

46 Hermione hath suffered death, and that  
 47 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 48 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 49 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 50 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well.  
 51 There lie, and there thy character; there these,  
   *He lays down the baby, a bundle, and a box.*  
 52 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
 53 And still rest thine. *Thunder.* The storm begins.  
 54 Poor wretch,  
 55 That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed  
 56 To loss and what may follow. Weep I cannot,  
 57 But my heart bleeds, and most accurst am I  
 58 To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell.  
 59 The day frowns more and more. Thou 'rt like to have  
 60 A lullaby too rough. I never saw  
 61 The heavens so dim by day.

*Thunder, and sounds of hunting.*

62 A savage clamor!  
 63 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase.  
 64 I am gone forever!   *He exits, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter Shepherd.*

65 SHEPHERD I would there were no age between ten and  
 66 three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the  
 67 rest, for there is nothing in the between but getting  
 68 wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing,  
 69 fighting—Hark you now. Would any but these  
 70 boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt  
 71 this weather? They have scared away two of my best  
 72 sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than  
 73 the master.  
 74 Good luck, an 't be thy will,  
 75 what have we here? Mercy on 's, a bairn! A very  
 76 pretty bairn. A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty  
 77 one, a very pretty one. Sure some scape.  
 78 They were warmer that got this than the poor thing is  
 79 here. I'll take it up for pity. Yet I'll tarry till my son  
 80 come. He halloed but even now.—Whoa-ho-ho!

*Enter Shepherd's Son.*

81 SHEPHERD'S SON Hilloa, loa!

82 SHEPHERD What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to  
 83 talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.  
 84 What ail'st thou, man?

85 SHEPHERD'S SON I have seen two such sights, by sea  
 86 and by land—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is  
 87 now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you  
 88 cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

89 SHEPHERD Why, boy, how is it?

90 SHEPHERD'S SON I would you did but see how it chafes,

91 how it rages, how it takes up the shore. But that's  
92 not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor  
93 souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em.  
94 Now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast,  
95 and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd  
96 thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land  
97 service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone,  
98 how he cried to me for help, and said his  
99 name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an  
100 end of the ship: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it.  
101 But, first, how the poor souls roared and the sea  
102 mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared  
103 and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than  
104 the sea or weather.

105 SHEPHERD Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

106 SHEPHERD'S SON Now, now. I have not winked since I  
107 saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under  
108 water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman.  
109 He's at it now.

110 SHEPHERD Heavy matters, heavy matters. But look  
111 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself. Thou met'st with  
112 things dying, I with things newborn. Here's a sight  
113 for thee. Look thee, a bearing cloth for a squire's  
114 child. Look thee here. Take up, take up, boy. Open  
115 't. So, let's see. It was told me I should be rich by  
116 the fairies. This is some changeling. Open 't. What's  
117 within, boy?

118 SHEPHERD'S SON, *opening the box* You're a made old  
119 man. If the sins of your youth are forgiven you,  
120 you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

121 SHEPHERD This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.  
122 Up with 't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way.  
123 We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires  
124 nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good  
125 boy, the next way home.

126 SHEPHERD'S SON Go you the next way with your  
127 findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the  
128 gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They are  
129 never curst but when they are hungry. If there be  
130 any of him left, I'll bury it.

131 SHEPHERD That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern  
132 by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to  
133 th' sight of him.

134 SHEPHERD'S SON Marry, will I, and you shall help to  
135 put him i' th' ground.

136 SHEPHERD 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good  
137 deeds on 't.