The Tragedie of Cymbeline from Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630

Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

London,

William Jaggard,

Edward Blount,

John Smethwicke

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789
Shakespeare First Folios, A Descriptive Catalogue, Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W.

Aspley],

<docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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[26], 76, 79-80, 82-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1]
p.; fol.<p>

Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59
misnumbered 151; p.161
165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251;
p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37
misnumbered 39 in some copies;
3rd count: p.165-166
numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered
280; p.308 misnumbered 38;
993.</p>
</foliation>
</collation>

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6
(πA1+1) [πB^2], 2A-2B^6
3[para]^1 aa-fl^6 gg^2 Gg^6
2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 2g^8 h-v^6 x^4
2G^6 2h^6 2k-2v^6

2C^2 a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2.[para.]-2[para.]^6
hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)^2A-
'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2fl^6 2g^6
x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>
Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 'gg1 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate
conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare".

Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905). For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.

Digital facsimile images available at: http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/.
<particDesc>
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  <person xml:id="F-cym-lor.1">
    <persName type="standard">First Lord, a lord of Cymbeline's court</persName>
    <persName type="form">1</persName>
    <persName type="form">1.</persName>
  </person>
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    <persName type="form">1</persName>
    <persName type="form">1.</persName>
  </person>
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    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
  </person>
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    <persName type="form">1. Bro.</persName>
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  </person>
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    <persName type="form">1. Gent.</persName>
    <persName type="form">1.</persName>
  </person>
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  </person>
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  <persName type="form">2. Sen.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Aru.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Arui.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Aruir.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Bel.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Bela.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-cym-cap">
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  <persName type="form">Clot</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Cor.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Corn.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-cym-cym">
  <persName type="standard">Cymbeline, king of Britain</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cym.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-cym-fre">
  <persName type="standard">Frenchman, friend to Philario</persName>
  <persName type="form">French.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-cym-gao">
  <persName type="standard">Gaoler</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gao.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Iac.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iach</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iachi.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iaeh.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iach</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Iupiter.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-cym-lad">
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Lord
Lo.
Lor.
Lord.

Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces

Luc.

Messenger

Mes.

Mother, an apparition

Mo.

Moth.

Philario, friend to Posthumus, an Italian.

Phi.

Phil.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus

Pis.

Pisa.

Pisan.

Pisæ.

Posthumus Leonatus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen

Post.

Posth.

Posthms.

Posthu.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline

Qu.

Queen.

Sicilius Leonatus, an apparition

Sic.
<div type="play" n="36">
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0879-0.jpg" n="369"/>
  <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.</head>
  <div type="act" n="1">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.</head>
      <div type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</div>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Gentlemen.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
        <l>
          Ou do not meet a man but Frownes.
        </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2 Gent.</speaker>
        <l>
          But what's the matter?
        </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>
          His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow) That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
        </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>
          Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King Be touch'd at very heart.
        </l>
      </sp>
    </div>
  </div>
</div>
<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>None but the King? </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene, </l>
  <l>That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, </l>
  <l>Although they weare their faces to the bent </l>
  <l>Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not </l>
  <l>Glad at the thing they scowle at. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>And why so? </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing </l>
  <l>Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, </l>
  <l>(I meane, that married her, alacke good man, </l>
  <l>And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, </l>
  <l>As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth </l>
  <l>For one, his like; there would be something failing </l>
  <l>In him, that should compare. I do not thinke, </l>
  <l>So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within </l>
  <l>Endowes a man, but hee. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>You speake him farre. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, </l>
  <l>Crush him together, rather then vnfold </l>
  <l>His measure duly. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>What's his name, and Birth? </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father </l>
  <l>Was call'd <hi rend="italic">Sicillius</hi>, who did ioyne his Honor </l>
  <l>Against the Romanes, with <hi rend="italic">Cassibulan</hi>, </l>
  <l>But had his Titles by <hi rend="italic">Tenantius</hi>, </l>
</sp>
whom

He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:

So gain'd the Sur-addition, <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>.

And had (besides this Gentleman in question)

Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time

Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father

That he quit Be<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES">ng; and his gentle Lady</hi>

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast

As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe

To his protection, calls him <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,

Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time

Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke

As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,

And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,

A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,

A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,

A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,

(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price

Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue

By her <choice>
<abbr>electiō</abbr>
<expansion>election</expansion>
</choice> may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?

His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,

Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old

I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery

Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge

Which way they went.

I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?
How long is this ago?

Some twenty yeares.

That a Kings Children should be so convey'd, so slackely guarded, and the search so slow

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

I do well beleue you.

We must forbeare. Here comes the Gentleman, the Queene, and Princessse.

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

That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus, and Imogen.

So soon as I can win th'offended King. I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good.

You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience.

Your wisedome may informe you.

Post.

Please your Highnesse,

I will from hence to day.

You know the perill:

Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying

The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King

Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

My Queene, my Mistris:

O dissembling Curtesy! How fine this Tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,

I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing

(Alwayses reseru'd my holy duty) what

His rage can do on me. You must be gone,

And I shall heere abide the hourly shot

But that there is this Iewell in the world,

That I may see againe.

Post.

My Queene, my Mistris;

O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause

To be suspected of more tendernesse

Then doth become a man. I will remaine

The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.

My residence in Rome, at one

Filorio's,

Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me

Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)

And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,

Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Be briefe, I pray you:

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not

How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him

To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong.
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Who = "#F-cym-leo"

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

Who = "#F-cym-im"o"

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

Who = "#F-cym-leo"

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

Who = "#F-cym-im"o"

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

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Alacke, the King.
Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.
who="#F-cym-leo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
	<l>The Gods protect you,</l>
	<cb n="2"/>
	<l>And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:</l>
	<l>I am gone.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
	<l>There cannot be a pinch in death</l>
	<l>More sharpe then this is.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym"
	<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
	<l>O disloyall thing,</l>
	<l>That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st</l>
	<l>A yeares age on mee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
	<l>I beseech you Sir,</l>
	<l>Harme not your selfe with your vexation,</l>
	<l>I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare</l>
	<l>Subdues all pangs, all feares.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym"
	<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
	<l>Past Grace</l>
	<l>Obedience?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
	<l>Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym"
	<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
	<l>That might'st haue had</l>
	<l>The sole Sonne of my Queene.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
	<l>O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,</l>
	<l>And did auoyd a Puttocke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym"
	<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
	<l>Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my</l>
	<l>Throne, a Seate for baseness.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo"
	<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
No, I rather added a lustre to it.<l>
</l>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>O thou vilde one!</l>
</sp>

Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>:

You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is

Almost the summe he payes.

What? art thou mad?

Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were

A Neat-heards Daughter, and my <hi>
</hi>

Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Beseech your patience: Peace</l>

Thou foolish thing:

They were againe together: you haue done

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her vp.

Enter Queene.</sp>

Beseech your patience: Peace</l>

Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,

Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort

Out of your best aduice.

Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and being aged

Dye of this Folly.

Exit.<l>
</l>

Enter Pisanio.
Fye, you must give way: Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

There might have beene, But that my Master rather plaid, then fought.
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted By Gentlemen, at hand.

I am very glad on't.

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 goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

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

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

I humbly thanke your Highnesse.
Qu.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Pray walke a while.

About some halfe houre hence, Pray you speake with me; You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord. For this time leaue me.

Exeunt.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

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

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

No faith: not so much as his patience.

Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.
The Villaine would not stand me.


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


Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:


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


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


Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine

go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene


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


Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.
I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

You'l go with vs?

Ile attend your Lordship.

Nay come, let's go together.

Well my Lord.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

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

It was his Queene, his Queene.

Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

And kist it, Madam.

Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

And kist it, Madam.
Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe

The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of s mind

Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayld on,
How swift his Ship.

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

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

When shall we heare from him.

Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray

Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
I encounter me with Orisons; for then

I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Give him that parting kisse, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

The Queene (Madam)

Desires you r Highnesse Company.

Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-

man, and a Spaniard.

Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee

was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-

thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I

could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-

miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had

bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

You speak e of him when he was lesse furnish'd,

could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-

miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had

bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,

then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-

out, and within.

I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma-

ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as

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

And then his banishment.

I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, w
else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger
without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne
with you? How creepes acquaintance?

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

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

Sir, we haue knowne togethier in Orleance.

Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courte-
sies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.
Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you should haue beene put together, with so mor-tall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature.

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

Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

Can we with manners, aske what was the dif-ference? 

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

That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentle-mans opinion by this, worn out.

She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.
You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of
Italy.</p>

Posth.</speaker>

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

Posth.</speaker>

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.
I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many
I haue beheld, I could not beleeue she excelled many:
but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is,
nor you the Lady.</p>

Posth.</speaker>

I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.</p>

Posth.</speaker>

More then the world enioyes.</p>

Posth.</speaker>

Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or
she's out-priz'd by a trifle.</p>

Posth.</speaker>

You are mistaken: the one may be solde or gi-
uen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or
merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale,
and onely the guift of the Gods.</p>

Iach.</speaker>

Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or
she's out-priz'd by a trifle.</p>

Iach.</speaker>

Which the Gods haue giuen you?
Post. I will keep their Graces.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolen too, so your brace of unprized estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress: if in the holding or losse of that, you term her frail, I do not thing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen?

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

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence herein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.
You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

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

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

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

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

Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd.
You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-
seure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

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

I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn-
dergo what's spoken, I sweare.

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

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

Iach.

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

Post.

Agreed.

French.

Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil.

Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu.

Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,

Gather those Flowers,

Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady.

I Madam.

Queen.

Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor.


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

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

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

O content thee.

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

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

Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.
Hearke thee, a word.

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

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

I humbly take my leaue.

Weepes she still (saist thou?) Dost thou thinke in time She will not quench, and let instructions enter Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke: Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy Master: Greater, for His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor Continue where he is: To shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And euery day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect To be depender on a thing that leanes? Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how.
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Think what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa.

Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
to taste of too.

Exit Qu. and Ladies.

And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.

Exit.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[Act 1, Scene 6]

Enter Imogen alone.

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

Enter Pisanio, and

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

Change you, Madam: The Worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greetes your Highnesse deerely.

Thanks good Sir, You're kindly welcome. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich: If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend: Arme me Audacitie from head to foote, Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most in-finitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

So farre I reade aloud. But euen the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankefully. You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so In all
I thankes fairest Lady: What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes?

To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

What makes your admiration? What is the matter trow?

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

What, deere Sir, Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peeuish.

I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Exit.

Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.
I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?
Will my Lord say so?

I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,

It is a Recreation to be by

And heare him mocke the Frenchman:

But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Not he I hope.

Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might

Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;

In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.

Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound

To pitty too.

What do you pitty Sir?

Two Creatures heartyly.

Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me

Deserues your pitty?

Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace

I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.

I pray you Sir,

Deliuer with more opennesse your answeres

To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do, I
(I was about to say) enjoy your but I
It is an office of the Gods to venge it, I
Not mine to speake on't.

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

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

Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

My Lord, I feare Has forgot Brittaine.

And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mu

Charmes this report out.

Let me heare no more.

O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with disea'sd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

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

Should he make me

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

What hoa,
Pisanio?'s Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Let me my service tender on your lippes.

Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not.

For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange: Thou wrong' st a Gentleman, who is as farre From thy report, as thou from Honor: and

The King my Father shall be made acquainted Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit, A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart As in a Romish Stew, and to expound His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court He little cares for, and a Daughter, who He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit, A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart As in a Romish Stew, and to expound His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court He little cares for, and a Daughter, who He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

O happy Leonatus I may say, The credit that thy Lady hath of thee Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long, A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon, I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord, That which he is, new o're: And he is one The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch, That he enchants Societies into him: Halfe all men hearts are his.

You make amends.

He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God; He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off, More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'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 loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleesse. Pray your pardon.

All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Pray what is't?
Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

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

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

O no, no.

Iach.

Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word

By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,

I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise

To see your Grace.

Imo.

I thanke you for your paines:

But not away to morrow.

O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,

I haue out‑stood my time, which is materiall

To'th'tende of our Present.

I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,

And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 1] Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist the Iacke vpon an vp‑cast, to be hit away?

I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke‑an‑Apes, must

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

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

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

No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

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

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

Sayest thou?
It is not fit you Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence too.

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

I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Why so I say.

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

A Stranger, and I not know on't?

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

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

? A banisht Rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
Clot.

Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no der <note type="physical" resp="#ES">This r has slipped below the rest of the line.</note>ogation in't?

You cannot derogate my Lord.

Not easily I thinke.

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

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

Ile attend your Lordship.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, t Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,

And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princesse, Thou diuine <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, what thou endur'st.

Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,

A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer,

More hatefull then the foule expulsion is

Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act

Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme

The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd

T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Enter Imogen, in her
Bed, and a Lady.<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sleepes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Please you Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>What houre is it?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
  <l>Almost midnight, Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>I haue read three houres then: </l>
  <l>Mine eyes are weake, </l>
  <l>Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed. </l>
  <l>Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning: </l>
  <l>And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock, </l>
  <l>To your protection I commend me, Gods, </l>
  <l>From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night, </l>
  <l>Guard me beseech yee. </l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Iachimo from the Trunke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>
  <l>The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense </l>
  <l>Repaire s it selfe by rest: Our <hi rend="italic">Tarquine</hi> thus </l>
</sp>
<sp rend="italic">Cytherea</sp>
<hi rend="italic">Tarquine</hi>
<hi rend="italic">Cytherea</hi>
<hi rend="italic">Cytherea</hi>
<hi rend="italic">Cytherea</hi>
<hi rend="italic">Cytherea</hi>
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaneer Moueables

Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.

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

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slipping as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To'6th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane

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

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

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

The Tale of "Tereus", heere the leaffe's turn'd downe

Where "Philomele" gaue vp. I haue enough.

To'6th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.

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

May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

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

It would make any man cold to loose.
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.</p>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Clot.</fw>

<p>Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?</p>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Day, my Lord.</p>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>I would this Musicke would come: I am advised to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.</p>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Musitians.</stage>

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

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">SONG.</stage></p>

<lg>
   <l rend="italic">Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,</l>
   <l rend="italic">and Phæbus gins arise,\</l>
   <l rend="italic">His Steeds to water at those Springs\</l>
   <l rend="italic">on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:\</l>
   <l rend="italic">And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes\</l>
   <l rend="italic">With euyery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:</l>
</lg>

<p>So, get you gone: if this pen<br/>trate, I will consider your<br/>Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voce in her eares</p>
which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaue Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

Heere comes the King.

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

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

You are most bound t/o' th' King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senselesse.
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.<</speaker>
<p>Senselesse? Not so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;</l>
  <l>The one is <hi rend="italic">Caius Lucius</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>A worthy Fellow,</l>
  <l>But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him</l>
  <l>According to the Honor of his Sender,</l>
  <l>And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs</l>
  <l>We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,</l>
  <l>When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,</l>
  <l>Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede</l>
  <l>T'employ you towards</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
  <l>If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not</l>
  <l>Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,</l>
  <l>I know her women are about her: what</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold</l>
  <l>Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes</l>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>'s Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp</p>
  <l>Their Deere to'th'stand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold</l>
  <l>Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe;</l>
  <l>Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what</l>
  <l>Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make</l>
  <l>One of her women Lawyer to me, for</l>
  <l>I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.</l>
  <l>By your leaue.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knockes.</stage>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter a Lady.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Who's there that knockes?</l>
</sp>
A Gentleman.

No more.

Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,

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

Your Ladies person, is she ready?

I, to keepe her Chamber.

There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

How, my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue,

Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,

And scarse can spare them.
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker><br>
Still I sweare I loue you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-im0'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker><br>
  If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:<l>
  If you sweare still, your recompence is still:<l>
  That I regard it not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker><br>
  This is no answer.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-im0'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker><br>
  But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,<l>
  I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith<l>
  I shall unfold equall discourtesie<l>
  To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing</l>
  Should learne (being taught) forbearance.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker><br>
  To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,<l>
  I will not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-im0'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker><br>
  Fooles are not mad Folkes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker><br>
  Do you call me Foole?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-im0'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker><br>
  As I am mad I do:<l>
  If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,</l>
  That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)<l>
  You put me to forget a Ladies manners</l>
  By being so verball: and learne now, for all,<l>
  That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce</l>
  By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,<l>
  And am so neere the lacke of Charitie</l>
  To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather</l>
  You felt, then make't my boast.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo'>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker><br>
  You sinne against</l>
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Imo.

Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,

But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,

To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough,

Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd,

The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated,

For being prefer'd so well.

Enter Pisanio,

His Garments? Now the diuell.

Pisanio?

His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo.

Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Clot.

His Garment?

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

Pis.
'Twill not be lost.

I hope so: go and search.

You haue abus'd me: His meanest Garment?

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

I will enforce your Father.

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

Clot.

Ile be reueng'd:

His mean't Garment? Well.

Exit.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post.

Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure

To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour

Will remaine her's.

Not any: but abide the change of Time,

Quake in the present winters state, and wish

That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope

I bare rely gratifie your loue; they fayling

I must die much your debtor.

Your very goodnesse, and your company,

Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,

Hath heard of Great Augustus: Caius Lucius

Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,

Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grieфе.

I do beleuee

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)

That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare

The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Counrtymen
Are men more order'd, then when Iulius

Caesar

Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

See Iachimo.

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

I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon
An ink mark follows the end of this line.
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker><l>Their tenure good I trust.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker><l>Tis very like.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker><l>Was <hi rend="italic">Caius Lucius</hi> in the Britaine Court.</l></sp>

<l>When you were there?</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker><l>He was expected then,</l></sp>

<l>But not approach'd.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker><l>All is well yet,</l></sp>

<l>Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not</l></sp>

<l>Too dull for your good wearing?</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker><l>If I haue lost it,</l></sp>

<l>I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,</l></sp>

<l>Ille make a journey twice as farre, t'eniyo</l></sp>

<l>A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which</l></sp>

<l>Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker><l>The Stones too hard to come by.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker><l>Not a whit,</l></sp>

<l>Your Lady being so easy.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker><l>Make note Sir</l></sp>

<l>Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we</l></sp>

<l>Must not continue Friends.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker><l>Good Sir, we must</l></sp>
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

If you can mak't apparent
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine

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

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

First, her Bed-chamber (Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Sidnus swell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was

This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury.

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

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

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

This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise Be gi
ven to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues

Post.
Iach.
Post.
Iach.
Post.
Iach.
The wager you haue laid.

Then if you can

Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,

And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married

To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Iach.

Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:

Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,

And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,

And said, she priz'd it once.

May be, she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take thi

It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,

Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,

Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,

Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:

O, aboue measure false.

Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:

It may be probable she lost it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

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

By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleu'd
Of one perswaded well of.

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

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

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

Iach. Will you heare more?

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

Iach. Ile be sworne.

Post. No swearing: If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye, And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.
Enter Posthumus.

Post.<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
<br />
</sp>Is there no way for Men to be, but Women?
<br />
And that most venerable man, which I
<br />
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
<br />
When I was stamp'd. Some Coyner with his Tooles
<br />
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
<br />
The <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi> of that time: so doth my
<br />
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
<br />
This yellow <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi> in an houre, was't
<br />
Or lesse; at first<br />
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
<br />
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
<br />
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
<br />
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
<br />
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
<br />
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
<br />
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers;
<br />
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers;
<br />
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
<br />
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
<br />
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.
</sp>
Exit.
Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet)

Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues

And Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,

And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle

(Famous in Cæsars prayses, no wht lesse

Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,

And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,

Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately

Is left vntender'd.

And to kill the meruaile, Shall be so euer.

And to the meruaile,

Shall be so euer.

By it selfe, and we will nothing pay

For wearing our owne Noses.

That opportunity

Which then they had to take from's, to resume

We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,

The Kings your Ancestors, together with

The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands

As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in

With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th'Top mast. A kinde of Conquest
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his brag
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
Like Egge-shels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Cæsars
Made Luds-Towne with rejoycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines strut with Courage.
Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I said) there is no mo such Cæsars, other of them may haue crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.
Son, let your Mother end.
You must know, 'til the iniurious Romans, did extort This Tribute from vs, we were free. Cæsar Ambition, which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th'World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, whom we reckon
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Thou art welcome Caius, Thy selfe Domestick Officers) thine Enemy:
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
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Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy: 
His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
sterne with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.</l>
</sp>
So sir.</sp>
I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.</sp>
Exeunt.</stage>
Enter Pisanio reading of
a Letter.</stage>
How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:<hi>Leonatus:</hi>
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,

Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,

Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'st

So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer

That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,

Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,

Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not

That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;

Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,

For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,

All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be

You claspe young Cupids Tables:

good Newes Gods.

Vstice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his

dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (oh the

dee-

rest of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes.

Take

notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen:

what your

owne Loue, will out of this advise you, follow. So he

wishes you

all happinesse, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your

encrea-

sing in Loue.
Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me. How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires May plod it in a weeke, why may not I? Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,

Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:

For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke (Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing, To'th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is To this same blessed Milford. And by'th'way Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as T'inherite such a Hauen. But first of all, How we may steale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence. Why should excuse be borne or ere begot? Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake, How many store of Miles may we well rid Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis.

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

Imo.

Why, one that rode to's Exction Man, Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers, Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie, Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickness, say She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa.

Madam, you're best consider.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

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

Haile Heauen.

Haile Heauen.

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

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

What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse
The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

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

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft) But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline, I was Confederate with the Romanes: so Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres, This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World, Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed More pious debts to Heauen, then in all The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines, This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast, To him the other two shall minister, And we will feare no poyson, which attends In place of greater State: Ile meete you in the Valleyes. Exeunt. How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature? These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King, Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are mine, And though train'd vp thus meaneley I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit, The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour, The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who The King his Father call'd Guiderius.

loue,

When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell, And thus I set my foote on's necke, eu'en then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother
Once, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my
Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to bare thee of Succession, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi>,<hi rend="italic">Aruiragus</hi>, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
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Thinking to bare thee of Succession, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi>,<hi rend="italic">Aruiragus</hi>, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
And he's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue! May take off some extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

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

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

Pis.

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

False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Na<gap

extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

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resp="#ES"/>ure,<l>

To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,<l>

And cry my selfe awake<sp rend="italic">? </sp></c>

That's false to's bed? Is it?<sp

who="#F-cym-pis">

Phiso.</sp>

Alas good Lady.<sp

who="#F-cym-imo">

Phiso.</sp>

I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>,<l>

Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,<l>

Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes<l>

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy(l)

(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:<l>

Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,<l>

And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,<l>

I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!<l>

Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming<l>

Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,<l>

But wore a Baite for Ladies.<l>

<charword place="footRight">Thy</charword>

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.<sp

facs="FFimg:axc0893-0.jpg" n="383"/>

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.<sp

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<charword place="footRight">Thy</charword>

Phiso.</sp>

Good Madam, heare me.<sp

who="#F-cym-imo">

Phiso.</sp>

True honest men being heard, like false <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>,<l>

Were in his time thought false: and <hi rend="italic">Synons</hi> weeping<l>

Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty<l>

From most true wretchednesse. So thou, <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>

Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;<l>

Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periu'ld<l>
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

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

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

Doo't, and to bed then.

Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Wherefore then

Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd

So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?

Min Action? and thine owne?Our

Horses labour?

The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court

For my being absent? whereunto I neuer

To be vn-bent? when thou hast tane thy stand,

Th'elected Deere before thee?

But to win time

To loose so bad employment, in the which

I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie

Heare me with patience.

Talke thy tongue weary, speake:

I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare

Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.

Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe.

Most like,

Bringing me heere to kill me.

Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe.
Not so neither:

But if I were as wise, as honest, then

My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,

But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,

I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both

This cursed injurie.

Some Roman Curtezan?

No, on my life:

Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded

I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,

And that will well confirme it.

Some Roman Curtezan?

Why good Fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue

Or in my life, what comfort, when I am

Dead to my Husband?

No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:

That Clotten, whose Loue-suite hath

As fearefull as a Siege.

If not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine?
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Our Britaine seems as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

I ith'the worlds Volume

Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of Posthumus; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.

Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesses
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan:
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan:
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Iuno angry.

Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

First, make your selfe but like one,

Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit

('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all

That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,

(And with what imitation you can borrow)

From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble

Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him

Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,

If that his head haue eare in Musick, doubtlesse

With joy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,

And doubling that, most holly. Your means abroad:

You haue me rich, and I will never fail

Beginning, nor supplyment.

Thou art all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,

There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen

at good time will give us. This attempt,

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with


Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,

Least being mist, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,

Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,

What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,

Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,

And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods

Direct you to the best.

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

<l>Amen: I thanke thee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
</div>
and Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>Thus farre, and so farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Thankes, Royall Sir: My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,</l>
  <l>And am right sorry, that I must report ye</l>
  <l>My Masters Enemy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>Our Subiects (Sir)</l>
  <l>Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe</l>
  <l>To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs</l>
  <l>Appeare vn-Kinglike.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>So Sir: I desire of you</l>
  <l>A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.</l>
  <l>Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;</l>
  <l>The due of Honor, in no point omit;</l>
  <l>So farewell Noble</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Your hand, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
  <l>Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth</l>
  <l>I weare it as your Enemy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
Leave not the worthy <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, good my
Lords</l>
Till he haue crosst the Seuern. Happines.</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lucius,
</stage>
<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-cym-que">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-que">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily and strongly.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty.
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too slight in sufferance.</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-que"/>
Qu. Royall Sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retyr'd

Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,

’Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,

So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;,

And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Where is she Sir? How can her contempt be answer'd?

Please you Sir,

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

My Lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmite,

She should that dutie leaue vnpaide to you

Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this

She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court

Made me too blame in memory.

Her doores lock'd?

Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I Feare, proue false.

Exit.

Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Son

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old Seruant

I haue not seene these two dayes.
Exit.

Qu. Go, looke after: Posthumus

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus: gone she is,

To death, or to dishonor, and my end

Cloten. Tis certaine she is fled:

Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none dare come about him.

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

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one

The best she hath, and she of all compounded

Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but

Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on

The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgement,

That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point

I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,

To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Foolese shall——
Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?

Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,

Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else

Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Oh, good my Lord.

Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,

I will not ask againe. Close Villaine,

Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Posthumus?

From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot

A dram of worth be drawne.

Alas, nay Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

He is in Rome.

All-worthy Villaine,

Discover where thy Mistris is, at once;

At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:

Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge

Touching her flight.
Let's see 't: I will pursue her Euen to <hi rend="italic">Augustus</hi> Throne.

Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,

May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Humh.

Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Sirra, is this Letter true?

Sir, as I thinke.

It is <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> hand, I know't. Sirrah,

if thou

would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: vnder-

thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I

bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would

my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-

ment.

Well, my good Lord.

Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and

constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve mee?

<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, I will.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Gieue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pisan.</speaker>
  <p>I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie &amp; Mi-
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy first service, go.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
  <p>I shall my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villain <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
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  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
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  <p>Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villain <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
</p>
</sp>
againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanio. Pisanio.

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

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

Pis. She can scarse be there yet.

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

Exit. Pisanio.

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

Exit. Imogen alone.

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

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

To him that is most true. To Milford go,

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

You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fools speeded

Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releue'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no

When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere clean it o're - throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardinesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer?
Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.

Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

You haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and
I

Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it works too. Come, our stomaches
Will make what's homely, saouiry: Wearinesse
Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.
 Gui. I am throughly weary.

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

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

 Bel. Stay, come not in: But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke Heere were a Faiery.

 Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

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

 Enter Imogen.

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

 Gui. Money? Youth.

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

I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should have dyed, had I not made it.

Whether bound?

To Milford-Hauen.

What's your name?

Sir: I have a kinsman, who is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford, to whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am falne in this offence.

Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes by this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd, 'tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere ere you depart; an
d thankes to stay, and eate it: Boyes, bid him welcome.

Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:

I bid for you, as I do buy.

Ile make't my Comfort. He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:

And such a welcome as I'ld giue to him: (After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting To thee Posthumus.

He wrings at some distresse. Would I could free't. Or I, what ere it be, What paine it cost, what danger: Gods! Hearke Boyes. Great men That had a Court no bigger then this Caue, That did attend themselues, and had the virtue Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods, I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them, Since Leonatus false.

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

Pray draw neere.
The Night to'th'Owle,  
And Morne to th'Larke lesse welcome.

Thankes Sir.  
I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.  
[Act 3, Scene 7]  
Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen.
This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;  
That since the common men are now in Action  
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,  
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are  
Full weake to vndertake our Warres against  
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite  
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the
Tribunes  
For this immediate Leuy, he commands  
His absolute Commission. Long liue
Cæsar.

Is  Lucius Generall of the Forces?

I.  
Remaining now in Gallia?
With those Legions whereunto your liege must be suppliant: the words of your Commission will tie you to the numbers, and the time.

We will discharge our duty.

Enter Clotenn alone.

I am nere to' th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truely.

How fit his Garments serve me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too?

The rather (sauing reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more remarkeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?

Thy head (which now is growing vpon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out
Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not deceive me.</p>
</sp>
</stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">EXit.</stage>
</div>
</div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and
Imogen from the Cauue.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
<l>You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cauue,\</l>
<l>Wee'l come to you after Hunting.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
<l>Brother, stay heere:</l>
<l>Are we not Brothers?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
<l>So man and man should be,</l>
<l>But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,</l>
<l>Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
<l>Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
<l>So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:</l>
<l>But not so Citizen a wanton, as</l>
<l>To seeeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me,</l>
<l>Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,</l>
<l>Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me</l>
<l>Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort</l>
<l>To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,</l>
<l>Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,</l>
<l>Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye</l>
<l>Stealing so poorely.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
I loue thee: I haue spoke it,

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do loue my Father.

If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee

In my good Brothers fault: I know not why

I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,

Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,

My Father, not this youth.

Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!

"Cowards father Cowards, Base things Syre Bace;"

"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace;"

I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,

Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.

'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Brother, farewell.

I wish ye sport.

These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lies I haue heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's saugue, but at Court:

Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
Th'emporious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; Pisania
Ile now taste of thy Drugge.
I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.
To'th'Field, to'th'Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.
Wee'l not be long away.
Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife.
Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Exit.
And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.
How Angell-like he sings?
But his neate Cookerie?
Arui.  
This speech is conventionally attributed to Guiderius.

He cut our Rootes in Characters,  
And sawc'st our Brothes, as Iuno had bin sicke,

Nobly he yoakes  
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:  
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye  
From so divine a Temple, to commix  
With windes, that Saylors raile at.

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

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

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

Those Runnagates?  
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis  
Ambush:

I saw him not these many yeares, and yet  
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

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

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

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

Clot. Why I should yeeld to thee?

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Why I should yeeld to thee?

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

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.
Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

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

Hence but my name, and tremble.

What's thy name?

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

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner.

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

Art not afeard?

Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
  <l>Dye the death: </l>
  <l>When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand, </l>
  <l>Ile follow those that euen now fled hence: </l>
  <l>And on the Gates of <hi rend="italic">Luds-Towne</hi> set your heads: </l>
  <l>Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.</l>
</sp>

Exeunt.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Fight and

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
  <l>No Companie's abroad? </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
  <l>None in the world: you did mistake him sure. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, </l>
  <l>But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour</l>
  <l>Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice, </l>
  <l>And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute </l>
  <l>'Twas very <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
  <l>In this place we left them; </l>
  <l>You say he is so fell. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
  <l>Being scarse made vp, </l>
  <l>I meane to man; he had not apprehension</l>
  <l>Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement </l>
  <l>Is oft the cause of Feare.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Guiderius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
  <l>This <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi> was a Foole, an empty purse. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
  <l>There was no money in't: Not <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>.
</l>
</sp>
Could haue knocked out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foele had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel.
What hast thou done?

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

Bel.
We are all undone.

Gui.
Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company discover you abroad?

Bel.
No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd to bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee cause heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

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

I had no minde To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles sickenesse
Did make my way long forth.

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

Well, 'tis done:

Did make my way long forth.

I fear twill be reueng'd: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Would (Polidore) thou had'st not done't: though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Would I had done't: So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: Cloten

I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Well, 'tis done:
Wee'Il hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and Fidele play the Cooke: Ile stay
Till hasty Polidore retourne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arui.
Poore sicke Fidele.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise my selfe for charity.

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

Gui.
Where's my Brother?
I haue sent Clotens Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his retourne.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
Solemn Musick.

Bel.<span rend="italic">My ingenuous Instrument, <hi rend="italic">Polidore</hi> it sounds: but what occasion</span></span>

Hearke.</span>

Bel.<span rend="italic">Is he at home?</span>

Gui.<span rend="italic">What does he meane?</span>

Gui.<span rend="italic">Is <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi> mad?</span>

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel.<span rend="italic">Looke, heere he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his Armes, Of what we blame him for.</span>

Arui.<span rend="italic">The Bird is dead That we haue made so much on. I had rather Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Ag to sixty, To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch, Then haue seene this.</span>
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
<sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Melancholly.</l>
    <l>Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde</l>
    <l>The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care</l>
    <l>Might'st easiest harbour in. Thou blessed thing.</l>
    <l>Joue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I</l>
    <l>Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.</l>
    <l>How found you him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
    <l>Starke, as you see.</l>
    <l>Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber.</l>
    <l>Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke</l>
    <l>Reposing on a Cushion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
    <l>Where?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
    <l>O'th'floore.</l>
    <l>His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put</l>
    <l>My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse</l>
    <l>Answer'd my steps too lowd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
    <l>Why, he but sleepes.</l>
    <l>If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed.</l>
    <l>With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted.</l>
    <l>And Wormes will not come to thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-arv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
    <l>With fayrest Flowers</l>
    <l>Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi>,</l>
</sp>
<l>Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke</l>
<l>The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor</l>
<l>The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor</l>
<l>The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,</l>
<l>Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would</l>
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming)
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and fur'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse

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

Say, where shall's lay him?
By good Euriphile, our Mother.
Bee't so:
And let vs (Polidore though now our voyces)
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
Saue that must be Fidele.

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

Wee'l speake it then.

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

Wee'l speake it then.

But Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming)
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and fur'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse
Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For Cloten Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes, And though he came our Enemy, remember He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely, And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe, Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Pray you fetch him hither, Thersites body is as good as Aiax, When neyther are aliue.

If you'l go fetch him, Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

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

'Tis true.

Come on then, and remoue him.

So, begin.

SONG.

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

Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Feare no more the Lightning flash.
Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.
Feare not Slander, Censure rash.
Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.
All Louers young, all Louers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.
No Exorcisor harme thee,
Nor no witch-craft charme thee.
Ghost vnlaid forbeare thee.
Nothing ill come neere thee.
Both.

Quiet consumation haue,

And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

We haue done our obsequies:

Come lay him downe.

Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cauie-keeeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing.
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith:
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of Posthumus? The Garments of Posthumus?--
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh.
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face?
Murther in heauen?
How? 'tis gone.

Pisanio, All Curses madded Hecuba gaue the Greekes, 
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell Cloten,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read, 
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pisanio,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pisanio)
From this most brauest vessell of the world Strooke the maine top! Oh Posthumus,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be,
'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it Mur'd'rous to' th'Senses?
That confirmes it home:
This is Pisanio's deede, and Pisanio
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.
Luc. But what from Rome?

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

Luc. When expect you them?

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

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

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

Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere? Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime It was a worthy building. How? a Page? Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather: For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap.

Hee's aliue my Lord.

Cap.

Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,

Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemses

They craue to be demanded: who is this

Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he

That (otherwise then noble Nature did)

Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wracke?

What art thou?

I am nothing; or if not,

Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,

A very valiant Britaine, and a good,

That heere by Mountaineers Iyes slaine: Alas,

There is no more such Masters: I may wander

From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,

Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer

Finde such another Master.

Lacke, good youth:

Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then

Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Richard du Champ:

If I do lye, and do

No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope

They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Thy name?

Imo.

Imo.
<li><hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi> Sir.</li>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Thou doo'st approe thy selfe the very same:<l>
  <l>Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:<l>
  <l>Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say</l>
  <l>Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure</l>
  <l>No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters</l>
  <l>Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner</l>
  <l>Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods</l>
  <l>Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe</l>
  <l>As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when</l>
  <l>With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' streu'd his</l>
  <l>graue</l>
  <l>And on it said a Century of prayers</l>
  <l>(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile wepe, and sighe</l>
  <l>And leauing so his seruice, follow you</l>
  <l>So please you entertaine mee</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I good youth</l>
  <l>And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends</l>
  <l>The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs</l>
  <l>Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can</l>
  <l>And make him with our Pikes and Partizans</l>
  <l>A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd</l>
  <l>By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd</l>
  <l>As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thi</l>
  <l>Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise</l>
</sp>

</stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.</stage>
</div>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
  <l>Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her</l>
  <l>A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
  <pb faces="FFimg:axc0901-0.jpg" n="391"/>
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,

How deeply you at once do touch me. 

Imogen,

The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene

Upon a despera

When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,

So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past

The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure, and

By a sharpe Torture.

Pis.

Sir, my life is yours,

I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,

Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,

Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord.

Good my Liege,

The day that she was missing, he was heere;

I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe

All parts of his subiection loyally. For

The time is troublesome:

Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie

Do's yet depend.

So please your Maiesty,

The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,

Are landed on your Coast, with a supply

Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.
Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen, I am amaz'd with matter.

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

I thanke you: let's withdraw and meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not what can from Italy annoy vs, but we greeue at chances heere. Away.

Exeunt

I heard no Letter from my Master, since I wrote him Imogen was slaine. 'Tis strange: Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise to yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I what is betide to Cloten, but remaine.

Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke: Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true. These present warres shall finde I loue my Country, euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them: All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd. Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

The noyse is round about vs.
Bel.<span rend="italic">Let vs from it.</span></p>

Arui.<span rend="italic">What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it</span></p>

Gui.<span rend="italic">Nay, what hope</span></p>

Arui.<span rend="italic">It is not likely,</span></p>

Bel.<span rend="italic">Oh, I am knowne</span></p>

Gui.<span rend="italic">This is (Sir) a doubt</span></p>

Gui.<span rend="italic">In such a time, nothing becomming you</span></p>

Bel.<span rend="italic">Sonnes</span></p>

Bel.<span rend="italic">Of many in the Army: Many yeeres</span></p>
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones, Must murther Wives much better then themselues

For The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio, Ev'ry good Seruant do's not all Commands: No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued The noble Imogen, to repent, and strooke

Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke, You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue To haue them fall no more: you some permit To second illes with illes, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift. But Imogen is your owne, do your best willes,

And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace, Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens, Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe As do's a Britaine Pezant: so Ile fight

Against the part I come with: so Ile dye For thee (O Imogen) euen for whom my life

Is euery br eath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of peril

My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me, then my habits show.

Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me:

To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,

The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Scena Secunda.

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

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome, Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady, The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle, A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.

If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.

The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome.

Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady.

The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't

Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,

A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me

In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne

As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.

If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before

This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes

Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.

Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but

The villany of our feares.

Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but

The villany of our feares.
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

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

'Tis their fresh supplies.

It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

I did, Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

I did.

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

Where was this Lane?

Close by the battell, ditch'd, &amp; wall'd with turph,
Which gaue advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run)
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for preseruation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men.

To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound.
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lor.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Lord.

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

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made Rather to wonder at the things you heare, And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one: "Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane, was the Romanes bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end? Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend: For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo, I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too. You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

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

Imogen

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

Great Iupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.

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

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

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

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and Romane Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.
Gaoler.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao">
<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>
<l>You shall not now be stolne.</l>
<l>You haue lockes vpon you:</l>
<l>So graze, as you finde Pasture.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Gao.</speaker>
<l>I, or a stomacke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
<l>Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way</l>
<l>(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better</l>
<l>Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather</l>
<cb n="2"></cb>
<l>Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd</l>
<l>By'th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key</l>
<l>T'vnbarrre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd</l>
<l>More then my shanks, &amp; wrists: you good Gods giue me</l>
<l>The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,</l>
<l>Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?</l>
<l>So Children temporall Fathers do appease;</l>
<l>Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,</l>
<l>I cannot do it better then in Gyues,</l>
<l>Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie</l>
<l>If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take</l>
<l>No stricter render of me, then my All.</l>
<l>I know you are more clement then vile men,</l>
<l>Who of their broken Debtors take a third,</l>
<l>A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe</l>
<l>On their abatement; that's not my desire.</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Imogens</hi> deere life, take mine, and</l>
<l>'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; yo coyn'd it,</l>
<l>'TWEEN man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:</l>
<l>(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,</l>
<l>If you will take this Audit, take this life,</l>
<l>And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>
<l>Ile speake to thee in silence.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Solemne Musicke. Enter</stage>
(as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leo-

<nb>Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then
</nb><nb>after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (Bro-
</nb><lb>/th extent"1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="inkBlot"
resp="#ES">w</lb><lb>th extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES">
</stage>
th wounds as they died in the warres.

<lb>They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.</stage>

<s who="#F-cym-sic"

><speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker></s>

<lb>No more thou Thunder-Master</lb>

<lb>shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:</lb>

<lb>With Mars fall out with</lb>

<hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi>

chide, that thy Adulteries</lb>

<lb>Rates, and Reuenges.</lb>

<lb>Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,</lb>

<lb>whose face I neuer saw:</lb>

<lb>I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,</lb>

<lb>attending Natures Law.</lb>

<lb>Whose Father then (as men report,</lb>

<lb>thou Orphanes Father art)</lb>

<lb>Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,</lb>

<lb>from this earth-vexing smart.</lb>

</sp>

<s who="#F-cym-mot"

><speaker rend="italic">Moth.</speaker></s>

<hi rend="italic">Lucina</hi> lent not me her ayde,

<lb>but tooke me in my Throwes,</lb>

<lb>That from me was</lb>

<hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> ript,

<lb>came crying 'mong'st his Foes.</lb>

<lb>A thing of pitty.</lb>

</sp>

<s who="#F-cym-sic"

><speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker></s>

<lb>Great Nature like his Ancestrie,</lb>

<lb>moulded the stuffe so faire:</lb>

<lb>That he d</lb>

unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES">seru'd the praise o'th'World,</lb>
as great <hi rend="italic">Sicilius</hi> heyre.</l><

<sp who="#F-cym-bro.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Bro.</speaker>
  <l>When once he was mature for man.</l>
  <l>in Britaine where was hee</l>
  <l>That could stand vp his paralell?</l>
  <l>Or fruitfull object bee?</l>
  <l>In eye of <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, that best could
  deeme</l>
  <l>his dignitie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
  <l>With Marriage wherefore was he mockt</l>
  <l>to be exil'd, and throwne</l>
  <l>From <hi rend="italic">Leonati</hi> Seate, and cast from
  her,</l>
  <l>his deerest one;</l>
  <l>Sweete <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sic.</speaker>
  <l>Why did you suffer <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>, slight
  thing of Italy,</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">bbb3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0904-0.jpg" n="394"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>To taint his Nobler hart &amp; braine, with needlesse
  ieolusy,</l>
  <l>And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bro.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2 Bro.</speaker>
  <l>For this, from stiller Seats we came;</l>
  <l>our Parents, and vs twaine,</l>
  <l>That striking in our Countries cause,</l>
  <l>fell brauely, and were slaine,</l>
  <l>Our Fealty, &amp; <hi rend="italic">Tenantius</hi> right,
  with Honor to maintaine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bro.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1 Bro.</speaker>
  <l>Like hardiment <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> hath</l>
  <l>to <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi> perform'd</l>
  <l>Then Jupiter, <c rend="superscript">u</c> <c rend="superscript">u</c> King of Gods,
  why hast y</c rend="superscript">u</c> <c rend="superscript">u</c> thus adiourn'd</l>
  <l>The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?</l>
</sp>
Thy Christall window ope; looke, no longer exercise Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

Since (Jupiter) our Son is good, take off his miseries.

Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghosts will cry To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale, and from thy iustice flye.

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

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

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents opprest, No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift The more delay'd, delighted. Be content.

Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift.

His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent.

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

Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade.

He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen, And happier much by his Affliction made.

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

And so away: no farther with your dinne.

Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine.

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.
Ascends

Sicil.

He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

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

More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All.

Thankes Iupiter.

The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd

His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest

Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Vanish

Post.

Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)

Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend

On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:

Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I

That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

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

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment

Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects

So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,

As good, as promise.

Reades.

Hen as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, with-

out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender

Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be loft

branches,

which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee

ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-

tie. (p)

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is, If the Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe If but for simpathy.

Enter Gaoler. 

Come Sir, are you ready for death? 

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

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

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I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

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

Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.
Ile be hang'd then.

Post.

Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Gao.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arui-

Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Souldier that so richly fought, Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if Our Grace can make him so.

I neuer saw Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing: Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought: But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym.

Bel.

Cym.
No tydings of him?  

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

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

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

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

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

Who worse then a Physitian Would this report become? But I consider, By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Prythee say.

First, she confessed she never loved you: only
Affected Greatness got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhor'd your person.

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

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

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

More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purposed
To overcome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to work)
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight) Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so Dispayring, dyed.

Cym.

Heard you all this, her Women?

We did, so please your Highnesse.

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

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,

Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Tribute, that

The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted, So thinke of your estate.

Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs, We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted, So thinke of your estate.

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that

The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted, So thinke of your estate.

Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs, We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth, A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:

Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing onely I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne) Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent, So tender ouer his occasions, true, So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my request, which I make bold your Highnesse cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme, though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir) and spare no blood beside.

Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it: tho' though thou do demand a Prisoner the Noblest tane.

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner the Noblest tane.
Cym.

What would'st thou Boy?

I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more.


Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo.

He is a Romane, no more kin to me,

Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile

Am something neerer.

Cym.

Wherefore ey'st him so?

Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please

To giue me hearing.

I, with all my heart,

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

Fidele

Sir.

Thou'rt my good youth: my Page

Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

Bel.

Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui.

One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:

Who dyed, and was what thinke you?
The same dead thing alive.

But we see him dead.

Be silent: let's see further.

It is my Mistris:

Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

My boone is, that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

What's that to him?

That Diamond vpon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

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

How? me?

I am glad to be constrain'd to vttter that Which torments me to conceale. By Villany I got this Ring: 'twas Leonatus

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All that belongs to this.

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

My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will, Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.

Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least Those which I heau'd to head:) the good Posthumus

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

Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, lamimg
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerua, Postures, beyond briefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

All too soone I shall, vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vspeaking sottes.

Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as Dian had ho
dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beeene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
Of Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
I me thinkes I see him now.

I so thou do'st, Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
Posthumus Leonatus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain‑like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe,
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh

My Queene, my life, my wife: oh

Imogen, Imogen
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
<l>Peace my Lord, heare, heare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
<l>Shall's haue a play of this?</l>
<l>Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
<l>Oh Gentlemen, helpe,</l>
<l>Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord </l>
rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>
<l>You ne're kill'd </l>
<hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi> till now:
<l>Mine honour'd Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
<l>Does the world go round?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Posth.</speaker>
<l>How comes these staggers on mee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>
<l>Wake my Mistris.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
<l>If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me</l>
<l>To death, with mortall ioy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>
<l>How fares my Mistris?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
<l>Oh get thee from my sight,</l>
<l>Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,</l>
<l>Breath not where Princes are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
<l>The tune of </l>
<hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pisæ.</speaker>
</sp>
Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

New matter still.

Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serued,
As I would serve a Rat.

Haue you tane of it?

Most like I did, for I was dead.

My Boyes, there was our error.

My Gods! I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If

Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serued,
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My Boyes, there was our error.
This is sure Fidele. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you? Thynke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now Throw me againe. Hang there like fruite, my soule, Till the Tree dye. How now, my Flesh? my Childe? Wilt thou not speake to me? Your blessing, Sir. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not, You had a motiue for't. I am sorry for't, my Lord. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne Is gone, we know not how, nor where. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord Cloten

Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountainees neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

I haue spoke it, and I did it.

He was a Prince.

A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.

I am sorrow for thee:

By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
Imo.

That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord.

Cym.

Binde the Offender.

And take him from our presence.

Bel.

Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew, As well descended as thy selfe, and hath More of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens

Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone, They were not borne for bondage.

Why old Soldier: Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

In that he spake too farre.

And thou shalt dye for't.

We will dye all three, But I will proue that two one's are as good As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must For mine owne part, vfold a dangerous speech, Though haply well for you.

Your danger's ours.

And our good his.
Bel. Haue at it then, by leave. Thou had'st (great King) a Subject, who was call'd Belarius.

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

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

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

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

Cym.
How? my Issue.

So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan) Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment.

It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,

Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes

(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares

Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I

Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)

As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse (Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children

Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,

Hauing receyu'd the punishment before

For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,

Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,

Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose

The benediction of these couering Heauens

Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie

To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children

Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,

Hauing receyu'd the punishment before

For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,

Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,

Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose

Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.

The benediction of these couering Heauens

Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie

To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Thou weep'st, and speak'st: The Seruice that you three haue done, is m

Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,

If these be they, I know not how to wish

A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Aruiragus. 

Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt

In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand

Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation

I can with ease produce.

Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt

In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand

Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation

I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had

Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,

It was a marke of wonder.

This is he,

Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:

It was wise Natures end, in the donation

To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I

A Mother to th

e byrth of three? Nere Mother

Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,

That after this strange starting from your Orbes,

You may reig

ne in them now: Oh

No, my Lord:

I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,

Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother

When we wer

e so indeed.

Did you ere meete?

I my good Lord.

I my good Lord.

I my good Lord.

I my good Lord.

I my good Lord.
And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which,
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?<
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?<
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See

Posthumus Anchors vpon Imogen;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

You are my Father too, and did releuue me:
To see this gracious season.

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

My good Master, I will yet do you service.
Happy be you.
The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd The thankings of a King.

I am Sir The Souldier that did company these three In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,

Iachimo, I had you downe, and might

Haue made you finish.

I am downe againe: But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you Which I so often owe: but your Ring first, And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse That euer swore her Faith.

Kneele not to me: The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you: The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue And deale with others better.

Nobly doom'd:

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

You holpe vs Sir,

You holpe vs Sir,

Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome

Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought

Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd

Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found this Labell on my bosome; whose containing is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can make no Collection of it. Let him shew his skill in the construction.

Reades. 

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

Thou art the Lyons Whelpe, The fit and apt Construction of thy name, Being, doth import so much:

The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter, Which we call Mollis Aer, and we terme it Mulier; which diuine is this most constant Wife, who euen now Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

This hath some seeming.

The lofty Cedar, Royall Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd To the Maiestick Cedar ioynd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

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

Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Cæsar, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant
Cymbeline

Which shines heere in the West.
Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils

From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace

To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let

A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue

Friendly together: so through

Luds-Towne march,

And in the Temple of great Jupiter

Our Peace wee'el ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.

Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease

(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.