</l>
      <l>A place whereto you'l go?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
      <l>Not any yet:</l>
      <l>But as th'vnthought&#x2011;on accident is guiltie</l>
      <l>To what we wildely do, so we professe</l>
      <l>Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Of euery winde that blowes.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Then list to me:</l>
  <l>This followes, if you will not change your purpose</l>
  <l>But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,</l>
  <l>And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,</l>
  <l>(For so I see she must be) 'fore <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi>;</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Shee</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0316-0.jpg" n="296"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>She shall be habited, as it becomes</l>
  <l>The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi> opening his free Armes, and
weeping</l>
  <l>His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,</l>
  <l>As 'twere i'th'Fathers person: kisses the hands</l>
  <l>Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,</l>
  <l>'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one</l>
  <l>He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow</l>
  <l>Faster then Thought, or Time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
  <l>What colour for my Visitation, shall I</l>
  <l>Hold vp before him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Sent by the King your Father</l>
  <l>To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,</l>
  <l>The manner of your bearing towards him, with</l>
  <l>What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,</l>
  <l>Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,</l>
  <l>The which shall point you forth at euery sitting</l>
  <l>What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,</l>
  <l>But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,</l>
  <l>And speake his very Heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>I am bound to you:</l>
  <l>There is some sappe in this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>A Course more promising,</l>
    <l>Then a wild dedication of your selues</l>
    <l>To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,</l>
    <l>To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,</l>
    <l>But as you shake off one, to take another:</l>
    <l>Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who</l>
    <l>Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,</l>
    <l>Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,</l>
    <l>Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,</l>
    <l>Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,</l>
    <l>Affliction alters.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-per">
    <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
    <l>One of these is true:</l>
    <l>I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,</l>
    <l>But not take&#x2011;in the Mind.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>Yea? say you so?</l>
    <l>There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres</l>
    <l>Be borne another such.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <l>My good <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
    <l>She's as forward, of her Breeding, as</l>
    <l>She is i'th'reare'our Birth.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot say, 'tis pitty</l>
    <l>She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse</l>
    <l>To most that teach.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-per">
    <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
    <l>Your pardon Sir, for this,</l>
    <l>Ile blush you Thanks.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
    <l>My prettiest <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>.</l>
    <l>But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>)</l>
    <l>Preseruer of my Father, now of me,</l>
    <l>The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?</l>
    <l>We are not furnish'd like <hi rend="italic">Bohemia's</hi> Sonne,</l>
```

```xml
        <l>Nor shall appeare in <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
        <l>My Lord,</l>
        <l>Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes</l>
        <l>Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,</l>
        <l>To haue you royally appointed, as if</l>
        <l>The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,</l>
        <l>That you may know you shall not want: one word.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Autolicus.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his <lb/>sworne brother) a very
        simple Gentleman. I haue sold <lb/>all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit
        Stone, not a Ribbon, <lb/>Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table&#x2011;booke,
        Ballad, Knife, <lb/>Tape, Gloue, Shooe&#x2011;tye, Bracelet,
        Horne&#x2011;Ring, to keepe <cb n="2"/>
        <lb/>my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, <lb/>as if my
        Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-<lb/>nediction to the
        buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose <lb/>Purse was best in Picture;
        and what
        I saw, to my good <lb/>vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but
        some-<lb/>thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the
        <lb/>Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty&#x2011;toes,
        <lb/>till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest <lb/>of the
        Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in <lb/>Eares: you might
        haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sence-<lb/>lesse; 'twas nothing to
        gueld a Cod&#x2011;peece of a Purse: I <lb/>would haue fill'd Keyes of that
        hung in Chaynes: no <lb/>hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring
        the <lb/>Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd <lb/>and
        cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the <lb/>old&#x2011;man come
        in with a Whoo&#x2011;bub against his Daugh-<lb/>ter, and the Kings
        Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from <lb/>the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse
        aliue in the whole <lb/>Army.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
```

```
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <l>Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there</l>
            <l>So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-flo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
            <p>And those that you'le procure from King <hi
rend="italic">Leontes</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <p>Shall satisfie your Father.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-per">
            <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
            <l>Happy be you:</l>
            <l>All that you speake, shewes faire.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <l>Who haue we here?</l>
            <l>Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit</l>
            <l>Nothing may giue vs aide.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>If they haue ouer&#x2011;heard me now: why hanging.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <l>How now (good Fellow)</l>
            <l>Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)</l>
            <l>Here's no harme intended to thee.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>I am a poore Fellow, Sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-cam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <p>Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that <lb/>from thee: yet
for
                the out&#x2011;side of thy pouertie, we must <lb/>make an exchange;
                therefore dis&#x2011;case thee instantly (thou <lb/>must thinke
there's a
                necessitie in't) and change Garments <lb/>with this Gentleman:
Though the
                penny&#x2011;worth (on his <lb/>side) be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's
                some boot.</p>
```

```
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well <lb/>enough.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <p>Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe <lb/>fled already.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <p>Dispatch, I prethee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with <lb/>conscience take
it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.</l>
  <l>Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie</l>
  <l>Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe</l>
  <l>Into some Couert; take your sweet&#x2011;hearts Hat</l>
  <l>And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,</l>
  <l>Dis&#x2011;mantle you, and (as you can) disliken</l>
  <l>The truth of your owne seeming, that you may</l>
  <l>(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship&#x2011;boord</l>
  <l>Get vndescry'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>I see the Play so lyes,</l>
  <l>That I must beare a part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>No remedie:</l>
  <l>Haue you done there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Should I now meet my Father,</l>
  <l>He would not call me Sonne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
<l>Nay, you shall haue no Hat:</l>
<l>Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
<speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
<p>Adieu, Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
<speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi>: what haue we twaine forgot?</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">'Pray</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0317-0.jpg" n="297"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>'Pray you a word.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
<l>What I doe next, shall be to tell the King</l>
<l>Of this escape, and whither they are bound;</l>
<l>Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,</l>
<l>To force him after: in whose company</l>
<l>I shall re&#x2011;view <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>; for whose
```
sight,</l>
```
<l>I haue a Womans Longing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
<speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
<l>Fortune speed vs:</l>
<l>Thus we set on (<hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>) to th'Sea-side.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
<p>The swifter speed, the better.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
<speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
<p>I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an <lb/>open eare, a
```
quick
```
   eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for <lb/>a Cut&#x2011;purse; a
```
good
```
   Nose is requisite also, to smell out <lb/>worke for th'other Sences. I
```
see
```
   this is the time that the <lb/>vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange
```
had
```
   this been, <lb/>without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?
   <lb/>Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may <lb/>doe
```
any

thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about <lb/>a peece of Iniquitie

(stealing away from his Father, with <lb/>his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of ho-<lb/>nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I <lb/>hold it the more knauerie to conceale it;

and therein am <lb/>I constant to my Profession.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and Shepheard.</stage>
<p>Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery <lb/>Lanes end,

euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds <lb/>a carefull man worke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
<p>See, see: what a man you are now? there is no <lb/>other way, but to <gap extent="2"

unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="stain"
resp="#LMC"/>ll
the King she's a Changeling, and <lb/>none of your flesh and blood.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
<p>Nay, but heare me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Nay; but heare me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
<p>Goe too then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>She being none of your flesh and blood, your <lb/>flesh and blood ha's not

offended the King, and so your <lb/>flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by

him. Shew those <lb/>things you found about her (those secret things, all

but <lb/>what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe <lb/>whistle: I warrant you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>

<p>I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his <lb/>Sonnes prancks too;

            who, I may say, is no honest man, <lb/>neither to his Father, nor to me, to

            goe about to make me <lb/>the Kings Brother in Law.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you <lb/>could haue beene to him,

            and then your Blood had beene <lb/>the dearer, by I know how much an

            ounce.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Very wisely (Puppies.)</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
        <p>Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this <lb/>Farthell, will make him

            scratch his Beard.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>I know not what impediment this Complaint <lb/>may be to the flight of my

            Master.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>'Pray heartily he be at'Pallace.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-<lb/>times by chance:

            Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-<lb/>ment. How now (Rustiques)
            whither are you bound?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
        <p>To th'Pallace (and it like your Worship.)</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the <lb/>Condition of that Farthell?

            the place of your dwelling? <lb/>your names? your ages? of what

hauing?
                breeding, and <lb/>any thing that is fitting to be knowne,
discouer?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
                <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
                <p>A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue <lb/>no lying; it
becomes none
                but Trades‑men, and they of-<lb/>ten giue vs (Souldiers) the
                Lye, but wee pay them for it <lb/>with stamped Coyne, not stabbing
Steele,
                therefore they <lb/>doe not giue vs the Lye.</p>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if <lb/>you had not
taken your
                selfe with the manner.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
                <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
                <p>Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
                <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
                <p>Whether it <choice>
                    <orig>lke</orig>
                    <corr>like</corr>
                </choice> me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest <lb/>thou not the ayre of
the
                Court, in these enfoldings? Hath <lb/>not my gate in it, the measure of
the
                Court? Receiues not <lb/>thy Nose Court‑Odour from me?
Reflect I not
                on thy <lb/>Basenesse, Court‑Contempt? Think'st thou, for
that I
                <lb/>insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am
there‑fore
                <lb/>no Courtier? I am Courtier <hi
rend="italic">Cap‑a‑pe</hi>; and one that <lb/>will eyther
                push‑on, or pluck‑back, thy Businesse there:
<lb/>whereupon I
                command thee to open thy Affaire.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-wt-osh">

```xml
      <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
      <p>My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
      <p>I know not (and't like you.)</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Aduocate's the Court&#x2011;word for a Pheazant: say <lb/>you
haue none.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
      <p>None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <l>How blessed are we, that are not simple men?</l>
      <l>Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,</l>
      <l>Therefore I will not disdaine.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>This cannot be but a great Courtier.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
      <p>His Garments are rich, but he weares them not
<lb/>handsomely.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-<lb/>sticall: A great
        man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking <lb/>on's Teeth.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
      <p>The Farthell there? What's i'th'Farthell? <lb/>Wherefore that
Box?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
      <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
      <p>Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and <lb/>Box, which
none must
        know but the King, and which hee <lb/>shall know within this houre,
```

if I may

    come to th'speech <lb/>of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Age, thou hast lost thy labour.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>Why Sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord <lb/>a new Ship, to

purge

    Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for <lb/>if thou bee'st capable of

things

    serious, thou must know <lb/>the King is full of griefe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should <lb/>haue marryed a
    Shepheards Daughter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>If that Shepheard be not in hand&#x2011;fast, let him <lb/>flye; the

Curses

    he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele, <lb/>will breake the back of
    Man, the heart of Monster.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Thinke you so, Sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make <lb/>heauie, and

Vengeance

    bitter; but those that are Iermaine <lb/>to him (though remou'd fiftie

times)

    shall all come vnder <lb/>the Hang&#x2011;man: which, though it be

great

    pitty, yet it is <lb/>necessarie. An old Sheepe&#x2011;whistling

Rogue, a

    Ram&#x2011;ten-<lb/>der, to offer to haue his Daughter come into
    grace? Some <lb/>say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for

him

    <lb/>(say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep&#x2011;Coat? all deaths

<lb/>are

```
                too few, the sharpest too easie.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Ha's the old&#x2011;man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)
<lb/>and't like you,
                Sir?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then <lb/>'noynted ouer
with
                Honey, set on the head of a Waspes <lb/>Nest, then stand till he be
three
                quarters and a dram dead: <lb/>then recouer'd againe with Aquavite,
or some
                other hot <lb/>Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotest day
                Progno-<lb/>stication proclaymes) shall he be set against a
                Brick&#x2011;wall, <lb/>(the Sunne looking with a
South&#x2011;ward eye vpon
                him; <lb/>where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.)
<lb/>But
                what talke we of these Traitorly&#x2011;Rascals, whose
mi-<lb/>series
                are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall?</p>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Tell</fw>
            <pb facs="#axc0318-0.jpg" n="298"/>
            <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <p>Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you <lb/>haue
to the
                King: being something gently consider'd, Ile <lb/>bring you where he
is
                aboord, tender your persons to his <lb/>presence, whisper him in your
                behalfes; and if it be in <lb/>man, besides the King, to effect your
Suites,
                here is man <lb/>shall doe it.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
            <p>He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with <lb/>him, giue him
Gold; and
                though Authoritie be a stub-<lb/>borne Beare, yet hee is oft led by
                the Nose with Gold: <lb/>shew the in&#x2011;side of your Purse to
the
                out&#x2011;side of his <lb/>hand, and no more adoe. Remember
ston'd, and
                flay'd <lb/>aliue.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
```

```xml
        <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
        <p>And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse <lb/>for vs, here is that
            Gold I haue: Ile make it as much <lb/>more, and leaue this young man in
            pawne, till I bring it <lb/>you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>After I haue done what I promised?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
        <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
        <p>I Sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in <lb/>this Businesse?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pit-<lb/>tifull one, I
            hope I shall not be flayd out of it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: <lb/>hang him, hee'le be made
            an example.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, <lb/>and shew our strange
            sights: he must know 'tis none of <lb/>your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are
            gone else. Sir, I <lb/>will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the
            Bu-<lb/>sinesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne
            <lb/>till it be brought you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
        <p>I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-<lb/>side, goe on the
            right hand, I will but looke vpon the <lb/>Hedge, and follow you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-clo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen <lb/>bless'd.</p>
```

```xml
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-osh">
            <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
            <p>Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to <lb/>doe vs
good.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
            <p>If I had a mind to be honest, I see <hi rend="italic">Fortune</hi>
would
              <lb/>not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am
<lb/>courted now
              with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means <lb/>to doe the Prince my
Master
              good; which, who knowes <lb/>how that may turne backe to my
aduancement?) I
              will <lb/>bring these two Moales, these blind&#x2011;ones, aboord
him: if
              <lb/>he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the
              Com-<lb/>plaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let
              <lb/>him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am
<lb/>proofe
              against that Title, and what shame else belongs <lb/>to't: To him will I
              present them, there may be matter in <lb/>it.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="5">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leontes, Cleomines,
Dion,
            Paulina, Seruants: <lb/> Florizel, Perdita.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd</l>
            <l>A Saint&#x2011;like Sorrow: No fault could you make,</l>
            <l>Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe</l>
            <l>More penitence, then done trespas: At the last</l>
            <l>Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,</l>
            <l>With them, forgiue your selfe.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
            <l>Whilest I remember</l>
            <l>Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of</l>
```

```
    <l>The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,</l>
    <l>That Heire&#x2011;lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and</l>
    <l>Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man</l>
    <l>Bred his hopes out of, true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Too true (my Lord:)</l>
  <l>If one by one, you wedded all the World,</l>
  <l>Or from the All that are, tooke something good,</l>
  <l>To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,</l>
  <l>Would be vnparallell'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke so. Kill'd?</l>
  <l>She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me</l>
  <l>Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter</l>
  <l>Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,</l>
  <l>Say so but seldom.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Not at all, good Lady:</l>
  <l>You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would</l>
  <l>Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd</l>
  <l>Your kindnesse better.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <p>You are one of those <lb/>Would haue him wed againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <l>If you would not so,</l>
  <l>You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance</l>
  <l>Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,</l>
  <l>What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,</l>
  <l>May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure</l>
  <l>Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,</l>
  <l>Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?</l>
  <l>What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,</l>
  <l>For present comfort, and for future good,</l>
  <l>To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe</l>
  <l>With a sweet Fellow to't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>There is none worthy,</l>
  <l>(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods</l>
```

<l>Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:</l>
<l>For ha's not the Diuine <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> said?</l>
<l>Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,</l>
<l>That King <hi rend="italic">Leontes</hi> shall not haue an Heire,</l>
<l>Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,</l>
<l>Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,</l>
<l>As my <hi rend="italic">Antigonus</hi> to breake his Graue,</l>
<l>And come againe to me: who, on my life,</l>
<l>Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,</l>
<l>My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,</l>
<l>Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,</l>
<l>The Crowne will find an Heire. Great <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>
</l>
<l>Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor</l>
<l>Was like to be the best.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
  <l>Who hast the memorie of <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>
  </l>
  <l>I know in honor: O, that euer I</l>
  <l>Had squar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,</l>
  <l>I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,</l>
  <l>Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>And left them</l>
  <l>More rich, for what they yielded.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Thou speak'st truth:</l>
  <l>No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,</l>
  <l>And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit</l>
  <l>Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage</l>
  <l>(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule&#x2011;vext,</l>
  <l>And begin, why to me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Had she such power,</l>
  <l>She had iust such cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>She had, and would incense me</l>

```xml
        <l>To murther her I marryed.</l>
      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight"> Paul. <hi
rend="roman">I</hi>
      </fw>
      <pb facs="#axc0319-0.jpg" n="299"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <l>I should so:</l>
        <l>Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke</l>
        <l>Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't</l>
        <l>You chose her: then Il'd shrieke, that euen your eares</l>
        <l>Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,</l>
        <l>Should be, Remember mine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <l>Starres, Starres,</l>
        <l>And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;</l>
        <l>Ile haue no Wife, <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <l>Will you sweare</l>
        <l>Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
        <p>Neuer (<hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>) so be bless'd my Spirit.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <p>Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <p>You tempt him ouer&#x2011;much.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
        <l>Vnlesse another,</l>
        <l>As like <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>, as is her Picture,</l>
        <l>Affront his eye.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-wt-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <p>Good Madame, I haue done.</p>
      </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;</l>
  <l>No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office </l>
  <l>To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young</l>
  <l>As was your former, but she shall be such</l>
  <l>As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy</l>
  <l>To see her in your armes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>My true <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
  <l>We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>That</l>
  <l>Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:</l>
  <l>Neuer till then.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>One that giues out himselfe Prince <hi
rend="italic">Florizell</hi>,</l>
  <l>Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Polixenes</hi>, with his Princesse
(she</l>
  <l>The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse</l>
  <l>To your high presence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>What with him? he comes not</l>
  <l>Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach</l>
  <l>(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,</l>
  <l>'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd</l>
  <l>By need, and accident. What Trayne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>But few,</l>
  <l>And those but meane.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>His Princesse (say you) with him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,</l>
```

```xml
      <l>That ere the Sunne shone bright on.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
   <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
   <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>,</l>
   <l>As euery present Time doth boast it selfe</l>
   <l>Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue</l>
   <l>Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe</l>
   <l>Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now</l>
   <l>Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,</l>
   <l>Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse</l>
   <l>Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,</l>
   <l>To say you haue seene a better.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <l>Pardon, Madame:</l>
   <l>The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)</l>
   <l>The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,</l>
   <l>Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,</l>
   <l>Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale</l>
   <l>Of all Professors else; make Proselytes</l>
   <l>Of who she but bid Follow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
   <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
   <p>How? not women?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <l>Women will loue her, that she is a Woman</l>
   <l>More worth then any Man: Men, that she is</l>
   <l>The rarest of all Women.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
   <l>Goe <hi rend="italic">Cleomines</hi>,</l>
   <l>Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,</l>
   <l>He thus should steale vpon vs.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
   <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
   <l>Had our Prince</l>
   <l>(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd</l>
   <l>Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth</l>
   <l>Betweene their births.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st</l>
  <l>He dyes to me againe, when talk'd&#x2011;of: sure</l>
  <l>When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches</l>
  <l>Will bring me to consider that, which may</l>
  <l>Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Florizell, Perdita,
    Cleomines, and others.</stage>
  <l>Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,</l>
  <l>For she did print your Royall Father off,</l>
  <l>Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,</l>
  <l>Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,</l>
  <l>(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,</l>
  <l>As I did him, and speake of something wildly</l>
  <l>By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,</l>
  <l>And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,</l>
  <l>I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth</l>
  <l>Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as</l>
  <l>You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost</l>
  <l>(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,</l>
  <l>Amitie too of your braue Father, whom</l>
  <l>(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life</l>
  <l>Once more to looke on him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>By his command</l>
  <l>Haue I here touch'd <hi rend="italic">Sicilia</hi>, and from him</l>
  <l>Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)</l>
  <l>Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie</l>
  <l>(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd</l>
  <l>His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe</l>
  <l>The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,</l>
  <l>Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues</l>
  <l>(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,</l>
  <l>And those that beare them, liuing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh my Brother,</l>
  <l>(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stire</l>
  <l>Afresh within me: and these thy offices</l>
  <l>(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters</l>
  <l>Of my behind&#x2011;hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,</l>
  <l>As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too</l>
  <l>Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vsage</l>
  <l>(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull <hi
rend="italic">Neptune</hi>,</l>
  <l>To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse, </l>
```

```
    <l>Th'aduenture of her person?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Good my Lord,</l>
  <l>She came from <hi rend="italic">Libia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Where the Warlike <hi rend="italic">Smalus</hi>,</l>
  <l>That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Most Royall Sir,</l>
  <l>From thence: from him, whose Daughter</l>
  <l>His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence</l>
  <l>(A prosperous South&#x2011;wind friendly) we haue cross'd,</l>
  <l>To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,</l>
  <l>For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine</l>
  <l>I haue from your <hi rend="italic">Sicilian</hi> Shores
dismiss'd;</l>
  <l>Who for <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi> bend, to signifie</l>
  <l>Not onely my successe in <hi rend="italic">Libia</hi> (Sir)</l>
  <l>But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie</l>
  <l>Here, where we are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>The blessed Gods</l>
  <l>Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you</l>
  <l>Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,</l>
  <l>A graceful Gentleman, against whose person</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">(So</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0320-0.jpg" n="300"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,</l>
  <l>For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)</l>
  <l>Haue left me Issue&#x2011;lesse: and your Father's bless'd</l>
  <l>(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,</l>
  <l>Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,</l>
  <l>Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,</l>
  <l>Such goodly things as you?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Lord.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>Most Noble Sir,</l>
  <l>That which I shall report, will beare no credit,</l>
```

`<l>`Were not the proofe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)`</l>`
    `<l>`
      `<hi rend="italic">`Bohemia`</hi>` greets you from himselfe, by me:`</l>`
    `<l>`Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's`</l>`
    `<l>`(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)`</l>`
    `<l>`Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with`</l>`
    `<l>`A Shepheards Daughter.`</l>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-leo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Leo.`</speaker>`
    `<p>`Where's `<hi rend="italic">`Bohemia`</hi>`? speake:`</p>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Lord.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.`</l>`
    `<l>`I speake amazedly, and it becomes`</l>`
    `<l>`My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court`</l>`
    `<l>`Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,`</l>`
    `<l>`Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way`</l>`
    `<l>`The Father of this seeming Lady, and`</l>`
    `<l>`Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,`</l>`
    `<l>`With this young Prince.`</l>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-flo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Flo.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`
      `<hi rend="italic">`Camillo`</hi>` ha's betray'd me;`</l>`
    `<l>`Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,`</l>`
    `<l>`Endur'd all Weathers.`</l>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Lord.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`Lay't so to his charge:`</l>`
    `<l>`He's with the King your Father.`</l>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-leo">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Leo.`</speaker>`
    `<p>`Who? `<hi rend="italic">`Camillo`</hi>`?`</p>`
  `</sp>`
  `<sp who="#F-wt-lor.1">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Lord.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`
      `<hi rend="italic">`Camillo`</hi>` (Sir:) I spake with him: who now`</l>`
    `<l>`Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I`</l>`
    `<l>`Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;`</l>`
    `<l>`Forsweare themselues as often as they speake:`</l>`
    `<l>`
      `<hi rend="italic">`Bohemia`</hi>` stops his eares, and threatens them`</l>`
    `<l>`With diuers deaths, in death.`</l>`

```xml
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>Oh my poore Father:</l>
  <l>The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue</l>
  <l>Our Contract celebrated.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>You are marryed?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:</l>
  <l>The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes first:</l>
  <l>The oddes for high and low's alike.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, <lb/>Is this the Daughter of a King?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>She is,</l>
  <l>When once she is my Wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,</l>
  <l>Will come&#x2011;on very slowly. I am sorry</l>
  <l>(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,</l>
  <l>Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,</l>
  <l>Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,</l>
  <l>That you might well enioy her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-flo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flo.</speaker>
  <l>Deare, looke vp:</l>
  <l>Though <hi rend="italic">Fortune</hi>, visible an Enemie,</l>
  <l>Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot</l>
  <l>Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)</l>
  <l>Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time</l>
  <l>Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,</l>
  <l>Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,</l>
  <l>My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Would he doe so, I'ld beg your precious Mistris,</l>
  <l>Which he counts but a Trifle.</l>
```

```xml
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
          <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
          <l>Sir (my Liege)</l>
          <l>Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,</l>
          <l>Then what you looke on now.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
          <l>I thought of her,</l>
          <l>Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition</l>
          <l>Is yet vn&#x2011;answer'd: I will to your Father:</l>
          <l>Your Honor not o're&#x2011;throwne by your desires,</l>
          <l>I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand</l>
          <l>I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,</l>
          <l>And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Autolicus, and a
          Gentleman.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
          <p>Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-<lb/>lation?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
          <p>I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard <lb/>the old Shepheard
            deliuer the manner how he found it: <lb/>Whereupon (after a little
            amazednesse) we were all com-<lb/>manded out of the Chamber: onely
            this (me thought) I <lb/>heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-aut">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
          <p>I would most gladly know the issue of it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
          <p>I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; <lb/>but the changes I perceiued
            in the King, and <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>, were <lb/>very Notes of
            admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-<lb/>ring on one another, to
```

teare the Cases of their Eyes. <lb/>There was speech in their dumbnesse,

Language in their <lb/>very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World <lb/>ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-<lb/>der appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew <lb/>no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were <lb/>Ioy, or

Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must <lb/>needs be.</p>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter another Gentleman.</stage>
<p>Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: <lb/>The Newes, <hi rend="italic">Rogero</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.2">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent. 2.</speaker>
<p>Nothing but Bon&#x2011;fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: <lb/>the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is <lb/>broken out within this houre, that Ballad&#x2011;makers cannot <lb/>be able to expresse it.</p>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter another Gentleman.</stage>
<p>Here comes the <hi rend="italic">Lady Paulina's</hi> Steward, hee can deliuer <lb/>you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which <lb/>is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is <lb/>in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
<p>Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by <lb/>Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare <lb/>you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle <lb/>of Queene <hi rend="italic">Hermiones</hi>: her Iewell about the Neck of it: <lb/>the Letters of <hi rend="italic">Antigonus</hi> found with it, which they know <lb/>to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in re-<lb/>semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, <lb/>which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-<lb/>ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be <lb/>the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the <lb/>two Kings?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.2">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent. 2.</speaker>
<p>No.</p>
</sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
  <p>Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee <lb/>seene, cannot bee spoken
     of. There might you haue be-<lb/>held one Ioy crowne another, so and
     in such manner, that <lb/>it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for
     their <lb/>Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes,
     hol-<lb/>ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
     <lb/>that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. <fw
type="catchword" place="footRight">Our</fw>
     <pb facs="#axc0321-0.jpg" n="301"/>
     <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
     <cb n="1"/>
     <lb/>Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of <lb/>his
     found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a <lb/>Losse, cryes, Oh, thy
     Mother, thy Mother: then askes <lb/>
     <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi> forgiuenesse, then embraces his
     Sonne&#x2011;in&#x2011;Law: <lb/>then againe worryes he his Daughter, with
     clipping her. <lb/>Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like
     <lb/>a Weather&#x2011;bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I <lb/>neuer
     heard of such another Encounter; which lames Re-<lb/>port to follow
     it, and vndo's description to doe it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 2.</speaker>
  <p>What, 'pray you, became of <hi rend="italic">Antigonus</hi>, that
     <lb/>carryed hence the Child?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
  <p>Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter <lb/>to rehearse, though
     Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o-<lb/>pen; he was torne to pieces
     with a Beare: This auouches <lb/>the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely
     his Innocence <lb/>(which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a
     Hand&#x2011;kerchief <lb/>and Rings of his, that <hi
rend="italic">Paulina</hi> knows.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
  <p>What became of his Barke, and his Fol-<lb/>lowers?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
```

<p>Wrackt the same instant of their Masters <lb/>death, and in the view
of the
Shepheard: so that all the <lb/>Instruments which ayded to expose the
Child,
were euen <lb/>then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble
Combat,
<lb/>that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in <hi
rend="italic">Paulina</hi>. Shee <lb/>had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her
Husband,
ano-<lb/>ther eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the
<lb/>Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, <lb/>as
if
shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no <lb/>more be in
danger
of loosing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
  <p>The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-<lb/>dience of Kings and
    Princes, for by such was it acted.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
  <p>One of the prettyest touches of all, and that <lb/>which angl'd for
mine
Eyes (caught the Water, though <lb/>not the Fish) was, when at the
Relation
of the Queenes <lb/>death (with the manner how shee came to't,
brauely
con-<lb/>fess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse
<lb/>wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to
<lb/>another)
shee did (with an <hi rend="italic">Alas</hi>) I would faine say,
bleed
<lb/>Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was <lb/>most
Marble,
there changed colour: some swownded, all <lb/>sorrowed: if all the
World
could haue seen't, the Woe <lb/>had beene vniuersall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
  <p>Are they returned to the Court?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent. 3.</speaker>
  <p>No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers <lb/>Statue (which is in
the
keeping of <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>) a Peece many <lb/>yeeres
in

doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare <lb/>Italian Master, <hi rend="italic">Iulio Romano</hi>, who (had he himselfe Eter-<lb/>nitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would be-<lb/>guile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: <lb/>He so neere to <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>, hath done <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>, that they <lb/>say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. <lb/>Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, <lb/>and there they intend to Sup.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.2">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent. 2.</speaker>
<p>I thought she had some great matter there in <lb/>hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer <lb/>since the death of <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>, visited that remoued House. <lb/>Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Re&#x00AD;<lb/>ioycing?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-gen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent. 1.</speaker>
<p>Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit <lb/>of Accesse? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace <lb/>will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our <lb/>Knowledge. Let's along.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
<speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
<p>Now (had I not the dash of my former life in <lb/>me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the <lb/>old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I <lb/>heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>he at that time ouer&#x2011;fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so <lb/>he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea&#x2011;sick, <lb/>and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather conti-<lb/>nuing, this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all <lb/>one to me: for had I beene the finder&#x2011;out of this Secret, <lb/>it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Shepheard and Clowne.</stage>
<p>Here come those I haue done good to against my will, <lb/>and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For-<lb/>tune.</p>
</sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy <lb/>Sonnes and Daughters will be
      all Gentlemen borne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight <lb/>with mee this other day,
      because I was no Gentleman <lb/>borne. See you these Clothes? say you see
      them not, <lb/>and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best
      <lb/>say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the <lb/>Lye: doe: and
      try whether I am not now a Gentleman <lb/>borne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>I, and haue been so any time these foure hours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>And so haue I, Boy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne be-<lb/>fore my Father: for
      the Kings Sonne tooke me by the <lb/>hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then
      the two Kings <lb/>call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my
      Bro-<lb/>ther) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father,
      Father; <lb/>and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman&#x2011;like
      <lb/>teares that euer we shed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposte-<lb/>rous estate as
      we are.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the <lb/>faults I haue committed
         to your Worship, and to giue <lb/>me your good report to the Prince my
         Master.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now <lb/>we are Gentlemen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Thou wilt amend thy life?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
  <p>I, and it like your good Worship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, <lb/>thou art as honest a
         true Fellow as any is in <hi rend="italic">Bohemia</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>You may say it, but not sweare it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let <lb/>Boores and Francklins say it,
         Ile sweare it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-osh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
  <p>How if it be false (Sonne?)</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may <lb/>sweare it, in the behalfe
         of his Friend: And Ile sweare to <lb/>the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of
         thy hands, and that <lb/>thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no
         tall Fel-<lb/>low of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile
```

<lb/>sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of <lb/>thy
hands.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-aut">
<speaker rend="italic">Aut.</speaker>
<p>I will proue so (Sir) to my power.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not <lb/>wonder, how thou
dar'st venture to be drunke, not being <lb/>a tall Fellow, trust me not.
Harke, the Kings and Prin&#x00AD;<lb/>ces (our Kindred) are going to see the
Queenes Picture. <lb/>Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
<head rend="center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell,
Perdita, Camillo, <lb/>Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords,
&amp;c.</stage>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
<l>O graue and good <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>, the great comfort</l>
<l>That I haue had of thee?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Cc</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight"> Paul. <hi
rend="roman">What</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="#axc0322-0.jpg" n="302"/>
<fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
<speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
<l>What (Soueraigne Sir)</l>
<l>I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices</l>
<l>You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd</l>
<l>(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted</l>
<l>Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;</l>
<l>It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer</l>
<l>My life may last to answere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>O <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
    <l>We honor you with trouble: but we came</l>
    <l>To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie</l>
    <l>Haue we pass'd through, not without much content</l>
    <l>In many singularities; but we saw not</l>
    <l>That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,</l>
    <l>The Statue of her Mother.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>As she liu'd peerelesse,</l>
    <l>So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeue</l>
    <l>Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,</l>
    <l>Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it</l>
    <l>Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare</l>
    <l>To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer</l>
    <l>Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.</l>
    <l>I like your silence, it the more shewes&#x2011;off</l>
    <l>Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)</l>
    <l>Comes it not something neere?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>Her naturall Posture. </l>
    <l>Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed</l>
    <l>Thou art <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi>; or rather, thou art she,</l>
    <l>In thy not chiding: for she was as tender</l>
    <l>As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (<hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>)</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Hermione</hi> was not so much wrinckled, nothing</l>
    <l>So aged as this seems.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
    <p>Oh, not by much.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>So much the more our Caruers excellence,</l>
    <l>Which lets goe&#x2011;by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her</l>
    <l>As she liu'd now.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>As now she might haue done,</l>
    <l>So much to my good comfort, as it is</l>
    <l>Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warme Life,</l>
    <l>As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.</l>
    <l>I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,</l>
    <l>For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:</l>
    <l>There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's</l>
    <l>My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and</l>
    <l>From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,</l>
    <l>Standing like Stone with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>And giue me leaue,</l>
  <l>And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that</l>
  <l>I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,</l>
  <l>Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,</l>
  <l>Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>O, patience:</l>
  <l>The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's</l>
  <l>Not dry.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd&#x2011;on,</l>
  <l>Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,</l>
  <l>So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy</l>
  <l>Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,</l>
  <l>But kill'd it selfe much sooner.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>Deere my Brother,</l>
  <l>Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre</l>
  <l>To take&#x2011;off so much griefe from you, as he</l>
  <l>Will peece vp in himself.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed my Lord,</l>
  <l>If I had thought the sight of my poore Image</l>
  <l>Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Il'd not haue shew'd it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>Doe not draw the Curtaine.</p>
</sp>
```

```
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <p>No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie <lb/>May thinke
anon, it

    moues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Let be, let be:</l>
  <l>Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.</l>
  <l>(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)</l>
  <l>Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines</l>
  <l>Did verily beare blood?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>'Masterly done:</l>
  <l>The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,</l>
  <l>As we are mock'd with Art.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Ile draw the Curtaine:</l>
  <l>My Lord's almost so farre transported, that</l>
  <l>Hee'le thinke anon it liues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh sweet <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
  <l>Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:</l>
  <l>No setled Sences of the World can match</l>
  <l>The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but</l>
  <l>I could afflict you farther.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Doe <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>:</l>
  <l>For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet</l>
  <l>As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinks</l>
  <l>There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell</l>
  <l>Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,</l>
  <l>For I will kisse her.</l>
```

```xml
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Good my Lord, forbeare:</l>
  <l>The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:</l>
  <l>You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne</l>
  <l>With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <p>No: not these twentie yeeres.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-per">
  <speaker rend="italic">Perd.</speaker>
  <l>So long could I</l>
  <l>Stand&#x2011;by, a looker&#x2011;on.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Either forbeare,</l>
  <l>Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you</l>
  <l>For more amazement: if you can behold it,</l>
  <l>Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,</l>
  <l>And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke</l>
  <l>(Which I protest against) I am assisted</l>
  <l>By wicked Powers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>What you can make her doe,</l>
  <l>I am content to looke on: what to speake,</l>
  <l>I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie</l>
  <l>To make her speake, as moue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>It is requir'd</l>
  <l>You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:</l>
  <l>On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse</l>
  <l>I am about, let them depart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Proceed:</l>
  <l>No foot shall stire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>Musick; awake her: Strike:</l>
  <l>'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:</l>
```

```xml
  <l>Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:</l>
  <l>Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:</l>
  <l>Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,</l>
  <l>Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres: </l>
  <l>Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as</l>
  <l>You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,</l>
  <l>Vntill you see her dye againe; for then</l>
  <l>You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:</l>
  <l>When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,</l>
  <l>Is she become the Suitor?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, she's warme:</l>
  <l>If this be Magick, let it be an Art</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Law—</fw>
  <pb facs="#axc0323-0.jpg" n="303"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Winters Tale.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Lawfull as Eating.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>She embraces him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-cam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>She hangs about his necke,</l>
  <l>If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,</l>
  <l>Or how stolne from the dead?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-pau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
  <l>That she is liuing,</l>
  <l>Were it but told you, should be hooted at</l>
  <l>Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,</l>
  <l>Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:</l>
  <l>Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,</l>
  <l>And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,</l>
  <l>Our <hi rend="italic">Perdita</hi> is found.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wt-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>You Gods looke downe,</l>
  <l>And from your sacred Viols poure your graces</l>
  <l>Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found</l>
    <l>Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I</l>
    <l>Knowing by <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>, that the Oracle</l>
    <l>Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd</l>
    <l>My selfe, to see the yssue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-pau">
    <speaker rend="italic">Paul.</speaker>
    <l>There's time enough for that,</l>
    <l>Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble</l>
    <l>Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together</l>
    <l>You precious winners all: your exultation</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)</l>
    <l>Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there</l>
    <l>My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)</l>
    <l>Lament, till I am lost.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wt-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
    <l>O peace <hi rend="italic">Paulina</hi>:</l>
    <l>Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,</l>
    <l>As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,</l>
    <l>And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,</l>
    <l>But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her</l>
    <l>(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many</l>
    <l>A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre</l>
    <l>(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee</l>
    <l>An honourable husband. Come <hi rend="italic">Camillo</hi>,</l>
    <l>And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty</l>
    <l>Is richly noted: and heere iustified</l>
    <l>By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.</l>
    <l>What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,</l>
    <l>That ere I put betweene your holy looks</l>
    <l>My ill suspition: This your Son&#x2011;in&#x2011;law,</l>
    <l>And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing</l>
    <l>Is troth&#x2011;plight to your daughter. Good <hi
rend="italic">Paulina</hi>,</l>
    <l>Leade vs from hence, where we may leisurely</l>
    <l>Each one demand, and answere to his part</l>
    <l>Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first</l>
    <l>We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="dramatisPersonae">
  <head rend="center">The Names of the Actors.</head>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <list rend="italic">
    <item>
```

```xml
          <c rend="roman decoratedCapital">L</c>Eontes, King of Sicillia.
</item>
          <item>Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.</item>
          <item>
            <list rend="rightBracketed">
              <item>Camillo.<pc rend="4line">}</pc>
              </item>
              <item>Antigonus.</item>
              <item>Cleomines.</item>
              <item>Dion.</item>
            </list>
            <hi rend="rightJustified">Foure Lords of Sicillia.</hi>
          </item>
          <item>Hermione, Queene to Leontes.</item>
          <item>Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</item>
          <item>Paulina, wife to Antigonus.</item>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <item>Emilia, a Lady.</item>
          <item>Polixenes, King of Bohemia.</item>
          <item>Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.</item>
          <item>Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.</item>
          <item>Clowne, his Sonne.</item>
          <item>Autolicus, a Rogue.</item>
          <item>Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.</item>
          <item>Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.</item>
          <item>Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.</item>
        </list>
      </div>
    </div>
    <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
  </div>
  </body>
  </text>
</TEI>
```