



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Time as Chorus.*

T I M E.

I THAT please some, try all, both joy and terrour  
 Of good and bad, that make and unfold errour,  
 Now take upon me, in the name of time,  
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd  
 Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom: let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to  
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
 To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
 The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing  
 As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving  
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair *Bithynia*, and remember well,  
 There is a son o'th' kings, whom *Florizel*  
 I now name to you, and with speed so pace  
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring: what of her ensues  
 I list not prophesy: but let time's news  
 Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is