FLORIZEL (known as DORICLES)

Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
See, they approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly.

PERDITA [To POLIXENES]

Sir, welcome:
It is my father’s will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o’ th’ day.

You’re welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.

Reverend sirs,
For you there’s rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

Shepherdess,
A fair one are you--well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

[To CAMILLO]

Here’s flow’rs for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi’ th’ sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flow’rs
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y’ are very welcome.

CAMILLO
I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PERDITA

Out, alas!
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.
Now, my fair’st friend,
I would I had some flowers o’ the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids); bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flow’r-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o’er and o’er!

FLORIZEL (DORICLES)
What, like a corse?

PERDITA
No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL (DORICLES)
What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I’d have you do it ever: when you sing,
I’d have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ord’ring your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o’ th’ sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA
O Doricles,
Your praises are too large.
When the pilgrim enters the Garden of Eden, he is welcomed by a beautiful girl, Matelda. She is gathering flowers and thus reminds him of Proserpina and her mother – and the mother’s loss.

Matelda, in turn, is the ‘fulfilment’ of a beautiful girl, Lía, whom he had seen in a dream on the previous night.

Lía, too, had been gathering flowers...

**A. PREFIGURATION  (the dream)**

Ne l’ora, credo, che de l’orïente
prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,
ché di foco d’amor par sempre ardente,
giovane e bella in sogno mi parea
donna vedere andar per una landa
cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea:

«Sappia qualunque il mio nome dimanda
ch’i’ mi son Lia, e vo movendo intorno
le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda.

**B. EPIPHANY**

e là m’apparve (...)
una donna soletta che si gia
e cantando e scegliendo fior da fiore
ond’ era pinta tutta la sua via.

«Deh, bella donna, che a’ raggi d’amore
ti scaldi, s’i’ vo’ credere a’ sembianti
che soglion esser testimon del core,

vegnati in voglia di trarreti avanti»,
diss’ io a lei, «verso questa rivera,
tanto ch’io possa intender che tu canti.

Tu mi fai rimembrar dove e qual era
Proserpina nel tempo che perdette
la madre lei, ed ella primavera».

John Milton:
*(Lines from *Lycidas*)*
Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparingly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak’d with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir’d woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Shakespeare

(Perdita’s third flower speech)

Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o’ the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids); bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flow’r-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o’er and o’er!
Come, take your flowers.

Finis