

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
CYMBELINE.**

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter two Gentlemen.*

3 1.*Gent.*

4 You do not meet a man but Frownes.

5 Our bloods no more obey the Heauens

6 Then our Courtiers:

7 Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

8 2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

9 1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom

10 He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow

11 That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe

12 Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,

13 Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all

14 Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King

15 Be touch'd at very heart.

16 2 None but the King?

17 1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,

18 That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,

19 Although they weare their faces to the bent

20 Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not

21 Glad at the thing they scowle at.

22 2 And why so?

23 1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing

24 Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,

25 (I meane, that married her, alacke good man,

26 And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,

27 As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth

28 For one, his like; there would be something failing

29 In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,

30 So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within

31 Endowes a man, but hee.

32 2 You speake him farre.

33 1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,

34 Crush him together, rather then vnfold

35 His measure duly.

36 2 What's his name, and Birth?

37 1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father

38 Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did ioyne his Honor

39 Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,

40 But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
 41 He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
 42 So gain'd the Sur- addition, *Leonatus*.
 43 And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
 44 Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
 45 Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
 46 Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
 47 That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
 48 Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
 49 As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
 50 To his protection, cals him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
 51 Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed- chamber,
 52 Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
 53 Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
 54 As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
 55 And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
 56 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
 57 A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
 58 A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
 59 A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
 60 (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
 61 Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
 62 By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
 63 2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
 64 But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?
 65 1 His onely childe:
 66 He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
 67 Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
 68 I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
 69 Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
 70 Which way they went.
 71 2 How long is this ago?
 72 1 Some twenty yeares.
 73 2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
 74 So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
 75 That could not trace them.
 76 1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
 77 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
 78 Yet is it true Sir.
 79 2 I do well beleeeue you.
 80 1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
 81 The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

83 *Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.*
84 *Qu.* No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
85 After the slander of most Step- Mothers,
86 Euill- ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
87 Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes [zz3v
88 That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
89 So soone as I can win th' offended King,
90 I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
91 The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
92 You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
93 Your wisdome may informe you.
94 *Post.* 'Please your Highnesse,
95 I will from hence to day.
96 *Qu.* You know the perill:
97 Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
98 The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
99 Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*
100 *Imo.* O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
101 Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,
102 I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
103 (Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
104 His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
105 And I shall heere abide the houely shot
106 Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
107 But that there is this Iewell in the world,
108 That I may see againe.
109 *Post.* My Queene, my Mistris:
110 O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
111 To be suspected of more tendernesse
112 Then doth become a man. I will remaine
113 The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
114 My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
115 Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
116 Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
117 And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
118 Though Inke be made of Gall.
119 *Enter Queene.*
120 *Qu.* Be briefe, I pray you:
121 If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
122 How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
123 To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
124 But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
125 Payes deere for my offences.
126 *Post.* Should we be taking leaue

127 As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
 128 The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.
 129 *Imo.* Nay, stay a little:
 130 Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
 131 Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
 132 This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
 133 But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
 134 When *Imogen* is dead.
 135 *Post.* How, how? Another?
 136 You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
 137 And seare vp my embracements from a next,
 138 With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
 139 While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
 140 As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
 141 To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
 142 I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
 143 It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
 144 Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.
 145 *Imo.* O the Gods!
 146 When shall we see againe?
 147 *Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*
 148 *Post.* Alacke, the King.
 149 *Cym.* Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
 150 If after this command thou fraught the Court
 151 With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
 152 Thou'rt poyson to my blood.
 153 *Post.* The Gods protect you,
 154 And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
 155 I am gone.
 156 *Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death
 157 More sharpe then this is.
 158 *Cym.* O disloyall thing,
 159 That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
 160 A yeares age on mee.
 161 *Imo.* I beseech you Sir,
 162 Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
 163 I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
 164 Subdues all pangs, all feares.
 165 *Cym.* Past Grace? Obedience?
 166 *Imo.* Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.
 167 *Cym.* That might'st haue had
 168 The sole Sonne of my Queene.
 169 *Imo.* O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
 170 And did auoyd a Puttocke.
 171 *Cym.* Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
 172 Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

173 *Imo.* No, I rather added a lustre to it.
 174 *Cym.* O thou vilde one!
 175 *Imo.* Sir,
 176 It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
 177 You bred him as my Play- fellow, and he is
 178 A man, worth any woman: Ouer- buyes mee
 179 Almost the summe he payes.
 180 *Cym.* What? art thou mad?
 181 *Imo.* Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
 182 A Neat- hears Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
 183 Our Neighbour- Shepherds Sonne.
 184 *Enter Queene.*
 185 *Cym.* Thou foolish thing;
 186 They were againe together: you haue done
 187 Not after our command. Away with her,
 188 And pen her vp.
 189 *Qu.* Beseech your patience: Peace
 190 Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
 191 Leau vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
 192 Out of your best aduice.
 193 *Cym.* Nay, let her languish
 194 A drop of blood a day, and being aged
 195 Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*
 196 *Enter Pisanio.*
 197 *Qu.* Fye, you must giue way:
 198 Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
 199 *Pisa.* My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.
 200 *Qu.* Hah?
 201 No harme I trust is done?
 202 *Pisa.* There might haue beene,
 203 But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
 204 And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
 205 By Gentlemen, at hand.
 206 *Qu.* I am very glad on't.
 207 *Imo.* Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
 208 To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
 209 I would they were in Affricke both together,
 210 My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
 211 The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
 212 *Pisa.* On his command: he would not suffer mee
 213 To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
 214 Of what commands I should be subiect too,
 215 When't pleas'd you to employ me.
 216 *Qu.* This hath beene
 217 Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
 218 He will remaine so.

219 *Pisa.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse. [zz4
 220 *Qu.* Pray walke a- while.
 221 *Imo.* About some halfe houre hence,
 222 Pray you speake with me;
 223 You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
 224 For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

226 *Enter Clotten, and two Lords.*
 227 1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Vio-lence
 228 of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where
 229 ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so
 230 wholesome as that you vent.
 231 *Clot.* If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
 232 Haue I hurt him?
 233 2 No faith: not so much as his patience.
 234 1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee
 235 not hurt. It is a through- fare for Steele if it be not hurt.
 236 2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe- side the
 237 Towne.
 238 *Clot.* The Villaine would not stand me.
 239 2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
 240 1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
 241 But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.
 242 2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)
 243 *Clot.* I would they had not come betweene vs.
 244 2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
 245 you were vpon the ground.
 246 *Clot.* And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re-fuse
 247 mee.
 248 2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.
 249 1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine
 250 go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene
 251 small reflection of her wit.
 252 2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
 253 Should hurt her.
 254 *Clot.* Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
 255 beene some hurt done.
 256 2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
 257 which is no great hurt.
 258 *Clot.* You'l go with vs?
 259 1 Ile attend your Lordship.
 260 *Clot.* Nay come, let's go together.

261 2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

263 *Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

264 *Imo.* I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,
 265 And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
 266 And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
 267 As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
 268 That he spake to thee?

269 *Pisa.* It was his Queene, his Queene.

270 *Imo.* Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

271 *Pisa.* And kist it, Madam.

272 *Imo.* Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
 273 And that was all?

274 *Pisa.* No Madam: for so long
 275 As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
 276 Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
 277 The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
 278 Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
 279 Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
 280 How swift his Ship.

281 *Imo.* Thou should'st haue made him
 282 As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
 283 To after- eye him.

284 *Pisa.* Madam, so I did.

285 *Imo.* I would haue broke mine eye- strings;
 286 Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
 287 Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
 288 Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
 289 The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
 290 Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
 291 When shall we heare from him.

292 *Pisa.* Be assur'd Madam,
 293 With his next vantage.

294 *Imo.* I did not take my leaue of him, but had
 295 Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
 296 How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
 297 Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
 298 The Shees of Italy should not betray
 299 Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
 300 At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
 301 T' encounter me with Orisons, for then
 302 I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

303 Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
 304 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
 305 And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
 306 Shakes all our buddes from growing.
 307 *Enter a Lady.*
 308 *La.* The Queene (Madam)
 309 Desires your Highnesse Company.
 310 *Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
 311 I will attend the Queene.
 312 *Pisa.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

314 *Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-man,*
 315 *and a Spaniard.*
 316 *Iach.* Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
 317 was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-thy,
 318 as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
 319 could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-miration,
 320 though the Catalogue of his endowments had
 321 bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.
 322 *Phil.* You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
 323 then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-out,
 324 and within.
 325 *French.* I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma-ny
 326 there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
 327 hee.
 328 *Iach.* This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
 329 wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
 330 his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
 331 matter.
 332 *French.* And then his banishment.
 333 *Iach.* I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
 334 lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully [zz4v
 335 to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which
 336 else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger
 337 without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne
 338 with you? How creepes acquaintance?
 339 *Phil.* His Father and I were Souldiers together, to
 340 whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.
 341 *Enter Posthumus.*
 342 Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained a-mong'st
 343 you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing,
 344 to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better

345 knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you,
 346 as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will
 347 leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his
 348 owne hearing.

349 *French.* Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.

350 *Post.* Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies,
 351 which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.

352 *French.* Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was
 353 glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene
 354 pittie you should haue beene put together, with so mor-tall
 355 a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so
 356 slight and triuiall a nature.

357 *Post.* By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauel-ler,
 358 rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in
 359 my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but
 360 vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is men-ded)
 361 my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

362 *French.* Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
 363 Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood
 364 haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

365 *Iach.* Can we with manners, aske what was the dif-ference?

367 *French.* Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in pub-licke,
 368 which may (without contradiction) suffer the re-port.
 369 It was much like an argument that fell out last
 370 night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country- Mistresses.
 371 This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and
 372 vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more
 373 Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and
 374 lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in
 375 Fraunce.

376 *Iach.* That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentle-mans
 377 opinion by this, worne out.

378 *Post.* She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

379 *Iach.* You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of
 380 Italy.

381 *Posth.* Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I
 382 would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her
 383 Adorer, not her Friend.

384 *Iach.* As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand
 385 comparison, had beene something too faire, and too
 386 good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others.
 387 I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out- lusters many
 388 I haue beheld, I could not beleeeue she excelled many:
 389 but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is,
 390 nor you the Lady.

391 *Post.* I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

392 *Iach.* What do you esteeme it at?
 393 *Post.* More then the world enioyes.
 394 *Iach.* Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or
 395 she's out- priz'd by a trifle.
 396 *Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be solde or gi-uen,
 397 or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or
 398 merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale,
 399 and onely the guift of the Gods.
 400 *Iach.* Which the Gods haue giuen you?
 401 *Post.* Which by their Graces I will keepe.
 402 *Iach.* You may weare her in title yours: but you
 403 know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds.
 404 Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizea-ble
 405 Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casu-all;
 406 A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd
 407 Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and
 408 last.
 409 *Post.* Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a
 410 Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the
 411 holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do no-thing
 412 doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding
 413 I feare not my Ring.
 414 *Phil.* Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?
 415 *Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I
 416 thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at
 417 first.
 418 *Iach.* With fiue times so much conuersation, I should
 419 get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, e-uen
 420 to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie
 421 to friend.
 422 *Post.* No, no.
 423 *Iach.* I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my E-state,
 424 to your Ring, which in my opinion o're- values it
 425 something: but I make my wager rather against your
 426 Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your of-fence
 427 heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in
 428 the world.
 429 *Post.* You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a per-swasion,
 430 and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy
 431 of, by your Attempt.
 432 *Iach.* What's that?
 433 *Posth.* A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call
 434 it) deserue more; a punishment too.
 435 *Phi.* Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so-dainely,
 436 let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be bet-ter
 437 acquainted.

438 *Iach.* Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors
 439 on th' approbation of what I haue spoke.

440 *Post.* What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

441 *Iach.* Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands
 442 so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your
 443 Ring, that commend me to the Court where your La-dy
 444 is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a
 445 second conference, and I will bring from thence, that
 446 Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd.

447 *Posthumus.* I will wage against your Gold, Gold to
 448 it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of
 449 it.

450 *Iach.* You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you
 451 buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-serue
 452 it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion
 453 in you, that you feare.

454 *Posthu.* This is but a custome in your tongue: you
 455 beare a grauer purpose I hope.

456 *Iach.* I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn-der- go
 457 what's spoken, I swear.

458 *Posthu.* Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till
 459 your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's.
 460 My Mistris exceedes in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your
 461 vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my
 462 Ring.

463 *Phil.* I will haue it no lay.

464 *Iach.* By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no suffi-
 465 cient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily
 466 part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, [zz5
 467 so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in
 468 such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this
 469 your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue
 470 your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

471 *Post.* I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles
 472 betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you
 473 make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vn-derstand,
 474 you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Ene-my,
 475 shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnse-duc'd,
 476 you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill
 477 opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you
 478 shall answer me with your Sword.

479 *Iach.* Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these
 480 things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away
 481 for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and
 482 sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers
 483 recorded.

484 *Post.* Agreed.
 485 *French.* Will this hold, thinke you.
 486 *Phil.* Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
 487 Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

489 *Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.*
 490 *Qu.* Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
 491 Gather those Flowers,
 492 Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?
 493 *Lady.* I Madam.
 494 *Queen.* Dispatch. *Exit Ladies.*
 495 Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?
 496 *Cor.* Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
 497 But I beseech your Grace, without offence
 498 (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
 499 Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
 500 Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
 501 But though slow, deadly.
 502 *Qu.* I wonder, Doctor,
 503 Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
 504 Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
 505 To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
 506 That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
 507 For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
 508 (Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
 509 That I did amplifie my iudgement in
 510 Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
 511 Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
 512 We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
 513 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 514 Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
 515 Their seuerall vertues, and effects.
 516 *Cor.* Your Highnesse
 517 Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
 518 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 519 Both noysome, and infectious.
 520 *Qu.* O content thee.
 521 *Enter Pisanio.*
 522 Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
 523 Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
 524 And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?
 525 Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,

526 Take your owne way.
 527 *Cor.* I do suspect you, Madam,
 528 But you shall do no harme.
 529 *Qu.* Hearke thee, a word.
 530 *Cor.* I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
 531 Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
 532 And will not trust one of her malice, with
 533 A drugges of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
 534 Will stupifie and dull the Sense a- while,
 535 Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
 536 Then afterward vp higher: but there is
 537 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 538 More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
 539 To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
 540 With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
 541 So to be false with her.
 542 *Qu.* No further seruice, Doctor,
 543 Vntill I send for thee.
 544 *Cor.* I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*
 545 *Qu.* Weepes she still (saist thou?)
 546 Dost thou thinke in time
 547 She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 548 Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
 549 When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
 550 Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 551 As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
 552 His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
 553 Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
 554 Continue where he is: To shift his being,
 555 Is to exchange one misery with another,
 556 And euery day that comes, comes to decay
 557 A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
 558 To be depender on a thing that leanes?
 559 Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
 560 So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
 561 Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
 562 It is a thing I made, which hath the King
 563 Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
 564 What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
 565 It is an earnest of a farther good
 566 That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
 567 The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
 568 Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
 569 Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
 570 Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
 571 To any shape of thy Preferment, such

572 As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
 573 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 574 To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisa.*
 575 Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
 576 Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
 577 And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
 578 The hand- fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
 579 Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
 580 Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
 581 Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
 582 To taste of too.
 583 *Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.*
 584 So, so: Well done, well done:
 585 The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime- Roses
 586 Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio.*
 587 Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*
 588 *Pisa.* And shall do:
 589 But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
 590 Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.* [zz5v

Scena Septima.

592 *Enter Imogen alone.*
 593 *Imo.* A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
 594 A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded- Lady,
 595 That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
 596 My supream Crowne of grieffe, and those repeated
 597 Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe- stolne,
 598 As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
 599 Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
 600 How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
 601 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.
 602 *Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.*
 603 *Pisa.* Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
 604 Comes from my Lord with Letters.
 605 *Iach.* Change you, Madam:
 606 The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 607 And greetes your Highnesse deerely.
 608 *Imo.* Thanks good Sir,
 609 You're kindly welcome.
 610 *Iach.* All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
 611 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
 612 She is alone th' Arabian- Bird; and I
 613 Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:

614 Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
 615 Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
 616 Rather directly fly.
 617 *Imogen reads.*
 618 *He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most in-finitely*
 619 *tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your*
 620 *trust.* Leonatus.
 621 So farre I reade aloud.
 622 But euen the very middle of my heart
 623 Is warm'd by'th' rest, and take it thankfully.
 624 You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
 625 Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
 626 In all that I can do.
 627 *Iach.* Thankes fairest Lady:
 628 What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
 629 To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
 630 Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 631 The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
 632 Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
 633 Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
 634 Twixt faire, and foule?
 635 *Imo.* What makes your admiration?
 636 *Iach.* It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
 637 'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
 638 Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
 639 For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
 640 Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
 641 Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
 642 Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
 643 Not so allur'd to feed.
 644 *Imo.* What is the matter trow?
 645 *Iach.* The Cloyed will:
 646 That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
 647 Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
 648 Longs after for the Garbage.
 649 *Imo.* What, deere Sir,
 650 Thus rap's you? Are you well?
 651 *Iach.* Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
 652 Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
 653 He's strange and peeuish.
 654 *Pisa.* I was going Sir,
 655 To giue him welcome. *Exit.*
 656 *Imo.* Continues well my Lord?
 657 His health beseech you?
 658 *Iach.* Well, Madam.
 659 *Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

660 *Iach.* Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
 661 So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
 662 The Britaine Reueller.
 663 *Imo.* When he was heere
 664 He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
 665 Not knowing why.
 666 *Iach.* I neuer saw him sad.
 667 There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
 668 An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
 669 A Gallian- Girle at home. He furnaces
 670 The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
 671 (Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
 672 Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
 673 By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
 674 What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
 675 But must be: will's free houres languish:
 676 For assured bondage?
 677 *Imo.* Will my Lord say so?
 678 *Iach.* I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
 679 It is a Recreation to be by
 680 And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
 681 But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.
 682 *Imo.* Not he I hope.
 683 *Iach.* Not he:
 684 But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
 685 Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
 686 In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
 687 Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 688 To pittie too.
 689 *Imo.* What do you pittie Sir?
 690 *Iach.* Two Creatures heartyly.
 691 *Imo.* Am I one Sir?
 692 You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
 693 Deserues your pittie?
 694 *Iach.* Lamentable: what
 695 To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
 696 I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.
 697 *Imo.* I pray you Sir,
 698 Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
 699 To my demands. Why do you pittie me?
 700 *Iach.* That others do,
 701 (I was about to say) enioy your— but
 702 It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
 703 Not mine to speake on't.
 704 *Imo.* You do seeme to know
 705 Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you

706 Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 707 Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
 708 Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
 709 The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
 710 What both you spur and stop.
 711 *Iach.* Had I this cheeke
 712 To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
 713 (Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
 714 To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
 715 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 716 Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then) [zz6
 717 Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres
 718 That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
 719 Made hard with houely falshood (falshood as
 720 With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
 721 Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
 722 That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
 723 That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
 724 Encounter such reuolt.
 725 *Imo.* My Lord, I feare
 726 Has forgot Brittain.
 727 *Iach.* And himselfe, not I
 728 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 729 The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
 730 That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
 731 Charmes this report out.
 732 *Imo.* Let me heare no more.
 733 *Iach.* O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
 734 With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
 735 So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
 736 Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
 737 With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
 738 Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
 739 That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
 740 Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
 741 As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
 742 Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
 743 Recoyle from your great Stocke.
 744 *Imo.* Reueng'd:
 745 How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
 746 (As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
 747 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 748 How should I be reueng'd?
 749 *Iach.* Should he make me
 750 Liue like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 751 Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramples

752 In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it.
 753 I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
 754 More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
 755 And will continue fast to your Affection,
 756 Still close, as sure.
 757 *Imo.* What hoa, *Pisanio*?
 758 *Iach.* Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.
 759 *Imo.* Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
 760 So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
 761 Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
 762 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
 763 Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
 764 From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
 765 Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
 766 Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
 767 The King my Father shall be made acquainted
 768 Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
 769 A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
 770 As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
 771 His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
 772 He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
 773 He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
 774 *Iach.* O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
 775 The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
 776 Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
 777 Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,
 778 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
 779 Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
 780 For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
 781 I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
 782 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
 783 That which he is, new o're: And he is one
 784 The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
 785 That he enchants Societies into him:
 786 Halfe all men hearts are his.
 787 *Imo.* You make amends.
 788 *Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
 789 He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
 790 More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
 791 (Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
 792 To try your taking of a false report, which hath
 793 Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
 794 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 795 Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
 796 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
 797 (Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

798 *Imo.* All's well Sir:
799 Take my powre i'th' Court for yours.
800 *Iach.* My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
801 T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
802 And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
803 Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
804 Are partners in the businesse.
805 *Imo.* Pray what is 't?
806 *Iach.* Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
807 (The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
808 To buy a Present for the Emperor:
809 Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
810 In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
811 Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
812 And I am something curious, being strange
813 To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
814 To take them in protection.
815 *Imo.* Willingly:
816 And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
817 My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
818 In my Bed- chamber.
819 *Iach.* They are in a Trunke
820 Attended by my men: I will make bold
821 To send them to you, onely for this night:
822 I must aboard to morrow.
823 *Imo.* O no, no.
824 *Iach.* Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
825 By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
826 I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
827 To see your Grace.
828 *Imo.* I thanke you for your paines:
829 But not away to morrow.
830 *Iach.* O I must Madam.
831 Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
832 To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
833 I haue out- stood my time, which is materiall
834 To'th' tender of our Present.
835 *Imo.* I will write:
836 Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
837 And truely yeilded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

839 *Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.*

840 *Clot.* Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
841 the Iacke vpon an vp- cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-dred
842 pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke- an- Apes, [zz6v
843 must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
844 oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

845 1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate
846 with your Bowle.

847 2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would
848 haue run all out.

849 *Clot.* When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is
850 not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

851 2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

852 *Clot.* Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would
853 he had bin one of my Ranke.

854 2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

855 *Clot.* I am not vext more at any thing in th' earth: a
856 pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare
857 not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-ther:
858 euery Iacke- Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
859 and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body
860 can match.

861 2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow
862 Cock, with your combe on.

863 *Clot.* Sayest thou?

864 2. It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euery
865 Companion, that you giue offence too.

866 *Clot.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
867 offence to my inferiors.

868 2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

869 *Clot.* Why so I say.

870 1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court
871 night?

872 *Clot.* A Stranger, and I not know on't?

873 2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

874 1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of
875 *Leonatus* Friends.

876 *Clot.* *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another,
877 whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

878 1. One of your Lordships Pages.

879 *Clot.* Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no
880 derogation in't?

881 2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

882 *Clot.* Not easily I thinke.

883 2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues
 884 being foolish do not derogate.
 885 *Clot.* Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost
 886 to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.
 887 2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*
 888 That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
 889 Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
 890 Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
 891 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 892 And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
 893 Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
 894 Betwixt a Father by thy Step- dame gouern'd,
 895 A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
 896 More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
 897 Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
 898 Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
 899 The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
 900 That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
 901 T' enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

903 *Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*
 904 *Imo.* Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?
 905 *La.* Please you Madam.
 906 *Imo.* What houre is it?
 907 *Lady.* Almost midnight, Madam.
 908 *Imo.* I haue read three houres then:
 909 Mine eyes are weake,
 910 Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
 911 Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
 912 And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock,
 913 I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
 914 To your protection I commend me, Gods,
 915 From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
 916 Guard me beseech yee. *Sleepes.*
 917 *Iachimo from the Trunke.*
 918 *Iach.* The Crickets sing, and mans ore- labor'd sense
 919 Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
 920 Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
 921 The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
 922 How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
 923 And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
 924 But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

925 How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
 926 Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
 927 Bowes toward her, and would vnder- peepe her lids.
 928 To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
 929 Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
 930 With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
 931 To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
 932 Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
 933 Th' adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
 934 Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
 935 Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
 936 Aboute ten thousand meaner Moueables
 937 Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inuentorie.
 938 O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
 939 And be her Sense but as a Monument,
 940 Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
 941 As slippery as the Gordian- knot was hard.
 942 'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
 943 As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
 944 To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left brest
 945 A mole Cinque- spotted: Like the Crimson drops
 946 I'th' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
 947 Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
 948 Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
 949 The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
 950 Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
 951 Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
 952 The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
 953 Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
 954 To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
 955 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
 956 May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
 957 Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.
 958 *Clocke strikes*
 959 One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

961 *Enter Clotten, and Lords.*
 962 1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the
 963 most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.
 964 *Clot.* It would make any man cold to loose.
 965 1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper
 966 of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when

967 you winne. [aaa1
 968 Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get
 969 this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's al-most
 970 morning, is't not?
 971 1 Day, my Lord.
 972 *Clot.* I would this Musicke would come: I am adui-sed
 973 to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will pene-trate.
 974 *Enter Musitians.*
 975 Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-gering,
 976 so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let
 977 her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excel-lent
 978 good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire,
 979 with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consi-der.
 981 SONG.
 982 *Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,*
 983 *and Phoebus gins arise,*
 984 *His Steeds to water at those Springs*
 985 *on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:*
 986 *And winking Mary- buds begin to ope their Golden eyes*
 987 *With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:*
 988 *Arise, arise.*
 989 So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your
 990 Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares
 991 which Horse- haire, and Calues- guts, nor the voyce of
 992 vn-paued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend.
 993 *Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.*
 994 2 Heere comes the King.
 995 *Clot.* I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason
 996 I was vp so earely: he cannot choose but take this Ser-vice
 997 I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-iesty,
 998 and to my gracious Mother.
 999 *Cym.* Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter
 1000 Will she not forth?
 1001 *Clot.* I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouch-safes
 1002 no notice.
 1003 *Cym.* The Exile of her Minion is too new,
 1004 She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
 1005 Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
 1006 And then she's yours.
 1007 *Qu.* You are most bound to'th' King,
 1008 Who let's go by no vantages, that may
 1009 Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
 1010 To orderly solicity, and be friended
 1011 With aptnesse of the season: make denials
 1012 Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
 1013 You were inspir'd to do those duties which

1014 You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
 1015 Saue when command to your dismissal tends,
 1016 And therein you are senselesse.
 1017 *Clot.* Senselesse? Not so.
 1018 *Mes.* So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
 1019 The one is *Caius Lucius*.
 1020 *Cym.* A worthy Fellow,
 1021 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 1022 But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
 1023 According to the Honor of his Sender,
 1024 And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore- spent on vs
 1025 We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
 1026 When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
 1027 Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
 1028 T' employ you towards this Romane.
 1029 Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*
 1030 *Clot.* If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
 1031 Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
 1032 I know her women are about her: what
 1033 If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
 1034 Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
 1035 *Diana's* Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp
 1036 Their Deere to 'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
 1037 Which makes the True- man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
 1038 Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True- man: what
 1039 Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
 1040 One of her women Lawyer to me, for
 1041 I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.
 1042 By your leaue. *Knockes.*
 1043 *Enter a Lady.*
 1044 *La.* Who's there that knockes?
 1045 *Clot.* A Gentleman.
 1046 *La.* No more.
 1047 *Clot.* Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.
 1048 *La.* That's more
 1049 Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
 1050 Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?
 1051 *Clot.* Your Ladies person, is she ready?
 1052 *La.* I, to keepe her Chamber.
 1053 *Clot.* There is Gold for you,
 1054 Sell me your good report.
 1055 *La.* How, my good name? or to report of you
 1056 What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.
 1057 *Enter Imogen.*
 1058 *Clot.* Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.
 1059 *Imo.* Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines

1060 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue,
 1061 Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,
 1062 And scarce can spare them.
 1063 *Clot.* Still I sweare I loue you.
 1064 *Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:
 1065 If you sweare still, your recompence is still
 1066 That I regard it not.
 1067 *Clot.* This is no answer.
 1068 *Imo.* But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
 1069 I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
 1070 I shall vnfold equall discourtesie
 1071 To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
 1072 Should learne (being taught) forbearance.
 1073 *Clot.* To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
 1074 I will not.
 1075 *Imo.* Fooles are not mad Folkes.
 1076 *Clot.* Do you call me Foole?
 1077 *Imo.* As I am mad I do:
 1078 If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
 1079 That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
 1080 You put me to forget a Ladies manners
 1081 By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
 1082 That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
 1083 By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
 1084 And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
 1085 To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
 1086 You felt, then make't my boast.
 1087 *Clot.* You sinne against
 1088 Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
 1089 The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
 1090 One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 1091 With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
 1092 And though it be allowed in meaner parties
 1093 (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
 1094 (On whom there is no more dependencie
 1095 But Brats and Beggery) in selfe- figur'd knot,
 1096 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by [aa1v
 1097 The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
 1098 The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
 1099 A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
 1100 A Pantler; not so eminent.
 1101 *Imo.* Prophane Fellow:
 1102 Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
 1103 But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
 1104 To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
 1105 Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made

1106 Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
 1107 The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
 1108 For being prefer'd so well.
 1109 *Clot.* The South- Fog rot him.
 1110 *Imo.* He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
 1111 To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
 1112 That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
 1113 In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
 1114 Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?
 1115 *Enter Pisanio.*
 1116 *Clot.* His Garments? Now the diuell.
 1117 *Imo.* To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.
 1118 *Clot.* His Garment?
 1119 *Imo.* I am sprighted with a Foole,
 1120 Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
 1121 Search for a Iewell, that too casually
 1122 Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
 1123 If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
 1124 Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
 1125 I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
 1126 Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
 1127 I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
 1128 That I kisse aught but he.
 1129 *Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.
 1130 *Imo.* I hope so: go and search.
 1131 *Clot.* You haue abus'd me:
 1132 His meanest Garment?
 1133 *Imo.* I, I said so Sir,
 1134 If you will make't an Action, call witnessse to't.
 1135 *Clot.* I will enforme your Father.
 1136 *Imo.* Your Mother too:
 1137 She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
 1138 But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,
 1139 To'th' worst of discontent. *Exit.*
 1140 *Clot.* Ile be reueng'd:
 1141 His mean'st Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

1143 *Enter Posthumus, and Philario.*
 1144 *Post.* Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
 1145 To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
 1146 Will remaine her's.
 1147 *Phil.* What meanes do you make to him?

1148 *Post.* Not any: but abide the change of Time,
 1149 Quake in the present winters state, and wish
 1150 That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
 1151 I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
 1152 I must die much your debtor.
 1153 *Phil.* Your very goodnesse, and your company,
 1154 Ore- payes all I can do. By this your King,
 1155 Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius Lucius*,
 1156 Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
 1157 Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
 1158 Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
 1159 Is yet fresh in their grieffe.
 1160 *Post.* I do beleeeue
 1161 (Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
 1162 That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
 1163 The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
 1164 In our not- fearing- Britaine, then haue tydings
 1165 Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
 1166 Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Caesar*
 1167 Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
 1168 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 1169 (Now wing- led with their courages) will make knowne
 1170 To their Approuers, they are People, such
 1171 That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
 1172 *Phi.* See *Iachimo.*
 1173 *Post.* The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
 1174 And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
 1175 To make your vessell nimble.
 1176 *Phil.* Welcome Sir.
 1177 *Post.* I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
 1178 The speedinesse of your returne.
 1179 *Iachi.* Your Lady,
 1180 Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon
 1181 *Post.* And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
 1182 Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
 1183 And be false with them.
 1184 *Iachi.* Heere are Letters for you.
 1185 *Post.* Their tenure good I trust.
 1186 *Iach.* 'Tis very like.
 1187 *Post.* Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
 1188 When you were there?
 1189 *Iach.* He was expected then,
 1190 But not approach'd.
 1191 *Post.* All is well yet,
 1192 Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
 1193 Too dull for your good wearing?

1194 *Iach.* If I haue lost it,
 1195 I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
 1196 Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t' enioy
 1197 A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
 1198 Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
 1199 *Post.* The Stones too hard to come by.
 1200 *Iach.* Not a whit,
 1201 Your Lady being so easy.
 1202 *Post.* Make note Sir
 1203 Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
 1204 Must not continue Friends.
 1205 *Iach.* Good Sir, we must
 1206 If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
 1207 The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
 1208 We were to question farther; but I now
 1209 Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
 1210 Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
 1211 Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
 1212 By both your willes.
 1213 *Post.* If you can mak't apparant
 1214 That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
 1215 And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
 1216 You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
 1217 Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
 1218 To who shall finde them.
 1219 *Iach.* Sir, my Circumstances
 1220 Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
 1221 Must first induce you to beleeeue; whose strength
 1222 I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not [aaa2
 1223 You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
 1224 You neede it not.
 1225 *Post.* Proceed.
 1226 *Iach.* First, her Bed- chamber
 1227 (Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
 1228 Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
 1229 With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
 1230 Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
 1231 And *Sidnus* swell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
 1232 The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
 1233 So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue
 1234 In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
 1235 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
 1236 Since the true life on't was—
 1237 *Post.* This is true:
 1238 And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
 1239 Or by some other.

1240 *Iach.* More particulars
 1241 Must iustifie my knowledge.
 1242 *Post.* So they must,
 1243 Or doe your Honour iniury.
 1244 *Iach.* The Chimney
 1245 Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney- peece
 1246 Chaste *Dian*, bathing: neuer saw I figures
 1247 So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
 1248 Was as another Nature dumbe, out- went her,
 1249 Motion, and Breath left out.
 1250 *Post.* This is a thing
 1251 Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
 1252 Being, as it is, much spoke of.
 1253 *Iach.* The Roofe o' th' Chamber,
 1254 With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
 1255 (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
 1256 Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
 1257 Depending on their Brands.
 1258 *Post.* This is her Honor:
 1259 Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
 1260 Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
 1261 Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
 1262 The wager you haue laid.
 1263 *Iach.* Then if you can
 1264 Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
 1265 And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
 1266 To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
 1267 *Post.* Ioue—
 1268 Once more let me behold it: Is it that
 1269 Which I left with her?
 1270 *Iach.* Sir (I thanke her) that
 1271 She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
 1272 Her pretty Action, did out- sell her guift,
 1273 And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
 1274 And said, she priz'd it once.
 1275 *Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off
 1276 To send it me.
 1277 *Iach.* She writes so to you? doth shee?
 1278 *Post.* O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
 1279 It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
 1280 Killles me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
 1281 Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
 1282 Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
 1283 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
 1284 Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
 1285 O, about measure false.

1286 *Phil.* Haue patience Sir,
 1287 And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
 1288 It may be probable she lost it: or
 1289 Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
 1290 Hath stolne it from her.
 1291 *Post.* Very true,
 1292 And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
 1293 Render to me some corporall signe about her
 1294 More euident then this: for this was stolne.
 1295 *Iach.* By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
 1296 *Post.* Hearke you, he swears: by Iupiter he swears.
 1297 'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
 1298 She would not loose it: her Attendants are
 1299 All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
 1300 And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
 1301 The Cognisance of her incontinencie
 1302 Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
 1303 There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
 1304 Diuide themselues betweene you.
 1305 *Phil.* Sir, be patient:
 1306 This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd
 1307 Of one perswaded well of.
 1308 *Post.* Neuer talke on't:
 1309 She hath bin colted by him.
 1310 *Iach.* If you seeke
 1311 For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
 1312 (Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
 1313 Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
 1314 I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger
 1315 To feede againe, though full. You do remember
 1316 This staine vpon her?
 1317 *Post.* I, and it doth confirme
 1318 Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
 1319 Were there no more but it.
 1320 *Iach.* Will you heare more?
 1321 *Post.* Spare your Arethmaticke,
 1322 Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
 1323 *Iach.* Ile be sworne.
 1324 *Post.* No swearing:
 1325 If you will swear you haue not done't, you lye,
 1326 And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
 1327 Thou'st made me Cuckold.
 1328 *Iach.* Ile deny nothing.
 1329 *Post.* O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb- meale:
 1330 I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
 1331 Her Father. Ile do something. *Exit.*

1332 *Phil.* Quite besides
 1333 The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
 1334 Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
 1335 He hath against himselfe.
 1336 *Iach.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
 1337 *Enter Posthumus.*
 1338 *Post.* Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
 1339 Must be halfe- workers? We are all Bastards,
 1340 And that most venerable man, which I
 1341 Did call my Father, was, I know not where
 1342 When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
 1343 Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
 1344 The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
 1345 The Non- pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
 1346 Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
 1347 And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
 1348 A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
 1349 Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
 1350 That I thought her
 1351 As Chaste, as vn- Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
 1352 This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not? [aaa2v
 1353 Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 1354 Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
 1355 Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
 1356 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 1357 Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
 1358 The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
 1359 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
 1360 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
 1361 The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
 1362 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
 1363 Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
 1364 Nice- longing, Slanders, Mutability;
 1365 All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
 1366 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
 1367 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 1368 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 1369 Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
 1370 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
 1371 In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
 1372 The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

1374 *Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at*
 1375 *one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius;*
 1376 *and Attendants.*
 1377 *Cym.* Now say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with vs?
 1378 *Luc.* When *Iulius Caesar* (whose remembrance yet
 1379 *Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues*
 1380 *Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,*
 1381 *And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle*
 1382 *(Famous in Caesars prayses, no whit lesse*
 1383 *Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,*
 1384 *And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,*
 1385 *Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately*
 1386 *Is left vntender'd.*
 1387 *Qu.* And to kill the meruaile,
 1388 *Shall be so euer.*
 1389 *Clot.* There be many *Caesars,*
 1390 *Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world*
 1391 *By it selfe, and we will nothing pay*
 1392 *For wearing our owne Noses.*
 1393 *Qu.* That opportunity
 1394 *Which then they had to take from's, to resume*
 1395 *We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,*
 1396 *The Kings your Ancestors, together with*
 1397 *The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands*
 1398 *As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in*
 1399 *With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,*
 1400 *With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,*
 1401 *But sucke them vp to'th' Top- mast. A kinde of Conquest*
 1402 *Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge*
 1403 *Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer- came: with shame*
 1404 *(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried*
 1405 *From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping*
 1406 *(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas*
 1407 *Like Egge- shels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd*
 1408 *As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,*
 1409 *The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point*
 1410 *(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,*
 1411 *Made Luds- Towne with reioycing- Fires bright,*
 1412 *And Britaines strut with Courage.*
 1413 *Clot.* Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
 1414 *Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I*
 1415 *said) there is no mo such Caesars, other of them may haue*
 1416 *crook'd Noses, but to owe such straitte Armes, none.*
 1417 *Cym.* Son, let your Mother end.

1418 *Clot.* We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
 1419 as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.
 1420 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Caesar*
 1421 can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
 1422 in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
 1423 no more Tribute, pray you now.
 1424 *Cym.* You must know,
 1425 Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
 1426 This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Caesars* Ambition,
 1427 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 1428 The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
 1429 Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off
 1430 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 1431 Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Caesar*,
 1432 Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
 1433 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of *Caesar*
 1434 Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
 1435 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
 1436 Tho Rome be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
 1437 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
 1438 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
 1439 Himselfe a King.
 1440 *Luc.* I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
 1441 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
 1442 (*Caesar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
 1443 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
 1444 Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
 1445 In *Caesars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Looke
 1446 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
 1447 I thanke thee for my selfe.
 1448 *Cym.* Thou art welcome *Caius*,
 1449 Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my youth I spent
 1450 Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
 1451 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
 1452 Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
 1453 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 1454 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
 1455 Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
 1456 So *Caesar* shall not finde them.
 1457 *Luc.* Let prooffe speake.
 1458 *Clot.* His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-stime
 1459 with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-terwards
 1460 in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-water- Girdle:
 1461 if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
 1462 fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
 1463 you: and there's an end.

1464 *Luc.* So sir.
 1465 *Cym.* I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
 1466 All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

1468 *Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.*
 1469 *Pis.* How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 1470 What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus:*
 1471 Oh Master, what a strange infection [aaa3
 1472 Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
 1473 (As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
 1474 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
 1475 She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
 1476 More Goddess- like, then Wife- like; such Assaults
 1477 As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
 1478 Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
 1479 Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,
 1480 Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
 1481 Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
 1482 If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
 1483 Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
 1484 That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
 1485 So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
 1486 *That I haue sent her, by her owne command,*
 1487 *Shall giue thee opportunitie.* Oh damn'd paper,
 1488 Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
 1489 Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st
 1490 So Virgin- like without? Loe here she comes.
 1491 *Enter Imogen.*
 1492 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
 1493 *Imo.* How now *Pisanio*?
 1494 *Pis.* Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.
 1495 *Imo.* Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
 1496 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
 1497 That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
 1498 Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 1499 Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
 1500 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
 1501 That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
 1502 Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
 1503 For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
 1504 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
 1505 You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,

1506 And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
 1507 Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
 1508 You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.
 1509 *Iustice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his*
 1510 *Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the dee-rest*
 1511 *of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take*
 1512 *notice that I am in Cambria at Milford- Hauen: what your*
 1513 *owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you*
 1514 *all happinesse, that remains loyall to his Vow, and your encrea-sing*
 1515 *in Loue.* Leonatus Posthumus.
 1516 Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*?
 1517 He is at Milford- Hauen: Read, and tell me
 1518 How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
 1519 May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
 1520 Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*,
 1521 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
 1522 (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
 1523 But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
 1524 For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
 1525 (Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
 1526 To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
 1527 To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way
 1528 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 1529 T' inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,
 1530 How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
 1531 That we shall make in Time, from our hence- going,
 1532 And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
 1533 Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
 1534 Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
 1535 How many store of Miles may we well rid
 1536 Twixt houre, and houre?
 1537 *Pis.* One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 1538 Madam's enough for you: and too much too.
 1539 *Imo.* Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
 1540 Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
 1541 Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
 1542 That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
 1543 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
 1544 She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently
 1545 A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
 1546 A Franklins Huswife.
 1547 *Pisa.* Madam, you're best consider.
 1548 *Imo.* I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;
 1549 Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
 1550 That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
 1551 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:

1552 Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

1554 *Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.*

1555 *Bel.* A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
 1556 Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
 1557 Instructs you how t' adore the Heauens; and bowes you
 1558 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
 1559 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
 1560 And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
 1561 Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
 1562 We house i'th' Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
 1563 As prouder liuers do.

1564 *Guid.* Haile Heauen.

1565 *Aruir.* Haile Heauen.

1566 *Bela.* Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
 1567 Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
 1568 When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
 1569 That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
 1570 And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
 1571 Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
 1572 This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
 1573 But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
 1574 Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
 1575 And often to our comfort, shall we finde
 1576 The sharded- Beetle, in a safer hold
 1577 Then is the full- wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
 1578 Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
 1579 Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
 1580 Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd- for Silke:
 1581 Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
 1582 Yet keepe his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.

1583 *Gui.* Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnpledg'd
 1584 Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
 1585 What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 1586 (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
 1587 That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
 1588 With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
 1589 A Cell of Ignorance: traauiling a bed,
 1590 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
 1591 To stride a limit.

1592 *Arui.* What should we speake of
 1593 When we are old as you? When we shall heare

1594 The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
 1595 In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse [aaa3v
 1596 The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
 1597 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
 1598 Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
 1599 Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
 1600 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 1601 And sing our Bondage freely.
 1602 *Bel.* How you speake.
 1603 Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
 1604 And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
 1605 As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
 1606 Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
 1607 The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
 1608 A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
 1609 I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
 1610 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
 1611 As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
 1612 Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
 1613 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
 1614 The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
 1615 With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
 1616 First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
 1617 And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
 1618 Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
 1619 Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 1620 A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
 1621 Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
 1622 And left me bare to weather.
 1623 *Gui.* Vncertaine fauour.
 1624 *Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
 1625 But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
 1626 Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 1627 I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
 1628 Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
 1629 This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
 1630 Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
 1631 More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
 1632 The fore- end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
 1633 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 1634 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
 1635 To him the other two shall minister,
 1636 And we will feare no poyson, which attends
 1637 In place of greater State:
 1638 Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
 1639 How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?

1640 These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
 1641 Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alieu.
 1642 They thinke they are mine,
 1643 And though train'd vp thus meanelly
 1644 I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
 1645 The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 1646 In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
 1647 Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
 1648 The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
 1649 The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
 1650 When on my three- foot stoole I sit, and tell
 1651 The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
 1652 Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
 1653 And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
 1654 The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
 1655 Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
 1656 That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
 1657 Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
 1658 Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
 1659 His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
 1660 Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
 1661 Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
 1662 At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
 1663 Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
 1664 Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 1665 Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
 1666 And euery day do honor to her graue:
 1667 My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
 1668 They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit*.

Scena Quarta.

1670 *Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*
 1671 *Imo.* Thou told'st me when we came fro[m] horse, y place
 1672 Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
 1673 To see me first, as I haue now. *Pisanio*, Man:
 1674 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
 1675 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 1676 From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
 1677 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 1678 Beyond selfe- explication. Put thy selfe
 1679 Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
 1680 Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
 1681 Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with

1682 A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
 1683 Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
 1684 But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
 1685 That Drug- damn'd Italy, hath out- craftied him,
 1686 And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
 1687 May take off some extremitie, which to reade
 1688 Would be euen mortall to me.
 1689 *Pis.* Please you reade,
 1690 And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
 1691 The most disdain'd of Fortune.
 1692 *Imogen reads.*
 1693 *Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my*
 1694 *Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak*
 1695 *not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my*
 1696 *greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou*
 1697 *(Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the*
 1698 *breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall*
 1699 *giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter*
 1700 *for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee*
 1701 *certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and*
 1702 *equally to me disloyall.*
 1703 *Pis.* What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
 1704 Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
 1705 Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
 1706 Out- venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
 1707 Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
 1708 All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
 1709 Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
 1710 This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?
 1711 *Imo.* False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
 1712 To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
 1713 To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
 1714 To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
 1715 And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?
 1716 *Pisa.* Alas good Lady.
 1717 *Imo.* I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo,*
 1718 Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
 1719 Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes [aaa4
 1720 Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
 1721 (Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
 1722 Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
 1723 And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
 1724 I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
 1725 Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
 1726 By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
 1727 Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,

1728 But worne a Baite for Ladies.
 1729 *Pisa.* Good Madam, heare me.
 1730 *Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
 1731 Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
 1732 Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie
 1733 From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
 1734 Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
 1735 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
 1736 From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
 1737 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
 1738 A little witnessse my obedience. Looke
 1739 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
 1740 The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
 1741 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
 1742 Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
 1743 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 1744 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 1745 But now thou seem'st a Coward.
 1746 *Pis.* Hence vile Instrument,
 1747 Thou shalt not damne my hand.
 1748 *Imo.* Why, I must dye:
 1749 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 1750 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe- slaughter,
 1751 There is a prohibition so Diuine,
 1752 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
 1753 Something's a- foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 1754 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 1755 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
 1756 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
 1757 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 1758 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pooru Fooles
 1759 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 1760 Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
 1761 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
 1762 That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
 1763 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
 1764 Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
 1765 It is no acte of common passage, but
 1766 A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,
 1767 To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 1768 That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
 1769 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
 1770 The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
 1771 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
 1772 When I desire it too.
 1773 *Pis.* Oh gracious Lady:

1774 Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,
 1775 I haue not slept one winke.
 1776 *Imo.* Doo't, and to bed then.
 1777 *Pis.* Ile wake mine eye- balles first.
 1778 *Imo.* Wherefore then
 1779 Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 1780 So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
 1781 Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
 1782 The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
 1783 For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
 1784 Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
 1785 To be vn- bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
 1786 Th' elected Deere before thee?
 1787 *Pis.* But to win time
 1788 To loose so bad employment, in the which
 1789 I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
 1790 Heare me with patience.
 1791 *Imo.* Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
 1792 I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
 1793 Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
 1794 Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.
 1795 *Pis.* Then Madam,
 1796 I thought you would not backe againe.
 1797 *Imo.* Most like,
 1798 Bringing me heere to kill me.
 1799 *Pis.* Not so neither:
 1800 But if I were as wise, as honest, then
 1801 My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
 1802 But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
 1803 I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
 1804 This cursed iniurie.
 1805 *Imo.* Some Roman Curtezan?
 1806 *Pisa.* No, on my life:
 1807 Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
 1808 Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
 1809 I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
 1810 And that will well confirme it.
 1811 *Imo.* Why good Fellow,
 1812 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
 1813 Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
 1814 Dead to my Husband?
 1815 *Pis.* If you'l backe to'th' Court.
 1816 *Imo.* No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
 1817 With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
 1818 That *Clotten*, whose Loue- suite hath bene to me
 1819 As fearefull as a Siege.

1820 *Pis.* If not at Court,
 1821 Then not in Britaine must you bide.
 1822 *Imo.* Where then?
 1823 Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
 1824 Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
 1825 Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
 1826 In a great Poole, a Swannes- nest, prythee thinke
 1827 There's liuers out of Britaine.
 1828 *Pis.* I am most glad
 1829 You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
 1830 *Lucius* the Romane comes to Milford- Hauen
 1831 To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
 1832 Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
 1833 That which t' appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
 1834 But by selfe- danger, you should tread a course
 1835 Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
 1836 The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
 1837 That though his Actions were not visible, yut
 1838 Report should render him hourelly to your eare,
 1839 As truely as he mooues.
 1840 *Imo.* Oh for such meanes,
 1841 Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
 1842 I would aduenture.
 1843 *Pis.* Well then, heere's the point:
 1844 You must forget to be a Woman: change
 1845 Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
 1846 (The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
 1847 Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
 1848 Ready in gybes, quicke- answer'd, sawcie, and
 1849 As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
 1850 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
 1851 Exposing it (but oh the harder heart, [aaa4v
 1852 Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
 1853 Of common- kissing *Titan*: and forget
 1854 Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
 1855 You made great *Iuno* angry.
 1856 *Imo.* Nay be breefe?
 1857 I see into thy end, and am almost
 1858 A man already.
 1859 *Pis.* First, make your selfe but like one,
 1860 Fore- thinking this. I haue already fit
 1861 ('Tis in my Cloake- bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
 1862 That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
 1863 (And with what imitation you can borrow
 1864 From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 1865 Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him

1866 Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
 1867 If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
 1868 With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
 1869 And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
 1870 You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
 1871 Beginning, nor supplyment.
 1872 *Imo.* Thou art all the comfort
 1873 The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
 1874 There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
 1875 All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
 1876 I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
 1877 A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
 1878 *Pis.* Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
 1879 Least being mist, I be suspected of
 1880 Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
 1881 Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
 1882 What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
 1883 Or Stomacke- qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
 1884 Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
 1885 And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
 1886 Direct you to the best.
 1887 *Imo.* Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

1889 *Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,*
 1890 *and Lords.*
 1891 *Cym.* Thus farre, and so farewell.
 1892 *Luc.* Thankes, Royall Sir:
 1893 My Emperour hath wrote, I must from hence,
 1894 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 1895 My Masters Enemy.
 1896 *Cym.* Our Subiects (Sir)
 1897 Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
 1898 To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
 1899 Appeare vn- Kinglike.
 1900 *Luc.* So Sir: I desire of you
 1901 A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford- Hauen.
 1902 Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
 1903 *Cym.* My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
 1904 The due of Honor, in no point omit:
 1905 So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
 1906 *Luc.* Your hand, my Lord.
 1907 *Clot.* Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth

1908 I weare it as your Enemy.
 1909 *Luc.* Sir, the Euent
 1910 Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
 1911 *Cym.* Leauē not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
 1912 Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*
 1913 *Qu.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
 1914 That we haue giuen him cause.
 1915 *Clot.* 'Tis all the better,
 1916 Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.
 1917 *Cym.* *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
 1918 How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
 1919 Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
 1920 The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
 1921 Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
 1922 His warre for Britaine.
 1923 *Qu.* 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
 1924 But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.
 1925 *Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus
 1926 Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
 1927 Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
 1928 Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
 1929 The duty of the day. She looke vs like
 1930 A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
 1931 We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
 1932 We haue beene too slight in sufferance.
 1933 *Qu.* Royall Sir,
 1934 Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
 1935 Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
 1936 'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
 1937 Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
 1938 So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
 1939 And strokes death to her.
 1940 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1941 *Cym.* Where is she Sir? How
 1942 Can her contempt be answer'd?
 1943 *Mes.* Please you Sir,
 1944 Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
 1945 That will be giuen to'th' lowd of noise, we make.
 1946 *Qu.* My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
 1947 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
 1948 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,
 1949 She should that dutie leauē vnpaide to you
 1950 Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
 1951 She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
 1952 Made me too blame in memory.
 1953 *Cym.* Her doores lock'd?

1954 Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
 1955 Feare, proue false. *Exit.*
 1956 *Qu.* Sonne, I say, follow the King.
 1957 *Clot.* That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Seruant
 1958 I haue not seene these two dayes. *Exit.*
 1959 *Qu.* Go, looke after:
 1960 *Pisanio*, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
 1961 He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
 1962 Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeuēs
 1963 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 1964 Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
 1965 Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne
 1966 To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
 1967 To death, or to dishonor, and my end
 1968 Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
 1969 I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.
 1970 *Enter Cloten.*
 1971 How now, my Sonne?
 1972 *Clot.* 'Tis certaine she is fled:
 1973 Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
 1974 Dare come about him.
 1975 *Qu.* All the better: may
 1976 This night fore- stall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
 1977 *Clo.* I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
 1978 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite [aaa5
 1979 Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
 1980 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 1981 Out- selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
 1982 Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
 1983 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her iudgement,
 1984 That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
 1985 I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
 1986 To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—
 1987 *Enter Pisanio.*
 1988 Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?
 1989 Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
 1990 Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
 1991 Thou art straightway with the Fiends.
 1992 *Pis.* Oh, good my Lord.
 1993 *Clo.* Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
 1994 I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
 1995 Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
 1996 Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 1997 From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
 1998 A dram of worth be drawne.
 1999 *Pis.* Alas, nay Lord,

2000 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 2001 He is in Rome.
 2002 *Clot.* Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
 2003 No farther halting: satisfie me home,
 2004 What is become of her?
 2005 *Pis.* Oh, my all- worthy Lord.
 2006 *Clo.* All- worthy Villaine,
 2007 Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,
 2008 At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
 2009 Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
 2010 Thy condemnation, and thy death.
 2011 *Pis.* Then Sir:
 2012 This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
 2013 Touching her flight.
 2014 *Clo.* Let's see't: I will pursue her
 2015 Euen to *Augustus* Throne.
 2016 *Pis.* Or this, or perish.
 2017 She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
 2018 May proue his trauell, not her danger.
 2019 *Clo.* Humh.
 2020 *Pis.* Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
 2021 Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.
 2022 *Clot.* Sirra, is this Letter true?
 2023 *Pis.* Sir, as I thinke.
 2024 *Clot.* It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
 2025 would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-go
 2026 those Employments wherin I should haue cause to vse
 2027 thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
 2028 bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
 2029 thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
 2030 my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-ment.
 2032 *Pis.* Well, my good Lord.
 2033 *Clot.* Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
 2034 constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
 2035 Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-tude,
 2036 but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
 2037 mee?
 2038 *Pis.* Sir, I will.
 2039 *Clo.* Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
 2040 of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?
 2041 *Pisan.* I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
 2042 Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-stresse.
 2044 *Clo.* The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
 2045 hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.
 2046 *Pis.* I shall my Lord. *Exit.*
 2047 *Clo.* Meet thee at Milford- Hauen: (I forgot to aske

2048 him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou
 2049 villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-ments
 2050 were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse
 2051 of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
 2052 Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
 2053 and naturall person; together with the adornement of
 2054 my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I ra-uish
 2055 her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
 2056 my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.
 2057 He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
 2058 dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I
 2059 say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
 2060 prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home
 2061 againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee
 2062 merry in my Reuenge.

2063 *Enter Pisanio.*

2064 Be those the Garments?

2065 *Pis.* I, my Noble Lord.

2066 *Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford- Hauen?

2067 *Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

2068 *Clo.* Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is
 2069 the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third
 2070 is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be
 2071 but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to
 2072 thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
 2073 to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

2074 *Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,

2075 Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee

2076 To him that is most true. To Milford go,

2077 And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow

2078 You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede

2079 Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

2081 *Enter Imogen alone.*

2082 *Imo.* I see a mans life is a tedious one,

2083 I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together

2084 Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,

2085 But that my resolution helps me: Milford,

2086 When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,

2087 Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke

2088 Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,

2089 Where they should be releeu'd. Two Beggars told me,

2090 I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
 2091 That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 2092 A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
 2093 When Rich- ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
 2094 Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
 2095 Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My deere Lord,
 2096 Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
 2097 My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
 2098 At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
 2099 Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
 2100 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
 2101 Ere cleane it o're- throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 2102 Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
 2103 Of Hardnesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
 2104 If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage, [aaa5v
 2105 Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
 2106 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 2107 But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
 2108 Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

2110 *Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.*
 2111 *Bel.* You *Polidore* haue prou'd best Woodman, and
 2112 Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
 2113 Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
 2114 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
 2115 But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
 2116 Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse
 2117 Can snore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
 2118 Findes the Downe- pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
 2119 Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.
 2120 *Gui.* I am throughly weary.
 2121 *Arui.* I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.
 2122 *Gui.* There is cold meat i'th' Caue, we'l brouz on that
 2123 Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.
 2124 *Bel.* Stay, come not in:
 2125 But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
 2126 Heere were a Faiery.
 2127 *Gui.* What's the matter, Sir?
 2128 *Bel.* By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
 2129 An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinesse
 2130 No elder then a Boy.
 2131 *Enter Imogen.*

2132 *Imo.* Good masters harme me not:
 2133 Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
 2134 To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
 2135 I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
 2136 Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
 2137 I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
 2138 As I had made my Meale; and parted
 2139 With Pray'rs for the Prouider.
 2140 *Gui.* Money? Youth.
 2141 *Aru.* All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
 2142 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 2143 Who worship durty Gods.
 2144 *Imo.* I see you're angry:
 2145 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 2146 Haue dyed, had I not made it.
 2147 *Bel.* Whether bound?
 2148 *Imo.* To Milford- Hauen.
 2149 *Bel.* What's your name?
 2150 *Imo.* *Fidele* Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
 2151 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
 2152 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 2153 I am falne in this offence.
 2154 *Bel.* Prythee (faire youth)
 2155 Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
 2156 By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
 2157 'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
 2158 Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
 2159 Boyes, bid him welcome.
 2160 *Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,
 2161 I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
 2162 I bid for you, as I do buy.
 2163 *Aru.* Ile make't my Comfort
 2164 He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
 2165 And such a welcome as I'd giue to him
 2166 (After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
 2167 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.
 2168 *Imo.* 'Mongst Friends?
 2169 If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
 2170 Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
 2171 Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
 2172 To thee *Posthumus*.
 2173 *Bel.* He wrings at some distresse.
 2174 *Gui.* Would I could free't.
 2175 *Aru.* Or I, what ere it be,
 2176 What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!
 2177 *Bel.* Hearke Boyes.

2178 *Imo.* Great men
 2179 That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
 2180 That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
 2181 Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
 2182 That nothing- guift of differing Multitudes
 2183 Could not out- peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
 2184 I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
 2185 Since *Leonatus* false.
 2186 *Bel.* It shall be so:
 2187 Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
 2188 Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
 2189 Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
 2190 So farre as thou wilt speake it.
 2191 *Gui.* Pray draw neere.
 2192 *Arui.* The Night to'th' Owle,
 2193 And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome.
 2194 *Imo.* Thanks Sir.
 2195 *Arui.* I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octaua.

2197 *Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*
 2198 *1.Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
 2199 That since the common men are now in Action
 2200 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
 2201 And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
 2202 Full weake to vndertake our Warres against
 2203 The falne- off Britaines, that we do incite
 2204 The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
 2205 *Lucius Pro- Consull:* and to you the Tribunes
 2206 For this immediate Leuy, he commands
 2207 His absolute Commission. Long liue *Caesar.*
 2208 *Tri.* Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
 2209 *2.Sen. I.*
 2210 *Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?
 2211 *1.Sen.* With those Legions
 2212 Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
 2213 Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
 2214 Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
 2215 Of their dispatch.
 2216 *Tri.* We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

2218 *Enter Clotten alone.*

2219 *Clot* I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,
 2220 if *Pisanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments
 2221 serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him [aaa6
 2222 that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing
 2223 reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
 2224 comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
 2225 speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
 2226 and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
 2227 the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
 2228 young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-yond
 2229 him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
 2230 Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more re-markeable
 2231 in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant
 2232 Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
 2233 *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
 2234 shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-forced,
 2235 thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
 2236 all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
 2237 (happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
 2238 Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-to
 2239 my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out
 2240 Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my
 2241 hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
 2242 and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

2244 *Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and*

2245 *Imogen from the Caue.*

2246 *Bel.* You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,

2247 Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

2248 *Arui.* Brother, stay heere:

2249 Are we not Brothers?

2250 *Imo.* So man and man should be,

2251 But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,

2252 Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

2253 *Gui.* Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

2254 *Imo.* So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:

2255 But not so Citizen a wanton, as

2256 To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,

2257 Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
 2258 Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
 2259 Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
 2260 To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
 2261 Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
 2262 Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
 2263 Stealing so poorely.
 2264 *Gui.* I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
 2265 How much the quantity, the waight as much,
 2266 As I do loue my Father.
 2267 *Bel.* What? How? how?
 2268 *Arui.* If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
 2269 In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
 2270 I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
 2271 Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
 2272 And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
 2273 My Father, not this youth.
 2274 *Bel.* Oh noble straine!
 2275 O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
 2276 "Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
 2277 "Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
 2278 I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
 2279 Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
 2280 'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.
 2281 *Arui.* Brother, farewell.
 2282 *Imo.* I wish ye sport.
 2283 *Arui.* You health. — So please you Sir.
 2284 *Imo.* These are kinde Creatures.
 2285 Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
 2286 Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
 2287 Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
 2288 Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
 2289 Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
 2290 I am sicke still, heart- sicke; *Pisanio*,
 2291 Ile now taste of thy Drugge.
 2292 *Gui.* I could not stirre him:
 2293 He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
 2294 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
 2295 *Arui.* Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
 2296 I might know more.
 2297 *Bel.* To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
 2298 Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.
 2299 *Arui.* Wee'l not be long away.
 2300 *Bel.* Pray be not sicke,
 2301 For you must be our Huswife.
 2302 *Imo.* Well, or ill,

2303 I am bound to you. *Exit.*
 2304 *Bel.* And shal't be euer.
 2305 This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
 2306 Good Ancestors.
 2307 *Arui.* How Angell- like he sings?
 2308 *Gui.* But his neate Cookerie?
 2309 *Arui.* He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
 2310 And sawc't our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin sicke,
 2311 And he her Dieter.
 2312 *Arui.* Nobly he yoakes
 2313 A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
 2314 Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
 2315 The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
 2316 From so diuine a Temple, to commix
 2317 With windes, that Saylor's raile at.
 2318 *Gui.* I do note,
 2319 That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
 2320 Mingle their spurres together.
 2321 *Arui.* Grow patient,
 2322 And let the stinking- Elder (Greefe) vntwine
 2323 His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.
 2324 *Bel.* It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
 2325 *Enter Cloten.*
 2326 *Clo.* I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
 2327 Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
 2328 *Bel.* Those Runnagates?
 2329 Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
 2330 *Cloten*, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
 2331 I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
 2332 I know 'tis he: We are held as Out- Lawes: Hence.
 2333 *Gui.* He is but one: you, and my Brother search
 2334 What Companies are neere: pray you away,
 2335 Let me alone with him.
 2336 *Clot.* Soft, what are you
 2337 That flye me thus? Some villaine- Mountainers?
 2338 I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?
 2339 *Gui.* A thing
 2340 More slauish did I ne're, then answering
 2341 A Slaue without a knocke.
 2342 *Clot.* Thou art a Robber,
 2343 A Law- breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.
 2344 *Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
 2345 An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
 2346 Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
 2347 My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art: [aaa6v
 2348 Why I should yeeld to thee?

2349 *Clot.* Thou Villaine base,
 2350 Know'st me not by my Cloathes?
 2351 *Gui.* No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
 2352 Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
 2353 Which (as it seemes) make thee.
 2354 *Clo.* Thou precious Varlet,
 2355 My Taylor made them not.
 2356 *Gui.* Hence then, and thanke
 2357 The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
 2358 I am loath to beate thee.
 2359 *Clot.* Thou iniurious Theefe,
 2360 Heare but my name, and tremble.
 2361 *Gui.* What's thy name?
 2362 *Clo.* *Cloten*, thou Villaine.
 2363 *Gui.* *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
 2364 I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
 2365 'Twould moue me sooner.
 2366 *Clot.* To thy further feare,
 2367 Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
 2368 I am Sonne to'th' Queene.
 2369 *Gui.* I am sorry for't: not seeming
 2370 So worthy as thy Birth.
 2371 *Clot.* Art not afeard?
 2372 *Gui.* Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
 2373 At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
 2374 *Clot.* Dye the death:
 2375 When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
 2376 Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
 2377 And on the Gates of *Luds- Towne* set your heads:
 2378 Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*
 2379 *Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.*
 2380 *Bel.* No Companie's abroad?
 2381 *Arui.* None in the world: you did mistake him sure.
 2382 *Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
 2383 But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
 2384 Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
 2385 And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
 2386 'Twas very *Cloten*.
 2387 *Arui.* In this place we left them;
 2388 I wish my Brother make good time with him,
 2389 You say he is so fell.
 2390 *Bel.* Being scarce made vp,
 2391 I meane to man; he had not apprehension
 2392 Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
 2393 Is oft the cause of Feare.
 2394 *Enter Guiderius.*

2395 But see thy Brother.
 2396 *Gui.* This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
 2397 There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
 2398 Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
 2399 Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
 2400 My head, as I do his.
 2401 *Bel.* What hast thou done?
 2402 *Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
 2403 Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
 2404 Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
 2405 With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in,
 2406 Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
 2407 And set them on *Luds- Towne*.
 2408 *Bel.* We are all vndone.
 2409 *Gui.* Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
 2410 But that he swore to take our Liues? the Law
 2411 Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
 2412 To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
 2413 Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
 2414 For we do feare the Law. What company
 2415 Discouer you abroad?
 2416 *Bel.* No single soule
 2417 Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
 2418 He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
 2419 Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
 2420 From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
 2421 Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
 2422 To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
 2423 It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
 2424 Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out- lawes, and in time
 2425 May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
 2426 (As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
 2427 Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
 2428 To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
 2429 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
 2430 If we do feare this Body hath a taile
 2431 More perillous then the head.
 2432 *Arui.* Let Ord'nance
 2433 Come as the Gods fore- say it: howsoere,
 2434 My Brother hath done well.
 2435 *Bel.* I had no minde
 2436 To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
 2437 Did make my way long forth.
 2438 *Gui.* With his owne Sword,
 2439 Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
 2440 His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke

2441 Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
 2442 And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
 2443 That's all I reake. *Exit*.
 2444 *Bel*. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
 2445 Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
 2446 Becomes thee well enough.
 2447 *Arui*. Would I had done't:
 2448 So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: *Polidore*
 2449 I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
 2450 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
 2451 That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
 2452 And put vs to our answer.
 2453 *Bel*. Well, 'tis done:
 2454 Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
 2455 Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
 2456 You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile stay
 2457 Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
 2458 To dinner presently.
 2459 *Arui*. Poore sicke *Fidele*.
 2460 Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
 2461 Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
 2462 And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit*.
 2463 *Bel*. Oh thou Goddesses,
 2464 Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
 2465 In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
 2466 As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
 2467 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
 2468 (Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
 2469 That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
 2470 And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
 2471 That an inuisible instinct should frame them
 2472 To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
 2473 Ciuility not seene from other: valour
 2474 That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
 2475 As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
 2476 What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
 2477 Or what his death will bring vs.
 2478 *Enter Guidereus*.
 2479 *Gui*. Where's my Brother? [bbb1
 2480 I haue sent *Clotens* Clot- pole downe the streame,
 2481 In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
 2482 For his returne. *Solemn Musick*.
 2483 *Bel*. My ingenuous Instrument,
 2484 (Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
 2485 Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.
 2486 *Gui*. Is he at home?

2487 *Bel.* He went hence euen now.
 2488 *Gui.* What does he meane?
 2489 Since death of my deer'st Mother
 2490 It did not speake before. All solemne things
 2491 Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
 2492 Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
 2493 Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
 2494 Is *Cadwall* mad?
 2495 *Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing*
 2496 *her in his Armes.*
 2497 *Bel.* Looke, heere he comes,
 2498 And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
 2499 Of what we blame him for.
 2500 *Arui.* The Bird is dead
 2501 That we haue made so much on. I had rather
 2502 Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:
 2503 To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
 2504 Then haue seene this.
 2505 *Gui.* Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:
 2506 My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
 2507 As when thou grew'st thy selfe.
 2508 *Bel.* Oh Melancholly,
 2509 Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
 2510 The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
 2511 Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
 2512 Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
 2513 Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
 2514 How found you him?
 2515 *Arui.* Starke, as you see:
 2516 Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
 2517 Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
 2518 Reposing on a Cushion.
 2519 *Gui.* Where?
 2520 *Arui.* O'th' floore:
 2521 His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
 2522 My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
 2523 Answer'd my steps too lowd.
 2524 *Gui.* Why, he but sleepes:
 2525 If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
 2526 With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
 2527 And Wormes will not come to thee.
 2528 *Arui.* With fayrest Flowers
 2529 Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
 2530 Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
 2531 The Flower that's like thy face. Pale- Primrose, nor
 2532 The azur'd Hare- Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor

2533 The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
 2534 Out- sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
 2535 With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
 2536 Those rich- left- heyres, that let their Fathers lye
 2537 Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
 2538 Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
 2539 To winter- ground thy Coarse—
 2540 *Gui.* Prythee haue done,
 2541 And do not play in Wench- like words with that
 2542 Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
 2543 And not protract with admiration, what
 2544 Is now due debt. To'th' graue.
 2545 *Arui.* Say, where shall's lay him?
 2546 *Gui.* By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
 2547 *Arui.* Bee't so:
 2548 And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
 2549 Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
 2550 As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
 2551 Saue that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.
 2552 *Gui.* *Cadwall*,
 2553 I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
 2554 For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 2555 Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.
 2556 *Arui.* Wee'l speake it then.
 2557 *Bel.* Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
 2558 Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
 2559 And though he came our Enemy, remember
 2560 He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
 2561 Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
 2562 (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
 2563 Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
 2564 And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
 2565 Yet bury him, as a Prince.
 2566 *Gui.* Pray you fetch him hither,
 2567 *Thersites* body is as good as *Ajax*,
 2568 When neyther are aliue.
 2569 *Arui.* If you'l go fetch him,
 2570 Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.
 2571 *Gui.* Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East,
 2572 My Father hath a reason for't.
 2573 *Arui.* 'Tis true.
 2574 *Gui.* Come on then, and remoue him.
 2575 *Arui.* So, begin.
 2576 SONG.
 2577 *Guid.* *Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,*
 2578 *Nor the furious Winters rages,*

2579 *Thou thy worldly task hast don,*
 2580 *Home art gon, and tane thy wages.*
 2581 *Golden Lads, and Girles all must,*
 2582 *As Chimney- Sweepers come to dust.*
 2583 *Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,*
 2584 *Thou art past the Tirants stroake,*
 2585 *Care no more to cloath and eate,*
 2586 *To thee the Reede is as the Oake:*
 2587 *The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,*
 2588 *All follow this and come to dust.*
 2589 *Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash.*
 2590 *Arui. Nor th' all- dreaded Thunderstone.*
 2591 *Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.*
 2592 *Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.*
 2593 *Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,*
 2594 *Consigne to thee and come to dust.*
 2595 *Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,*
 2596 *Arui. Nor no witch- craft charme thee.*
 2597 *Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbeare thee.*
 2598 *Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.*
 2599 *Both. Quiet consumption haue,*
 2600 *And renowned be thy graue.*
 2601 *Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.*
 2602 *Gui. We haue done our obsequies:*
 2603 *Come lay him downe.*
 2604 *Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:*
 2605 *The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night*
 2606 *Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.*
 2607 *You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so*
 2608 *These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.*
 2609 *Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:*
 2610 *The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:*
 2611 *Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine. Exeunt. [bbb1v*
 2612 *Imogen awakes.*
 2613 *Yes Sir, to Milford- Hauen, which is the way?*
 2614 *I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?*
 2615 *'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?*
 2616 *I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.*
 2617 *But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!*
 2618 *These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;*
 2619 *This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:*
 2620 *For so I thought I was a Caue- keeper,*
 2621 *And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:*
 2622 *'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,*
 2623 *Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,*
 2624 *Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith*

2625 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 2626 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 2627 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 2628 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 2629 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 2630 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 2631 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 2632 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 2633 The bawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face—
 2634 Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
 2635 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 2636 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 2637 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
 2638 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 2639 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
 2640 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 2641 From this most brauest vessell of the world
 2642 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 2643 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
 2644 *Pisanio* might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 2645 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 2646 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 2647 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 2648 The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 2649 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
 2650 Murd'rous to'th' Senses? That confirmes it home:
 2651 This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 2652 Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
 2653 That we the horrider may seeme to those
 2654 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
 2655 *Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.*
 2656 *Cap.* To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 2657 After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
 2658 You heere at Milford- Hauen, with your Shippes:
 2659 They are heere in readinesse.
 2660 *Luc.* But what from Rome?
 2661 *Cap.* The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
 2662 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 2663 That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
 2664 Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
 2665 *Syenna*'s Brother.
 2666 *Luc.* When expect you them?
 2667 *Cap.* With the next benefit o'th' winde.
 2668 *Luc.* This forwardnesse
 2669 Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 2670 Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,

2671 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.
 2672 *Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 2673 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 2674 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 2675 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 2676 There vanish'd in the Sun- beames, which portends
 2677 (Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
 2678 Successe to th' Roman hoast.
 2679 *Luc.* Dreame often so,
 2680 And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
 2681 Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
 2682 It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
 2683 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 2684 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 2685 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
 2686 Let's see the Boyes face.
 2687 *Cap.* Hee's aliue my Lord.
 2688 *Luc.* Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
 2689 Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 2690 They craue to be demanded: who is this
 2691 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 2692 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 2693 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
 2694 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
 2695 What art thou?
 2696 *Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,
 2697 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 2698 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 2699 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
 2700 There is no more such Masters: I may wander
 2701 From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
 2702 Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
 2703 Finde such another Master.
 2704 *Luc.* 'Lacke, good youth:
 2705 Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 2706 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.
 2707 *Imo. Richard du Champ:* If I do lye, and do
 2708 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 2709 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
 2710 *Luc.* Thy name?
 2711 *Imo. Fidele* Sir.
 2712 *Luc.* Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
 2713 Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
 2714 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 2715 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 2716 No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters

2717 Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
 2718 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.
 2719 *Imo.* Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 2720 Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 2721 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
 2722 With wild wood- leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
 2723 And on it said a Century of prayers
 2724 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
 2725 And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
 2726 So please you entertaine mee.
 2727 *Luc.* I good youth,
 2728 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 2729 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
 2730 Finde out the prettiest Dazied- Plot we can,
 2731 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 2732 A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
 2733 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
 2734 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
 2735 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

2737 *Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.*
 2738 *Cym.* Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
 2739 A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne; [bbb2
 2740 A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
 2741 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
 2742 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
 2743 Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
 2744 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
 2745 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
 2746 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 2747 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 2748 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
 2749 By a sharpe Torture.
 2750 *Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,
 2751 I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
 2752 I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
 2753 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
 2754 Hold me your loyall Seruant.
 2755 *Lord.* Good my Liege,
 2756 The day that she was missing, he was heere;
 2757 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
 2758 All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten,*

2759 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 2760 And will no doubt be found.
 2761 *Cym.* The time is troublesome:
 2762 Wee'l slip you for a season, but our ieaalousie
 2763 Do's yet depend.
 2764 *Lord.* So please your Maiesty,
 2765 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
 2766 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
 2767 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.
 2768 *Cym.* Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
 2769 I am amaz'd with matter.
 2770 *Lord.* Good my Liege,
 2771 Your preparation can affront no lesse
 2772 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're |(ready:
 2773 The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
 2774 That long to moue.
 2775 *Cym.* I thanke you: let's withdraw
 2776 And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
 2777 What can from Italy annoy vs, but
 2778 We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*
 2779 *Pisa.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since
 2780 I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
 2781 Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
 2782 To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
 2783 What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
 2784 Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:
 2785 Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
 2786 These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
 2787 Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
 2788 All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
 2789 Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

2791 *Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.*
 2792 *Gui.* The noyse is round about vs.
 2793 *Bel.* Let vs from it.
 2794 *Arui.* What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
 2795 From Action, and Aduenture.
 2796 *Gui.* Nay, what hope
 2797 Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
 2798 Must, or for Britaines slay vs, or receiue vs
 2799 For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
 2800 During their vse, and slay vs after.

2801 *Bel.* Sonnes,
 2802 Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
 2803 To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
 2804 Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
 2805 Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
 2806 Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
 2807 Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
 2808 Drawne on with Torture.
 2809 *Gui.* This is (Sir) a doubt
 2810 In such a time, nothing becomming you,
 2811 Nor satisfying vs.
 2812 *Arui.* It is not likely,
 2813 That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
 2814 Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
 2815 And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
 2816 That they will waste their time vpon our note,
 2817 To know from whence we are.
 2818 *Bel.* Oh, I am knowne
 2819 Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
 2820 (Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
 2821 From my remembrance. And besides, the King
 2822 Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
 2823 Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
 2824 The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
 2825 To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
 2826 But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
 2827 The shrinking Slaues of Winter.
 2828 *Gui.* Then be so,
 2829 Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:
 2830 I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
 2831 So out of thought, and thereto so ore- growne,
 2832 Cannot be question'd.
 2833 *Arui.* By this Sunne that shines
 2834 Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
 2835 Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
 2836 But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
 2837 Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
 2838 A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
 2839 Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
 2840 To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
 2841 The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
 2842 So long a poore vnknowne.
 2843 *Gui.* By heauens Ile go,
 2844 If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
 2845 Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
 2846 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by

2847 The hands of Romaines.
 2848 *Arui.* So say I, Amen.
 2849 *Bel.* No reason I (since of your liues you set
 2850 So slight a valewation) should reserue
 2851 My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
 2852 If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
 2853 That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
 2854 Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
 2855 Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

2857 *Enter Posthumus alone.*
 2858 *Post.* Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
 2859 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 2860 If each of you should take this course, how many
 2861 Must murder Wiues much better then themselues [bbb2v
 2862 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
 2863 Euary good Seruant do's not all Commands:
 2864 No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
 2865 Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
 2866 Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
 2867 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 2868 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 2869 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
 2870 To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 2871 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
 2872 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
 2873 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 2874 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 2875 Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
 2876 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 2877 That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
 2878 Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 2879 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 2880 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 2881 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 2882 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 2883 For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 2884 Is euary breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
 2885 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
 2886 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 2887 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 2888 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:

2889 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
 2890 The fashion lesse without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

2892 *Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore:*
 2893 *and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus*
 2894 *following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe*
 2895 *out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthu-mus:*
 2896 *he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then*
 2897 *leaues him.*

2898 *Iac.* The heuinesse and guilt within my bosome,
 2899 Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
 2900 The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 2901 Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 2902 A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
 2903 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 2904 As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 2905 If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
 2906 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 2907 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

2908 *The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is*
 2909 *taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius,*
 2910 *and Aruiragus.*

2911 *Bel.* Stand, stand, we haue th' aduantage of the ground,
 2912 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
 2913 The villany of our feares.

2914 *Gui. Arui.* Stand, stand, and fight.

2915 *Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue*
 2916 *Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

2917 *Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

2918 *Luc.* Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
 2919 For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
 2920 As warre were hood- wink'd.

2921 *Iac.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

2922 *Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 2923 Let's re- inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

2925 *Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.*
 2926 *Lor.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
 2927 *Post.* I did,
 2928 Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
 2929 *Lo.* I did.
 2930 *Post.* No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 2931 But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
 2932 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 2933 And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
 2934 Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full- heart'd,
 2935 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
 2936 More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
 2937 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 2938 Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
 2939 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
 2940 To dye with length'ned shame.
 2941 *Lo.* Where was this Lane?
 2942 *Post.* Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 2943 Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
 2944 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 2945 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 2946 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 2947 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 2948 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 2949 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 2950 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 2951 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
 2952 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 2953 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
 2954 Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
 2955 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
 2956 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 2957 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 2958 For three performers are the File, when all
 2959 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 2960 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
 2961 With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
 2962 A Distaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
 2963 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 2964 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
 2965 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 2966 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 2967 Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
 2968 A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon

2969 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 2970 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
 2971 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 2972 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 2973 The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
 2974 Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
 2975 Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
 2976 Ore- borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
 2977 Are now each one the slaughter- man of twenty:
 2978 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 2979 The mortall bugs o'th' Field. [bbb3
 2980 *Lord.* This was strange chance:
 2981 A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
 2982 *Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 2983 Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
 2984 Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
 2985 And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
 2986 "*Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
 2987 "*Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
 2988 *Lord.* Nay, be not angry Sir.
 2989 *Post.* Lacke, to what end?
 2990 Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
 2991 For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
 2992 I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
 2993 You haue put me into Rime.
 2994 *Lord.* Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
 2995 *Post.* Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
 2996 To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:
 2997 To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
 2998 To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
 2999 And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
 3000 Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
 3001 Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
 3002 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
 3003 Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
 3004 That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
 3005 For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
 3006 No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
 3007 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 3008 But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
 3009 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 3010 Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be
 3011 Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
 3012 On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
 3013 Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
 3014 But end it by some meanes for *Imogen.*

3015 *Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.*
 3016 1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
 3017 'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.
 3018 2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 3019 That gaue th' Affront with them.
 3020 1 So 'tis reported:
 3021 But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
 3022 *Post.* A Roman,
 3023 Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
 3024 Had answer'd him.
 3025 2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
 3026 A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
 3027 What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
 3028 As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.
 3029 *Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and*
 3030 *Romane Captiuus. The Captaines present Posthumus to*
 3031 *Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

3033 *Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.*
 3034 *Gao.* You shall not now be stolne,
 3035 You haue lockes vpon you:
 3036 So graze, as you finde Pasture.
 3037 2.*Gao.* I, or a stomacke.
 3038 *Post.* Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
 3039 (I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
 3040 Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
 3041 Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
 3042 By'th' sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
 3043 T' vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
 3044 More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
 3045 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
 3046 Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
 3047 So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
 3048 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
 3049 I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
 3050 Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
 3051 If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
 3052 No stricter render of me, then my All.
 3053 I know you are more clement then vilde men,
 3054 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
 3055 A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
 3056 On their abatement; that's not my desire.

3057 For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
 3058 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
 3059 'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
 3060 Though light, take Peeeces for the figures sake,
 3061 (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
 3062 If you will take this Audit, take this life,
 3063 And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
 3064 Ile speake to thee in silence.
 3065 *Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leo-natus,*
 3066 *Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a war-riour,*
 3067 *leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, &*
 3068 *Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then*
 3069 *after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (Bro-thers*
 3070 *to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs.*
 3071 *They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.*
 3072 *Sicil.* No more thou Thunder- Master
 3073 shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
 3074 With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
 3075 Rates, and Reuenges.
 3076 Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
 3077 whose face I neuer saw:
 3078 I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
 3079 attending Natures Law.
 3080 Whose Father then (as men report,
 3081 thou Orphanes Father art)
 3082 Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
 3083 from this earth- vexing smart.
 3084 *Moth. Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
 3085 but tooke me in my Throwes,
 3086 That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
 3087 came crying 'mong'st his Foes.
 3088 A thing of pittie.
 3089 *Sicil.* Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
 3090 moulded the stuffe so faire:
 3091 That he deseru'd the praise o'th' World,
 3092 as great *Sicilius* heyre.
 3093 *1.Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 3094 in Britaine where was hee
 3095 That could stand vp his paralell?
 3096 Or fruitfull obiect bee?
 3097 In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
 3098 his dignitie.
 3099 *Mo.* With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
 3100 to be exil'd, and throwne
 3101 From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
 3102 his deerest one:

3103 Sweete *Imogen*?
 3104 *Sic.* Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy, [bbb3v
 3105 To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse ielousy,
 3106 And to become the geeke and scorne o'th' others vilany?
 3107 *2 Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
 3108 our Parents, and vs twaine,
 3109 That striking in our Countries cause,
 3110 fell brauely, and were slaine,
 3111 Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
 3112 *1 Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
 3113 to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
 3114 Then *Iupiter*, y King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd
 3115 The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
 3116 *Sicil.* Thy Christall window ope; looke,
 3117 looke out, no longer exercise
 3118 Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:
 3119 *Moth.* Since (*Iupiter*) our Son is good,
 3120 take off his miseries.
 3121 *Sicil.* Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
 3122 or we poore Ghosts will cry
 3123 To'th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.
 3124 *Brothers.* Helpe (*Iupiter*) or we appeale,
 3125 and from thy iustice flye.
 3126 *Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vppon an*
 3127 *Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder- bolt. The Ghostes fall on*
 3128 *their knees.*
 3129 *Iupiter.* No more you petty Spirits of Region low
 3130 Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
 3131 Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
 3132 Sky- planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
 3133 Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
 3134 Vpon your neuer- withering bankes of Flowres.
 3135 Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
 3136 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 3137 Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
 3138 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 3139 Your low- laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
 3140 His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:
 3141 Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
 3142 Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
 3143 He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
 3144 And happier much by his Affliction made
 3145 This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
 3146 Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
 3147 And so away: no farther with your dinne
 3148 Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

3149 Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends*
 3150 *Sicil.* He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
 3151 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
 3152 Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
 3153 More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
 3154 Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
 3155 As when his God is pleas'd.
 3156 *All.* Thankes Iupiter.
 3157 *Sic.* The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
 3158 His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
 3159 Let vs with care performe his great behest. *Vanish*
 3160 *Post.* Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
 3161 A Father to me: and thou hast created
 3162 A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
 3163 Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
 3164 And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
 3165 On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
 3166 Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
 3167 Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
 3168 And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
 3169 That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
 3170 What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
 3171 Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
 3172 Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
 3173 So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
 3174 As good, as promise.
 3175 *Reades.*
 3176 *When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe vnknown, with-out*
 3177 *seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender*
 3178 *Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,*
 3179 *which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to*
 3180 *the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his*
 3181 *miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-tie.*
 3183 'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
 3184 Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing
 3185 Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
 3186 As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
 3187 The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
 3188 If but for simpathy.
 3189 *Enter Gaoler.*
 3190 *Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death?
 3191 *Post.* Ouer- roasted rather: ready long ago.
 3192 *Gao.* Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
 3193 that, you are well Cook'd.
 3194 *Post.* So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
 3195 dish payes the shot.

3196 *Gao.* A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
 3197 is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
 3198 Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
 3199 the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
 3200 meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that
 3201 you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
 3202 too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
 3203 heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
 3204 drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
 3205 now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
 3206 vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
 3207 Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-charge:
 3208 your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
 3209 the Acquittance followes.
 3210 *Post.* I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
 3211 *Gao.* Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth- Ache:
 3212 but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a
 3213 Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change
 3214 places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not
 3215 which way you shall go.
 3216 *Post.* Yes indeed do I, fellow.
 3217 *Gao.* Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
 3218 seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by
 3219 some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
 3220 selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the
 3221 after- enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
 3222 speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne
 3223 to tell one.
 3224 *Post.* I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
 3225 direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
 3226 will not vse them.
 3227 *Gao.* What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
 3228 haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I
 3229 am sure hanging's the way of winking.
 3230 *Enter a Messenger.*
 3231 *Mes.* Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
 3232 the King.
 3233 *Post.* Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
 3234 made free.
 3235 *Gao.* Ile be hang'd then.
 3236 *Post.* Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts [bbb4
 3237 for the dead.
 3238 *Gao.* Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be-get
 3239 yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my
 3240 Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all
 3241 he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye

3242 against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
 3243 we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
 3244 were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake a-gainst
 3245 my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
 3246 in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

3248 *Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arui-ragus,*
 3249 *Pisanio, and Lords.*
 3250 *Cym.* Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
 3251 Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
 3252 That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
 3253 Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
 3254 Stept before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:
 3255 He shall be happy that can finde him, if
 3256 Our Grace can make him so.
 3257 *Bel.* I neuer saw
 3258 Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
 3259 Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
 3260 But beggery, and poore lookes.
 3261 *Cym.* No tydings of him?
 3262 *Pisa.* He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
 3263 But no trace of him.
 3264 *Cym.* To my greefe, I am
 3265 The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
 3266 To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
 3267 By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time
 3268 To aske of whence you are. Report it.
 3269 *Bel.* Sir,
 3270 In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
 3271 Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
 3272 Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.
 3273 *Cym.* Bow your knees:
 3274 Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
 3275 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 3276 With Dignities becomming your estates.
 3277 *Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*
 3278 There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
 3279 Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
 3280 And not o'th' Court of Britaine.
 3281 *Corn.* Hayle great King,
 3282 To sowre your happinesse, I must report
 3283 The Queene is dead.

3284 *Cym.* Who worse then a Physitian
 3285 Would this report become? But I consider,
 3286 By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 3287 Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?
 3288 *Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,
 3289 Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
 3290 Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
 3291 I will report, so please you. These her Women
 3292 Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
 3293 Were present when she finish'd.
 3294 *Cym.* Prythee say.
 3295 *Cor.* First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
 3296 Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
 3297 Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
 3298 Abhorr'd your person.
 3299 *Cym.* She alone knew this:
 3300 And but she spoke it dying, I would not
 3301 Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.
 3302 *Corn.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue
 3303 With such integrity, she did confesse
 3304 Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
 3305 (But that her flight preuented it) she had
 3306 Tane off by poyson.
 3307 *Cym.* O most delicate Fiend!
 3308 Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?
 3309 *Corn.* More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
 3310 For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
 3311 Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
 3312 By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
 3313 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 3314 Orecome you with her shew; and in time
 3315 (When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
 3316 Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:
 3317 But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
 3318 Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
 3319 Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
 3320 The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
 3321 Dispayring, dyed.
 3322 *Cym.* Heard you all this, her Women?
 3323 *La.* We did, so please your Highnesse.
 3324 *Cym.* Mine eyes
 3325 Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
 3326 Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
 3327 That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
 3328 To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
 3329 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,

3330 And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.
 3331 *Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,*
 3332 *Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*
 3333 Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
 3334 The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
 3335 Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
 3336 That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
 3337 Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
 3338 So thinke of your estate.
 3339 *Luc.* Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
 3340 Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
 3341 We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
 3342 Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
 3343 Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
 3344 May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,
 3345 A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
 3346 *Augustus* liues to thinke on't: and so much
 3347 For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
 3348 I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
 3349 Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
 3350 A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
 3351 So tender ouer his occasions, true,
 3352 So feate, so Nurse- like: let his vertue ioyne
 3353 With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse
 3354 Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
 3355 Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
 3356 And spare no blood beside.
 3357 *Cym.* I haue surely seene him:
 3358 His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
 3359 Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
 3360 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
 3361 To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
 3362 And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
 3363 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it: [bbb4v
 3364 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
 3365 The Noblest tane.
 3366 *Imo.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse.
 3367 *Luc.* I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
 3368 And yet I know thou wilt.
 3369 *Imo.* No, no, alacke,
 3370 There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
 3371 Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
 3372 Must shuffle for it selfe.
 3373 *Luc.* The Boy disdaines me,
 3374 He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
 3375 That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.

3376 Why stands he so perplext?
 3377 *Cym.* What would'st thou Boy?
 3378 I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
 3379 What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
 3380 Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
 3381 *Imo.* He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
 3382 Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
 3383 Am something nearer.
 3384 *Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?
 3385 *Imo.* Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
 3386 To giue me hearing.
 3387 *Cym.* I, with all my heart,
 3388 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
 3389 *Imo.* *Fidele* Sir.
 3390 *Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
 3391 Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.
 3392 *Bel.* Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
 3393 *Arui.* One Sand another
 3394 Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
 3395 Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
 3396 *Gui.* The same dead thing aliue.
 3397 *Bel.* Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear
 3398 Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
 3399 He would haue spoke to vs.
 3400 *Gui.* But we see him dead.
 3401 *Bel.* Be silent: let's see further.
 3402 *Pisa.* It is my Mistris:
 3403 Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
 3404 To good, or bad.
 3405 *Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side,
 3406 Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,
 3407 Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
 3408 Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
 3409 (Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
 3410 Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.
 3411 *Imo.* My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
 3412 Of whom he had this Ring.
 3413 *Post.* What's that to him?
 3414 *Cym.* That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
 3415 How came it yours?
 3416 *Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
 3417 Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.
 3418 *Cym.* How? me?
 3419 *Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
 3420 Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
 3421 I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,

3422 Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue |(thee,
 3423 As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
 3424 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
 3425 *Cym.* All that belongs to this.
 3426 *Iach.* That Paragon, thy daughter,
 3427 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 3428 Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
 3429 *Cym.* My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength
 3430 I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
 3431 Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.
 3432 *Iach.* Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
 3433 That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
 3434 The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
 3435 Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
 3436 Those which I heau'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
 3437 (What should I say? he was too good to be
 3438 Where ill men were, and was the best of all
 3439 Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
 3440 Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
 3441 For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 3442 Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
 3443 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight- pight *Minerua*,
 3444 Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
 3445 A shop of all the qualities, that man
 3446 Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
 3447 Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.
 3448 *Cym.* I stand on fire. Come to the matter.
 3449 *Iach.* All too soone I shall,
 3450 Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 3451 Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
 3452 That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
 3453 And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
 3454 He was as calme as vertue) he began
 3455 His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
 3456 And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
 3457 Were crak'd of Kitchin- Trulles, or his description
 3458 Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes.
 3459 *Cym.* Nay, nay, to'th' purpose.
 3460 *Iach.* Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
 3461 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
 3462 And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
 3463 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 3464 Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
 3465 Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
 3466 In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
 3467 By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)

3468 No lesser of her Honour confident
 3469 Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
 3470 And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
 3471 Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
 3472 Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
 3473 Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
 3474 Remember me at Court, where I was taught
 3475 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
 3476 'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
 3477 Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
 3478 Gan in your duller Britaine operate
 3479 Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
 3480 And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
 3481 That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
 3482 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
 3483 By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
 3484 With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
 3485 Of Chamber- hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 3486 (Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
 3487 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 3488 But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 3489 I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
 3490 Me thinkes I see him now.
 3491 *Post.* I so thou do'st,
 3492 Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
 3493 Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
 3494 That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
 3495 To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson, [bbb5
 3496 Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
 3497 For Torturors ingenious: it is I
 3498 That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend
 3499 By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
 3500 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain- like, I lye,
 3501 That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
 3502 A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
 3503 Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
 3504 Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
 3505 The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine
 3506 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 3507 Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
 3508 My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
 3509 *Imogen, Imogen.*
 3510 *Imo.* Peace my Lord, heare, heare.
 3511 *Post.* Shall's haue a play of this?
 3512 Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.
 3513 *Pis.* Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

3514 Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
 3515 You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
 3516 Mine honour'd Lady.
 3517 *Cym.* Does the world go round?
 3518 *Posth.* How comes these staggers on mee?
 3519 *Pisa.* Wake my Mistris.
 3520 *Cym.* If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
 3521 To death, with mortall ioy.
 3522 *Pisa.* How fares my Mistris?
 3523 *Imo.* Oh get thee from my sight,
 3524 Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
 3525 Breath not where Princes are.
 3526 *Cym.* The tune of *Imogen*.
 3527 *Pisa.* Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 3528 That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
 3529 A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.
 3530 *Cym.* New matter still.
 3531 *Imo.* It poyson'd me.
 3532 *Corn.* Oh Gods!
 3533 I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
 3534 Which must approue thee honest. If *Pasanio*
 3535 Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
 3536 Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
 3537 As I would serue a Rat.
 3538 *Cym.* What's this, *Cornelius*?
 3539 *Corn.* The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
 3540 To temper poysons for her, still pretending
 3541 The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
 3542 In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
 3543 Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
 3544 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 3545 A certaine stufte, which being tane, would cease
 3546 The present powre of life, but in short time,
 3547 All Offices of Nature, should againe
 3548 Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?
 3549 *Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.
 3550 *Bel.* My Boyes, there was our error.
 3551 *Gui.* This is sure *Fidele*.
 3552 *Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro[m] you?
 3553 Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
 3554 Throw me againe.
 3555 *Post.* Hang there like fruite, my soule,
 3556 Till the Tree dye.
 3557 *Cym.* How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
 3558 What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
 3559 Wilt thou not speake to me?

3560 *Imo.* Your blessing, Sir.
 3561 *Bel.* Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
 3562 You had a motiue for't.
 3563 *Cym.* My teares that fall
 3564 Proue holy- water on thee; *Imogen,*
 3565 Thy Mothers dead.
 3566 *Imo.* I am sorry for't, my Lord.
 3567 *Cym.* Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
 3568 That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
 3569 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
 3570 *Pisa.* My Lord,
 3571 Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*
 3572 Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
 3573 With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
 3574 If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
 3575 It was my instant death. By accident,
 3576 I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
 3577 Then in my pocket, which directed him
 3578 To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
 3579 Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
 3580 (Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
 3581 With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 3582 My Ladies honor, what became of him,
 3583 I further know not.
 3584 *Gui.* Let me end the Story: I slew him there.
 3585 *Cym.* Marry, the Gods forefend.
 3586 I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
 3587 Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
 3588 Deny't againe.
 3589 *Gui.* I haue spoke it, and I did it.
 3590 *Cym.* He was a Prince.
 3591 *Gui.* A most inciuiill one. The wrongs he did mee
 3592 Were nothing Prince- like; for he did prouoke me
 3593 With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
 3594 If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
 3595 And am right glad he is not standing heere
 3596 To tell this tale of mine.
 3597 *Cym.* I am sorrow for thee:
 3598 By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 3599 Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
 3600 *Imo.* That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
 3601 *Cym.* Binde the Offender,
 3602 And take him from our presence.
 3603 *Bel.* Stay, Sir King.
 3604 This man is better then the man he slew,
 3605 As well descended as thy selfe, and hath

3606 More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
 3607 Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
 3608 They were not borne for bondage.
 3609 *Cym.* Why old Soldier:
 3610 Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
 3611 By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
 3612 As good as we?
 3613 *Arui.* In that he spake too farre.
 3614 *Cym.* And thou shalt dye for't.
 3615 *Bel.* We will dye all three,
 3616 But I will proue that two one's are as good
 3617 As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
 3618 For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
 3619 Though haply well for you.
 3620 *Arui.* Your danger's ours.
 3621 *Guid.* And our good his.
 3622 *Bel.* Haue at it then, by leaue
 3623 Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who
 3624 Was call'd *Belarius*.
 3625 *Cym.* What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.
 3626 *Bel.* He it is, that hath
 3627 Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man, [bbb5v
 3628 I know not how, a Traitor.
 3629 *Cym.* Take him hence,
 3630 The whole world shall not saue him.
 3631 *Bel.* Not too hot;
 3632 First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
 3633 And let it be confiscate all, so soone
 3634 As I haue receyu'd it.
 3635 *Cym.* Nursing of my Sonnes?
 3636 *Bel.* I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
 3637 Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
 3638 Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
 3639 These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
 3640 And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
 3641 They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
 3642 And blood of your begetting.
 3643 *Cym.* How? my Issue.
 3644 *Bel.* So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
 3645 Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
 3646 Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
 3647 It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
 3648 Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
 3649 (For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
 3650 Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
 3651 Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)

3652 As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*
 3653 (Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
 3654 Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,
 3655 Hauing receyu'd the punishment before
 3656 For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
 3657 Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
 3658 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 3659 Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
 3660 Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
 3661 Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
 3662 The benediction of these couering Heauens
 3663 Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
 3664 To in- lay Heauen with Starres.
 3665 *Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
 3666 The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
 3667 Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
 3668 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 3669 A payre of worthier Sonnes.
 3670 *Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile;
 3671 This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
 3672 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 3673 This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
 3674 Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
 3675 In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
 3676 Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
 3677 I can with ease produce.
 3678 *Cym.* *Guiderius* had
 3679 Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
 3680 It was a marke of wonder.
 3681 *Bel.* This is he,
 3682 Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
 3683 It was wise Natures end, in the donation
 3684 To be his euidence now.
 3685 *Cym.* Oh, what am I
 3686 A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
 3687 Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
 3688 That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
 3689 You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
 3690 Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.
 3691 *Imo.* No, my Lord:
 3692 I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
 3693 Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
 3694 But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
 3695 When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
 3696 When we were so indeed.
 3697 *Cym.* Did you ere meete?

3698 *Arui.* I my good Lord.
 3699 *Gui.* And at first meeting lou'd,
 3700 Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.
 3701 *Corn.* By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.
 3702 *Cym.* O rare instinct!
 3703 When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
 3704 Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
 3705 Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
 3706 And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
 3707 How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
 3708 Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
 3709 And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
 3710 I know not how much more should be demanded,
 3711 And all the other by- dependances
 3712 From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
 3713 Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
 3714 *Posthumus* Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
 3715 And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
 3716 On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
 3717 Each object with a Ioy: the Counter- change
 3718 Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 3719 And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
 3720 Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.
 3721 *Imo.* You are my Father too, and did releue me:
 3722 To see this gracious season.
 3723 *Cym.* All ore- ioy'd
 3724 Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
 3725 For they shall taste our Comfort.
 3726 *Imo.* My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.
 3727 *Luc.* Happy be you.
 3728 *Cym.* The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought
 3729 He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 3730 The thankings of a King.
 3731 *Post.* I am Sir
 3732 The Souldier that did company these three
 3733 In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
 3734 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 3735 Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
 3736 Haue made you finish.
 3737 *Iach.* I am downe againe:
 3738 But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
 3739 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
 3740 Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
 3741 And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
 3742 That euer swore the Faith.
 3743 *Post.* Kneele not to me:

3744 The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
 3745 The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
 3746 And deale with others better.
 3747 *Cym.* Nobly doom'd:
 3748 Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne- in- Law:
 3749 Pardon's the word to all.
 3750 *Arui.* You holpe vs Sir,
 3751 As you did meane indeede to be our Brother,
 3752 Ioy'd are we, that you are.
 3753 *Post.* Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
 3754 Call forth your Sooth- sayer: As I slept, me thought
 3755 Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
 3756 Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
 3757 Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
 3758 This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
 3759 Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can [bbb6
 3760 Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
 3761 His skill in the construction.
 3762 *Luc. Philarmonus.*
 3763 *Sooth.* Heere, my good Lord.
 3764 *Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.
 3765 *Reades.*
 3766 *When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe vnknown, with-out*
 3767 *seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender*
 3768 *Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,*
 3769 *which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to*
 3770 *the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his*
 3771 *miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-tie.*
 3772 Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
 3773 The fit and apt Construction of thy name
 3774 Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
 3775 The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
 3776 Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
 3777 We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
 3778 Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
 3779 Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
 3780 Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
 3781 With this most tender Aire.
 3782 *Cym.* This hath some seeming.
 3783 *Sooth.* The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
 3784 Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
 3785 Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
 3786 For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
 3787 To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue
 3788 Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
 3790 *Cym.* Well,

3791 My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
 3792 Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,
 3793 And to the Romane Empire; promising
 3794 To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
 3795 We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
 3796 Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
 3797 Haue laid most heauy hand.
 3798 *Sooth.* The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
 3799 The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
 3800 Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
 3801 Of yet this scarce- cold- Battaile, at this instant
 3802 Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
 3803 From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
 3804 Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th' Sun
 3805 So vanish'd; which fore- shew'd our Princely Eagle
 3806 Th' Imperiall *Caesar*, should againe vnite
 3807 His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
 3808 Which shines heere in the West.
 3809 *Cym.* Laud we the Gods,
 3810 And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
 3811 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
 3812 To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
 3813 A Roman, and a Brittiſh Ensigne waue
 3814 Friendly together: so through *Luds- Towne* march,
 3815 And in the Temple of great Iupiter
 3816 Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
 3817 Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
 3818 (Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.
 3819 *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

**3821 THE TRAGEDIE OF
CYMBELINE.**
