



THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes late Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princessse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, a lacke good man,
And therefore banish'd,) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and achiev'd Successse:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes 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 tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas minitied,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A temple to the youngest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Miras,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio 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 the sole childe to'th' King?

1. His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no gheile in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2. I do well belecue you.

1. We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princessse. *Exunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

2 2 3

That

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Curtisie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My deereſt Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourelly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyallſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filario's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet He moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to lue,
The loathnesſe to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but rising forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And feare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, faireſt,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, He place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baseſt thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesſe, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buys mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio

Qu. Fye, you must giue way.
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe 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
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

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

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Qu.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
 Pray you speake with me;
 You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
 For this time leaue me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

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

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

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene vs.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that thee should loue this Fellow, and refuse mee.

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

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

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

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

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

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

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

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
 Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
 The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
 Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
 Could best expresse how slow his Soule say'd on;
 How swift his Ship.

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

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

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

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

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
 How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
 Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
 The Shees of Italy should not betray
 Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
 At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
 T'encounter me with Orilons, for then
 I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
 Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
 And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our buddees from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
 Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
 I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
 was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-
 thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
 could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
 miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
 bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
 then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-
 out, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma-
 ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
 hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
 wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
 his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
 matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
 lamentable diuorce vnder her colour, are wonderfully

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.

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

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you: it had beene pittie you should haue beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Truelier, rather shun'd to goe euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

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

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

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

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

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

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

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

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

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

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes.

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

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, to your bracke of vprizable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Catuall; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistis: if in the holding or lesse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

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

Iach. With five times so much conuersation, I should get ground of your faire Mistis; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

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

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserue more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

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

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

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

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Diam, you cannot perscure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

Posthumus. This is but a custome in your tongue. you beare a grauer purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go what's spoken, I sweare.

Posthumus. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne betweene's. My Mistis exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient restitution that I haue enioy'd the deereft bodily part of your Mistis: my ten thousand Duckets are yours,

so

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided. I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs have Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuay'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnleduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

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

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haire. Who ha's the rote of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Qu.en. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam: But I be eech your Grace, without offence (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds, Which are the moouers of a languishing death: But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so, That our great King himselde doth woo me oft For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded, (Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete That I did amplifie my iudgement in Other Conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Aet, and by them gather Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee,

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master, And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*? Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended. Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. Shee doth thinke she ha's Strange ling'ring poysons. I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drugges of such dam'd Nature. Those she ha's, Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while, Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward vp higher: but there is No danger in what shee of death it makes, More then the locking vp the Spirits a time, To be more fresh, reuiuing. Shee is fool'd With a most false effect: and I, the truer, So to be false with her.

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Exit.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou)?
Dost thou thinke in time
Shee will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word shee loues my Sonne,
He tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all'ye speechelesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shun his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
Somuch, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an ea. nest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou chaugest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. He moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheesely,
That let thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisanio.*
Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, shee after
Except shee bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closet: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
He choake my selfe: there's all Ie do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Exit Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreme Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-Rolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious! Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Eye.

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 greetes your Highnesse deereley.

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

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

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, so whose kindnesse I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

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

Iach. Thankes 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 fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so pretious
Twixt faire, and soule?

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
Conterme with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet yn satisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Exit.

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 Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs scries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too.

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures hearryly.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pittie 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 speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Eiher are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips vpon this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To th'oath of loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damnd then)

Stage

S lauer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
Wich labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's sed with stinking Tallow: it were nic
That all the plagues of Hell should at once me
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Britaine.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclind to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beguery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O decreit Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So tane, and fastend to an Emperre
Would make the great world double, to be partner'd
Wich Tomboyes boyld, with that selfe exhibition
Which your oyle Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with eill Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenesse can lend Nature. Such boyld stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd:

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

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramples
In your delight, vpon your pause: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to say you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request:
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperour:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By lengthning my returne. From Gallia,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truely yeilded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes,
must

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

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

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweate; it is not for any standers by to curtail his oathes. Ha?

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

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

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing 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 Queene my Mother: euery Locke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

3. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should undertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

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

3. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

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

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

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

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

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

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

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

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Exit.

That such a crattie Diuicil as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Ass: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Canuot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princess, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd, A Mother hourly conyning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the soule expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, hee'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour, Keepe vnshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand Tenoy thy banisht Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helena*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafer where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:

And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayties, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iach: mo from the Truncke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheeres: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deere they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper

Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

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 naturall notes about her Body,

About ten thousand meaner Moueables

Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death lye dull vpon her,

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell 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 do's within:

To th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,

Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and rane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,

Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Terens*, heere the leafer's turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,

To th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

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

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 Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking MARY-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so carely: he cannot choose but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare 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 Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encreate your Seruices: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

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

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede T'employ you towards this Romans.

Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yes, and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp Their Deere to'th'stand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe. By your leaue.

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies perion, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe 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 thinke is good. The Princessse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of thankses, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me: If you sweare still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent, I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith I shall vnfold equall discourtesie To your best kindeesse: one of your great knowing Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin, I will not.

Imo. Fooies are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verball: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules (On whom there is no more dependencie But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The consequence o' th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liourie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow :

Wert thou the Sonne of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides : thou wert too base,
To be his Groomer : thou wert dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enue. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,
Were they all made such men : How now *Pisano*?

Enter Pisano,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Clot. I will enforce your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue your Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.

Exit.

Clot. He bercueng'd:
His mean'st Garment? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they sayling
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

Hee'lle grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieffe.

Post. I do beleuee

(Staitt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Waire; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell numb'le.

Phi. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the brievenesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iach. Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon;

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

Iach. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine 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 haue lost it,

I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
He make a iourney twice as farre, 'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make note Sir

Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my telfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour, gines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleuee; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

Yon't

You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber

(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidrus* swell'd about the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Price. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did strue
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 haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach. The Chimney

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wiger you haue laid.

Iach. Then if you can

Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. Ioue ———

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guilt,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue 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 shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post. Very true,

And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolne.

Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he swears: by Iupiter he swears.
'Tis true, may keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cognitance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themselues betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Post. Neuer talke on't:

She hath bin coited by him.

Iach. If you seeke

For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiss it, and it gaue me present hurt, or
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme

Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arithmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Ouce, and a Million.

Iach. Ile be sworne.

Post. No swearing:

If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. Ile deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something. *Exit.*

Phil. Quite besides

The government of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-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't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-parcill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rostic, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full Acorn'd Bore, a Iarmen on,
 Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should front the counter guard. Could I finde out
 The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
 The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
 Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
 All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not halfe so old as that. He write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
 The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Closten, and Lords at
 one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
 and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
 Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
 Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
 And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle
 (Famous in Caesars prayses, no whit lesse
 Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
 Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
 Is left vtender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
 Shall be so euer.

Clor. There be many Caesars,
 Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world
 By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with
 The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
 As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
 With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,
 With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
 But sucke them vp to th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
 Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
 Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame
 (The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twke beaten: and his Shipping
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egge-shells mou'd ypon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
 (Oh gyles Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,
 Made Lud. Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines Arut with Courage.

Clor. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
 said) there is no mo such Caesars, other of them may haue
 crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clor. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
 as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.
 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar
 can hide the Sun from vs 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 iniurious Romans, did extort
 This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere,
 Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
 Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
 Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes
 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
 Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
 (Caesar, that hath moe Kings; his Seruants, then
 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
 Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
 In Caesars name pronounce I'gainst thee: Looke
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus deside,
 I thank thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,

Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much vnder him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
 Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their Liberties are now in Armes. a President
 Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
 So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clor. His Maesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
 rtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
 terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
 water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
 fall in the aduerture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
 you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and be mine:
 All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:
 Oh Master, what a strange infection

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Is false into thy care? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doe't it the Letter,
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Fedarie for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, heere 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 Starres, as I his Characters,
Hee'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, rellish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison; yet
You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

After and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (oh the deceit of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your owne Loue, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happinesse, that remaines loyal to his Vow, and your encreasing in Loue.
Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, 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 kinde. Oh nor like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsaile should fill the bores of hearing,
To th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford, And by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I
T'inherite such a Haue. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne of thee, begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Præthee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre?

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

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolie,
Go, bid my Woman faine a Sicknesse, lay
She'll home to her Father; and prouide me presently
A Riding Suit: No collier then would fit
A Frankins Huswife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;
Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

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

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Arvir. Haile Heauen.

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

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

Arvi. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cause, shall we discourtse

The freezing hours away? We haue scene nothing:
We are beathy; suble as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
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 speake.

Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slippy, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke our danger
I'th' name of Fame and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a stand'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
Must cur'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gu. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you of)
But that two Villaines, whose false Charms preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue had at none free dome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaine,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feall
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater Store:

He meete you in the Valleyes.

Exit.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know bute they are Somes to'th' King,
Not *Cymbeline*: dreames that they are alue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanelly
I'th' Cate, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In my ple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trickes of others. This *Paladour*,
The heire of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
One King his Father call'd *Gunderius*. Ioue,
When on my throne, that People I sit, and tell
The warlike feat's I haue done, his points flye out
Into my Scurry: by this mine I acely tell,
And thus I set my foot on a necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Checke, he sweats,
Straines his young Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Armagas*, in as like a figure
Strike life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyting. Heerke, the Game is row'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Theu'd ad it vauity banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou rests me of my Lands. *Enripbile*,
Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her graue:
My ielse *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro' horse, y place
Was nere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To see me first, as I haue 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 selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a humour or lesse feare, the wildnesse
Vanquish y' stau'der Scufes. What's the matter?
Why reuerst thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? Ifc be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance still. My Husbands hand?
That *Dray*, doam'd Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
My take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis. Pleaseth you reade,
And you shall see me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy Mistis (*Pisanio*) hath ploude the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lies bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak Sorrow, but from prooue as strong as my
griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou
(*Pisanio*) must alke for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunity at *Milford Haven*. She hath my Letter
for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyall.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
Thus viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady,
Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witnesseth. *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'st accute him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd'st like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought false. and *Synors* weeping
Did find all many a holy teare: tooke pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So *Iou*, *Posthumus*
With say the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perit'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart):
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
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 damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's 3-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worte case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That did'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,
I haue not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. He wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time must'ng thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast tan'd thy stand,

Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottoome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curled iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my life:
He giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

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

Pis. If you'l backe to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

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

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine teemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's luers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your eare,
As truely as he moues.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would aduenture.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse'
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, lawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titus: and forget
Your labourious and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Iano angry.

Iano. Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue care in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Iano. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistis,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Iano. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus parte and so farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperour 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 our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Ma lam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leauē not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuer. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperour
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His waire for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

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

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee'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 conceipt be answer'd?

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

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmite,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaid to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not tene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.

Exit.

Qu. Sonne I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisano*, her old Seruant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Exit.

Qu. Go, looke after:

Pisano, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeuces
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with seruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the British Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

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

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the crowning day. *Exit Qu.*

Clot. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
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 Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many waightes of businesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, nay Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

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

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word. no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

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

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's fatte enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clo. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
go those Employments wherin I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyces for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
mee?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisaw. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-
stresse.

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, He remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternelle
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I ra-
uish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which wil then be a torment to his contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Lust hath din'd (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd:) to the Court He knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and He bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

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

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his merde. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. How? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,

Take.

Take, or lend. Ho? No answer? Then he enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heaueys. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidorus* haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's horrely, fauoury: Weariness
Can inore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gwi. I am throughly weary.

Arvi. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gwi. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gwi. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold *Diuenesse*
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:
Before I eate'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good truth
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Board, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and paid
With Pray'rs for the Prouder.

Gwi. Money? Youth.

Arvi. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidèle* Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I amaine in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Charles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we lie in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost right, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

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

Arvi. He make't my Comfort
He is a man, He loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue 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 bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gwi. Would I could free't.

Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: slaying by
That nothing-guist of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Ditcourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gwi. Pray draw neere.

Arvi. The Night to'th'Qwle,
And Morn to th'Lake lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arvi. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

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 weake to vndertake our Warres against
The false-off Brittaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long lue *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions

Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your lettie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye 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 neere to'th'place where they should meet,
if *Pisano* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garmen:
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauiug reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerlant in generall seruices, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperferuant Thing loues him in my despite. What Mortalitie is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy Shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistis enforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face. and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage but my Mother hauing power of his testimelle, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

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

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caeue, Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

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

Gwi. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
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 sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
He rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely.

Gwi. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Base;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Deeth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arui. You health. ——— So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, on thou disproou'st Report.
Th'empetious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuer, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisano*,
Ile now taste of thy Drugges.

Gwi. I could not stirre him:

He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And that's be euer.

This youth, how ere distressed, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gwi. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Characters,
And lawe'th our Brothes, as *Inno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes

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 flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's rale at.

Gwi. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together.

Arui. Grow patient,
And let the stinking Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

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

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

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

Clot. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gwi. A thing:

More slauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gwi. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth, Say what thou art:

Why,

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gwi. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gwi. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou unmurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gwi. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gwi. (*Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would inoue me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to th'Queene.

Gwi. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gwi. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
He follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exennt.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie'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 Fauour
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 scarse made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gwi. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gwi. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand hee'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And let them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Gwi. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an ancient peece of flesh threat vs?
I say Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and swear
Hee'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidels* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gwi. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: He throw't into the Cicke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone persua'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold teek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry'e ee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidels* play the Cookes: He stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Poore sicke *Fidels*,
He willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'd lee a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood encha'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vncarn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuitly not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gwi. Where's my Brother?

I haue sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Emballie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his recourse. *Solemn Musick.*

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

Gwi. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gwi. What does he meane?

Since death of my deere Mother
It did not speake betore. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is tollity for Apes, and grieffe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwal* ill mind?

*Enter Aruragus with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.*

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And bringe the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame our selfe.

Arur. The Bird is dead
That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skippt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:
To haue ruin'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this.

Gwi. Oh sweetest, sayest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou greast thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could found thy bottom? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Mightst easiest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou mightst haue made: but I,
Thou dyedst a most faire Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arur. Starke, as you see.

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

Gwi. Where?

Arur. O' his fore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogue from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Auaid my steps too lowd.

Gwi. Why, he but sleepe:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With gentle Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arur. With sayrest Flowers

Whil't Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidelle*,
He sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom nor to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-beyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mousse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse

Gwi. Prythee haue done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protraet with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' graue.

Arur. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gwi. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arur. Bee't so:

And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother. vlc like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidelle*.

Gwi. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: he weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worfe
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arur. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great grieues I see medicine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a *Queenes* Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our *Luemy* remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twene high, and low. Our *Foe* was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our *Foe*,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gwi. Pray you fetch him hither,
Ther's his body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are aliue.

Arur. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil't: Brother begin.

Gwi. Nay *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arur. 'Tis true.

Gwi. Come on then, and remoue him.

Arur. So, begin.

SONG.

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

Arur. Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Triuets stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To see the Rede is as the Oake:

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arur. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gwi. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arur. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

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

Guid. No Exorciser harme thee,

Arur. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost vnlaid forbear thee.

Arur. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gwi. We haue done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night
Are firewings fit't for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, spart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

bbb

*Exeunt.
Imogen*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
 I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
 'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
 I haue gone all night: Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft; no Bedtellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittic
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouall face
 Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisano*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregular diuell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. 'To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisano*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisano*)
 From this most braueft vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisano might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisano*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
 Mur'd'rous to'th Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisano's* deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Goue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
 That we the horridder may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
 They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Sycorax's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

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

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 (Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)

Success to th'Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often so,
 And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
 Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
 It was a wort hy building. How? a Page?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
 Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliuie my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
 Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They craue to be demanded: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke? 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 Britaine, and a good,
 That heere by Mountaineers Iyes slaine: Alas,
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
 Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
 Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidèle* Sir.

Luc. Thou doe'st approue thy selfe 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 lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. He follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 He hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
 With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
 And on it said a Century of prayers
 (Such as I can) twice o'ie, He weepe, and sighe,
 And leaving to his seruice, follow you,
 So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
 A Feauour with the abtence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, 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 Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme to ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a shape Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
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:
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our ielousie
Do's yet depend.

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

Cym. Now for the Countesse of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greene at chances heere. Away. Exeunt

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplex in all. The Heavens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde Houe my Country,
Euen to the note e' th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.*

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Brittaines slay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and unnaturall Reuolts
During their vse, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v.,
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not knowne, nor musterd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a tender
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

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

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And cares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the countesse your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your telie
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
He thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Neuer bestrid a Horse sane one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vknowne.

Gui. By heavens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
He take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set
So slight a valuation) should reserue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Posthumus* alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am with
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder Wives much better then themselves

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisano*,
 Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
 Should haue tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
 Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 You snatch some hence for litle faults; that's loue
 To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That (*Britaine*) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
 Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (*O Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death: and thus, vnkowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

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

Iac The heauiness and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my methood. I haue belyed a Lady,
 The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Reuengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 If that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 Is, that we feare aie men, and you are Goddes.

Exit.

The Battail continues, the *Britaines* fly, *Cymbeline* is
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*,
 and *Arvirgus*.

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

Gai. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.

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

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

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
 For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre 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 *Britaine Lord*.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heauens fought: the King himselte
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britaines* seene; all flying
 Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-heart'd,
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
 More plentifull, then *Tooles* to doo't: strooke downe
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was danm'd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this tor's Country. Athwert the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for *Masks*, or rather sayrer
 Then those for preservation eas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage. cryed to those that fled.
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknelle flecte soules that flye backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romanes*, and will giue you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guided pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to gun like Lyons
 Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th' Chafer; a Retyre: Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 I'le Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th' need. hauing found the backe doore open,
 Of the vnguarded hearts. heauens, how they wound,
 Some flaine before some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th former waue, rencha'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs o'th' Field

Lor.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the thing you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'tie? Heere is one:
"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preferred the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

1. Lacke, to what end?

dates not stand his Foe. He be his Friend:
if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be in th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honour
To haue sau'd then Carthilles? Iooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his knives in th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by th'Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere He keepe, nor beate agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1. Great Iupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.

1. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

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

2. Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not retaine to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
As if he were of note: bring him to th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Lucius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliueres him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2. Gao. I, or a stomacke.

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeale;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Twene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
He speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leo-
natus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a war-
rior, leading in his hand an ancient Murrion (his wife, &
Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then
after other Musicke, follows the two young Leonati (Bro-
thers to Posthumus) with wounds as they d'ed in the wars.
They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mar, fall out with Inno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer saw:
I dy'de whilst in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
came crying 'mong't his Foes.

A thing of pittie.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stufte so faire:
That he d' seru'd the praise o'th'World,
as great Sicilius heyre.

1. Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiekt bee?
In eye of Imogen, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was hee seekt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From Leonati Seate, and cast from her,
his deereft one:

Sweere Imogen?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,

bbb

To

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse ielousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o' th' others vilany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,

That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 *Bro.* Like has diment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymb.* line perform'd:

Then *Iupiter*, y King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:

Moth. Since (*Iupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (*Iupiter*) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an
Eagle. hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.*

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres:
Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guist
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:

His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in

Our Temple was he married: Rise, and faile,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Images*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.

In his Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Ascends

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is

More sweet then our best Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks *Iupiter*.

Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd

His radiant Roofe. Away, and to be blest

Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Vansh

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)

Gone they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend

On Greatnes, Favour; Dreame as I have done,

Wake and finde nothing. But (alas) I twerue:

Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I.

That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fairy haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a German
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reader.

When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lops branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after renue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing.

Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is;

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe

If but for simpatty.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.*ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readye for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meate, depart feeling with too much drinke: sorry that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much. Purle and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heavier, for being too light; the Purle too light, being
drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am menter to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir he that sleepes, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a
Hangman to helpe 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 haue not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by
some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
felte that which I am sure you do not know. for Iump the
aiter-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne
to tell one.

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

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts

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for the dead.

Clau. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be-
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my
Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
egainst their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gaolers and Galowfes: I speake a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aru-
ragus, Pisano, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preteruers of my Ills: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose rugges, sham'd gilded Armes, whole naked breast
Stept before I larges of prooffe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and p'ore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom I grant she liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

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

Corn. With horror, modly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Corn. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse gor by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

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

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight preuented it) she had
Tane off by poyson.

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

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke;
Should by the minute feele on life, and hng'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sorne into th' adoption of the Crowne:
But sayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heauen and Men) her purposes: repen'd
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayning dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had bene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

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

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, he giue it:

Yes,

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

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

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

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes:
Why standes he so perplext?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st thou thou look'st out? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. He tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: waike with me: speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arus. One said another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?

Cym. The same dead thing aliue.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs.

Cus. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistis:

Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which tortments are to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may grieue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're hu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'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 rare'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Atmerua*,
Postures, beyond breeche Nature. For Condition,
A Shop of all the quantities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairnesse, which strikes the eye.

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

Iach. All too sone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st grieue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not durst naming whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistis picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, eauer our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trullies, or his description
Prou'd vs vn-speaking sortes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Diana* had her dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, gain'd this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesse of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her stakethis Ring,
And would to, had it bene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Caire. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: 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 quenched
Of hope not longing; mine Italian brame,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breete, my practise to preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleeffe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) may some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing'tane the forseyt. Whereupon,
Me thinks I see him now.

Post. I so thou do'st,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, These, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Coru, or knife, or poyson,

Some

Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lyc,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set
The dogges o'th' street to bay me: every villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonorius*, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.
Imo. Peace my Lord, heare heare.
Post. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.
Post. Oh Gentlemen, heare,
Mine and your Mistis: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You are kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Murtherer of a Lady.
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How comes these staggers on mee?
Post. Wake my Mistis
Cym. It thus be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall toy.
Post. How fares my Mistis?
Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'tt me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The gune of *Imogen*.
Post. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.
Cym. New matter that?
Imo. It poyson'd me.
Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene conceit,
Which must approue thee he next. If *Pasius*
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistis that Coniuction
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?
Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, till pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I deading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine flint, which being tane, would cease
The present powe of life, but in short tyme,
All Officers of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?
Imo. Much like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My Boyes, there was our error:
Cym. This is iure *Fidelle*.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.
Post. Haue there like suite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.
Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, wilt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?
Imo. Your blessing, Sir.
Bel. Though you did loae this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't.
Cym. My teares that fall
Proue 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 heere so strangely: but her Soune
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'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 seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he pottes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.
Cym. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.
Cym. I haue spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Cym. A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clorens*
Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.
Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndo the worlth thou art vnpayd for
By railing of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arus. In that he spake too farre.
Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.
Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arus. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good his.
Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd't (great King) a Subiect, 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 saue him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue recey'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue.

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
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Enripble*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too'r,
Hauing recey'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World,
The benediction of these covering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthe
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The seruice that you three haue done is more
Vnlke, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Aruragus*.
Your younger Prince's Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Nature's end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioy'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter

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 meete?

Arui. I my good Lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O are instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall brauches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battaille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a loy: the Counter-change
Is feuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And imoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'll hold thee euer.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did relecue me:
To see this gracious sea'on.

Cym. All ore-loy'd
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company these three
In poore befoming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Luchino*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you firer.

Iach. I am downe againe:

But now my beaues Conscience strikes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That ever swore for Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:

The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The maice towards you, to forgive you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

Wee'l learne our Freeneffe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir;

As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Lus. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Lus. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

V *As a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuive, bee ioyned to
the old stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer* and *Mollis Aer*
We call it *Mollis*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
A *Ver* of the Letter of the Oracle,
V. knowne to you vnought, were chipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Cainus Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand.

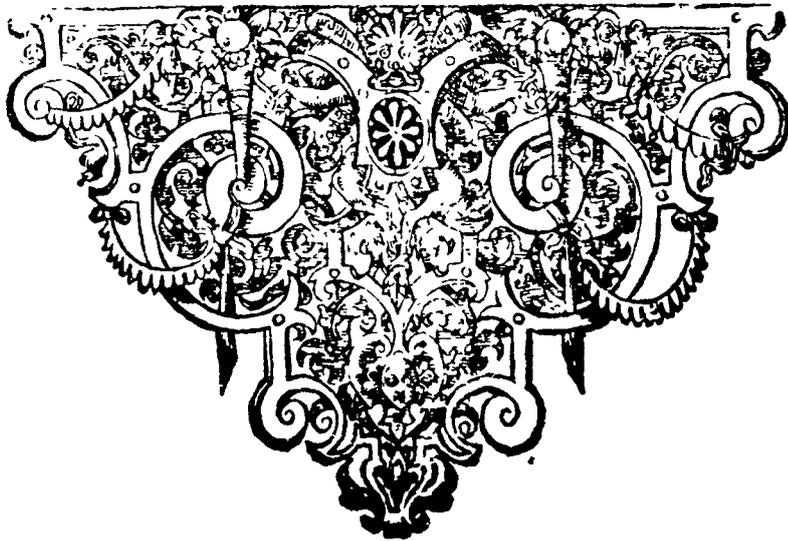
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romane Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o' th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperiall *Cesar*, should againe vntie
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smokes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittain Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through *Lands-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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