



The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

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

Cam. I thinke, this coming Summer, the King of *Scythia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which hee willly ouer him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed--

Cam. Beseech you--

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence-- in so rare-- I know not what to say-- Wee will giue you sleepeie Diabes, that your Senecs (vn-intelligent of our insulphicience) may, though they cannot praye vs, as little accost vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more fauour Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societies, their Encounters (though not Personall) haue been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposid Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Murther, to alter it. You haue an vnspcakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamilius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Noe.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: he is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they els be content to die?

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

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Leontes*, *Hermione*, *Mamilius*, *Policenes*, *Camillo*.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Warty-Starre hath been

The Shepherds Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuities, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands more, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow: I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sleeping Winds at home, to make vs stay.

This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so: There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'T were needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,

Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes 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 proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strange: But let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him swaie so, and he shall not stay, Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.

Yet of your Royall presence, the adventure The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission, To let him there a Maneth, behind the Gest

Prefix'd for's parting; yet (good-deed) *Leontes*, I loue thee not a Larre o'th' Clock, behind

A a

What



Shakespeare, William. *The Winters Tale*. In *Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. Folger STC 22273 Fo.1 no. 68

The Winter's Tale was printed for the first time in the 1623 First Folio (F1), and that text is the basis for all subsequent editions of the play.

From an original in the [Folger Shakespeare Library](#)
Licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License](#) (CC BY-SA 4.0)