

SCENE VI.

Bithynia.

*A desert country; the sea at a little distance.**Enter Antigonus, with a child; and a Mariner.*

Ant. **T**HOU art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of *Bithynia*?

Mar. Ay, and fear

We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call on thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o'th' business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,

And,