

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in *Bithynia*,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*,
 I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys;
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king *Polixenes*, it should here be lay'd,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,
 And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour?
 Well may I get aboard! this is the chase;
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit pursued by a bear.

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SCENE