

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: o the fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: the gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' king:
One of these two necessities must be,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentlest!
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per.