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THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART III.

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE:
ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH LISTS OF SUCH OF THE
EMPHASIS-CAPITALS OF SHAKESPERE
IN THIS PLAY, AS WERE OMITTED BY EACH OF THE SECOND,
THIRD AND FOURTH FOLIOS; AND OF NEW EMPHASIS-
CAPITALS SHOWN BY IT IN EACH OF THESE.

ALSO A FEW REMARKS ON
THE CONSIDERATION DUE TO SUCH EMPHASIS-CAPITALS
AS MAY BE FOUND IN OBSCURE PASSAGES.

BY
ALLAN PARK PATON.

EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.
MDCCCLXXIX.
PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1619

13484.23.2

(Shakespeare's will regarding 13484.23.2)

(C. H. Ucci, Found William Shakespeare)
The Tragedy of Cymbeline was, as the following Reprint will shew, richly dowered with Emphasis-Capitals: one of these appearing in the first line of it, and boldly striking the keynote to the opening Scenes. There are above 2,000 words in it so distinguished. This work has the reputation of presenting to the reader a long series of difficult passages, which has arisen, in most part, we believe, from the unusual amount of contraction in it, and in connection with this, among other things a constant use of the colon, frequently in odd and unlooked for positions. After repeated perusals, however, the means to condensation grow familiar to us, and the perpetually recurring colon, instead of being, as at first, a stumbling-block, becomes an interpreter. The compression manifest throughout Cymbeline is, doubtless, occasioned by the necessity of bringing it within bounds, and this evidently cost Shakspeare great labour, for it is one of his longest plays. As it now stands, it seems as if not a line could be renounced without loss. Yet when Charles Kemble gave his First Reading, by command of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, in 1844, this Play, selected by Prince Albert, was, from the necessity to comprise the Reading within a given time, reduced to about one third of the Work as it was bequeathed to us; there being then shewn, as it were, the trunk and branches of the tree, but, with the exception of a solitary tuft or cluster here and there, all the leaves and blossoms stripped away.

Of the original 2,091 Emphasis-Capitals in Cymbeline, there escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio, 163; of the Third, 129; and of the Fourth, 44; in all, 336: not a great loss at the end of 62 years, and after three passages through the press. On the other hand, there appeared of New Capitals not connected with proper names, or at the beginning of lines or sentences, in the Second Folio, 10; in the Third, 27; and in the Fourth, 210; in all, 247.

At the end of this Preface full Lists are given of the Lines in which these losses and gains occur, a course which will, in future, be followed with each Play of this Edition. Having these Lists, readers will be
placed exactly as if they had the Four Folios before them, so far as these Capitals are concerned, and will thus be able to test any conclusions we may have arrived at.

No loss is sustained through the After Folios dropping part of the Emphasis-Capitals of the First, for it is ours to have and to hold, and all that are in it are secure, but, by an enumeration of their omissions, we are assisted in forming an opinion as to how far the Early Editions failed in their duty, and of their comparative value.

In connection with the New Capitals, however, which these After Folios severally introduced, important questions start up, such as: Are they of the same character as those in the First Folio? Have they "the family resemblance"? Is there any good reason for believing that the Words so distinguished in them, stood so distinguished in the scarcely-blotted papers from which the Printers of 1623 wrought?

After having given to each one of them our best consideration, we have no hesitation in stating that they seem to us to bear the clear impress of Shakspere's Manuscript, and to claim at our hands adoption and equal respect: with the exception always of such as belong to two Plays, viz., King John and Richard the Second, which have been printed in the Fourth Folio, and only there, in a totally exceptional manner,—indeed, in such a way as fully to exemplify what Shakspere's Emphasis-Capitals are not,—as to which mysterious circumstance we have more to say.

It will be seen by the appended Lists, that, while the Second and Third Folios jointly contribute to the Tragedy now reprinted, 37 new Emphasis-Capitals, the Fourth alone adds 210, or about six times as many. This is remarkable, but it is the rule, rather than the exception. As similar instances, the Second and Third Folios contribute to Hamlet, (containing about 3,834 lines, misprinted in our two previous Parts, 3,334) 84; to the Tempest, 76; and to Anthony and Cleopatra, 48: while the Fourth itself adds to these Plays respectively, 134, 110 and 157, or about double what the others, put together, do. While, also, the Second and Third, between them, drop from these three Plays nearly 800 of the Original Emphasis-Capitals, the Fourth loses only 168.

These facts naturally excite curiosity as to the last of the Early Editions, which in the matter of these thinking Capitals, appears to have lost least, and restored most.
In speaking of Rowe's, the first of the Modern Editions, and the first Edition with Plates, published 1709-10, Lowndes says: "Rowe unfortunately adopted the fourth and worst of the folio editions for his text, and corrected but few of its errors," and thus low has this Folio stood in the opinion of very many. At the best, it appears to have been regarded as a bad copy of its two predecessors, and upon it, along with them, "the privileged fellows, in drabs, blues and yellows," as Robert Browning has called them, have, during the last fifty years, bestowed many a bang. For example, it has been said: "Three other editions in the same form which followed, in 1632, 1664 and 1685, were all evidently printed from the first, or from one another, with only certain variations, for the most part introduced in the second, which, with very few if any exceptions; are either obvious misprints, or alterations made to all appearance arbitrarily and often tastelessly and ignorantly. There was at one time a disposition in some quarters to set up the second folio as an equivalent authority against the first; but that is now over with editors and commentators of all sorts and schools." It has also been said,—and these are given merely as representative extracts,—"Of the later folios than the First, nothing need be said. They are reprints only, with the addition of some doubtful Plays."

This, nevertheless, may be said of the Fourth Folio,—whose long buried history must have been a strange one,—that, after the First, it is the best, as well as the worst, of the Folios, its bestness, fortunately for us, and those who hold the same views, greatly exceeding its worstness.

It is the best, as, in our opinion, it has generally proceeded upon a careful revision, and with frequent reference to the Manuscript, and as it makes a large restoration of these Crowned Words on which we set so much value; and it is the worst, in so far as it is, in parts, so monstrously disfigured by typographical errors, as to raise the thought that the Edition must have been completed in such hot haste as to preclude all correction whatever, and, further, because it has produced the two Histories we before referred to,—King John and Richard the Second,—drenched with Capitals, thousands of these being poured into them in a manner totally at variance with the Master's method.

For Shakspere has been extremely chary in the use of these Guiding Signs. He never throws one away, never allocates one without good
consideration, and not less striking than their number, in passages where
his thought and language are on the strain, is their scarcity in such
portions of the Works as can get along without them, with ordinary care
on the part of the reader. Viewing his Text with regard to these
Emphasis-Capitals, is like looking on a Stellar Map, where we have here
large blank spaces, then tracts relieved by only a light or two, and
then parts thickly studded with Stars. Persons acquainted with works
published in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, know that there
are many, such as the First Folio of the Fairy Queen, 1609; North’s
Plutarch, 1612; and More’s Utopia, 4to. 1624 (not in Lowndes); where
there are no such Capitals, or only a stray one here and there. In others
again, such as Bacon’s Essays, 4to. 1625, such Capitals there are, but equi-
distant, and fastidiously balanced, and, to hear one reading according to
which, would be to listen, as it were, to some humdrum, monotonous, inter-
minable talker. Others again are afflicted with quite a rash of Capitals,
emphasising by which would result in something like an unintermitting scold.
With this third kind, the Two Histories we have named, as they
appear in the Fourth Folio, must be classed. They, as it were, run
riot, while their Companion-Plays are self-possessed and deliberate.

Of the Edition of 1664 it has been recorded, “This Edition is said
to be very rare, the greater part of the copies having been destroyed at
the Fire of London” (1666), and as, with the exception of a few copies
published in 1663, it contained, as the title runs, “Seven Plays never
before printed in Folio, viz., Pericles Prince of Tyre,” &c., its destruc-
tion has been thought to have been so complete as to have justified the
Editors of the Fourth Folio in similarly inserting in its title, “Unto
which is added Seven Plays never before printed in Folio.” On first
perusal these suppositions suggest the possibility of the MSS. of the
two Histories we have named having also perished in the Great Con-
flagration, but that could not, so far as we see, account for their being
printed differently from the others.

In the Preface to a future Part we intend to lay down, as plainly as
we can, and supported by extracts, what seems to us to have been the
Course of the Three After-Folios: how, the First Folio having been
printed from them, the Manuscripts would be held too precious, and
had probably become too frail to be actually wrought from again, but
were apparently kept at hand for occasional reference and guidance:
how the Second Folio printed from the First (whose Editors, Shak- spere's friends, were then dead,—Condell in 1627, and Heminge in 1630), here correcting its errors, there copying some of its palpablest errors verbatim et literatim, and here again committing new errors, and shewing, ever and anon, an alteration evidently based on the MSS.: how the Third did so likewise, and how even the Fourth, which, as we have said, appears to us to have drawn most largely from the MSS. (regaining, for instance, for the Tragedy now reprinted, that goodly number of Emphasis-Capitals of which we append the List commencing on page 28, a little study of which must, we believe, satisfy any one that they prove their own legitimacy, and are supplied omissions), hung in a great measure upon its immediate forerunner, even reproducing the ridiculous error which the Third Folio shows in The Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act iii. Scene 1)—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Cat?

instead of Car.

It was our purpose to include in this Introduction examples of the assistance which Emphasis-Capitals occasionally afford toward the solution of difficult passages, but the length to which it has (with its relative Lists) already extended, will not admit of our doing more at present than adducing two instances, in which, according to our view at least, the Emphasis-Capital, occurring in an obscure line or sentence, seems to declare for it: "No cutting and carving here! Wait in the hope of understanding me, as I am": and when we feel satisfied enough to say, "There ought to be no alteration of this. What is the meaning of it as it stands," the mind knows its work, and can buckle to it better.

The first passage we will notice is the famous one,—which has been called, why we do not know, "at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators,"—in the Third Scene of the Second Act of The Life of Henry the Fifth, in which Mrs Pistol, the quondam Quickly, describes the death of Falstaff. It stands in the First Folio exactly thus:

_Bard._ Would I were with him, wheresomere he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

_Hostess._ Nay sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthurs Bosom, if ever man went to Arthurs Bosom: a made a finer end, and went away and it had been any Christom Child: a parted ev'n just between Twelve and
One, ev'n at the turning o'th Tide: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of green fields. How now Sir John (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a bade me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone."

The puzzle in connection with this wonderful passage has been the phrase, "a Table of green fields;" like which there is nothing in the Quartos, in which, however, the Play is "a mere anatomy" of what we have in the First Folio.

This is now, as every one knows, universally printed "and a babble of green fields," which is the emendation of Lewis Theobald (in his Edition of 1733), whose Note connected with this feat of literary prestidigitation (as we may term it), is worth quoting in full, not only for itself, but for the opportunity it affords us of also shewing Pope's method of overcoming the stumbling-block, and of seeing a little "behind the Scenes," which may be of service to us in considering other points.

The Note proceeds, (and the lavish use of Capital Letters which it exhibits contrasts strangely with this Editor's systematic banishment from his Edition of the Emphasis-Capitals of the First Folio,) "Mr Pope has observ'd that these Words, 'and a Table of green fields' are not in the old Quartos. 'This nonsense (continues He) got into all the following Editions by a pleasant Mistake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common peacemeal-written Parts in the Play-house. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern where they drink at parting;) and the Direction crept into the Text from the Margin. Greenfield was the Name of the Property-man in that time, who furnish'd Implements, &c., for the Actors. A Table of Greenfields.'

—As to the History of Greenfield being then Property-man, whether it was really so, or it be only a gratis dictum, is a Point which I shall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal Direction, and suppose that a Table of Greenfield's was wanting; yet it never was customary in the Prompter's Book (much less, in the peacemeal Parts;)
where any such Directions are marginally inserted for Properties or Implements wanted, to add the Property-man's Name, whose Business it was to provide them. Besides, the furnishing Chairs and Tables is not the province of the Property-man, but of the Scene-keepers. But there is a stronger Objection yet against this Observation advanced by the Editor. He seems to imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that Scene, though the Things are to be got ready against the Beginning of it. But the Directions for Entrances and Properties wanting, (tis well known,) are always mark'd in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the Actors quoted are to enter, or the Properties to be used; that the Stage may not stand still. And therefore, Greenfield's Table can be of no Use to us for this Scene. Nor, indeed, is any Table requisite. The Scene, 'tis true, is in a Tavern; but the Company have no Business to sit down. There is not the least Intimation of any Drink going round: It is in Pistol's own House, as he had married Quickly: and he and his Comrades are on their Feet, and just setting out for France. The Description of Falstaff's Death, and what he talk'd of, is the only thing that retards them for a few Minutes: after which they kiss their Hostess, and part. The Conjectural Emendation I have given, is so near to the Traces of the Letters in the corrupted Text; that I have ventur'd to insert it as the genuine Reading. It has certainly been observ'd (in particular, by the Superstition of Women;) of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of removing: as it has of Those in a Calenture, that they have their heads run on green Fields. To babble, or babble, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like Children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying Persons, when they are losing the Use of Speech."

Here we have Theobald's account of his alteration of the Text of 1623, which Dr Johnson approved of and adopted in his Edition, of which Charles Knight said, that "it turned what was unintelligible into sense and poetry," and De Quincey, "The simple words 'and a babbled of green fields' I should imagine must have been read by many a thousand with tears and smiles at the same instant," to which Mrs Cowden Clarke has given a place in her Complete Concordance, and which, it has been said, "is received wherever Shakspere is known" —our friends in the Fatherland, amongst others, making their
"Frau Hurtig" say, "und er schwatzte von grünen Feldern," although one Leipzig Edition is wise enough to stop with the Nose being "so spitz wie eine Feder," and throws the green fields overboard: it also, alas for the fun! puts Sir John in Abraham's bosom: all which recalls George the Third's exclamation when Dr. Burney mentioned Professor Eichenberg's Translation, "The Germans translate Shakespeare! why we don't understand him ourselves: how should foreigners?"*

So many, and so various, are the adherents to Theobald's alteration, with which, however, we have no sympathy, although we cannot accept that of the Old Corrector of Mr Collier's Copy of the Second Folio, which is thus described: "We are sorry," writes Mr. Collier in the Notes and Emendations, "to be obliged to part with Theobald's fanciful emendation in Mrs Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff, 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields,' founded upon the following words in the old copies, never understood, and containing two misprints, which we shall point out presently on the authority of the corrector of the Folio, 1632—'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.' The mention of 'a pen' and 'a table' might have led to the detection of the error: writing-tables were no doubt at that period often covered with green cloth; and it is to the sharpness of a pen, as seen in strong relief on a table so covered, that Mrs Quickly likens the nose of the dying wit and philosopher—'for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze.'" (Would a pen not look less sharp there?) "The emendation is merely 'on' for 'and,' and frieze for 'fields'; and it is found in the margin of the folio 1632. Pope's ridiculous suggestion respecting a 'table of Greenfields' whom he supposed (there is no extraneous syllable to countenance the notion) to have been the property man of the theatre, has long been exploded; and such, we apprehend, must now be the fate of other proposals in connexion with this obviously corrupt passage." It may be

* The Queen replied, that she thought Eichenberg had rendered the soliloquies very exactly.

"Aye," answered the King, "that is because, in these serious speeches, there are none of those puns, quibbles, and peculiar idioms of Shakespeare and his times, for which there are no equivalents in other languages."
remarked that in all Shakspere's Works the word "frieze" only occurs once, and then in quite a different sense:

no Jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor Coign of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle.

Personal reasons for not accepting Theobald's emendation are secondary in this place, the main objection to it being based on the Text of the First Folio, but one or two of them may be just mentioned. If "a babbed of green fields" were Shakspere's, he would, we think, have made Mrs Quickly say, "When I saw him play with Flowers, and heard him a babble of green Fields," for they have to do with one idea or state of feeling, and he would not have interjected the smiling on the fingers end, and the sharpness of the Nose. To make him "babble," too, implies a sinking to childishness, a falling of the thought, or of the power of speech; but Sir John had always been a strong minded man, and, although the old body could be no longer patched up, he seems to have been strong-minded and strong-voiced to the last. He had just "cried out, three or four times,"—there was no indistinct, idle, prattling there,—and his cry, "God, God, God," showed that poor Jack was in his sorest struggle, and that the awakened consciousness of his long, loose life was bearing hard upon him.

Our main reason, however, for holding that the Text of the First Folio should not be disturbed, is this, that not only does the whole description of the Deathbed, as we have printed it above, remain intact, in every other respect, through the Three remaining Folios, the word "Table" carrying along with it its Emphasis-Capital, but in the Fourth Folio (of whose valuable revision generally, we have endeavoured to give evidence), this distinction is bestowed on the word "fields." It there stands, "for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen and a Table of green Fields." In thinking over the question, we should bear in mind that our early writers seem to have used the word "Table" for a Picture or Painting, and we have, for instance, in North's Plutarch (one of Shakspere's right-hand books) the following (page 1022 of the 1612 Folio): "for Aratus fed him still by sending him passing faire tables, and pictures of
GREEK, of excellent workmanship. And indeed having a singular good wit, he alwaies got together, and brought the excellentest painted pictures he could get, but specially the pictures of Pamphilus and Melanthus, to send them unto the king. For learning flourished yet in the city of Sicyone, and they esteemed the painting of tables in that city to be the perfectest for true colours and fine drawing, of all other places." In Egbert Buys' Dictionary of Terms of Art, 4to. Amsterdam, 1769, there is the following definition: "TABLE (in Heraldry) Coats, or Escutcheons containing nothing but the mere Colour of the Field." Whatever it was that poor Jack's Nose, in its gangrenous state, and with its shrunken, dark veins, suggested to Mrs Quickly, we believe that "a Table of green Fields," were the words which stood in Shakspere's fair Manuscript.

The only other Passage which we can here notice, is a well known one in the 4th Scene of the 3rd Act of this Tragedy, thus printed in the First Folio (see page 48 of this Reprint):

Some Jay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:

This phrase, "whose mother was her painting," is "so from sense in hardness," that it has hitherto proved an unconquerable nut to crack, and about it there cluster all kinds of "conjectural emendations."

Nicholas Rowe changed it to:

(Whose Wother was her Painting)

—whose principal attraction was her artificial loveliness, her fair but false colour. Such a word as "Wother," is, however, found in no Dictionary, but only in a Glossary appended to Gildon's Edition of the Poems, where it is said to mean Merit, Beauty, &c., but there it is supposed to have found a place from the Editor's faith in Rowe's alteration, and his confidence that its accuracy would be established.

Theobald did not, in this case, venture on changing the Text, which, as it stands, seemed to him to have this sense, "'Whose Mother was a Bird of the same Feather,' i.e. such another gay Strumpet." He also "imagined, that the Poet might have wrote: '(Whose Mother was her planting)' i.e. planted her on Posthumus."

Sir Thomas Hanmer in his Edition (1744-46) would read:—

(Whose feather was her painting)
and the same view was taken by Edward Capell (1767-8), the Title of whose Edition is curious: "Mr William Shakespere, his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, set out by himself in Quarto, or by the Players his Fellows in Folio, and now faithfully republished from those Editions."

Charles Knight suggested that it should be "muffler," for "a woman of the kind termed Jay by Shakspere wore a veil or mask called a muffler. The jay of Italy needed no other disguise than the painting of her face—'her muffler was her painting.'"

Mr Collier's Old Corrector connected very unlikely and unworthy words with "the tune of Imogen." "We here arrive," writes Mr Collier in his Notes and Emendations, "at a most singular instance of mishearing, which we must impute wholly to the writer of the manuscript used by the compositor. It is in a speech by Imogen, where she supposes that Posthumus has been seduced by some Italian courtesan:

Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Now, for 'whose mother was her painting' of all editions, we are told by the amender of the folio, 1632, to read,—

Some jay of Italy
Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him.

* * * We feel assured that the scribe misheard, and wrote 'whose mother was her painting' instead of 'who smothers her with painting.' The coincidence of sound seems otherwise almost inexplicable."

Such are some of the actual or proposed alterations of this dark saying, to which one of the German Translations gives a new turn with the words, "die Tochter ihrer schminke."

Our reasons for regarding this Passage as one which should not be touched, are that each word of it remains intact throughout the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, and that while in the First Folio "mother" has no Emphasis-Capital, and the Second follows it exactly, the Third Folio, which adds about twenty-seven New Emphasis-Capitals to
Cymbeline (see List on page 25), puts one to this word "mother," in which Edition it accordingly stands:

(Whose Mother was her painting)

and that by the Fourth Folio, in whose revision of the Plays (with the strange exception we have referred to), we have full confidence, that Emphasis-Capital is maintained.

Whether, therefore, the passage means, as Dr Johnson thought (and it looks likely), "'the creature not of nature but of painting. In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother," or that she bestowed that care and attention on the false beautifying of herself, which were due to her mother, or whatever else the right interpretation may be, we feel assured that we have before us what was written by Shakspere, and that "Mother," which we have seen altered to wother, feather, muffler, smothered, &c., is not only the right word, but an important word in its position, from the fact of its afterwards becoming distinguished by the Emphasis-Capital.

GREENOCK LIBRARY:

WATT MONUMENT.
Lines in Cymbeline containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

You do not meet a man but Frowns
Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
He purposed to his wives sole Son
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
So fair an Outward, and such stuff Within
I cannot delve him to the root. His Father
Was called Sicillius, who did join his Honour
A Child that guided Dotards
I something fear my Father's wrath
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
But he does buy my Injuries to be Friends
You gentle Gods give me but this I have
The Gods protect you
Almost Sir; Heaven restore me:
Your Son's my Father's friend, he takes his part
To bring him to the Haven: left these Notes
I dare lay mine Honour
measured how long a Fool you were
And that she should love this Fellow
comes in my Father
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North
Desires your Highness Company
to a Stranger of his quality
I profess myself her Adorer, not her Friend
and only the gift of the Gods
Which the Gods have given you
to convince the Honour of my Mistress
By the Gods it is one
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
But Heavens know some men are much to blame
It is an office of the Gods to venge it
To the oath of Loyalty
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
That play with all Infirmities for Gold
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine ears
If thou wert Honourable.
As thou from Honour
Your Lord, myself, and other Noble Friends
Which I (the Factor for the rest)
And pawn mine Honour for their safety
hath his belly full of Fighting
He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not,
the Heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour
To your protection I commend me, Gods
With Blue of Heavens own tinct
According to the Honour of his Sender
Fools are not mad Folks
Do you call me Fool?
Obedience, which you owe your Father
than all the Hairs above thee
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land
Must not continue Friends
Profess myself the winner of her Honour
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them
This is her Honour
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where semblance: Love
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
and do't, i'th' Court, before her Father
Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knows.
Art thou a Fœdary for this Act.
So Virgin-like without?
This Service, is not Service
The World may read in me
Into my Story
No, 'tis Slander
But worn a Sail for Ladies
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men.
The Time inviting thee?
I'll have this Secret from thy heart
and when my Lust hath dined
Two Beggars told me
That have Afflictions on them
To lapse in Fulness
Plenty, and Peace breeds Cowards
Are Master of the Feast
Who worship dirty Gods
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends
'Mongst Friends?
Had been my Fathers Sons, then had my prize
What pain it cost, what danger: Gods!
Pardon me Gods
My Horse is tied up safe, out Sword
and the Fellow dares not deceive me
We'll come to you after Hunting
Are we not Brothers?
As I do love my Father
The Bier at door
My Father, not this youth
O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish
To th'Field, to th'Field
For you must be our Housewife
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile
The Smile, mocking the Sigh
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Laws
He is but one: you, and my Brother search
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods)
If we do fear this Body hath a tail
Oh Melancholy
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pity
Hath alter'd that good Picture?
Thy Name well fits thy Faith
I'll hide my Master from the Flies, as deep
Some Falls are means the happier to arise
The want is, but to put those Powers in motion
They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt
Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend
To be i' th'Field, and ask what news of me
To-day how many would have given their Honours
Great the Answer be
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt
So Children temporal Fathers do appease
Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent
This Tablet lay upon his Breast

More sweet than our blest Fields

As when his God is pleas'd

What Fairies haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one

A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort

Purse and Brain, both empty: the Brain the heavier

(the Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain)

O most delicate Fiend!

Of Heaven and Men) her purposes

We did, so please your Highness

But since the Gods

Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal

(Which is our Honour)

That Diamond upon your Finger, say

For Beauty, that made barron the swell'd boast

Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this,

No lesser of her Honour confident

Poet I in this design: Well may you (Sir)

Italian Fiend

If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me

Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

Oh Gods!

How now, my Flesh? my Child?

Then spare not the old Father

How? my Issue

The benediction of the covering Heavens

To in-lay Heaven with Stars

I lost my Children

But not the Time, nor Place

The Soldier that did company these three

That ever swore her Faith

Set we forward: Let
Lines in Cymbeline containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632.)

The Love I bear him, made me to fan you thus Page 22
The Natural bravery of your Isle ,, 39
I am most glad you think of other Place ,, 51
He on the Ground, my speech of insultment ended ,, 57
Good Masters harm me not ,, 60
your Commission will tie you to the Numbers ,, 62
An arm as big as thine? A Heart, as big ,, 66
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted ,, 71
Unless my Sins abuse my Divination ,, 75
To second ills with ills, each Elder worse ,, 80
Lines in Cymbeline containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664.)

Her Husband banish'd . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . …
every Jack-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting
and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends
You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues
Enter Imogen, in her Bed.
the Flame o'th'Taper
Such and such Pictures: There the Window
The treasure of her Honour
If you can penetrate
Encresce your Services:
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
and 'tis Gold
There is Gold for you
I am sprighted with a Fool
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
Oh all the Devils:
to master Cesar's Sword
The sides o'th'World
whose use the Sword of Cesar
She's punish'd for her Truth
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows; which I
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
You clasp young Cupids Tables: good News Gods
That we shall make in Time
Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in War
When we are old as you? When we shall hear.
The Rain and wind beat dark December?
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
Speak man, thy Tongue.
if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers
The perturb'd Court
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek
Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein                  . . . . . . Page 52
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods               . . . . . . "  53
I love, and hate her: for she's Fair and Royal           . . . . . . "  55
The Night to'th'Owl                                       . . . . . . "  61
Base things are Base                                      . . . . . . "  64
for not being such a Smile                               . . . . . . "  65
The Smile mocking the Sigh                               . . . . . . "  65
Come as the Gods                                         . . . . . . "  68
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys                 . . . . . . "  70
Conspir'd with that Irregulous devil Cloten              . . . . . . "  74
But first, and't please the Gods                         . . . . . . "  76
By a sharp Torture                                       . . . . . . "  77
And meet the Time, as it seeks us                        . . . . . . "  77
Drawn on with Torture                                    . . . . . . "  78
Hath not deserve'd my Service, nor your Loves            . . . . . . "  79
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings                     . . . . . . "  79
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods             . . . . . . "  81
Away boy from the Troops, and save thyself               . . . . . . "  82
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring                     . . . . . . "  82
More plentiful, than Tools to do't                       . . . . . . "  82
Still going? This is a Lord: oh Noble misery             . . . . . . "  84
That draw his Knives i'th'War                             . . . . . . "  84
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part                      . . . . . . "  85
(his wife, and Mother to Posthumus)                      . . . . . . "  86
No more thou Thunder-Master                              . . . . . . "  86
I died whilst in the Womb he staid                       . . . . . . "  86
but took me in my Throes                                 . . . . . . "  86
To taint his Nobler heart and brain                      . . . . . . "  87
For this from stiller Seats we came                      . . . . . . "  87
Our Fealty, and Tenantius right, with Honour to maintain . . . . . . "  87
Then Jupiter, the King of Gods                           . . . . . . "  87
This Tablet lay upon his Breast                          . . . . . . "  87
He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath                 . . . . . . "  87
Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made
The heir of his Reward
Of Heaven, and Men
Let him be ransom'd: Never Master had
With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
One Sand another
My Daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength
'twas at a Feast, oh would
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon
Oh give me Cord, or Knife, or Poison,
For Torturers ingenious: it is I.
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth
Marry, the Gods forfend
Pluck a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
More of thee merited, than a Band of Crotens
What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.
and all my Treason that I suffer'd
Their Nurse Euriphile
Excited me to Treason
To in-lay Heaven with Stars
I have got two Worlds by't
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
And she (like harmless Lightning) throws her eye
The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous Daughter
To the Majestic Cedar join'd: whose Issue
Whom heavens in Justice both on her and hers
Laud we the Gods
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
Our Peace we'll ratify: Seal it with Feasts
Lines in Cymbeline containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

His daughter, and the heir of a Kingdom ........................................ Page 1
Takes Prisoner the wild motion of mine eye ...................................... " 20
The Love I bear him ................................................................. " 22
(Unlike all others) chaffless. Pray your Pardon ................................ " 22
A Stranger that's come to Court to-Night ....................................... " 24
Fold down the Leaf where I have left : to bed ................................. " 26
And if thou canst awake by four o'th'O'Clock ................................. " 26
The Womans: Flattering hers ..................................................... " 38
And every day do honor to her Grave .......................................... " 47
(Whose Mother was her painting) hath betray'd him ......................... " 48
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's thy Knife? ...................... " 50
Command, into Obedience .......................................................... " 52
Give me thy hand, here's my Purse .............................................. " 57
My Father, not this Youth ......................................................... " 64
An Arm as big as thine .............................................................. " 66
He made those Cloathes ............................................................ " 66
I'd let a Parish of such Clotens blood ......................................... " 69
Civility not seen from other : Valour ......................................... " 69
Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan ............................................... " 72
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West ............................. " 75
Soft hose, what Trunk is here .................................................... " 75
As War were hood-wink'd ......................................................... " 82
Tis thought the old man, and his Sons, were Angels ....................... " 84
Most welcome Bondage; for thou art a way ................................ " 85
* Oh give me Cord, or Knife, or Poison ..................................... " 98
Whom Heavens in Justice both on her, and hers ............................ " 106
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The pangs of barr’d Affections . . . . . . Page 3
A man, worth any woman: Over-buys me . . . . . . " 6
left these Notes . . . . . . " 7
There’s none abroad so wholesome as that you vent . . . . . . " 7
How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter . . . . . . " 10
to be put to the abiterment of Swords . . . . . . " 11
I prais’d her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone . . . . . . " 11
Thy Pupil long? Hast thou not learn’d me how . . . . . . " 14
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded . . . . . . " 14
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes . . . . . . " 18
Should yield the world this Ass: A woman, that . . . . . . " 25
But my design . . . . . . " 26
And be her Sense but as a Monument . . . . . . " 26
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats . . . . . . " 39
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping . . . . . . " 40
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her . . . . . . " 42
So much as this Fact comes to? Do’t: The Letter . . . . . . " 42
Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus? . . . . . . " 42
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pianio! . . . . . . " 43
the Art o’th’Court . . . . . . " 45
As Record of fair Act . . . . . . " 45
Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave . . . . . . " 48
Mine Action? and thine own? . . . . . . " 50
A punishment, or Trial? . . . . . . " 58
To who? to thee? What art thou? . . . . . . " 66
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Lines in Cymbeline containing Words shewing New Emphasis.

His Daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom.
He purpo'sd to his Wives sole Son.
By her Election may be truly read.
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the Keys.
Dear Lady Daughter, peace.
Your Son's my Fathers Friend.
had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend.
if I bring you no sufficient Testimony.
And Enemy to my Son.
To load thy merit richly. Call my Women.
Think on my words. A sly, and constant Knave.
It cannot be i'th'Eye.
A Gallian-Girl at home. He Furnaces.
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from free Lungs.
What Woman is.
For assured Bondage.
Ay Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter.
Deliver with more openness your Answers.
Had I this Cheek.
To bathe my Lips upon : this Hand.
To' th'Oath of loyalty.
Slaver with Lips as common as the stairs.
then by peeping in an Eye.
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time.
In your despight, upon your Purse.
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed
Let me my service tender on your Lips
Away, I do condemn mine Ears
In the Election of a Sir so rare
Are Partners in the business
(The best Feather of our Wing)
as if I borrowed mine Oaths of him
not for any standers by to curtail his Oaths
No my Lord; nor crop the Ears of them
Whorsn Dog: I gave him satisfaction
I am not vex'd more at anything in th'Earth
a Pox on't
your Issues being Foolish do not derogate
Should yield the World this Ass
A Mother hourly coining Plots
The Walls of thy dear Honour
Who's there? My Woman: Helen?
Mine Eyes are weak
to Bed
Such, and such pictures: There the Window
O sleep, thou Ape of Death
As slippery as the Gordian-Knot was hard
Though this a Heavenly Angel: Hell is here
Winning will put any man into Courage
it's almost Morning, is't not
I am advised to give her Music a Mornings
Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens Gate sings
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes
A voice in her Ears which Horse-hairs and Calves-Guts
but take this Service, I have done, Fatherly
Attend you here the door of our stern Daughter
Prefer you to his Daughter
When you have given good Morning to your Mistress
I know her Women are about her

One of her Women Lawyer to me

I pray you spare me, 'Faith

One bred of Alms and fostered with cold Dishes,

His Garments? Now the Devil

Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my Woman

I saw't this Morning

Quake in the present Winters state

I must die much your Debtor

Your very goodness, and your Company

Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline

That 'mend upon the World

To make your Vessel nimble

I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not

First, her Bed-Chamber

The Wager you have laid

It is a Basilisk unto mine Eyes

The Government of Patience

we will pay him Tribute for Light

The warlike feats I have done, his Spirits fly out

The Duty of the Day

A thing more made of malice, than of Duty

would I had Wings to follow it

You Heavenly Blessings on her

Have made the ground my Bed

Poor House, that keep'st thyself

Finds the Down-Pillow hard

But that it eats our Victuals

Were you a Woman, youth

I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy:

the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his

Posthumus, thy Head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders)
( xxxi )

Love's reason's, without reason. The Bier at Door Page 64
With Winds, that Sailors rail at " 65
It is great Morning. Come away " 65
That fly me thus? Some Villain Mountaineers " 65
Die the Death " 66
None in the World: you did mistake him sure " 67
Which then he wore: the snatches in his Voice " 67
My Head, as I do his " 67
I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's Head " 67
For we do fear the Law: What Company " 67
No single Soul " 68
Can we set Eye on " 68
His Head from him " 68
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much " 68
And praise myself for Charity " 69
Not wagging his sweet Head " 69
O'th'Floor " 70
His Arms thus leagued " 70
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave " 71
The Flower thats like thy Face " 71
Is now due Debt. To'th'Grave " 71
And let us (Polidore) though now our Voices " 71
Great griefs I see Mod'cine the less " 71
(That Angel of the World) " 72
Thersites Body is as good as Ajax " 72
Thou thy Worldly task hast done " 72
Nor no Witch-craft charm thee " 72
And renowned be thy Grave " 73
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees " 73
I thank you: by yond Bush? " 73
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith " 73
As a Wrens Eye " 73
The Brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial Face " 74
Murther in Heaven?
Conspir'd with that Irregulous Devil, Cloten
From this most bravest Vessel of the World
What have you dream'd of late of this Wars purpose
Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a Vision
And on it said a Century of Prayers
As Soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine Eyes
Hold me your Loyal Servant
For Friends kill Friends, and the disorder's such
A Leg of Rome shall not return to tell
You have Locks upon you
By'th'sure Physician, Death; who is the Key
an old man, attired like a Warrior
an ancient Matron (his Wife and Mother to Posthumus)
whose Face I never saw
from this Earth-vexing smart
as great Sicilius Heir
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Which (being cruel to the World) concluded
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet Cheeks
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your place
Believe her Lips in opening it
Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
Mine Eyes
Mine Ears that hear her flattery
That their good Souls may be appeas'd
So think of your Estate
To say, live Boy
Bitter to me, as Death: your Life, good Master
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Thou'rt my good Youth: my Page
Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?
he Eyes us not
My Boon is, that this Gentleman may render.

Twixt Sky and ground.

That Paragon, thy Daughter.

Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving.

His Mistress Picture, which, by his tongue, being made.

Were crak’d of Kitchen-Trulls, or his Description.

Prov’d us unspeaking Sots.

Your Daughters Chastity, (there it begins).

He spake of her, as Dian had hot Dreams.

upon his honour’d Finger.

Egregious Murtherer, Thief, anything.

That all th’abhorred things o’th’Earth amend.

That caus’d a lesser Villain than myself.

The Dogs o’th’Street to bay me: every Villain.

Be Villany less than ’twas.

My Queen, my Life, my Wife: oh Imogen.

Shall’s have a Play of this?

That Box I gave you, was not thought by me.

Hang there like Fruit, my Soul.

Prove Holy-water on thee.

With unchaste purpose, and with Oath to violate.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my Lips.

If it could so roar to me. I cut off’s Head.

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech.

Assum’d this Age.

The whole World shall not save him.

I am too blunt, and saucy: here’s my Knee.

Fall on their Heads like dew.

Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star.

To be his Evidence now.

But I am truest Speaker.

Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too.

The Soldier that did Company these three.
As then your force did. Take that Life, beseech you. " 104
When as as a Lion's Whelp. " 105
The Fingers of the Powers above do tune. " 106
The Harmony of this Peace. " 106
From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft. " 106
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but Frowns. Our bloods no more obey the Heavens Than our Courtiers: Still seem, as does the Kings.

2 Gent. But what's the matter? 1. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom He purpos'd to his wives sole Son, a Widow That late be married) hath referr'd herself Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen, That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, alack good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to seek through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an Outward, and such stuff Within
Endows a man, but he.
2 You speak him far.
1 I do extend him (Sir) within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
2 What's his name, and Birth?
1 I cannot delve him to the root: His Father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his Honor
Against the Romans, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Success:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o' th'time
Died with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman (our Theme) deceast
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest: to th'more Mature,
A glass that feated them: and to the graver,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him; and his Virtue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
2 I honor him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole child to th' King?
1 His only child:
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old  
I'th'swathing clothes, the other from their Nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.  
   2 How long is this ago ?  
   1 Some twenty years.  
   2 That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow  
That could not trace them.  
   1 Howsoe'er, 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at :  
Yet is it true Sir.  
   2 I do well believe you.  
   1 We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,  
The Queen, and Princess.  

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)  
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but  
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win th'offended King,  
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet  
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.  
   Post. 'Please your Highness,  
I will from hence to day.  
   Qu. You know the peril:  
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.  

Exit.

Imo. O dissembling Courtesy! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen, my Mistress:
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'ist husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write (my Queen)
And with mine eyes, I'll drink the words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Qu. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incur, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Pays dear for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keep it till you woo another Wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

And sear up my embraces from a next,
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
While sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poor self) did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

_Imo._ O the Gods!
When shall we see again?

_Enter Cymbeline, and Lords._

_Post._ Alack, the King.

_Cym._ Thou basest thing, avoid hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away,
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

_Post._ The Gods protect you,
And bless the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. _Exit._

_Imo._ There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is

_Cym._ O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A years age on me.

_Imo._ I beseech you Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

_Cym._ Past Grace? Obedience?

_Imo._ Past hope, and in despair, that way past Grace.

_Cym._ That might'st have had
The sole Son of my Queen.

_Imo._ O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

_Cym._ Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seat for baseness.
Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almost Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were
A Neat-herds Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Ey, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What news?
Pisa. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.
Qu. Ha?
No harm I trust is done?
Pisa. There might have been,
But that my Master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so.

Pisa. I humbly thank your Highness.
Qu. Pray walk a-while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you speak with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.  Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of
Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where air comes
out, air comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that
you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.
1 Hurt him? His body's a passable Carcase if he be not
hurt. It is a through-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 His Steel was in debt, it went o'th'Back-side the Town.
Clot. The Villain would not stand me.
2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he
added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)
Clot. I would they had not come between us.
2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come. I'll to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen and Pisario.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' Haven, And questioned'st every Sail: if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost As offer'd mercy is: What was the last That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then way'd his Handkerchief?

Pisa. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linen, happier therein than I: And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long As he could make me with his eye, or ear, Distinguish him from others, he did keep The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind Could best express how slow his Soul sail'd on,
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

How swift his Ship.

_Imo._ Thou should'st have made him,
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

_Pisa._ Madam, so I did.

_Imo._ I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to air: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good _Pisacio_,
When shall we hear from him.

_Pisa._ Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

_Imo._ I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swear,
The Shes of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisous, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

_Enter a Lady._

_La._ The Queen (Madam)

Desires your Highness Company.

_Imo._ Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

_Pisa._ Madam, I shall.

_Exeunt._
Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a Crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Post. Since when, I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgment (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in public, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Posth. Being so far provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in Britany; if she went before others. I have seen as that Diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?
Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistresses is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolen too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail, and the other Casual: A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress: if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more; a punishment too.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Ducats to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Posthu. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your return: let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress: my ten thousand Ducats are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; She your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours: provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: only thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate,
If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

_Iach._ Your hand, a Covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

_Post._ Agreed.

_French._ Will this hold, think you.

_Phil._ Signior _Iachimo_ will not from it.

Pray let us follow'em.                  _Exeunt._

_Scena Sexta._

_Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius._

_Qu._ Whilest yet the dew's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

_Lady._ I Madam.

_Queen._ Dispatch.                  _Exit Ladies._

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

_Cor._ Pleaseth your Highness, ay: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

_Qu._ I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not been
Thy Pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.
   Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome, and infectious.
   Qu. O content thee.

   Enter Pisanio.
Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work: He's for his Master,
And enemy to my Son. How now Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.
   Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
But you shall do no harm.
   Qu. Hark thee, a word.
   Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the Sense a while,
Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.
   Qu. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.
   Cor. I humbly take my leave.
   Qu. Weeps she still (say'st thou?)
Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A days work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay, I pray thee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
The case stands with her: do't, as from thyself;
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy Mistress still, to boot, my Son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pisa.
Think on my words. A sly, and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Ligers for her Sweet: and which, she after
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
to taste of too,
Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prime-Roses
Bear to my Closet: Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Think on my words.

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

Exit Qu. and Ladies.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreme Crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I been Thief-stol'n,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How mean soe' er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arm me Audacity from head to foot,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

_Imogen reads._

_He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust._  
Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

_Iach._ Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so precious
'Twixt fair, and foul?

_Imo._ What makes your admiration?

_Iach._ It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other. Nor i'th'judgment:
For Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to such neat Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

_Imo._ What is the matter trow?

_Iach._ The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage.

_Imo._ What, dear Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

_Iach._ Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

_Pisa._ I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

_Imo._ Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

_Iach._ Well, Madam.

_Imo._ Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

_Iach._ Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton Reveller.

_Imo._ When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

_Iach._ I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By History, Report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free hours languish:
For assured bondage?

_Imo._ Will my Lord say so?

_Iach._ Ay Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman:
But Heaven's know some men are much to blame.

_Imo._ Not he I hope.

_Iach._ Not he:
But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
Ith'Dungeon by a Snuff.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach'. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soul
To'th'oath of loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it only here, should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: Join gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest Soul: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an Empery
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboys hir'd, with that self exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenness can lend Nature. Such boil'd stuff
As well might poison Poison. Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd:

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your despight, upon your purse: revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st have told this tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from Honour: and
Solicits here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Half all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a defended God;
He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry
(Most mighty Princess) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my power i' th' Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T'aintreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, myself, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite form, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly:
And pawn mine Honour for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-Chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I cross'd the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow.
Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To' th'tender of our Present.
Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome.  

Execunt.
Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck? when I kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Jack-an-Apes, must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowl.

2. If his wit had been like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gave him satisfaction? would he had been one of my Rank.

2. To have smell'd like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vex'd more at anything in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jack-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that nobody can match.

2. You are Cock and Capon too, and you crouc Cock, with your comb on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should undertake every Compan-ion, that you give offence to.

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

2. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court night?
Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?
2. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not.
1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus
Friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, what-
soever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
1. One of your Lordships Pages.
Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no de-
rogation in't?
2. You cannot derogate my Lord.
Clot. Not easily I think.

2. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being
foolish do not derogate.
Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day
2. I'll attend your Lordship.  

Exit.

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother
Should yield the world this Ass: A woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining plots: A Wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the divorce, he'd make the Heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour. Keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.  

Exeunt.

---

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helen?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o’th’clock,
I prythee call me: Sleep hath ceiz’d me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech ye.                     Sleeps.

Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans o’er-labour’d sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken’d
The Chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom’st thy Bed; fresh Lily,
And whiter than the Sheets: that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss. Rubies unparagon’d,
How dearly they do’t: ’Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o’th’Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th’inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Under these windows, White and Azure lac’d
With Blue of Heavens own tinct. But my design.
To note the Chamber, I will write all down,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th’adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o’th’Story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testify, t’enrich mine Inventory.
O sleep, thou Ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
’Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within;
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make; this Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough,
To'th' Trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Ravens eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly Angel: hell is here.

One, two, three: time, time. 

Clock strikes.
Exit.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most
coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. But not every man patient after the noble temper of
your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you
win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could
get this foolish Imogen, I should have Gold enough: it's almost
morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Music would come: I am advised to give
her Music a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering,
so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain:
but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good concealed
thing; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

**SONG.**

_Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens gate sings,_  
_and Phæbus gins arise,_  
_His Steeds to water at those Springs_  
_on chalice'd Flowers that lies:_  
_And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes_  
_With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:_  
_Arise, arise._

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Music the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horse-hairs, and Calves-guts, nor the voice of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

_Elter Cymbaline, and Queen._

2 Here comes the King.

_Clot._ I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

_Cym._ Attend you here the door of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

_Clot._ I have assail'd her with Musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

_Cym._ The Exile of her Minion is too new,  
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,  
And then she's yours.

_Qu._ You are most bound to th'King,  
Who let's go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself  
To orderly solicity, and be friended  
With aptness of the season: make denials.  
Encrease your Services: so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the Honour of his Sender,
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good morning to your Mistress,
Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need
T'employ you towards this Roman.
Come our Queen.  

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her: if not
Let her lie still, and dream: by your leave ho,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buys admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yield up
Their Deer to'th'stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Thief:
Nay, sometime hangs both Thief, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
La. No more.
Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Son.
La. That's more
Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Can justly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you spare me, 'faith

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing

Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin,

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,

That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir),

You put me to forget a Ladies manners

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,

That I which know my heart, do here pronounce

By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so near the lack of Charity

To accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meainer parties
(Yet who than he more mean) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But Brats and Beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The consequence o'th'Crown, and must not, foil
The precious note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livery, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Profane Fellow:
Wert thou the Son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groom: thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy. If 'twere made
Comparative for your Virtues, to be styl'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but named of thee. His mean'st Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, than all the Heirs above thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garments? Now the devil.

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprightly with a Fool,
Frightened, and angered worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Hath left mine Arm: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arm; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss aught but he.
  PIs. 'Twill not be lost.
  Imo. I hope so: go and search.
  Clot. You have abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?
  Imo. Ay, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
  Clot. I will inform your Father.
  Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave you Sir,
To th'worst of discontent.  Exit.
  Clot. I'll be reveng'd:
His mean'st Garment? Well.  Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain her's.
  Phil. What means do you make to him?
  Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratify your love; they failing
I must die much your debtor.
  Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augustus: Caius Lucius,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

He'll grant the Tribute: send th'Arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That 'mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See Iachimo.

Post. Theswiftest Harts, have posted you by land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer, made
The speediness of your return.

Iachi. Your Lady,

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Look thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iachi. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court,

When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain, for the Ring is won.
Post. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.
Post. Make note Sir
Your loss, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keep Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can mak't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gains, or loses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterless leave both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for
The press of Boats, or Pride. *A piece of Work*
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was ——

_Post.* This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
_Iach.* More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
_Post.* So they must,
Or do your Honour injury.
_Iach.* The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

_Post.* This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
_Iach.* The Roof o' th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
_Post.* This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
_Iach.* Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this *Jewel*: See,
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your *Diamond*, I'll keep them.
_Post.* Jove ——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

_Iach._ Sir (I thank her) that 10 0
She stripp'd it from her Arm: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

_Post._ May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

_Iach._ She writes so to you? doth she? 105
_Post._ O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vows of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made, 111
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

_Phil._ Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it: or 115
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stol'n it from her.

_Post._ Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this: for this was stol'n. 120

_Iach._ By Jupiter, I had it from her Arm.

_Post._ Hark you, he swears: by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her Attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: they induc'd to steal it? 125
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Phil. Sir, be patient: This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.
Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colt'd by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your Arithmatic,
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.
Iach. I'll be sworn.
Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal:
I will go there and do't, 'ith' Court, before
Her Father. I'll do something.
Phil. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart.

Exit.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some Coiner with his Tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife
The Nonpareil of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so Rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour, was't not?
Or less; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Jarmen on,
Cried oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
The very Devils cannot plague them better.  

 Exit.
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in mens eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues Be Theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Uncle (Famous in Cæsars praises, no whit less Than in his Feats deserving it) for him, And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately Is left untender'd.

Qu. And to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius: Britain's a world By itself, and we will nothing pay For wearing our own Noses.

Qu. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to resume We have again. Remember Sir, my Liege, The Kings your Ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your Isle, which stands As Neptunes Park, ribb'd, and pal'd in With Oaks unsableable, and roaring Waters, With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats, But suck them up to'th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poor ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egg-shells mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Cæsar's Sword,
Made Luds-Town with rejoicing-Fires bright,
And Britons strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdom
is stronger than it was at that time: and (as I said) there is
no mo such Cæsar, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but
to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as
Cassibulan, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand. Why
Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Cæsar can hide
the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket,
we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir, no more Tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th'World, against all colour here,
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Caesar, that hath mo Kings his Servants, than
Thyself Domestic Officers) thine Enemy:
Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
In Caesars name pronounce I ’gainst thee: Look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him, I gather’d Honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalniatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Arms: a Precedent
Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
us, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other
terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beat
us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crows
shall fare the better for you: and there’s an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcome. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pianio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is fall’n into thy ear? What false Italian,
(As poisonous tongu’d, as handed) hath prevail’d
She’s punish’d for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, than Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes, How? That I should murther her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Do't: The Letter.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity. Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the Ink that's on thee: senseless bauble,
Art thou a Fœdary for this Act; and look'st
So, Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physic Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of counsel. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
Though Forfeitors you cast in prison, yet
You clafp young Cupids Tables: good News Gods.

Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (oh the dearest of
Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that
I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your own Love, will
out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness,
that remains loyal to his Vow, and your increasing in Love.
Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kind. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speak thick
(Loves Counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To' th' smothering of the Sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by' th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
'Twixt hour, and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands
That run i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Fool'ry,
Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say
She'll home to her Father; and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier than would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) not here, not here;
Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I prystee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way. \textit{Exeunt.}

\underline{Scena Tertia.}

\textit{Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.}

\textit{Bel.} A goodly day, not to keep house with such,
Whose Roof's as low as ours: Sleep Boys, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bows you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbans on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail thou fair Heaven,
We house i'th'Rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

\textit{Guid.} Hail Heaven.

\textit{Arvir.} Hail Heaven.

\textit{Bela.} Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond hill
Your legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in War.
This Service, is not Service; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, than attending for a check:
Richer, than doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncros'd: no life to ours.

\textit{Gui.} Out of your proof you speak: we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor knows not
What Air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper known. Well corresponding
With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travelling abed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The Rain and wind beat dark December? How
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.
Did you but know the Cities Usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to climb
Is certain falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o' th' War,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dies i' th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of fair Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sy at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
The World may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a Soldier was the Theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storm, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shook down my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romans: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty years,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th'Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast.
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the Valleys.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature?
These Boys know little they are Sons to'th'King,
Not Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanly
I'th'Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit,
The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Paladour,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The King his Father call'd Guiderius. Jove,
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I see my foot on's neck, even then
The Princely blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger Brother Cadwall,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rous'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heaven and my Conscience knows
Thou did'st unjustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
Thou reft me of my Lands. Euriphele,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself Belarius, that am Morgan call'd
They take for Natural Father. The Game is up. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I have now: Pisanio, Man:
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be Summer News
Smile to't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damm'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.
Imogen reads.

Thy Mistress (Pisanio) hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander, Whose edge is sharper than the Sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States, Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witness: Iachino, Thou did' st accuse him of Incontinency, Thou then look' d'st like a Villain: now, me thinks Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy (Whose mother was her painting) hath betrayed him: Poor I am stale, a Garment out of fashion, And for I am richer than to hang by th' walls, I must be ript: To pieces with me: Oh! Mens Vows are womens Traitors, All good seeming By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought Put on for Villany; not born where't grows, But worn a Bait for Ladies.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Pisa. Good Madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Synons weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear: took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur’d
From thy great fail: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look
I draw the Sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart:)
Fear not, ’tis empty of all things, but Grief:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may’st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem’st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Self-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That craves my weak hand: Come, here’s my heart:
Something’s a-foot: Soft, soft, we’ll no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyal Leonatus,
All turn’d to Heresy? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Fools
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betray’d
Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
That did’st set up my disobedience ’gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits
Of Princely Fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of Rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

_Pis._ Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

_Imo._ Do't, and to bed then.

_Pis._ I'll wake mine eye-balls first.

_Imo._ Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine own? Our Horses labour?
The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far
To be un-bent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected Deer before thee?

_Pis._ But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course: good Lady •
Hear me with patience.

_Imo._ Talk thy tongue weary, speak:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

_Pis._ Then Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

_Imo._ Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

_Pis._ Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman Courtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll back to' th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That Cloten, whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' worlds Volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in' t:
In a great Pool, a Swans-nest, prythee think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, near.
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on’t
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here’s the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Niceness
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer’d, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay be brief?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
(Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) ’fore Noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you’re happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in Music, doubtless
With joy he will embrace you: for he’s Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There’s more to be consider’d: but we’ll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
Ps. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomach-qualm'd at Land, a Dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-Kinglike.
Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honour, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness. Exit Lucius, &c.
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness:
The Power that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She look us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

Qu. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to'th'loud of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known: but our great Court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove false.

Qu. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old Servant
I have not seen these two days.

Qu. Go, look after:

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a Drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's Fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools shall ——,

Enter Pisario.

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she Sir? Come nearer:
No farther halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villain,
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:
This Paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: undergo those Employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord. Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon:) even there, thou villain Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and natural person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insult ended on his dead body, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Clothes that she so prais'd:) to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.
Be those the Garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my Noble Lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
Wore to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fools speed
Be cross'd with slowness; Labour be his meed.

---

*Scena Sexta.*

*Imo.* I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tir'd myself: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountain top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a ken. Oh Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched: such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie
That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for Need: and Falsehood
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink, for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere clean it o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardness ever
Of Hardiness is Mother. Hoa? who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak: if savage,
Take or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens. Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prov'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the Down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself.

Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arvi. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' th' Cave, we'll browse on that
Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a Fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Jupiter an Angel: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness
No elder than a Boy.
Enter Imogen.

_Imo._ Good masters harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good 'troth
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'Floor. Here's money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board, so soon
As I had made my Meal; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

_Gui._ Money? Youth.

_Arv._ All Gold and Silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

_Imo._ I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

_Bel._ Whether bound?

_Imo._ To Milford-Haven.

_Bel._ What's your name?

_Imo._ Fides Sir: I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

_Bel._ Prythee (fair youth),
Think us no Churls: nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eat it:
Boys, bid him welcome.

_Gui._ Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groom in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

_Arv._ I'll make't my Comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.
Imo. 'Mongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had been so, that they
Had been my Fathers Sons, then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee Posthumus.
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
What pain it cost, what danger: Gods!
Bel. Hark Boys.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sex to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
Bel. It shall be so:
Boys we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray draw near.
Arvi. The Night to'th'Owl,
And Morn to th'Lark less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arvi. I pray draw near. Exeunt.

Scene Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The Gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live Cæsar.

Tri. Is Lucius General of the Forces?


Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of, your Commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. Exeunt.

---

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot. I am near to'th'place where they should meet, if Pisanio
have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me? Why
should his Mistress who was made by him that made the
Tailor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word)
for 'tis said a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must
play the Workman, I dare speak it to myself, for it is not
Vainglory for a man, and his Glass, to confer in his own
Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as
his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes,
beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth,
alone conversant in general services, and more remarkable in
single oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in
my despite. What Mortality is? Posthumus, thy head (which
now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this hour be
off, thy Mistress inforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before
thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My Horse is tied up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arvi. Brother, stay here:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal course: the breach of Custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arvi. If it be sin to say so (Sir) I yoke me
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's, without reason. The Bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.
   Bel. Oh noble strain!
O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness!
"Cowards father Cowards, and Base things Sire Base;
"Nature hath Meal, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' th'Morn.
   Arvi. Brother, farewell.
   Imo. I wish ye sport.
   Arvi. Your health. —— So please you Sir.
   Imo. These are kind Creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report.
Th'impertious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am sick still, heart-sick; Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy Drug.
   Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
   Arvi. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter,
I might know more.
   Bel. To' th' Field, to' th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.
   Arvi. We'll not be long away.
   Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.
   Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
   Bel. And shall't be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.
   Arvi. How Angel-like he sings?
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Gui. But his neat Cookery?

Arvi. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'st our Broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arvi. Nobly he yokes
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With winds, that Sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the stinking-Elder (Grief) untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates?
Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th'Queen. I fear some Ambush:
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Laws: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clo. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain-Mountainers?
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A Slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villain: yield thee Thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart, as big:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou Villain base,
Know'st mè not by my Clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy Tailor, Rascal:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those clothes,
Which (as it seems) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou Villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double Villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to'th'Queen.
Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear: the Wise:
At Fools I laugh: not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Luds-Town set your heads:
Yield Rustic Mountaineer. 

Fight and Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad?
Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fav'ur
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of Fear.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gui. This Cloten was a Fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,
Son to the Queen (after his own report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Luds-Town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the Law. What company
Discover you abroad?
   Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzy,
Not absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Came here, hunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
   (As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet 'st not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this Body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
   Arvî. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My Brother hath done well.
   Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles sickness
Did make my way long forth.
   Gai. With his own Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, he's the Queens Son, Cloten,
That's all I,reck.

   Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would (Polidore) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
   Arvî. Would I had done't:
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: Polidore
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pray thee to our Rock,
You and Fidele play the Cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polidore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arwi. Poor sick Fidele.
I'll willingly to him, to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.  

Bel. Oh thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature; thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boys: t'hey are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royal blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,
 Civility not seen from other: valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown'd: yet still it's strange
What Clotens being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
I have sent Clotens Clot-pole down the stream,
In Embassy to his Mother; his Body's hostage
For his return.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hark Polidore) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark.

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'st Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of Age, to sixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fairest Lily:
My Brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh Melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easiest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou died'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholy.
How found you him?

Arvi. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arvi. O'th'floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

If he be gone, he'll make his Grave, a Bed:
With female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

_Arvi._ With fairest Flowers
Whil'st Summer lasts, and I live here, _Fidele_,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veins: no, nor
The leaf of Eglandine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddock would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming,
Those rich-left-heirs, that let their Fathers lie
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Corse ——

_Gui._ Prythee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'grave:

_Arvi._ Say, where shall's lay him?

_Gui._ By good _Euriphele_, our Mother.

_Arvi._ Be't so:
And let us (Polidore) though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,
Save that _Euriphele_, must be _Fidele_.

_Gui._ Cadwall,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests, and Fanes that lie.

_Arvi._ We'll speak it then.

_Bel._ Great griefs I see med'cine the less: For _Cloten_
Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean, and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet Reverence
(That Angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arvi. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to th'East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arvi. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girls all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arvi. Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:

The Sceptre, Learning, Physic must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash.

Arvi. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gui. Fear not Slander, Censure rash.

Arvi. Thou hast finish'd Joy and moan.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorciser harm thee,

Arvi. Nor no witch-craft charm thee.

Guid. Ghost un laid for bare thee.
THE TRAGeDY OF Cymbeline.

Arvi. Nothing ill come near thee.
Both. Quiet consumation have,
And renowned be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies:
Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are strewings fitt'st for Graves: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd: even so
These Herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their pain.  
Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thank you: by yond bush? pray how far thither?
'Ods pittikins: can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, I'll lie down, and sleep.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream:
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good faith
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pity
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dream's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man? The Garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's Leg: this is his Hand:
His Foot Mercurial: his martial Thigh
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —-
Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. Pisanio,
All Curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous devil Cloten,
Hath here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pisanio,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pisanio)
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Strook the maintop! Oh Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And Cordial to me, have I not found it
Mur'd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten: Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your Ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduct of bold Iachimo,

Sienna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'wind.

Luc. This forwardness
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captains look to't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this wars purpose.

Sooth: Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Joves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my Divination)
Success to th'Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. ' Soft hoa, what trunk is here?
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boy's face.

Cap. He's alive my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body: Young one,
Inform us of thy Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise than noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by Mountaineers lies slain: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: serve truly: never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth:
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

_Imo. Richard du Champ_: If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

_Luc._ Thy name?

_Imo. Fidele_ Sir.

_Luc._ Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperors Letters.
Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

_Imo._ I'll follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
I'll hide my Master from the Flies, as deep
As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

_Luc._ Ay good youth,
And rather Father thee, than Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest Daisied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
_A Grave_: Come, Arm him: Boy he's preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
As Soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. _Execut._

_Scena Tertia._

_Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio._

_Cym._ Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Fever with the absence of her Son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful Wars point at me: Her Son gone,
So needful for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we’ll enforce it from thee
By a sharp Torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistress,
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyal Servant.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he’s true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:
We’ll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

*Lord.* So please your Majesty,
The Roman Legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Roman Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz’d with matter.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you’re ready:
The want is, but to put those Powers in motion,
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you: let’s withdraw
And meet the Time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away.

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise.
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplexed in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my Country,
Even to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arriragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arri. What pleasure Sir, we find in life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans
Must, or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure v.,
To the Kings party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arri. It is not likely,
That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
And ears so clow'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

_Bel._ Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army: Many years
(Though _Cloth_ then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

_Gui._ Than be so,
Better to cease to be. _Pray Sir, to' th'Army:_
I, and my Brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

_Arvi._ By this Sun that shines
I'll thither: What thing is't, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
A Rider like myself; who ne're wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

_Gui._ By heavens I'll go,
If you will bless me Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

_Arvi._ So say I, Amen.

_Bel._ No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boys:
If in your Country wars you chance to die,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Every good Servant does not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen, to repent, and strook
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.
But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Lady's Kingdom: 'Tis enough
That (Britain) I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

As does a Briton Peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with: so I'll die
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me:
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin,
The fashion less without, and more within. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door: and
the Briton Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following
like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then
enter again in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he
vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom,
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a Lady,
The Princess of this Country; and the air on't
Re vengeance ly en feebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I wear mine) are titles but of scorn.
If that thy Gentry (Britain) go before
This Lout, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. Exit.

The Battle continues, the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken:
Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have th' advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arrvi. Stand, stand, and fight.
Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Briton Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,
Though you it seems come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying
Through a strait' Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having work
More plentiful, than Tools to do't: strook down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damn'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with length'ned shame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldier
(An honest one I warrant) who deserve'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, than to commit such slaughter,
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

With faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled.
Our Britons hearts die flying, not our men,
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards; stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
A Distaff, to a Lance, gilded pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sin in War,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
Upon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then began
A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retire: Anon
A Rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,
Some slain before some dying; some their Friends
O'er-borne i'th'former wave, ten chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die, or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th'Field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one:
"Two Boys, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,  
"Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans bane.
  Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
  Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.
  Lord. Farewell, you're angry.
  Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'Field, and ask what news of me:
To-day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carcases? Took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd
Could not find death, where I did bear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath mo ministers than we
That draw his knives i'th'War. Well I will find him:
For being now a Favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by'th'Roman; great the Answer be
Britons must take. For me, my Ransom's death,
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains and Soldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dog,
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What Crows have pecked them here: he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus Pisanio, and
Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stol'n,
You have locks upon you:
So graze, as you find Pasture.

2. Gao. Ay, or a stomach.

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th'Gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By'th'sure Physician, Death; who is the key
T'unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporal Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd, to satisfy
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my All.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For 
Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it,
'Tween man, and man, they weigh not every stamp:
Though light, take Pieces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn Music. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leonatus,
Father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior,
leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, and
Mother to Posthumus) with Music before them. Then after
other Music, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to
Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They
circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spite, on Mortal Flies:
With Mars fall out with Juno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reneges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:
I died whil'st in the Womb he staid,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thur Orphans Father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
but took me in my Throes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
came crying 'mong' st his Foes,
A thing of pity.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestry,
moulded the stuff so fair:
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

That he d serv'd the praise o'th'World,
as great Sicilius heir.

1. Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britain where was he
That could stand up his paralell?
Or fruitful object be?
In eye of Imogen, that best could deem
his dignity.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mock'd
to be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati Seat, and cast from her,
his dearest one:
Sweet Imogen?
Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,
To taint his Nobler hart and brain, with needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn o'th'others villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and us twain,
That striking in our Countrys cause,
fell bravely, and were slain,
Our Fealty, and Tenantius right, with Honor to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Christal window ope; look,
look out, no longer exercise
Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,
or we poor Ghosts will cry
To' th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Help (Jupiter) or we appeal,
and from thy justice fly.
Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting uppon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghosts Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know) Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts. Poor shadows of Elizium, hence, and rest Upon your never-withering banks of Flowers. Be not with mortal accidents opprest, No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours. Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift: His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent: Our Jovial Star reign'd at his Birth, and in Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade, He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen, And happier much by his Affliction made. This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine, And so away: no farther with your din Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine: Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.  

Ascends.

Sic. He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Ascension is More sweet than our blest Fields: his Royal Bird Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his Beak, As when his God is pleas'd.  

All. Thanks Jupiter.  

Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest Let us with care perform his great behest.  

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandsire, and begot A Father to me: and thou hast created A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorn)
Gone, they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend
On Greatness, Favour; Dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I swerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reads.

*When as a Lions whelp, shall to himself unknown, without
seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And
when from a stately Cedar shall be loft branches, which being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock,
and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.*

'Tis still a Dream: or else such stuff as Madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking-such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

*Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?*
*Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you
are well Cook'd.*
*Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish
pays the shot.*
*Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you
shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills,
which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of*
mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry
that you are paid too much: Purse and Brain, both empty:
the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light,
being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sums up
thousands in a trice: you have no true Debitor, and Creditor
but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your
neck (Sis) is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance
follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache:
but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a Hangman to
help him to bed, I think he would change places with his
Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you
shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not seen
him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take
upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am
sure you do not know: or jump the after-inquiry on your own
peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think
you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct
them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use
them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have
the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure
hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the
King.

Post. Thou bring'gst good news, I am call'd to be made free.

Gao. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a Gaoler; no bolts for
the dead.
Gao. Unless a man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses: I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poor Soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags, sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked breast Stept before Targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such Noble fury in so poor a Thing; Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought But beggary, and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pisa. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living; But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his Reward, which I will add To you (the Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain) By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o' th' Battle, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' Court of Britain.

Corn. Hail great King,
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a Physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med' cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confess she never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatness got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'come you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her Son into th'adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effect'd: so
Dispairing, died.

\[Cym.\] Heard you all this, her Women?
\[La.\] We did, so please your Highness.

\[Cym.\] Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears that hear her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus
behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britons have rased out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which ourself have granted,
So think of your estate.

\[Luc.\] Consider Sir, the chance of War, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my Boy (a Briton born)
Let him be ransom'd: Never Master had
A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so Nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, live boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of Cymbeline what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

_Cym._ Wherefore ey'st him so?

_Imo._ I'll tell you (Sir) in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

_Cym._ Ay, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

_Imo._ _Fidele_ Sir.

_Cym._ Thou'rt my good youth: my Page

I'll be thy Master: walk with me: speak freely.

_Bel._ Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?

_Arri._ One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosy Lad:

Who died, and was _Fidele_: what think you?

_Gui._ The same dead thing alive.

_Bel._ Peace, peace, see further: he eyes us not, forbear

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure.

He would have spoke to us.

_Gui._ But we see him dead.

_Bel._ Be silent: let's see further.

_Pisa._ It is my Mistress:

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

_Cym._ Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speak to him.

_Imo._ My boon is, that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

_Post._ What's that to him?

_Cym._ That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

_Iach._ Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that

Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

_Cym._ How? me?

_Iach._ I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas Leonatus Jewel,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock
That strook the hour: it was in Rome, accurs'd
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been poison'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'est of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for Feature, lam ing
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures, beyond brief Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His Mistress picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
THE TRAGEDY OF Cymbeline.

Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)

He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger) to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
Of Phæbus Wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian brain,
Gan in your duller Britain operare
Most wildly: for my vantage excellent.
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus: averring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) may some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinks I see him now.

*Post.* Ay so thou dost,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Fool,
Egregious murtherer, Thief, anything
That's due to all the Villains past, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'th'street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queen, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, hear, hear.

Post. Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress: Oh my Lord Posthumus,

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: help, help,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Posth. How comes these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake my Mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me

To death, with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous Fellow hence,

Breathe not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gave you, was not thought by me

A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If Pasanio
Have (said she) given his Mistress that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queen (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?

Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall

Prove holy-water on thee; Imogen,

Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I‘ll speak troth. Lord Cloten
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam’d at the mouth, and swore
If I discover’d not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the Mountains near to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc’d from me) away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forfend.
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny’t again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off’s head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn’d, and must
Endure our Law: Thou’rt dead.

Imo. That headless man I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of Cloten
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two one's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sons, I must
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arr. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou had'st (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.


Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan) Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment Itself, and all my Treason that I suffer'd, Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes (For such, and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir) As your Highness knows: Their Nurse Euriphile (Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't, Having receiv'd the punishment before For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty, Excited me to Treason. Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir, Here are your Sons again, and I must lose Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World. The benediction of these covering Heavens Fall on their heads likis dew, for they are worthy To in-lay Heaven with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st: The Service that you three have done, is more Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children, If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier Sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;

This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore, Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Arviragus. Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
It was a mark of wonder.

_Bel._ This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.

_Cym._ Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three? Ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh _Imogen_,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

_Imo._ No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

_Cym._ Did you ere meet?
_Arvi._ Ay my good Lord.
_Gui._ And at first meeting lov'd,
Continued so, until we thought he died.

_Corn._ By the Queens Dram she swallow'd.

_Cym._ O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to its Circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battle? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But not the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
_Posthumus_ Anchors upon _Imogen_;  
And she (like harmless Lightning) throws her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

_Imo._ You are my Father too, and did relieve me:

To see this gracious season.

_Cym._ All o'er-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

_Imo._ My good Master, I will yet do you service.

_Luc._ Happy be you.

_Cym._ The forlorn Soldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

_Post._ I am Sir

The Soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak _Iachimo_, I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

_Iach._ I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And here the Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

_Post._ Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deal with others better.

_Cym._ Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

_Arvi._ You holp us Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I waked, I found
This Label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Here, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

When as a Lions whelp, shall to himself unknown, without
seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And
when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock,
and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.
Thou Leonatus art the Lions Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We term it Mulier; which Mulier I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to, you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal Cymbeline
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: who by Belarius stol'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majestic Cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises Britain, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,
And to the Roman Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd herself, and in the Beams o' th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperial *Caesar*, should again unite
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smokes climb to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a British Ensign wave
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Town* march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace we'll ratify: Seal it with Feasts.
Set on there: Never was a War did cease
(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace. *Exeunt.*

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