

Scene 4

*Enter Florizell and Perdita.*

FLORIZELL

1 These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
2 Does give a life—no shepherdess, but Flora  
3 Peering in April's front.

PERDITA

4 But that our feasts  
5 In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
6 Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
7 To see you so attired, swoon, I think,  
8 To show myself a glass.

9 FLORIZELL I bless the time  
10 When my good falcon made her flight across  
11 Thy father's ground.

12 PERDITA Now Jove afford you cause.  
13 To me the difference forges dread. Your greatness  
14 Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
15 To think your father by some accident  
16 Should pass this way as you did. O the Fates,  
17 How would he look to see his work, so noble,  
18 Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
19 Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold  
20 The sternness of his presence?

21 FLORIZELL Apprehend  
22 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
23 Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
24 The shapes of beasts upon them.  
25 Their transformations  
26 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
27 Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
28 Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts  
29 Burn hotter than my faith.

30 PERDITA O, but sir,  
31 Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis  
32 Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the King.  
33 One of these two must be necessities,  
34 Which then will speak: that you must change this  
35 purpose  
36 Or I my life.

37 FLORIZELL Thou dear'st Perdita,  
38 With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not  
39 The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
40 Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
41 Mine own, nor anything to any, if  
42 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
43 Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle.  
44 Lift up your countenance as it were the day  
45 Of celebration of that nuptial which

46 We two have sworn shall come.

47 PERDITA O Lady Fortune,  
48 Stand you auspicious!

49 FLORIZELL See, your guests approach.  
50 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
51 And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Shepherd's Son, Mopsa, Dorcas,  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Servants, Musicians,  
and Polixenes and Camillo in disguise.*

SHEPHERD

52 You are retired  
53 As if you were a feasted one and not  
54 The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid  
55 These unknown friends to 's welcome, for it is  
56 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
57 Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
58 That which you are, mistress o' th' feast.

59 PERDITA, *to Polixenes* Sir, welcome.  
60 It is my father's will I should take on me  
61 The hostess-ship o' th' day. *To Camillo.* You're  
62 welcome, sir.—  
63 Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
64 sirs,  
65 For you there's rosemary and rue. These keep  
66 Seeming and savor all the winter long.  
67 Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
68 And welcome to our shearing.

69 POLIXENES Shepherdess—  
70 A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
71 With flowers of winter.

72 PERDITA Sir, the year growing ancient,  
73 Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth  
74 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th' season  
75 Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,  
76 Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind  
77 Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not  
78 To get slips of them.

79 POLIXENES Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
80 Do you neglect them?

81 PERDITA For I have heard it said  
82 There is an art which in their piedness shares  
83 With great creating nature.

84 POLIXENES Say there be;  
85 Yet nature is made better by no mean  
86 But nature makes that mean.  
87 You see, sweet maid, we marry