

The Winter's Tale abbreviated

Act 4, Scene 1

Fantasy

Situation: The Shepherd has shown his son the brand-new baby he found, wrapped in a bundle, found along with a box of gold. The son says "Gold, all gold." The Shepherd has told his son to "Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the nearest way home." Father Time soon enters to tell us sixteen years will now pass.

Father Time enters with wings on his back and an hourglass in his hand.

Time to Himself

I now take upon me to use my wings.
In the name of Time, as the one who brings
Swift passage as I slide o'er sixteen years,
Since it is my power to o'erthrow law
And custom, and to leave alone the fears
Of that wide gap, allowing you to say
You had slept between the acts. Leontes
We leave, and imagine each of you sees
Me in Bohemia. I mentioned the
King's son, which Florizell I now name to
You, and speed to speak of Perdita, a
Shepherd's daughter, grown in grace and by you
Seen as an inspiration, the god's sign,
And what follows here is the theme of mine.