

sheep, let me be unroll'd,^a and my name put into the book of virtue.

Song.

*Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The old shepherd's house.

Enter Florizel, and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in april's front. This your sheepshearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom; I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear: even now I tremble

^a Alluding to the societies into which the notorious cheats and gipsies enroll themselves.