THE WINTER'S TALE

[ILLUSTRATED]

By

William Shakespeare



Illustrated by Murat Ukray

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LEONTES, King of Sicilia

MAMILLIUS, his son

CAMILLO, Sicilian Lord

ANTIGONUS, Sicilian Lord

CLEOMENES, Sicilian Lord

DION, Sicilian Lord

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia

FLORIZEL, his son

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord

An Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita

CLOWN, his son

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue

A Mariner

Gaoler

Servant to the Old Shepherd

Other Sicilian Lords

Sicilian Gentlemen

Officers of a Court of Judicature

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus

EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen

MOPSA, shepherdess

DORCAS, shepherdess

Other Ladies, attending on the Queen

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

TIME, as Chorus

Scene:

Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I. SICILIA. AN ANTECHAMBER IN LEONTES' PALACE.



[*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS*]

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed,—

CAMILLO

Beseech you,—

ARCHIDAMUS

Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses,

unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

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

CAMILLO

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

ARCHIDAMUS

Would they else be content to die?

CAMILLO

Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCHIDAMUS

If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. THE SAME. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.



[*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*]

POLIXENES

Nine changes of the watery star hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one we-thank-you many thousands more

That go before it.

LEONTES

Stay your thanks a while,

And pay them when you part.

POLIXENES

Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

'This is put forth too truly.' Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

LEONTES

We are tougher, brother,

Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES

No longer stay.

LEONTES

One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES

We'll part the time between 's then: and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

POLIXENES

Press me not, beseech you, so,

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,

Were, in your love a whip to me; my stay

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaimed: say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell he longs to see his son were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[*To POLIXENES*]

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission

To let him there a month behind the gest

Prefix'd for's parting:—yet, good deed, Leontes,

I love thee not a jar of the clock behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

POLIXENES

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily is

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

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread 'verily,'

One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES

Your guest, then, madam:

To be your prisoner should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit

Than you to punish.

HERMIONE

Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.

You were pretty lordings then.

POLIXENES

We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE

Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

POLIXENES

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun

And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'Not guilty,' the imposition clear'd

Hereditary ours.

HERMIONE

By this we gather

You have tripp'd since.

POLIXENES

O my most sacred lady,

Temptations have since then been born to 's! for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

HERMIONE

Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say

Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;

The offences we have made you do we'll answer;

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not

With any but with us.

LEONTES

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES

At my request he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

To better purpose.

HERMIONE

Never?

LEONTES

Never but once.

HERMIONE

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages; you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

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

My last good deed was to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose—when?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEONTES

Why, that was when

Three crabbèd months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand

And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter

'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE

It is Grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

Th' other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*]

LEONTES

[*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me;—my heart dances;

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles

As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer: O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows,—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

I' fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd neat.—

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE*]

Still virginalling

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS

Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES

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

To be full like me:—yet they say we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say anything: but were they false

As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters,—false

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true

To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held,

Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—

With what's unreal thou co-active art,

And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent

Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,—

And that beyond commission; and I find it,—

And that to the infection of my brains

And hardening of my brows.

POLIXENES

What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE

He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES

How! my lord!

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

HERMIONE

You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

LEONTES

No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

MAMILLIUS

No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will? Why, happy man be 's dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we

Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And with his varying childness cures in me

Thoughts that would thick my blood.

LEONTES

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's

Apparent to my heart.

HERMIONE

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden. Shall 's attend you there?

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE*]

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*]

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—

Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour; nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will: should all despair

That hath revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly: know't;