

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Dissemble you; and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat: come, lady, come. Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O, *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose fight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' seaside. [*Ex. Flo. and Per.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I understand the business; I heard it: to have an open
ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse;
VOL. II. D d d d a good