

FLORIZELL

These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

PERDITA Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike pranked up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZELL I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA Now Jove afford you cause.

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

FLORIZELL Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts. Their transformations thus
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA O, but sir,

Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak: that you must change this
purpose
Or I my life.

FLORIZELL Thou dear'st Perdita,

With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Your guests are come.
Lift up your countenance as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA Now, my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day to make you garlands,
And, my sweet friend, to strew you o'er and o'er.

FLORIZELL What, like a corse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZELL What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA O Doricles,

Your praises are too large. But that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.

FLORIZELL I think you have

As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come, our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair
That never mean to part.

PERDITA I'll swear for 'em.