THE TRAGE DIE OF
Cymbeline.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gost. On do not meet a man but Frownes.

2. Gost. What's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of a kingdom (whom it purpos'd to his wife to name Sonne. 1 Widdow. That late he married) hath refer'd her to one that Vigo a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; the impost' in, all. Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene, That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they were their faces to the best. Or the Kings lookers, had a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princesse, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, and doth a good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to seek through the Regions of the Earth. For one, his likes there would be something falling In him, that should compare. I do not think, So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within Endowes a man, but her.

2. You speak him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himself, Cloth him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delieue him to the roote: His Father was call'd Sillesius, who did loyne his Honor Against the Romans, with Cassihian, But had his Titles by Tenennus, whom He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:

2. So gain'd the Sat-addition, Lemnus. And had (besides this Gentleman in question)

1. Two other Sons, who in the Warres o'th time Dy'de with their Swords in hand, for which, their Father Then old, and fond of ysfie, took so much sorrow That he quitt Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theane) deceas'd As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, and calls him Posthuma Lemnus. Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learning that his time Could make him the reciever of, which he tooke As we do ayre, fall as 'twas ministr'd, And in's Spring, became His Heire. And in's Court. (Which rare in so doo'd pious'd, most loud, A tempe to the youngit to the more Mature, A glass that teared them, and to the grave,

A Child that guided Doratia. To his Misirs, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclaims how the citizen'd him; and his Venue By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, such out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the sole child so? A King?

1. His onely child:

2. He had two Sonses (if this be worth your hearing, Mark that the eldest) threes years old I'hwashing clothes, the other from their Nurserie Were holme, and to this house, no gleece in knowledge Which way they went.

2. How long is this age?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conceit'd, So lackely guarded, and she feare to flow That could not trace them.

1. How lovere, 'tis strange,

2. Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:

Yet is it true Sir.

1. I do well beleue you. We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthuma, and Imogen.

2. No be affraid you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the flander of most Step-Mothers. Eull-e'y'd to you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoeler shall deliere you the keyes.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

That Soke vp your refraint, For you Pohamus,
So soon as I can with th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: many yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and twere good
You lend'd your doo in Sentence, with what patience
Your wife's name may informe you.

Pof. *Pleaze your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

2a. You know the peril;
He fetch a stome about the Garden, pittyng
The pangs of hard Adlictions, though the King
Hath charg'd you shouldn't speake togetheer.

Ino. O dissembling Caecele! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds? My deare Husband,
I something see 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 heare abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Pof. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, wepe no more, leaft I gine caufe
to be look'd of more tenderness
Then doth become a man, I will remaine
The loyall husband, that did euer plight troth.
My reference in Rome, is true: my Friends,
Who, to my Father was a friend, to me
Knowne by that letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though linke be made of Gali.

Enter Queene.

Que. Be briefer, I prye you
If the King come, I shall incoure, I know not
How much of this displeasure: yet I hume him
To walke this way: I never do him wrong.
But he doth buy my Inuries, to be Friends:
Payes decree for my offenses.

Pof. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathly life to depart, would grow: Adieu,
Ino. Nay, stay a little.
Were you but rising forth to serve youselfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke here (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Image is dead.

Pof. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And leave vp my embracements from a reet,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heree,
While hence I keepe it on: And sweete fault, faire fault,
As I (my poor fault) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse: I do in trilis
Thill whome of you. For my face wearie this,
It is a Mansacle of Love, He placeth
Upon his Fayest Phillipere.

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

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Pof. Affrec the king.
Cym. Than bayeth thing, anoyd hence, from my sight:
I after this Commande the rage of the Court
With all unworthisse, thou dyeth Away,
Thou proud my master, to thy blood.

Pof. The Goddes protect you.

And bleffe the good Reminders of the Court:
I am gone,
Ino. There canne be no pitche in death
More sharp then this is.
Cym. Of hidoyall thing.
That should be repayd by my youth, thou hastn't
A years age oer.

Ino. I defeache you Sir,
Harne not your felte with your vexation,
I am fennelesse of your Wrath; A Touch more rare
Subdues all pang, all feares.
Cym. Paft Grace? O obedience?
Ino. Paft hope, and in dilipate, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might'd have had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Ino. O bleffe, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did anoyd a Fustocke.
Cym. Thou took't a Begger, would'au have made my
Throne, a Seate for balencesse.
Ino. No, I rather added a suffre to it.
Cym. Thou art a woman one!

Ino. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lou'd Pohamus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the humme he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Ino. Almoff Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were
A Heir-hearde Daughter, and my Lemuare
Our Neighbour-Ship'sard and Soames.

Enter Queene.

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

Que. Beleeche your patience: Peace
Dear Lady daughter, peace, Sweet Soneraigne,
Leauv vs to our eluence, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your belt advice.

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

Exit.

Que. Yea, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

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

Que. Hiss?
No harne I truft is done?
Pifia. There might have byene,
But that my Master rather plaide, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Pifia. I am very glad on't.

Ino. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The gwer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pifia. On his command he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: lest thee Notes
Of what commandes I should be subiect too,
When's pleas'd you to employ me.
Pifia. This harne beene
Your faithfull Servant; I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so,
Pifia. I humbly thank you your Highness.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

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

2. But I, if my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

3. No, faith: not so much as his patience.

4. Hark him! His body's a palliate Carcasse if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele it is not hurt.

5. His Steele was in debt, it went o' th' Backside the Towne.

6. I know not, I know not, I know not how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

7. But that thee should love this Fellow, and refuse me.

8. And if you make a true election, you is damn'd.

9. Sir, as I told you alwayes, her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good figure, but I have some

10. She florin not upon Foole, least she reflect

11. And so I, if you had me a Fool, how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

12. Come, he to my Chamber, there was been some hurt done.

13. I will not go, whilest it had bin the fall of an Aife, which has been hurt.

14. Will you go with me?

15. He attend your Lordship. Nay come, let's go together.

16. Well my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou wrou'dst the shore of the Haven,
And question'dst every Sailor: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'tis as a Paper lost.
A offer'd mercy: is what was the left
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then was't his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kill it, Madam.

Immo. Senfertelle Linnen, happier than then then.

And that was all?

Pis. No Madam: for so long.

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Diffiguish him from others, he did keep
The Deceche, with Clour, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still wawing, as the fis and flowers of his mind
Could beff express he law his Soule say'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or leafe, or leaft
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-string:
Crock'd them, but to loose them upon him, till the diminution
Of space, had painted him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gun, to ayre: as it is
Haste turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisania,
When shall we hear from him,

Pis. Be afford Madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say! Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him aware,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his honour: or have char'd him
At the first hour of the morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T encounter me with Owles, for then
I am in Hearem for him; or I could
Gave him that passing hiche, which I had fer
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyranous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

1. The Queene (Madam)

Delivers your Highness Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched,
I will attend the Queene.

Pis. Madam, I will.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Flavia, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it Sir, I have leene him in Britaine; lie was then of a Cresente note, expected to prove so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowd the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admis-

Flav. That Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabiled by his side, and I to persue him by Item.

Pis. He spoke of him when he was leefe furnisht, then now bee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

Flav. I have leene him in France: wee have had very ma-
y thers, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as her.

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

Iach. And the approbation of those that wepe this
lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortishe her judgement, which else anexile battery might lay flat, for a taking a Beggar without leave. But how comes it, he is to beromise with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soulsdiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leave then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Britanie. Let him be to entertained among you, as fautes with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beteche you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy heis, I will appeare hereafter, rather then flory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have bin debtor to you for counte-

flies, which I will be ene to pay, and yet pay shill.

French. Sir, you o're-crate my poor kindness, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you had beene pitty you should have beene put together, with so mor-
tall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so flight and triuall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveler, rather than do even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my revoked judgements I offered to say it is men-
ded I my Quarel was not altogether flight.

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

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the differ-
ence?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in pub-
lieke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the re-
port. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-
Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Veruous, Wife, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lefe attemplable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Prancis.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentle-
man's opinion by this, wore out.

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

Iach. You must not so farre preterre her, for of ours out of Italy.

Posth. Being so farre pronok'd as I was in France: I would abuse her nothing: though I preterre my felle 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 Britannie: if she went before others.

Iach. I have seen as that Diamond of yours outfluered many I have beheld, I could not believe the excelled many: but I have nescue the most precious Diamond that is, not you the Lady.

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More then the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your vapragon'd Mistius is dead, or he's out-priz'd by a triple.

Post. You are misfaken: the one may be folde or gi-
uen, or it there were wealth enough for the purchasers, or merite for the guilt. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the guilt of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear it in title yours: but you know strange Fowles light upon neigbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be folde too, so your brace of reputa-
table Estimations, the one is but f的区别, and the other Caus-
ally, A cunning Thief, or (a that way) accomplisht Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contaminates none so accomplisht a Courtier to consumme the Honour of my Mistis: if in the holding, or leffe of that, you term it a saile, I do no-
thing doubts you have store of Theues, most wild and faring. I fear are not my Ring.

Post. Let vs leave here, 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 fuller times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistis; make her go backe, e-
ven to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No no.

Iach. I dare thereupon passe the myotive of my E-
fate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your e-
ference, then her Reputation. And to barre your e-
fence hence to, I dont attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Iach. You are a great deale absurd in too bold a per-
fwation, and I doubt not you sullaine what are y'other of by your Attempt.

Iach. What's what?

Posth. A Republic though your Attempt (as you call it) bestresur moraa punishment too.

Post. Gentleman enough of this, it came in too so-
daintely, let it dyse as it was barred, and I pray you be be-
ter acquainted.

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

Post. What Lady would you chuse to affale?

Post. Yours, whom in contancie you think stands to life. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady-

Iach. is, with no more aduance then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so referd.

Posth. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to i.e. My Ring I holde deere as my fingers, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Deam, you cannot pre-
ure it from caiing; but I see you have some Religion in you that you fear.

Posth. This is but a custome in your s truly: you bear a greater purpose I hope.

Post. I am the Master of my speaches, and would un-
dergo what's spoken, I twere.

Posth. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till you returne: let there be Councens drawn between's. My Mistis exceeds in goodness, the hangnesse of your vnworthy thinking, I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Post. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no su-
cient testimonie that I have enjoy'd the deere bodily part of your Mistis: my ten thousand Dackets are yours, to
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Is so your Diamond too? if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have truth in; Sheer your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: prou'd. I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles before us: only thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you hate preys'd. I am no further your Enemy, thine is not worth our debate. If thee remaine vindi
cued, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'affauce you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Lady. Your hand, a Contenant: we will have these things for drowned by lawfull Council, and straight away for Britaine, lest the Bargaine should catch cold, and Sterne: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thine eye.

Prince. Signor Lucius will not from it. Pray let vs follow on.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornwall.

Que. Whiles yet the dew is on ground, Gather those Flowers. Make baeffe. Who is the note of them? Lady. I Madam. Queen. Dispatch. Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges? Cor. Place not your Highness, I have them, Madam: But I beneficent grace, without offence. (My Confidence bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these well poynsonous Compounds, Which are the moouers of a languishing death: But though slow, deadly.

Que. I wonder, Doctor, Thou askit me such a Question: Have I not bene Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not lear'd me how To make Perfumes? Diffilt? Pretence? Yes so, That our great King himselle doth weed me out. For my Confession, having thus farre proceeded, (Vulgarly thou thinkst me duldec'd) is not meete That I did amplify my judgment in Other Conclusions? I will try the forces. Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Aé, and by them gallate Their heatfull vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness.

Shall from this practice, but make hard your hearts: Besides, the fearing these effects will be Both noyome, and infectious.

Que. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio. Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him Will I first work: He's for his Masters, And enemy to my Sonne, (How now Pisanio?) Doctor, your trance for this time is ended, Take your owne way.
Scena Septima.

Enter Lysander alone.

Lys. A Father cruel, and a Step-Parent false,
A Foolish Sitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banished: O, that Husband,
My upreame Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of his. Had I bin Thee's-florne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the defires that's glorious. Brieded be those
How mean soe'ere, that have their honest wills,
Which I ass's comfort. Who may this be? Pye.

Enter Pofetio, and Iacobus.

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

Iacob. Change you, Madam; The Worthy Leontus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dereely.

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

Iacob. All of her, that's out of doore, most rich:
If the be furnished with a mind to fare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have left the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arme me Anductus from head to fonte,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flewght,
Rather direcly fly.

Images reads,
He is one of the Noblest note; to whose kindneess I am most intently tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

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

Iacob. Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can dillinguish't twist
The frieze Orbes above, and the twin'dt Stones
Upon the num'dt Beach, and can we not
Partition mixt with Spectacles for precious
Twixt faire, and soule?

iof. What makes your admiration?

Iacob. It cannot be th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two inch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with moves the other. Nor th' judgment:
For Idios in this case of fashion, would
Be wisely defined: Nor th'Appetite.
Sluttory tosuch near Excellency, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit contemptus,
Not to allur'd to feed.

iof. What is the master tow? 

Iacob. The Cloied will.

That fate, my eyes (as I doe defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Banneing first the Lambe,
Longa after for the Garbage,

iof. What, dere Sir,
This rap's you? Are you well?

Iacob. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Defice my Man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and pearith.

iof. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Iacom. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iacob. Well, Madam.

iof. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is,

Iacob. Exceeding pleasent: none a strangre there,
So merry, and jo gameface: he is call'd
The Britaine Rendez.

iof. When was he here
He did incline to faunette, and oft times
Not knowing why?

Iacob. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Moniteur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thickes figures from him; whiles the lolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meanes)Laughes from the's lunge xpies ob
Can my fides hold, so think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But much bewills's four hours languish:
For affred bondage?

iof. Will my Lord say so?

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

iof. Not the I hope,
Iacob. Not be:
But yet heaven's bounty towards him, might
Be y'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
To you, which I account his beyond all Talence,
Wh'll I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

iof. What do you pity Sir?

Iacob. Two Creatures heartly.

iof. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discene you in me
Defeues your pity?

Iacob. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
1'hDungeon by a Souffe.

iof. I pray you Sir,
Deliner with more openesse your anwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iacob. That others do,
(I was about to say)enjoy you — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on.

iof. You do com'e to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either be past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you ipur and stop.

Iacob. Had I this cheere
To bathe my lips upon this hand, whole touch,
(Whose evrey touch) would force the Feelers loose
To th'oath of loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it eonel here, should I (damn'd then)

Steen
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Slaunter with lippes as common as the stoyres
That mount the Capitol: Joyce gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly fasthood (fasthood as
With labour) then by peeping in an eye
Bare and innocuous as the immodest light
That's fed with flaming Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should stand one time
Encounter such results.

I. This is my Lord; I fear
He forgets Britteny.

Jach. And himselfe, no I
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his change: but 'tis your Grace!
That from my moste Confession, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

I. Let us heare no more.

Jach. O decreet Soule: yours is a Cupped doth strike my hart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So faire, and fastned to an Empire
Would make the great't King double, to be partner'd
With Tombeyyes hey'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coferis yield'd: with diles'td ventures
That play with all Infinities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature: Such boy'd I'll stuffe
As well might payton Payton. Beseeching,
Or else that both you were no Queene, and you
Recouye from your great Stockes.

I. Recou'g'd; now
How should I be recou'g'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine ears
Mull not in haste abuse) it be true.
How should I be recou'g'd?

Jach. Should he make me
Like like Diana's Priest, bestwixt cold Drestes,
Whiles he is vesting variable Rempes
In your delight, upon your parle: recouye it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then this rumpage to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sore.

I. What hoa, Pifano?

Jach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

I. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou wouldest haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seekest, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as faire
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites hence a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Dietlin alike. What hoa, Pifano?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Affract: if he shall think it fit,
A favours Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romill Stew, and to expend
His beauly minde to vs: he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughters, who
Hear his requests at all. What hoa, Pifano?

Jach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Defeates thy truff, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her affr'd credit. Blessed be you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that enter
Country call'd his; and you his Mithris, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your Afliance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er; And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchantes Societies into him:
Half all men hearts are his.

I. You make amends.

Jach. He'stis mongt men, like a defended God;
He hath a kind of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortal seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princefifie) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loute I bear the
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaste: be not
Pray your pardon.

I. All's well Sir:
Take my powers th'b Court for yones.

I. My humble thanks: I had almost forget
I'ntreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yeet of moment too, for it concerns.
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buffet

I. Pray what's in't?

Jach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beeff Feather of our wing) have mingled sinnnes
To buy a Preffent for the Emperour:

I. Which (I the Factor for the ret) haue done.
In France: his Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their value swer great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe towage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

I. Willingly:
And pawnes mine honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

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

I. O no, no.

Jach. Yes I beseech; or I shall shott my word
By lengthning my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

I. I thank you for your pains
But not away to morrow.

I. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't so to night,
I have out-floud my time, which is materiall
To the tender of our Preffent.

I. I will write:
Send you'r Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clitter, and the two Lords.

Cl. Was there ever man had such lucke; when I strike
the lacock upon a vp-call, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorion lacke-an-Apes,
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed nine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What go he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.

CLOT. If this witt had bin like him that broke it; it would have run all out.

2. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any bandies by to curst all his oaths. Ha! Ha!

CLOT. No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

3. Wher's your dog? I gaue him satisfaction; would he had bin one of my Ranks.

CLOT. To have snell'd like a Fool.

4. I am not vex't more at any thing in the earth a pox on't: I had rather be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jack Slane hath his belly full of fighting; and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

CLOT. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your comb on.

CLOT. Sayest thou?

5. It is not fit you Lordship shoul'd undertake any Commination, that you give offence too.

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

6. Let it be fit for your Lordship only.

CLOT. Why so I say.

7. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

CLOT. A Stranger, and I know not on't.

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

9. There's an Italian come, and is thought one of Leuatius Friends.

[Scene Seconda.]

CLOT. Leuatius? A manish Rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordship's Pages.

CLOT. Is it he I went to looke upon him? Is there no degradation in it?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

CLOT. Not easily I thinke.

CLOT. You are a Fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate.

CLOT. Come, He goe see this Italian; what I have left to day at Bowle, I'll winne to night of him. Come so. 2. I'll attend your Lordship.

CLOT. Tho' such a crustie Dullaw as is his Mother Should yield the world this Affe: A Woman, that Bears all downe with her Brace, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart, And leave eighteen. Alas poor Piuncelle, Then divine Imogen, what thou endurist, Berewit a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd, A Mother hourly crying plouz: A Wooer, More fairefull then the fairest explication is Of this deere Husband. Then that hoarse A &

Of the discourse, he'll make the Hearsay hold firme The words of thy deere Honour. Keep thee wellshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou mayst stand Tenyandy thy Grand Lord; and this great Land, Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in all the most coldest that ever turn'd vp Ace.

CLOT. It would make any man cold to looke.

2. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship: You are mee hot; and furious when you winne.

CLOT.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooleish Image, I should have Gold enough: it's at
most morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick else would come: I am adui-
ated to give her Musick a meetings they say it will pen-
Utrate.

Enter Musitians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fing-
er, go: sweetly and with tongue too: if none will do, let
her remain: but she never gue'e o'ee. First, a very ex-
cellent good conseyed thing: after a wonderful sweet aire,
with admirable rich words to it, and then let her con-
ider.

SONG.

Hark, hark, the Larks at Heaven's gate sing;
And Phaethon's girt arse,
His Steeds to water at these Springs;
On Caleb's Flowers that flow;
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady forests arse:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your
Musick the better: if do not, it is a voyce in her ears
which Horse-haies, and Calues-guits, nor the voyce of
unpaid Uemach goquet, can never amsed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was so late, for that's the reason
I was so care: he cannot choose but take this Ser-
vise I have done, fatherly. Good mowor to your Ma-
esty, and to my gracious Mother.

Gym. Attend you here the doore of our stead daughter
Will the not forth?

Clot. I haue assay'd her with Musick, but the voyces
fades no notice.

Gym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet got him, some more time
Muft wear the print of his remembrance on't,
And then he's yours.

2. You are most bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your felle
To orderly felicity, and be friendly
With sprincke of the season: make denials
Encase your Servites: so seeme, as if
You were iniquit'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Sate when command to your distinlion tending,
And therein your are teelie.

Clot. Senefello? Not so,
Me? So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caesarius,

Clot. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receave him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnatured tone spent on us
We must extend our hands: Our deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Mifris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall have neede
Temploy you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If be ye vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her be flull, and dreame: by your leause hou,
I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which bays admittance (of it doth) yet, and makes
Diana's Rangers soft chemitellus, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th'Hand o' th' Stalker: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man know'd, and saves the Theere:
Nay, sometime brings both Theere, and True-man: what?
Can it not do, and vndeo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me for
I yet not understand the case my seife.
By your leause.

Knock.

1. Whose there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

1. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomens Sonne.

1. That's more
Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can suitly boast of what's your Lordhips pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is the ready?

1. I, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

1. How my good name or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Prince.

Enter Images.

Clot. Good mowor fairgirl, Sillter your sweet hand,

Imo. Good mowor Sir, you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble she thinks I gue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I love you,

Imo. If you but said so, 'were as deep 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 strenge,
I would not speeke: I pray you spaire me, 'tis my
I shall unfold equall discouerite
To your best kindosse: one of your great knowing
She wuld leave (being caught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'tis my fur,
I will not.

Imo. Fooler are not mad Folker.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I ammad I do:
If you be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much forry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for, all,
That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am fo thee the lacke of Chatzie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make my booff.

Clot. You faine against
Obediense, which you owe your Father, for
The Contrad he pretend with that false Wretch,
One, bred of Ames, and foster'd with cold disses,
With scarps o'th'Court: It is no Contrad, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meanes) to knit their foules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Figgey) in felice-figured knot,
Yet you are curt'd from that enslagement, by
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The discourse o'th' Crowned, and must not last, so joyful
The precious note of it, with a base slave,
A Hiding for a Lioness, a Squire Cloth,
A Pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Proposts the fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert not too base,
To be his Crowned: thou wert dignified enough
Even to the point of Enuice. If 'vere made
Comparative for your Venus, to be fill'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd do well.

Clot. The South-Fog for him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanit Garment
That ever hast but clip his body, is dearer
In my regale, then all the Heires above thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To Dostray my woman his thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am spighted with a Fool.

Freighted, and angred worle: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too costly
 Hath left mine Aines: it was thy Master's. Show me
If I would look to it for a Recusen,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I can't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night: 'twas on mine Aine; I kis'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kissest it with honor.
Psfl. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

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

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

Clot. I will enforce your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady, and will concieve, I hope
But the worlde of me. So I leave your Sirs,
To'th'worlde of discontent.

Clot. He shcaricund's:
His meanit Garments? Well.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Psfl. Fear not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine in't.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Psfl. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters flate, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your lour, they sayling,
I much die much your desor.

Phil. Your very goodneffe, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Amynicus: Caius Linus,
Will do's Commion throughly. And I think

He'll grant the Tribute: send th'Arscraggs,
Or looke upon our Romans, with تقوم remembrance
Is yet refresh in their griefe.

Psfl. I do beleive

(Statish though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prone a Warre; and you shall see
The Legion now in Gallia, soone landed
In our note-bearing-Britaine, then have eyndings
Of any pensive tribute. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd; then when Julius Caesar
Smitt at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy hisrowning st. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approchers, they are People, such
That'd meane upon the world.

Enter Lachino.

Psfl. See Lachino.

Psfl. The sweiftest Harths, have post'd you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kis'd you Saile,
To make your vessell nimble.

Psfl. Welcome Sir.

Psfl. I hope the briefness of your answere, made
The speediness of your returne.

Lach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon; I
And the white riband shall the beet, or let her beauty
Look most thorough a Calearn, to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Lach. Here are Letters for you.

Psfl. Their tenure good I truft.

Lach. 'Tis very like.

Psfl. Was Caius Linus in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Lach. He was expect'd then,
But not approach'd.

Psfl. All is well yet.

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or 'tis not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Lach. If I have loft it,
I should have loft the worth of it in Gold,
He make a journey twice so farre, to enjoy
A second night of such joyous Thorneffen, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the ring is wonne.

Psfl. The Stones too hard to come by.

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

Psfl. Make note Sir
Your March your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Lach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question furthers; but I now
Profeffemy felte the winner of your Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wrongers
Of her; or you having proceeded but
By both your wiles.

Psfl. If you can make't apparent
That you have tailest her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had o'th' pure Honours gains, or looses,
Your Sword, or minerals; Masterlie I lease both
To who shall finde them.

Lach. Sir, my Circumstances

Beging to nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleue: whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not.
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need it not.

Puff. Proceed.

Iack. First, her Bed-chamber

(Where I confess I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd,
With Tapisry of Slikke, and Silver, the Story
Proud Cheapeart, when she met her Roman,
And Sidestwell abode the Bankes, or for
The preffe of Boates, or Price. A piece of Woe
So strangely done, so rich, that it did flinten
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life out was

Puff. This is true:

And this you might have heard of heere, by me, or
By some other.

Iack. More particular
Must justify my knowledge.

Puff. So they must,
Do or your Honour injury,

Iack. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaffe Dies, bating: never saw figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Puff. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise respe,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iack. The Roome of the Chamber,
With golden Cherbuns is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brandes,

Puff. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and prais'd
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faile
The wager you have laid.

Iack. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to saye this Jewell: See,
And now tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keep them.

Puff. I owne,
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iack. Sir (I thank you) that
She shipp'd it from her Arme: See her yeare:
Her very Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, the priz'd it once.

Puff. May be, the Place'd it off.
To find it me.

Iack. She writes so to you? doth she?

Puff. O no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too,
It is a Batiflisko unto mine eye,
Killes me to looke at. Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beoney: Truth wherefemblance Louse;
Where there is no other man. The Vowes of Womeen,
Of morow more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Verteues, which is nothing:
O, above mesure false.

Puff. Have patience Sir,
And take your King againe, 'tis not ye yet wonne:
It may be probable the lett it for

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

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

Iack. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme,

Puff. Hearke you, he stolne: by Jupiter he stolne,
'Tis true, ray keepes the Ring: 'tis true. I am sure
She would not look it: her Attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: they indued to fleape it?
And by a Stranger? No, he had enioy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinence
Is this: the bath bought the name of Wbore, thus deelyr
There, take thy hyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Dundle themselves betweene you.

Phdr. Sir, be patient:
This is no strong enough to be beleu'd
Of one perverted well of.

Puff. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.

Iack. If you seek
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy your preffling) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I lift it, and it gouts most Venetian hunger
To torne againe, though full. You doe remember
This flaxne upon her?

Puff. I, and it doth confirme
Another flaxne, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iack. Will you have more?

Puff. Spare your Asthematixke,
Never count the Tunnes: Once, and a Million,

Iack. He be sworn.

Puff. No swearing:
If you will scarce you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do't deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Iack. He deny nothing.

Puff. O that I had her here, to tease her Limb-meale.
I will go there and doo't, till Court, before
Her Father. He do something.

Exeunt.

Phdr. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and pertron the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iack. With all my heart.

Enter Puffinarius.

Puff. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be hire-workers? We are all Batardis,
And that most venderable man, which
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was flamplet. Some Coynier with his Tooleis
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: I doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this, Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure the refrain'd,
And pray'd me off forbearance: did it with
A pudencie to Rafie, the Swete view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturne
That I thought her
As Chaffe, as wp.'Sum'd Snow: Oh, all the Dunda
This yellow shots in an hour, was't not?
Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caio, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cy. Now why, what would Augustus Caesar with you?  
Lu. When Augustus Caesar (whose remembrance yet Lines in men's eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues Be Thematic, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And Conquer'd it, Cymhleone time Vollc  
(Famous in Cæsar plays, no whirleffe)  
Then in his Fears defearing it for him,  
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
Yearly thousand thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
Is left vancer'd.  
Qu. And to kill the miserable,  
Shall be to ever.  
Clur. There be many Cæsar's,  
Ere such another Inlone: Britain's a world  
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our owne Notes.  
Qu. That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to reume  
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The natural bracer of your life, which stands  
As Neptunes Parke, rib'd, and pal'd then  
With Oakes vinkalable, and roaring Waters,  
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boates.  
But (fleeke them up to 'ch Top-mast, A kind of Conquest  
Cæsar made here, but made not here his bragge  
Of Game, and Saw, and Ouer-cune; with thame,  
(The first that ever toucht him) he was carried  
From out our Coast, twice beaten out his Shipping  
(Poor ignorant Babbles) on our terrible Seas  
Like Egge-th'ems monts upon their Sarges, crack'd  
As easily gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,  
The famd Cymhleone, who was once at point  
(Oh giddy Fortune) to master Cæsar Sword,  
Made Latin-Tyme, with rejoicing-Fires bright,  
And Britaines thru with Courage.  
Clur. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our  
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
find) there is no mo such Cæsar, other of them may have  
crook'd Notes, but to owe such fraught Armes, none.  
Cy. Son, let your Mother end.  
Clur. We have yet many among vs, can gripe as hard,  
as Cymhleone, I do not say I am one; but I have a hand,  
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Cæsar  
can hide the Sun from 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.  
Cy. You must know,  
Till the inuious Romans, did extort  
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Cæsar Ambition,  
Which swelld so much, that it did almost strecch  
The fides eth World, against all colour heere,  
Did put the yoake upon's; which to slacke off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Our sleues to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,  
Our Ancellor was that Malmstrum, which  
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vic the Sword of Cæsar  
Jath too much mangled; whose repaye, and frantle,  
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,  
The Rome be therefore angry, Malmstrum made our lawes  
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put  
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd  
Himselfe a King.  
Lu. I am sorry Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar  
(Cæsar, that hath moe Kings his Subjects, then  
Thy selfe Demotick officers) thine Enemy:  
Receive it from me then, Warte, and Confusion  
In Caesars name pronounce I gainst thee: Look  
For fury, not to be refisterd. Thus defie,  
I thanke thee for my selfe.  
Cy. Thou art welcome Caius,  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him, I gather'd Honour,  
Which he, to fecke of me againe, perserve,  
Behoves me keepe at vsterence, I am perfecct,  
The Pannominians and Dalimians, for  
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President  
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:  
So Cæsar shall not finde them.  
Lu. Let not my speech be.  
Clur. His Majesty bides you welcome. Make pa-tyme  
with vs, a day, or two, or longer; if you seek vs  
afterwards in other teares, you shall finde vs in our Saltwater Gridle: if you betray vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall save the better for you: and there's an end.  
Lu. So fit.  
Cy. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:  
All the Remaine, is welcome.  

Enter Pisanio reading a Letter.  
Pis. How! of Adultery! Wherfore write you not  
What Monitors her accufe? Lettornus:  
Oh Master, what a strange infection.

Stena Secundus.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

381.

Is faine into the eare? Whate tale Italian,
A perfidious tongue, so hastily spoken said
Oon thy too ready hearing? Dillovall, No.
She's punish'd for her truth, and venges
More Godd-effete-like, then Wife-like such Affaires
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Matter,
Thy mind to her's now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Upon the Lone, and Truth, and Vowes, which I
Have made to thy command? I live her Heart.
If he be so, to do good fettle, never
Let me be counted fenriscible. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to me. Do'the Letter,
That I have sent her, by her same command,
Shall give true authority. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the knecke that's on the fenteffe-bubble,
Art thou a Fandisc for this Adi, and look'it
So Virgin-like without? Looke she the come.

Enter Messenger.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Intro. How now Pisanio?

PIf. Madam, here is a Letter from your Lord.

Intro. Who's Master? Where is your Lord Louanges?

Oh, learned indeed were they, Master.
That know the Starees, and his Character.
Here is the future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Loue,
Of your Lord's health, of his content: yet see
That we two are slender to gete that grieve him;
Some griefes are medicinal, that is one of them.
For it doth please He, of his content,
All but in this. Good Was, thy heart blest be
You Bers that make thee Lockes of courtease, Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondses pray not alike,
Though Foryesyes thou call in prifon, yet
You chalke young Captive Tables: good Newes Gods.

I'll write, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me in his
Disfavor) could not be so cruel to, as you: (to the dear-
est of Creatures) would even revenge me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your
ownes Love will out of this advise you, follow. So be you writs
all hoppefull, that remaines loyal to his Powre, and your receiv-
ing in Loane.

Leonatus Polibianus.

Oh for a Horie with wings: Hear thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How farre his Thither. If one of meane affairs
May plied it in a week, why may not I
Climb in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long't like me, to see thy Lord, who long'd
(Oblesse me base) but not like me yet long't
But in a fainer kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine is beyond, beyond: sly, and speake thick.
(Lores Consiliori should fill the boses of hearing,
The sight of the Sonne) how faste is
To his same blest Milford, And by'th way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I
Timber'd such a Haven, Burn'd all of
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excele: but first how get hence,
Why should excele be borne or e're begun?
Weel tell o'er that hereafter, Psalms speake,
How many more of Miles may we well rid

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Gower, and Arragon.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the Heauen; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gears of Mortals
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may let through
And keepe the impious Tubercus on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hale thou faire Heauen,
W hose I'll Roake, yet vse the not so hardly
As prouder liues do.

Gird. Hale Heauen.

Arra. Hale Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yong hill
Your legges are yenge: let the Regale Fasts.
Consider, When you abate percie me like a Crow
That is it Place, which lef'ten's, and lets off,
And you may then resolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre,
This Service is not Service to be doing, but
Being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draw your profitt from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beatele, in a faster hold
Then is the full-wing’d Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobe, then attending for a checke;
Riche, then doing nothing for a Baber
Prouder, then rullling in vvpay’d for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Bookie encro’d a life to ours.

Gad. Out of your proofe, you speake we poore unvlid’d
Have never wing’d from view o’th’hearet; nor knowes not
What Ayre’s from home. Happe this life is best,
(If quicke life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper knowe. Well corresponding
With your litte Age; but vnto vs it is
A Cell of ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To unde a summe.

Arra. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Casa, shall we dicourse

aae 3
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

As three, and two yeares old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refus'st me of my Lands. Euripyle.
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grace:
My selfe Belarius, that am Morgan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou toldst me when we came to horse, I place
Was neere at hand: Ne're turn'd my Mother to
To see me first, as I have now: Pisanio, Man;
Where is Ptolemeus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thy soul? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explanation. But thy sile
Into a hauntiou of silent sence, ere widnedeefe
Vex'd with thy flayed Sentences. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If I be Summer Newes
Smile not before: if Winterly, thou needst
But keep that countenance still. My Husband's band
That Drag'd, and Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And here's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue:
May take off some extremities, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most diffiult of Fortune.

Imogen reader.

1. Hy Medivir (Pisanio) hath plaine the Scirrupes or my
Bed, the Tostimonies whereof I hear according to me. I speak
not out of neede Surrounds, but from proofs as strong as my
Grave, and as certaine as I express my Reasons. I lay part show
(Pisanio) must tells for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breath of fets; for some brave hands take away my life: I shall
give thee the opportunity at Malford Huene. She hath the Letter
for the pretences; whereof, if thou seares to strike, and to make me
examine it as done, then are the Pandiers to her defile, and
equally to me dispers.

Pis. What shal I need to draw my Sword, the Papel
Hath cut her throats already: No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-vowes me all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the pothing windes, and doth surly
All corners of the World, kings, Queenes, and States,
Mades, Matrons, may the secrets of the Grave
This vipersian slander enters. What shal lew, Madam? I
Imo. Falle to his Bed? What is to be falle?
To Iye in watch there, and to thine on him,
To weep twixt clock and clock/If sleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearefull dream of him,
And cry my sile awake? That's falle to's bed? Is it?
Pis. Alas good Lady,
Imo. Fare thee well. Thy Confidence winofe: Jachino,
Thou didst accuse him of Incommencie,
Thou then look'd like a Villiain now, me thinkes.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy favour good enough, Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
poore I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
and for I am richer than to hang by the alleys,
without victual: to pieces with me: oh!:
Mens voices are women's traitors. All good teaching
by thy reioch (oh! husband) shall be thought
Put on villany; not borne where't grows,
but worn a bane for ladies.

Pifg. Good Madam, hear me.
Ims. True honest men being heard, like false & deceit,
were in his time thought false: and Socrates weeping
Did Randall many a holy care tooke pity
From moost true wretchichetrie. So thou, Paffionum
Wilt lay the Laynest on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and pervert'd
From thy great false: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Matters bidding. When thou feedest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Maintien of my Love (my Heart:)--
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Matter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strive,
Then mayst thou be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Ims. Thou shalt not dame my hand.
Ims. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Matters. Against Selfe-daughter,
There is a prohibition to Dianc,
That castens my weake hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a door: Soft, soft, we have no defence,
Obedient as the Seaboard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,
All turn'd to Hereafter? Away, away.

Corruptors of my Faith, ye shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may ye poor Fools
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betr aid
Do feele the Treson strangely, yet the Trestor
Stands in worse case of war: And thou Paffionum,
That didst fee up my disobedience against the King
My father, and makes me put into contempt the fowes
Of Princely Fellows, shall hereafter finde
It is no cite of common passage, but
A straine of Rarestif: and I greece my selfe,
To think, when thou shalt be disdied by her,
That now thou tyrst on, how thy memory
Will then be pangs'd by me. Pray where dispatch,
The Lambe entrest the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Matters bidding
When I define it too.

Pifg. Oh gracious Lady:
Since receiv'd thy command to do this bruitet,
I have not slept one wink.
Ims. Doe't, and to bed then.
Pifg. He wake mine eye-ball's sist.
Ims. Wherefore then?
Did it under take it? Why haist thou abd,
So many Mules, with a presence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owe? Our fleshes labour?
The Time immuteth there? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpoofertaince. Why haist thou gone so faire
To be en-bent? when thou haist tane dry hand,

The elec'ted Deere before thee?
Pifg. But to win time
To loose to bad employment, in which
I haue consider'd of a courtes good Lady
Hear me with patience.
Ims. Take thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ease
Therein false frothke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tem, to bottome that. But speake.
Pifg. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.
Ims. Moost like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.
Pifg. Noto nother:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Matter is abud. Some Villaine
And singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curi'd miracle.
Ims. Some Roman Curzean an?
Pifg. No, on my life:
He gue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis command'd
I should to do, you shall be mit at Court,
And that will well confirme it.
Ims. Why good Fell swx,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pifg. Hy Don't backe to th' Court.
Ims. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that harth, noble, simple nothing:
That Curzean, whole Louse-bane hath bene to me
As fearfull as a Siege.
Pifg. Not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.
Ims. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'h Worlds Volume
Our Britaine teemes as of it, but no int:
In a great Foure, a Swaines-meat, phryse thinks
There's hurts out of Britaine.
Pifg. I am most glad
You thik of other place: Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Dacie, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which appeareth it selfe, must not yet be,
But by fearl-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily neere
The residence of Paffionum: so far (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him houely to your ear,
As sturly as he moves.
Ims. Oh for such means,
Though peril to my modell, not death don't
I would adventure.
Pifg. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Nicene
(Th' Handsides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggit courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-enow'd, dour and
A quarrelions as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that raref Treasure of your Cheekes,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,)
Alacke no remonstrance to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titus: and forget
Your laborious and dainty Trimmings, wherein
You made great fresh argument.
Imo. Nay be briefe.
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Fis. First, make your felice but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already it
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoes, all
That answer to them: Would you in their famine
(And with what impudence you can borrow
From youth of such a season) have Noble Lucinius
Present your felice, desire his ferris: tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know
If that his head have ease in Musick, doublete
With joy he will embrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You have me rich, and I will bete fease
Beginning, nor foppiscent.
Imo. Thou art at comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but weel I can
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
Fis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mild, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miffrit,
Here is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomache-quall'd at Land, a Diamme of this
Will drinke away dufference. To none shawe,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Cym. Thus fare, and so fare well.
Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir: My Emperour hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Matters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir) will not endure his yoke: and for our selfe,
To shew Leave, some rigour then they, must needs
Appeare vnder Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I defiere of you
A Conduct our Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all joy 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 Lucinius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I ware it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucinius, good my Lords
Till he have crost the Severn, Happines. Exit Lucinius, &c

Cym. He was hence frowning: but it honours us
That he have given him cause.

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

Cym. Lucinius hath wrote already to the Emperour
How it goes here. It fits we therefore hourly
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness:
The Powres that he already hath in Galius
Will foonie be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Clot. 'Tis not sleepy businesse.
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expedition that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appeard
Before the Roman, nor to vs hasten'd o'er
The duty of the day. She looks vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her hither vs, for
We have beene too sight in lofference.

Clot. He is call'd Sir,
Since the exile of Puffinus, most retir'd.
Hath her life bins: the Cury whereof, my Lord,
Tis time mult do. Befeech your Majestie,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her content be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer.
That will be giv'n to the wound of noise, we make,

Clot. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereeto constrain'd by her intimacie,
She should that justice leave unpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She will not me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?

Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Fear, prove false.

Clot. Go, looke after:

Puffinus, thou that stand'st so for Puffinus,
He hath a Dragge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is the gone? Happily dispaire hath seiz'd her.
Or wing'd with feruour of her love, she's flowne
To her deas Puffinus; gone she is,
To death, or to dis Honor, and my end.
Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe,
I have the placing of the Britishe Crowne.

Enter Cloten

How now, my Sonne?

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

Clot. All the better; may
This night fore-flatt him of the coming day. Exit Clot.

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's faire and Royall,
And that she hath all counti parts more exquisitie

Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best the bath, and the of all comrro, led
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fausons on
The love Pothosamus, flanders in her judgement,
That what’s else rare, is check’d; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, my table;
To be resign’d yonether. For when Fools fail-

Enter Pifans.

Who is here? What? are you seeking sailor?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pansie, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? Is a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Friends.

Pif. Oh, good my Lord;
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Cloe Villain,
He have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is the wish Pothosamus?
From whole so many weights of bastinado, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can the be with him? When was the mis’d?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is the Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; cast the me home,
What is become hither?

Pif. Oh, my all-worth Lord
Clo. All-worth Villain,
Difficult where thy Misfort is, at once,
At the next word, no more of worthy Lord;
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then Sir;
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let’s see: I will pursue her
Enter Angelica Throne.

Pif. Of this, or peril.
She’s farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hush.

Pif. He write to my Lord she’s dead: Oh Images,
Safe may’t thou wonder, safe return again.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sirra, I think.

Clo. It is Pothosamus hand, I know’t.
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true le Росс; under
those Employments wherein I should have cause to vie thee with a serious industrious, that is, what villainy fore I bid thee do to perform it, diridy and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst not neither want
my means for thy reele, nor my voyage for thy preference.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Will thou ferue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that
Begger Pothosamus, thou canst not in the course of grati-
\nde, but be a diligent follower of mine, Will thou ferue mee?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, heere’s my purse. Hallo any
of thy late Masters Garnements in thy possession?

Pifan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suitte he wore, when he took leue of my Lady & Mif-
reette.

Clo. The first servitez thou dost mee, fetch that Suitte
hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pif. I shall do it but.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen; (I forget to take
him one thing, Ie remember anon;) even there, thou
villaine Pothosamus will I kill thee. I would thee Gar-
ments were come. She fade upon a time (the bittersniff of
it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of Pothosamus, in more respect, than your Noble
and natural person; together with the adornment of my
Qualities. With that Suce upon my backe, I will ra-
with her; fliek kill him, and in her eyes, there shall the fee
my value, which will then be a torment to his contemplations.
He on the ground, my speech of infamity ended on his
dead body, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that shee so
prais’d; do the Comt. He knock her backe, foot her home
again. She hath despis’d me reinjoyning, and thee bee
merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pifans.

Be thou the Garnements?

Pif. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is’t since the went to Milford-Hauen?

Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrel to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Muse to my designe. Be
but durous, and true preference shall render it selfe to
thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pif. Thou bidst me to my loose; for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purfuit. Flow, flow
You Heavenly blessings on her. This Fools speeece
Be crost with Roundelle, Labour be his meede.

Enter Imagen alone.

Ima. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have ey’d my selfe, and for two nights together
Hauce made the ground my bed. I should be sickes,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Pifans fiew’d thee,
Thou wast within a kenne. Oh Loue, I think
Foundations die the wretched; such I meanes,
Where they should be releas’d. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poor Polkes lyce
That have Afflictions on them, knowing ‘tis
A punishment, or Trial? Yes, no wonder,
When Rich-ones scare tell true. To lape in Fulniffe
Is foor, then to lyce for Neede; and Fallhhood
Is worst in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one of a fiddle Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger’s gone; but ere before, I was
At point to finke, for Food. But what is this?
Here a path too: ‘tis some faulige hold
I were biff not call; I dare not call: yet Faming
Ere cleanse it o’erthrow Nature, makes it valliant,
Plenteous, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnisse eeter
Of Hardine is Mother. How? who’s heere?
If any thing that is civil, speake: ihauge,

Take,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Take, or lend. How? No answer! Then I enter.

Bed draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But drear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely looke on's.
Such a Foe, good Enrues. Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Bel. You Poltiore have prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feat: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Scensant, 'tis our match:
The feast of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our homackes
Will make what's borne dearly, favour. Weasmeffe
Can inore upon the Flint, when relixe Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poore house, that keep it they selfe,
Guil. I am thouroughly weary.
Arru. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.
Guil. There is cold meat in this Case, we'll browz on that
While't what we have left, be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come let in.
But that it cates our vichuishes, I should think
Heere were a Fairey.
Guil. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Jupiter an Angel: or if not
An earthily Paragon. Behold Diumenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Image.

Imo. Good masters spare me not.
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have bag'd, or bought, what I have tooke good trea
I have flonie nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold, silverd'th' Poore. Heere's money for my Meaxe,
I would have left it on the Boarde, so fooe
As I had made my Meaxe; and pasted
With Pray's for the Provider.
Guil. Money? Youth.
Arru. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship durtly Gods.
Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it,
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Miford-Haures.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele Sir: I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being gone, almost spent with hunger,
I am faine in this offence,
Bel. Petylce (faire youth)
Thinkes vs not Charles; nor measurable our good minde.
By this rude place we live in, well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shal have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to stay, and este it;
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Guil. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woor hard, but be your Groome in honesty;
I bid foue, as I do buy.
Arru. He make's my Comon:
He is a man, I love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him.

Enter Clatton alone.
Clat. I am neere to th' place where they shoulde meet,
If Pinfias have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serve me? Why shoulde his Miftris who was made by him
That
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

387.

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (having reverence of the Word.) For'tis fadie a Woman's face; if she comes by fire: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak to it my felle, for it is not Vanglorie for a man, and his Gaffe, to confet in his owne Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no felle young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be- yond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike commodious in general fervices, and more re- markable in fingle oppositions; yet this imperieraunt Thing loves him in my delight. What Mortallity is? Paff tumult, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this hour be off, thy Mistis in- forced, thy Garments cut to jeces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my rough visage; but my Mother having power of his teffline, shall tune all in to say commendations. My Horse is eyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a fore pouse: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

Exe.

Scena Secunda.

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

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

Arv. Brother, stay here.

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie, Whole doe is both alike. I am very fiche, Gai. Go you to Hunting, he abide with him. Imo. So fiche I am not, yet I am not well: But not to Citizen a want, as To feene to dye, et fiche: So please you, leave me, Sticke to your journeall 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 socionable: I am not very fiche, Since I can reason of it: you pray you trust me here, Ie rob none but my felle, and let me dye Stealing so poorly.

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

Bel. What? How? how?

Arv. It is to be fined to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why I love this youth, and I have heard thee say,
Lone's reasons, without reason. The Beaxt at doore, And a demand who is shall dye, I'd say "
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble frainie! O worthtie of Nature, breed of Greattiefe!

Coward's father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Brain; Contemt, and Grace,
I'm not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Deth myrracle it felle, loud before mee,
Tis the ninth house o'th' Moore.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.——So please ye Sir,
Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyves I have heard:
Our Courtier fay, all's fauge, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou displease't Report.
Th'emperious Sea's breed Monstres; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am fiche to ill, heart-fiche; Fibune,
He now taffe of thy Druage.

Gai. I could not sithre him:
He faid he was gentle, but unfortunrate;
Disfringly afficted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he aswerve me: yet said hereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fiche,
For you must be our Hutwife.

Imo. Well, or ill.

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall be ever,
This youth, how er diffirent, appears he hath had Good Ancesters.

Arv. How Angell-like he fings?

Gai. But his niece Cookerie?

Arv. He cut our Rootes in Characteres,
And fawce't our Brothers, as Imo had bin fiche,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling, with a figh: as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would fyle
From so divine a temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.

Gai. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Surpes together,
And let the flinking-Elder (Greefe) yutwine
His pershing roote, with the encreaing Vine.

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

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde those Rannagates, that Vilainne
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thatse Rannagates?

Means he not vs? I partly know him, 'is
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I fear Ione Ambulf:
I saw him not thence many yeres, and yet
I know 'ts he: We are held as Our-Lawes: Hence.

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

Clo. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some vilainne-Mouontainers?
I have heard of such. What Slawe art thou?

Gai. A thing.

More flainflis did I ne're, then answereing
A Slawe without a knocke.

Clo. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Vilainne spedel the Theefes.

Gai. To whom? to thee? What are thou? Have not I
An armie as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy word: I grant are bigger: I for weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why
Why should I yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain base,
Knoutest me not by my Cloaths? 

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raschall: 
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloaths,
Which (as it seems) make thee.

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

Gui. Hence thee, and thanking
The man that gave thee thee. Thou art some Fools,
I am loath to be thee. 

Clot. Thou unmerciful Thift, 
Hearst by my name, and tremble.

Gui. What is thy name?

Clot. Cletus, thou Villaine. 

Gui. Often, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Tood or Adder, Spider, 
Twould move me sooner. 

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

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming 
So worthy by thy Birth. 

Clot. Are not seared? 

Gui. Thofe that I seerence, thofe I fear: the Wife
At Fools I laugh not, nor feared them. 

Clot. Dyke the death: 
When I have shaine thee with my proper hand,
He follow that see even now fled hence; 
And on the Gates of Ludi: some let your heads: 
Yield Rustiki Mainstraines. 

Enter Batastres and Armages. 

Bel. No Companie's abroad? 

Arni. None in the world: you did mistake him sure. 

Bel. I cannot tell: Long I sat since I saw him, 
But Time hath nothing blur'd thofe lines of Favour 
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice, 
And burt of speaking were as his: I am absolute 
Two very Cletus. 

Arni. In this place we left them.

I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so tell. 

Bel. Being safe made vp, 
I meant no man; he had not apprehension 
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement 
Is oft the cause of Fears. 

Enter Guideres. 

But see thy Brother. 

Gui. This Cloton was a Fools, an empty putto, 
There was no money in't: Not Henceth 
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none: 
Yet I not doing this, the Fools had borne 
My head, as I do his. 

Bel. What hath thou done?

Gui. I am perfet, what cut off one Cloton head, 
Some to the Queene (after his owne report) 
Who call'd one Frantor, Mainstriner, and swore 
With his own finge hand he'd take vs in, 
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow 
And let them on Ludi Tomne. 

Bel. We are all undone. 

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haste we to lose, 
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law 
Proclad not us, why should we be tender, 
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat vs? 
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe? 

For we do fear the Law. What company 
Dizkout you among? 

Bel. No single foule 
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason 
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor 
Was nothing but nutation, I, and that 
From one bad thing to worste; Not Frenzie, 
Not absolute madnede could to faire haue rau'd 
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps 
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee 
Cauce heere, hunt heere, are Out-laws, and in time 
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing, 
(As it is like him) might brake out, and freese 
Heel'd fetch vs in, yes it's not probable 
To come alone, either he on understand, 
On they so suffering; then on good ground we feare, 
If we do Scarce thie Body hath a taille 
More perilous then the head. 

Arni. Let Ordinance 
Come as the Gods fore-day it; howsoever, 
My Brother hath done well. 

Bel. I had no minde 
To hunt this day: The Boy Fiddlers fitenesse 
Did make my way long forth. 

Gui. With his owne Sword, 
Which he did wear against my throte, I have rare 
His head from him: He throw's in't into the Creeke 
Behind our Rocke, and let it to the Sea, 
And tell the Fiftes, he's the Queene's Sonne, Cloton, 
That's all I teake. 

Bel. I fere 'twill be reusable; 
Would (Pildores) thou hadst not done't: though valour 
Becomes thee well enough. 

Arni. Would I had done't; 
So the Revenge alone purs'd me: Pildores 
I love thee brotherly, but envy much 
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenge 
That possible strengthe might meet, wold steek vs through 
And put vs to our anster. 

Bel. Well, as done: 
We shall have more to day, nor feake for danger 
Where there's no profit, I profess to our Rocke, 
You and Fiddes play the Cookie: He day 
Till halfe Pildores return, and bring him 
To dinner prentely. 

Arni. Poor me Fiddle. 
He willingly to him, to glaine his colour, 
I'd let a parish of such Cloton blood, 
And prate my tale for charity. 

Bel. Oh thou Goddeffe, 
Thou divine Nature: thou thy Self thou blazon't 
In these two Princely Boyes: they are so gentie 
As Zephyres blowing below the Violet, 
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough 
Their Royals blood enchaft'd as the rudt winde, 
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pines, 
And make him grow to th' Vaile. 'Tis wonder 
That an insufible infinck should frame them 
To Royalty vndream'd, Honorvaught, 
Ciunty not seene from other: valour 
That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop 
As if it had bene fow'd; yet still it's strange 
What Cloton being here to vs portends, 
Or what his death will bring vs. 

Enter Guideres. 

Gui. Where's my Brother?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have sent Cloten Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embasse to his Mother; his Bodie's bofferage
For his returne.

Bel. My Ingenious Instrument,
(Haarff, Polidorc) it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Haarff.

Gui. Is it at home?
Bel. He went hence euene now.

Gui. What does he mean?
Since death of my don't Mother
It did not speake before. All tolemce things
Should answer tolemce Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Troyes,
Isolatly for Ages, and griefes for Boyces.
Is Cadwall mad?

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

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

Bel. The Bird is dead
That we have made so quicly on. I had rather
Haue skip'd from sixtene years of Ag's, to stick:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seeme this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee nor the one halfe so well,
As when thou grewst thy felte,

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could find thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to skew what Coast thy fluggish care
Might'vst easlie harbour in. Thou bleffed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'vst have made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arni. Strakes, as you see:
Thus falling, as some Fly had tickled flumber,
Not as deaths dart. being laug'd at: his right Checke
Reposing on a Cusion.

Gui. Where?
Arni. O' the floore:
His armes thus leagued, I thought he slept, and put
My clowdely Brosques of off my steete, whole rudentesse
Anweb'd my hips too low.

Gui. Why, but high sleepers?
I se the gone, bee I make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arni. With fairest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer faileth, and I lye heere, Fidelc,
He sweeten thy fad graue: thou falt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face, Pale Primrose, nor
The saur'd Hase-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill for shaming:
Those rich-left-heyret, that let their Fathes lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,

Gui. Thus, and fun'd Molle besides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Fayre'se.

Gui. Pity her have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt: To th' graue.

Arni. Say, where shall's lay him?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Successor of the Roman boast,
Luc. Dreame often o',
And never false. Soft hoa, what trunkes is heere?
Without his top? The ruincs speaks, that sometime
It was a wryt by building. How? A Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the deforun, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face,
Cap. He's alire my Lord.
Luc. He'll then infruct us of this body: Young one,
Informes of thy Fortunes, for it feemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak it thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alreadt that good Picture? What's thy interest
Is in this fad wrecks? How came's? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if noe,
Nothing to be better: This was my Maister,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers eyes shine: Alas,
There is no more such Master: I may wander
From Fall to Occident, try out for Service,
Try many, all good: I trust truly: never
Find such another Master.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth,
Thou moult no leese with thy complaining, then
Thy Master 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'll pardon it. Say you so?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fulke Sir.
Luc. Thou dostn't approue thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wit take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be to well Master'd, but before
No leste beloud. The Roman Emperor Letters
Sent by a Constable to me, shou'd sooner
Then rine the worth preferre thee: Go with me.
Imo. He follow Sir. But sill, and dost please the Gods,
He hide my Master from the Fiers, as deep.
As these poor Pickasses can digge: and when
With wild wood-lesses & weeds, I had threw'd his graue
And on it laid a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice of ye, I weep, and fighe,
And lasting to his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertain mee.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taugh't vs many duties: Let vs
Find out the prettiest Dazied-Ploit we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arne him: Boy he's preferry'd
By thee, to us, and he shall be interry'd
As please you. Be cheerful! wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meane the happier to smile.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Against and bringing me word how 'ts with her,
A Feauours with the absence of her Sonne;
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Bel. Sonnes,
We’ll higher to the Mountains, there secure us,
To the King’s party there’s no going: newes
Of Cleton’s death (we being not knowne, now matter’d)
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have list’d; and so extort from that
Which we have done, whole answer would be death
Drawne on with Torrure.

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

Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear of their Roman hostes neigh,
Behold their quarter’d Forces; have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waite their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though Cleton then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not declared my Service, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, dye hopefull
To haue the courtseyes of your Creede promis’d,
But to be still hot Summers Tinlings, and
The shrinking States of Winter.

Gus. Then befo,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to’th Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your tale
So out of thought, and thereto so one-grown,
Cannot be question’d.

Arr. By this Sunne that shines
He tither: What thing it is, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarce ever look’d on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Nemer befried a Horie tame one, that had
A Ruder like my telle, who ne’t ye would Rowell,
Nor Irom on his hlecile I am fals’t
To look upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefite of his blest Beamset, remaining
So long a poore unknowne.

Gus. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bleesse me Sir, and glue me leave,
He take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romines.


Bel. No reason I (since of your lies you see)
So flight a valewatton should refere
My crack’d one to more care. Have with you Boyes:
If in your Country wares you chance to dye, that
Is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ilye.
I lead’d; the time seemes long, their blood thinkes scorn
Till it flye out, and lew them Princes borne.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius & Arminius.

Gus. The noyse is round about vs.
Bel. Let vs from it.

Arr. What pleaure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Athlon, and Aventure.

Gus. Nay, what base
Hau we in hindig vs? This way the Romines
Must, or for Britaines flay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vniaturall Result
During vs, and flay vs after.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Every good Servant doth not all Command:
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lust to put on this; so harsh you faults
The noble Imogen, to repent, and froathe
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But slave,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love.
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doorses shut.
But Imogen is your own, do your beft willer,
And make me please to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentiy, and to fight.

Against my Ladies Kingdome: Tis enough
That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miftres: Peace,
Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and tune my felle
As do's a Britaine Peasant: I feele fight
Against the part I come with, to ile dyde
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath, death: and thus, unknowne,
Pitted, nor hated, to the face of peril
My felle Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More value in me, then my habits shew.
Gods, put the strength o'th Lennons in me:
To frame the guise o'th world, I will begin,
The fashion felle without, and more within.

As warre were hood-wink'd.

Luc. 'Tis their freth supplies.

Lan. It is a day turn'd frangely: or becommes
Let's re-morce, or fly.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Puffimus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Can't thou from where they made the stand?
Puff. I did,
Though you,t scenes come from the Fliers?
Lor. I did.
Puff. No blame be to ye Sir, for all was loff,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings defitt, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines scene: all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearded,
Lacing the Tongue with slaughter: having worke
More pleasaunt, then Tooles to dote: froathe downe
Some mortally, some lightly toucht, some falling
Meereely through fear, that the first passe was dam'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowsards lying
To dye with lengthned flame.

Lor. Where was this Lane?
Puff. Close by the bastell, ditches, & wall'd with turph,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
An honest one I warrant who deferd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to
In doing this for a Country. Ahwaar the Lane
He, with two frilippings (Lads more like to run
The Country busie, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for perseveration cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passaige, cried to those that fled.
Our Britaine hearts dye flying, nor our men,
To darkneffe fleere foules that dye backwaards: stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may faire
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, Stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in aye, as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the Place: more Charming
With their owne Noblenesses, which could have turnd
A Diftrafe, to a Lance, guided pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a fine in Warre,
Dami'd in the first beginners) gain to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne
A fep, Phoebus; a Retere, Anon
A Rover, confusion thickes; forthwith they flye
Chicken, the way which they flopt Eagles: Stales
The frides the Victors made and now our Cowsards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th neede: having found the backe doeore open
Of the wingdared hearts: heaven, how they wound,
Some Iaine before some dying: some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th former wane, ten chace by one,
Are now each one the slayer-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere reft, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th Field.
Lord. This was a strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Poet. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Then to work any. Will you Rume upon's,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Here is one:
"Two Boys, an Oldman (tossed a Boy) in Lane,
"Prefere'd the Britaine, war the Romans hate."

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Poet. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe. He be his Friend:
For if he'd do, as he is made to do,
I knew he would quickly flye my friendship too.
You have put me into Rume.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit. Poet. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble Mister
To be with Field and ask what newes of me?
To do, how many would have given their Honours
To have sau'd their Carkase? Took heele to doo's,
And yet dyed too. In mine owne woe charmed
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he trooke. Being so vglly Mouller,
'Tis strange he hides him in freth Cups, lost Beds,
Some sweet words: or hath men multipliers then we
That draw his knives th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Favourite to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have renf'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the victorie Hume, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here he made by th'Romans great. The Answer be
Britains must take. For me, my Rameone's death,
On eather side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyer heere He keps, nor beare ago,
But end it by some meanes for Image,

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
"Though the old man, and his company, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a folly habit,
That gane th'Affront with them.

So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poet. A Roman.
Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seconds
Had anwer'd him.
2. Lay hands on him: a Dogger,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crowes have peckt them here: he brags his ferrouse
As if he were of note: bring him to th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderida, Arvirgus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captivas. The Captaines present Puffumus to
Cymbeline who delivers him over to a Gasator.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Puffumus, and Gasator.

Gaz. You shall find now be Robin,
You have lockes upon you.
So graze, as you finde Failerse.
2. Gaz. I, a homeacker.
Poet. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's fiche o'th'Gowt; since he had rather

Groom so in perpetuity, then be our'd
By'th'line Physician, Death; who is the key
To barre these Lockes. My Confesse, thou art sett'rd
More then my thanks, & wifflit you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrum 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 tyme,
Defir'd, more then constrain'd; to satisfie
If of my Freedom 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then wilde men,
Who of their broken Debts are taken a third,
A tax, a tenth, letting them thre a game
On their abatement; that's not my defire,
For Images deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not to decre, yet 'tis a life; you count'nd it,
Tweene man, and man, they wand't not euer flame:
Though light, take Peceses for the figures taker,
(You rather) mine being yours: and to great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancel there cold Bonds. Oh Image,
I speake to thee in silence.

Solemnly Multihe. Enter (as in an Apotheosis) Sicellus
Lomannus Father to Puffumus, an old man armed like a war-
rior, leading in his hand an ancient Marrow (his wife; &
Mother to Puffumus) with Multihe before them. Then
other after Multihe follows the young Leonatus (bro-
thers to Puffumus) in wounds as they died in the war.
They circle Puffumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicel. No more then Thunder-Master
Threw thy lightning on Mortall Flies:
With Mars, fall oud with Juno childe, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuneges.

Hast my poor Boy done ought but well,
Whole face I never saw him, and thought
I dy'd while it in the World he staid,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
I do'st in the World he staid,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
I whistled do'st in the World he staid,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
I whistled do'st in the World he staid,
attending Natures Law.
To taint his Noble hair & braine, with needlefull cloudes,
And to disturb the gleeke of oth'ers vanitie?
    a brose. For this, from fuller seats we cesse,
    our Pacience, and our mortaine,

That shrieking in our Countries cause,
fell brutely, and were blaine,
Our Peaky, & Fenamonic light, with Honor to maintain.

    brose. Like hardiment Philanthous hath
to Cynthia perform'd.

Then Tipiter, & King of Gods, why hath y' shutt sou'd?
The Graces for his Merit due, being all to dorses sold?

Sir. Thy Christhill window ope: looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race,yr hart, and potent injuries:

    Mybro. Since(y'tuipere) your Son is good,
take off his imitation.

Sir. Pepepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghoffes will cry

To th' Yning Synod of the reast, against thy Deity.
Brothers, helpe (jupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy justice flye.

Jupiter desends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an
Eagle, he thows a Thunderbolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.

Inspire. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: but. How dare you Ghoffes
Accufe the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Gods.

Poor shadows of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vp your never-withering bankes of Flowers.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreft,
No care of Yours iis, you know theirs.
Whom best I love, I croffe; to make my guilt
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-ladle Sonne, our Godhead will vllifie:
His Comforts thriu, his Trials well are spent.
Our foutall Starre regio'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rie, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady imagenes,
And happier much by his Affiction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Brede, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, dute confide,
And to away: no farther with your dinne
Express Impatience, lest you thriu vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chiffalline.

Sir. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was fulphurous to smee: the holy Eagle
Stoopd, as to foot vs: his Attention is
More swete then our blett Fields: his Royall Bird
Puntes the immortall wing, and claves his Beake.
As when his God is pleas'd.

At. Thanks Jupiter.

Sir. The Marble Pattern clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and be blest
Leevs with care performe his great benefit.

Poff. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandire, and begor
A piper, and that thou hast creaste
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh, scorned)
Go, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
And so I am awake, Poorer Wretches, that depend
On Greason, Fauour: Drees me as i have done.
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I lerne;
Many Drees me not to finde, neither defcribe,
And yet are deep'd in Fauours; to am
That have the Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayersies haunt this ground? A Book: Oh rare one,

Be nor, as is our fangled work, a Garment
Nobler then that it conterts. Let thy effect
So follow, to be most unlike our Couriers,
As good, as promisse.

Reades.
When as a Lyrus whose selfe, shall to himselfe unkowne,
without seeking finds, and be embrac'd by a pieces of tender
Aye: And when from a lastely Cider Blossom catch branches,
which being dead many years, shall after renee, be signate to
the old Strucke, and freely grown, then shall Philanthous end his
merit, Brittanie be fortunate, and flouris in Peace and Plem-
tie.

'Tis fill a Dreame: or else such stiffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine nor: either both, or nothing,
Or sentiflesse speaking, or a speaking luch
As sentire cannot vntie. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
But for compassion.

Enter Goaler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?


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

Poff. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish is done.

Gao. A heayy reckoning for you Sir. But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tatene Bills, which are often the faceffe of parling,
as the procuring of mirf: you come in fiate for want of
meate, depar teeling with too much drinke: forrite that
you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heurer, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawn of heartinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quir: Oh the charity of a penny God, doth sumnes
up thoundans in a trice: you have no true Debiter, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Book, Counter, so the
Acquittance followes.

Poff. I am meriter to dye, then shout to line.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepees, feeders not the Toath-
Aches: 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 youshall go.

Poff. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not
seene him so pli'd: you must either bee directed by
some that take upon them to know, or take upon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: nor jump the
after-enquiry on your owne perfilt: and so you shall
speed in your journeyes and, I think you'll never returne
to tell one.

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

Gao. To whome? to the infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
have the belte of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Mafoner.

Msf. Knock on his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the
King.

Poff. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to be
made free.

Gao. I le be hang'd then.

Poff. Thou shalt be then free then a Goaler no boots for
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arni-
ragus, Pisanus, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made
Prefectors of my Throne; woe is my heart,
That the poor Skilliard that so richly forgot
Whose rags, than d'gild'd Armes, whole naked brief
Steps before Sages of proofs, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him!
One Grace can make him liv;
Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promise nought
But beggary, and poore looks.
Cym. No tydings of him?
Bel. He hath bin teach'd among the dead: & living;
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grresse, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Lier, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the line. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambrirc are we borne, and Gentlemen;
Further to boot, were nether true, nor model;
Valleff I adde, we are honest,
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arie my Knights with hastell, I create you
Companions to our perfson, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your estate.

Enter Cornielus and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you looks like Romanes,
And not o'th Court of Britaine.
Cor. Hayle great King,
To forowe your happineffe, I must report
The Queens is dead.
Cym. Who worke then a Physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'rinesse may be prolong'd, y'r death
Will lye the Doctor too. How have you bin?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Many to their selfe. What the confest,
I will report, so please you. The QUEEN's Women
Can tripe me, if ere, who with wet cheeks
Were present when the finall'd.
Cym. Prethsee saie,
Cor. First, the confest the never see'd you; only
Afflicted Greatness got by you; no you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place...
Yea, though thou dost demand a Prisoner.
The Noblest tane.

Insecurity, I humbly thank ye. Your Highness,

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

Ino. No, no, alacke,

There's other work to be done: I see a thing

Bitter to me, as death; thy life, good Master,

Must mingle in thy fate.

Luc. The Boy dares me,

He leaves me, becometh me: briefly dye their voyes,

That place them on the truth of Grylles, and Boyes;

Why yields he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?

I love thee more, and more: think more and more

What's best to do. Know'st thou him thou look'st on? speak

With hauce him how? Is he thy kins thy friend?

Ino. He's a Roman, no more kin to me,

Then I to your Highness, who being born your vassalle

Are something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'lt him so?

Ino. He tells you [Sir] in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,

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

Ino. Fidde St."r.

Cym. Thou'st my good youth: my Page

He be thy Master: waft with me: speak freely.

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

Arni. One Sand another.

Not more remembles that sweet Rosey Lad:

Who dyed, and was Fidde: what think you t]

Guil. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, peace, further: he eyes us not, for beare

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

He would have spoke to vs.

Guil. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: zee's fe further.

Pipa. It is my Matriss

Since thee is living, let the time run on.

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Make thy demand aloud. Sit, step you forth,

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shal

Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

Ino. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Poff. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

Inch. Thou'tt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that

Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How's it?

Inch. I am glad to be constrain'd to write that

Which torment me to concealle. By Villany

I got this Ring: 'twas Leontus Jewell,

Whom thou didst banish: and which more may greece

As it doth me: a Noble Sir, ne're lut'd

(there,

Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou here more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Jack. That Paragon, thy daughter

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quite to remember. Give me leave, I faint.


I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,

Then dye ere I hearce more: strive man, and speak.

Inch. Upon a time, vnhappy was the clocke

That strooke the hour: it was in Rome, accurt.

The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would

Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least

Thosed which I heard to head): the good Pobhumus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be

Where till men were, and was the best of all

Among the rest of good ones) fittig sadly,

Hearing vs praise our Ladies of Italy

For Beauty, that made barren the dwell'd beast

Of him that best could speak: for Ferus, laming

The Shrine of Deum, or sightly-pigt 'Minerva,

Postures, beyond brefe' Nature. For Condition,

A thop of all the qualities, that man

Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wining,

Faireness, which strikes the eye.

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

Inch. All too soone I fall,

Villefe thou wouldst greece quickly, this Pobhumus,

Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one

That had a Royall Louter, tooke his hant,

And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, thence

He was as calme as vertue) he began

His most pius picture, which, by his tongue, being made, and

Then a minde put in't, either our bragge.

Were crankt of Kischin-Trullis, or his description

Proud vs vnspaking forces.

Cym. Nay, nay, so'th purpose.

Inch. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)

He speake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,

And like alone, were cold: Whereas, I wretch

Made temper of his praise, and wager'd with him

Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore

Vpon his honour'd finger to attire

In side the place of, a bed, and winne this Ring

By her, and mine Adolety the (true Knight)

No leffer of her Honour confident

Then I did truly finde her, stales this Ring,

And would, as it had beene a Carbuncle

Of Placebut Whitche, and might so safety, had it

Bin all the worth of a Carre. Away to Ukraine

Poff L in this designe's Well may you (Sir)

Remember me to Court, where I was taught

Of your childe Daughter, the wide difference

Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longings: mine Italian braine

Gain in your dule; Britaine operate

Most wildly: for my vantage excellent.

And to be breefe, my principal purpose

That I return'd with simular proofs enough,

To make the Noble Leontus mad,

By woundinge his beleefe in her Renowne,

With Tokens thus, and thus auercing notes

Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet

(Oh cunning how I go) my fame markes

Of Secret on her person, that he could nor

But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,

I hauing theake the forsey. Whereupon,

Me thinkes I see him now.

Poff. I fo thou doth,

Italian Friend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,

Evengrous murtherer. Threfe, any thing

That's due to all the Villaines path, in being

To come. Oh give me Cord, or knive, or poysin,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Some vpright Justice. Thou King, send out
For Torturours ingenuous: it is
That all th'o'abhorred things o'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Pollohumus,
That kill'd thy Daughter. Vainly-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villain then my selfe,
A factious Engine to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was the sea; and the sea fell.
Sip, and throw flones, cast myre upon me, set
The dogges o'v'heart to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Pollohumus Lemuarius, and
Be villany lese from' twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen,

I'mo. Peace my Lord, heare heare.
Pol. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pis. Oh Gentleman, helpes,
Mine and your Mistres: Oh my Lord Pollohumus,
You're kill'd Imogen till now helpes, helpes,
Mine hounourd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?
Pol. How comes thei sluggers on me?
Pol. Wake my Mistres.
Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to
To death, with mortall joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistres?
I'mo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gault me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not whither Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.
Pis. Lady, the Gods throw flones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.
I'mo. It poyson'd me.
Cym. Oh Gods!

I let out one thing which the Queene confi'd
Which must approve thee honest. If Pafanio
Have (said she) given his Mistres that Confi'dence
Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is for'd,
As I would serue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importune'd me
To temper poyson for her, she pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Caws and Dogges
Of no estate, I dreading, that her purport
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine floute, which being tane, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, shoul'd againe
Do that one Floute. Have you taken it?
I'mo. Moll like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My Bayes, there was our error.

Guu. This is faire Fidele.

I'mo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro' you?
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me again.

Pis. Hang there like fruites, my foules,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Child? my Child?
What, mak'st thou me a durlard in this Affliction?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

I'mo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prone holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead.

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

Cym. Oh, the wasnaught, and long after it was
That we met her: so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now feares is from me, I speake truths. Lord Cloten
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drowne, foam'd at the mouth, and slice
If I discover'd not which way the she was gone,
it was my infall death. By act of God,
I had a signified Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seekke her on the Mountains near to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inof'red from me) away he pofts
With vnaughty purposes, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I farther know not.

Guu. Let me end the Story: I flew him there.

Cym. Marty, the Gods forsend.
I would not thy good deeds, shoul'd from my lips
Pucke a hard sentence: Purtreee valliant youth

Deny't again.

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

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guu. A must Inclivity. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me;
With Language that would make me fume the Sea,
If it could so reare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thes:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemne'd, and must
Endure our Law! Thou're dead.

I'mo. That deadstiffe man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Bisde the Offender,
And take him from our preence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better then the man he flew.
As well defend'd as thy selfe, and hath
More of the merited, then a Band of Cloten
Had ever learnt for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndo the worst thou art vnpayd for
By calling of our wrath? How of deffence
As good as we:
Aren. In that he speake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will prove that two one's are as good
As I have gonne on him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vntold a dangerous speech,
Though holy well for you.

Aren. Your danger's ours,
Guu. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by Jesus,
Thou had'dst (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd Belarius.

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

Bel. He is it, that hath

Afflu'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence, The whole world shall not save him. Bet. Not too hot; First pay me for the nourishing of thy sonnes, And let it be confiscated, so toone As I have receyved it.

Cym. Nourishing of my sonnes?

Bet. I am too blame, and lascivious; here's my knee; Ere I sit, I will preferre my sonnes Then spare not the old master. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen that call me father, And think they are my sonnes, are none of mine, They are the yule of your loving, my Litho, And blood of your begetting.


Bel. So fare you, your father; I (old Morgan) Am that Belarius, whom thou sometime banished: Your pleasure was my heere offence, my punishment It fell, and all my treason that I suffered; Was all the harme I did; These gentle princes (For fuch, and so they are) these twenty years Have I brought; so doth those Arts they have, As I could put into them. My breeding was (Sir) As your Highness knowes; Their Nieces Euphemia (Whom for the theft I wedded) those these children Upon my Bannishment; I mousing her too, Having receyved the punishment before For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty, Excited me to treason. Their deere lost, The more of you was felt, the more it shad Veto my end of healing them. But gracious Sir, Heere are your sonnes againe, and I must looke Two of the sweetest Companions in the World, The bennes of these courting Heaters, Fall on their heads with dear, for they are worthy To inlay Heauen with Stares.

Cym. Thou weepst, and speakest. The Service that you three have done, is more Valuable, then this thou tellst. I left my Children, If these be they, I know not how to wishe, A payre of worthy sonnes Bel. They were pleas'd awhile; This Gentleman, whom I call Poldore, Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guilemous: This Gentleman, my Cadwal, Aurumnes. Your yonger Prince, Sun he, Sir, was last In so matterous a Mante, wroght by th'hand Of his Queene Mother, which for more probition I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guilemous had Upon his neck a Mole, a foraine Scarre, It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he, Who hath upon him still that natural charm; It was wise parents end, in the donation To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I A mother to the bych of thee? Nere Mother Retey'd delurcance more; Blest, pray you be, That after that strange stranding from your Order, You may requite in them now; Oh Imogen, That haft lod within this Kingdome.

Ino. Nay, my lord; Have got two Worlds byt. On my gentle Brothers, those we thus met? Oh never lay hereafter.

But I am true speaker. You call'd me Brother When I was but your Sisiter? I you Brothers, When we were to indeed.

Cym. Did you are meere?

Arni. I my good lord. Bet. And at last meeting you'd, Continu'd do, till we thought you dyed, Cor. By the Queenes Dramme the tallow'd, Cym. O rare initict! When shall I hear all though? This fierce abridgment, Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lia'd you? And when came you to ferre your Roman Captive? How parted with your Brother? How first met them? Why led you from the Court? And whether there? And your three mooves to the Battale? with I know not how much more should be demanded, And all the other by-dependances.

From chance to chance! But not the Time, nor Place Will ferre our long Interrogatory, See, Proudish Anchors upon Imogen; And the (by harmfulle Lightning) throws her eye On him: her Brothers, her her Mastes hiding Each other with a joy: the Counter-change Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices. Thou art my Brother, so we't well hold thee ever.

imo. You are my Father too, and did releeve me: To fee this gracious feation. Cym. All once it shall.

Saves the in bonds, let them be joyfull too, For they shall taste our Comfort.

imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service. Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forsiour Souldier, that no Nobly fought He would have well become this place, and grac'd The thankings of a King.

Poll. I am Sir, The Souldier that did company these three In poor bereeming: 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, Speake Jacob, I had you downe, and might Have made you finish.

Joh. I am downe againe: But now my happy Confiance flinkes my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, before you Which I so often owe; but your King first, And here the Bracelet of the true Prince That ever wore her Faith.

Poll. Kneele not to me: The powre that I have on you, is to spare you: The malice towards you, to forgive you, Lieu And deal with others better.

Cym. Noble doues.

We'll learn our Frenteele of a Sonne-in-Law: Parson's the word to all.

Arni. You holpe vs Sir, As you did meaned indeed to be our Brother, Loy'd are we, that you are.

Poll. Your Seruant Prince, Good my Lord of Rome Call forth your Smooth-yader: As I kept, the thought Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd Appear'd to me, with other brightely theares Of mine owne Kindred. When I weak'd, I found This Label on my boforme; whose containing Is so from sente in hardneese, that I can Make
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

LUC. Phalarmonus.
SOUT. Here, my good Lord.
LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reader.

Wen as a Lyon whose, shall to himselfs unknown, without seeking finds, and bee embrace'd by a peace of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be loft branches, which being dead many years, joyn after enume, bee eyd to the old Sticks, and freshly grow, then shall Polibonna end his meares, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelp, The fist and apt Construction of thy name Being Leonatus, doth import so much: The peace of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter, Which we call Moliss Aër, and Moliss Aër We termere it Mother; which Mother I divine Is this most constant Wife, who ever now Answering the Letter of the Oracle, Vnoknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about With this most tender Aire.

GYM. This hath some meaning, South, The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline Perfonates thee: And thy loft Branches, point Thy two Sons forth: who by Batalus: Stowe For many yeares thought dead, are now renou'd To the Maiestickes Cedar loyn'd; whose Life

Promisses Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
GYM. Well,
My Peace we will begin; And Cæsus Lucius,
Although the Victour, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Romaine Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heaven in Justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

SOUT. The fingers of the Powers about, do tune
The harmony of this Peace; the Vision
Which I made knowone to Leonatus ere the stoke
Of yet this fears-eold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplisht. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Leifin'd her selfe, and in the Beames o' th Sun
So vanisht; which fore-slew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperial Cæsar, should againe visit
His Faavour, with the Radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the Welt.

GYM. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smaakes climb to their Noffris
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Britishe Enigmie wave
Friendly together: fo through Lands-Town March,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace we ratifie: Scale it with Feasts.
Set on there; Never was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.