

Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought  
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leo.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true  
subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten;  
and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not  
found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

*Her.* Praised!

*Leo.* Hast thou read the truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord, even so as here set down.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' oracle:  
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leo.* What is the business?

*Ser.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it.  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leo.* How gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* *Apollo's* angry; and the heaven's themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. How now there? [*Her. faints.*]

*Pau.* This news is mortal to the queen: look down,  
And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence;  
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*]

SCENE