



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A part of Sicily.*

*Enter Cleomines, and Dion.*

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the foil, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most they caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks, I so should term them, and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,  
It was i' th' offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,  
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpris'd my sense  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If th' event o' th' journey  
Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The use is worth the time on't.

*Cleo.* Great *Apollo*,  
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business, when the oracle  
Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover: something rare

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