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**Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, and tragedies**

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**The Tragedy of Cymbeline**

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# THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent.

**Y**ou doe not meet a man but frownes.  
Our bloods no more obey the heavens  
Then our Courtiers:  
Still seeme as do's the Kings.

2 Gent. But whats the matter?

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

2 None but the King?

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

2 And wy so?

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

2 You speake him farre.

1 I doe extend him (Sir) which himselfe,  
Crush him together, rather then unfold  
His measure dully.

2 Whats his name and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: his father  
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did joyne his honor  
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibelan*,  
But had his Titles by *Tenants*, whom  
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Successe:  
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.  
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)  
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time  
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which their father  
Then old, and fond of issue, tooke such sorrow  
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast  
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe  
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,  
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,  
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke  
As we doe ayre, fast as twas ministred,  
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court  
(Which rare it is to doe) most prais'd, most lov'd,  
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,  
A glasse that feared them: and to the graver,  
A child 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 election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.

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

1 His onely child?

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

2 How long is this age?

1 Some twenty yeeres.

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

1 Howsoere, tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:  
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I doe well beleve you,

1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,  
The Queene, and Princesse.

Exunt.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)  
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,  
Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but  
Your Gaolor shall deliver you the keys

b b b

That

That locke up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,  
So soone 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 unto his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdome may informe you.

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

*Que.* 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.*

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

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

*Enter Queene.*

*Que.* Be brieve, I pray you :  
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not  
How much of his displeasure : yet Ile move him  
To walke this way : I never doe him wrong,  
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friendes.  
Payes deere for my offences.

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

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

*Post.* How, how ? Another ?  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And seare up my embraces from a next,  
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,  
While sense can keepe it on : And sweetest, fairest,  
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you  
To your so infinite losse : so in our trifles  
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,  
It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it  
Vnpon this fayrest Prisoner.

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

*Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*

*Post.* Alacke, the King.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoyd hence, from my sight :  
If after this command thou fraught the Court  
With thy unworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,  
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you,

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

*Exit.*

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

*Cym.* O disloyall thing,  
That shouldst repayre my youth, thou heap'ft  
A yeares age on me.

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

*Cym.* Past Grace ? Obedience ?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

*Cym.* That mightst have had

The sole Sonne of my Queene.

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

*Cym.* Thou took'st a Begger, wouldst have made my  
Throne, a Seate for basnesse.

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

*Cym.* O thou vilde one !

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :  
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman : Over-buys me  
Almost the summe he payes.

*Cym.* What ? art thou mad ?

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

*Enter Queene.*

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

*Que.* Beseech your patience : Peace  
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereaigne,  
Leave us to our selves, and make your selfe some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

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

*Exit.*

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Que.* Fye, you must give way :  
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir ? What newes ?

*Pis.* My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

*Que.* Hah ?

No harme I trust is done ?

*Pis.* 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.

*Que.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your Son's my fathers friend, he takes his part  
To draw upon an Exile, O brave 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 ?

*Pis.* On his command : he would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven : lest these Nores  
Of what commands I should be subject to ;  
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

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

*Pis.* I humbly thanke your highnesse.

*Que.*

*Que.* Pray walke a-while.  
*Imo.* About some halfe houre hence,  
 Pray you speake with me;  
 You shall (at least) goe see my Lord aboard.  
 For this time leave me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Clotten, and two Lords.*

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

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

*2* No faith: not so much as his patience.

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

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

*Clot.* The Villaine would not stand me.]

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

*1* Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

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

*Clot.* I would they had not come betweene us.

*2* So would I, till you had measur'd how long a foole you were upon the ground.

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

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

*1* Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty and her Braine goe not together. Shees a good signe, but I have seene small reflection of her wit.

*2* She shines not upon Fooles, lest the reflection should hurt her.

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

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

*Clot.* You'll goe with us?

*1* Ile attend your Lordship.

*Clot.* Nay come, lets goe together.

*2* Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* I would thou grewst unto the shores oth'haven,  
 And questioned't every Saile: if he should write,  
 And I not have it, twere a Paper lost  
 As offer'd mercy is: What was the last  
 That he spake to thee?

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

*Imo.* Then wavy'd his Handkerchiefe?

*Pisa.* And kist it, Madam.

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

*Piso.* No Madam: for so long

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

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him  
 As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left  
 To after-eye him.

*Pisa.* Madam, so I did.

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

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

*Imo.* I did not take my leave 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 Honor: or have charg'd him  
 At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,  
 T'encounter me with Orisons, for then  
 I am in heaven 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 buddees from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lad.* The Queene (Madam)  
 Desires your highnesse Company.

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

*Pisa.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

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

*Iach.* Beleev'e it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; he was then of a Cressent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the helpe of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

*Phil.* You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

*French.* I have seene him France: we had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as he.

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

*French.* And then his banishment.

*Iach.* I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully

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

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

*Enter Posthumus.*

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

*Fren.* Sir, we have knowne together in Orleance.

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

*Fren.* Sir, you ore-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had beene pittie you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and triviall a nature.

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

*French.* Faith yes, to bee put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have faulne both.

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

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

*Iach.* That Lady is not now living: or this Gentlemans opinion by this worne out.

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

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

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

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

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

*Iach.* What doe you esteeme it at?

*Post.* More then the world enjoyes.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd Mistris is dead, or shes out-priz'd by a trifle.

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

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which by their Graces I will keepe.

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

*Post.* Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I doe nothing doubt you have store of Theeves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

*Phil.* Let us leave heere Gentlemen.

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

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her goe backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

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

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

*Iach.* Whats that?

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

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

*Iach.* Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on't approbation of what I have spoke.

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

*Iach.* Yours, whom in constancy 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 opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

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

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

*Post.* This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpose I hope.

*Iach.* I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-goe whats spoken, I sweare.

*Posthu.* Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heres my Ring.

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deereft bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours

so

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

*Post.* I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us : onely thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remaine unse-duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise : for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

*Iach.* Your hand, a Covenant : we will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and sterve : I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed.

*French.* Will this hold, thinke you.

*Phil.* Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray let us follow em.

*Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

*Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.*

*Quee.* Whiles yet the dewe's on ground Gather those Flowers, Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

*Lad.* I Madam.

*Quee.* Dispatch.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges :  
*Cor.* Pleaseth your highnesse, I : here they are, Madam : But I beseech your Grace, without offence (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds, Which are the moovers of a languishing death : But though slow, deadly.

*Quee.* I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'st me such a Question ; have I not beene Thy Pupill long ? hast thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes ? Distill ? Preserve ? Yea so, That our great King himselfe doth woe me oft For my Confections ? having thus farre proceeded, (Vnlesse thou think'st me divellish) ist not meete That I did amplifie my judgement 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 severall vertues, and effects.

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

*Quee.* O content thee.

*Enter Pisanio.*

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

*Cor.* I doe suspect you, Madam, But you shall doe no harme.

*Quee.* Hearke thee a word.

*Cor.* I doe not like her. She doth thinke she has Strange ling'ring poysons : I doe know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice, with A drugges of such damn'd Nature : Those she has, Will stupifie and dull the Sente a while, Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward up higher : but there is No danger in what shew of death it makes, More then the locking up the Spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect : and I the truer, So to be false with her.

*Quee.* No further service, Doctor, Vntill I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave.

*Exit.*

*Quee.* Weepes she still (saist thou ?)

Doest thou thinke in time She will not quench, and let instructions enter Where Folly now posselles ? Doe thou worke : When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne, 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 every day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect To be depend on a thing that leanes ? Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up Thou knowst not what : But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I make, which hath the King Five times redeem'd from death. I doe not know What is more Cordiall. Nay I prethee 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 : Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke Thou hast thy Mistris still, too boote, my Sonne, Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King To any shape of thy Preferment, such As thou'lt desire : and then my selfe, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisanio* Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knave, Not to be shak'd : the Agent for his Master, And the Remembrancer of her, to hold The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that, Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of Leidgers for her Sweet : and which she after, Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd To taste of too.

*Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.*

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

*Pisa.* And shall doe :

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue, Ile choake my selfe : theres all Ile doe for you.

*Exit.*

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Imogen alone.*

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

*Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.*

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

*Iach.* Change you, Madam !  
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,  
And greets your Highnesse deere.

*Imo.* Thankes good Sir,  
You're kindly welcome.

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

*Imogen reads.*

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

*Leonatus.*

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

*Iach.* Thankes fairest Lady :  
What are men mad ? Hath Nature given them eyes  
To see this valuted Arch, and the rich Crop  
Of Sea, and Land, which can distinguish twixt  
The fiery Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones  
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not  
Partition make with Spectales so pretious  
Twixt faire, and foule ?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration ?

*Iach.* It cannot be ith' eye : for Apes, and Monkeyes  
Twixt two such Shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor ith' judgement :  
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would  
Be wisely definit : Nor ith' Appetite.  
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter trow ?

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

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

*Iach.* Thankes Madam, well : Befeech you Sir,  
Desire my Mans abode, where I did leave him :  
Hes strange and peevish.

*Pisa.* I was going Sir,  
To give h m welcome.

*Imo.* Continnes well my Lord ?  
His health befeech you ?

*Iach.* Well, Madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant : none a stranger there,  
So merry, and to gamefome : he is calld  
The Britaine Reveller.

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

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one  
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loves  
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces  
The thicke sides from him ; whiles the jolly Britaine,  
(Your Lord I meane) laughes froms free lungs : cries oh,  
Can my sides hold, to thinke that man who knowes  
By History, Report, or his owne proote  
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose  
But must be : wills five houres languish,  
For assured bondage ?

*Imo.* Will my Lord say so ?

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

*Imo.* Not he I hope.

*Iach.* Not he :

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

*Imo.* What doe you pittie Sir ?

*Iach.* Two Creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one Sir ?

You looke on me : what wracke discerns you in me  
Deserves your pittie ?

*Iach.* Lamentable : what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace  
Ith Dungeon by a Snuffe ?

*Imo.* I pray you Sir,

Deliver with more opennesse your answers  
To my demands. Why doe you pittie me ?

*Iach.* That others doe

(I was about to say) enjoy your — but  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speake on't.

*Imo.* You doe seeme to know

Something of me, or what concernes me ; pray you  
Since doubting things goe ill, often hurts more  
Then to be sure they doe. For Certainties  
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,  
The remedy then borne. Discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips upon : this hand, whose touch,  
(Whose every touch) would force the feelers soule  
To th'oath of Loyalty. This object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it onely heere, should I (damnd then)

Slaver

Slaver with lippes as common as the staires  
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands  
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as  
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye  
Base and illustrious as the smoaky light  
Thats fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My Lord, I feare  
Has forgot Brittain.

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

*Imo.* Let me heare no more.

*Iach.* O deereft Soule: your Cause doth strike my heart  
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady  
So faire, and fasten'd to an Empery  
Would make the greatft King double, to be partner'd  
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe-exhibition  
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures  
That play with all infirmities for Gold,  
Which rottenesse can lend Nature: Such boy'd stufte  
As well might poyfon Poyson. Be reveng'd,  
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you  
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

*Imo.* Reveng'd:

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

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets;  
Whiles he is valting variable Rampes  
In your despight, upon your purse: revenge it.  
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,  
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your Affection;  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What hoa, *Pisanio*?

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lippes.

*Imo.* Away, I doe condemne mine cares, that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for Vertue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:  
Thou wrongst a Gentleman, who is as farre  
From thy report, as thou from honor: and  
Solicitst heere a Lady, that disdaines  
Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?  
The King my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,  
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart  
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us; he hath a Court  
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom  
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

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

That which he is, new ore; and he is one  
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,  
That he enchants Societies into him:  
Halfe all mens hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits mongst men, like a descended god:  
He hath a kinde of honor sets him off,  
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angry  
(Most mighty Princeffe) that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report, which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great Indgement,  
In the election of a Sir, so rare:  
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,  
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you  
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

*Imo.* Alls well Sir:

Take my powre ith' Court for yours.

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

*Imo.* Pray what ist?

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

*Imo.* Willingly:

And pawne mine honor for their safty, since  
My Lord hath interest in them, I will kepe them  
In my Bed chamber:

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

*Imo.* O no, no.

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

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

*Iach.* O I must Madam.

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

*Imo.* I will write:

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

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.*

*Clot.* Was there ever man had such lucke? when I kist  
the Iacke upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-  
dred pound on't; and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes,  
must

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 To have smell'd like a Foole.

*Clot.* I am not vext more at any thing tin th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke-Slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must goe up and downe like a Cocke, that no body can match.

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

*Clot.* Sayest thou?

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

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

2 I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

*Clot.* Why so I say.

1 Did you heare of a Stranger thats come to Court to night?

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

2 Hes a strange fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1 Theres an Italian come, and tis though one of *Leonatus* friendes.

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

1 One of your Lordships Pages.

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

2 You cannot derogate my Lord.

*Clot.* Not easily I thinke.

2 You are a Foole granted, therefore your Issues being foolish doe not derogate.

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

2 Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a crafty Divell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Ass: a woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteene. Alas poore Princess, Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'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, he'd make the heavens hold firme The walls of thy deere honor. Keepe unshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*

*Imo.* Whos there? My woman: *Helene*?

*La.* Please you Madam.

*Imo.* What houre is it?

*Lad.* Almost midnight, Madam.

*Imo.* I have read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the lease where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clocke,

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

To your protection I commend me, gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

*Sleepes.*

*Iachimo from the Truncke.*

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

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastity he wounded. *Cythera,*

How bravely thou becomst thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,

How deerly they do't: Tis her breathing that

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

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

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder the windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Blew of heavens 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 so she naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moveables

Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inventory.

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

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

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

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

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

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I'th bottome of a Cowslippe. Heeres a Voucher,

Stronger then ever Law could make: this Secret

Will force him thinke I have pick'd the locke, and t'ane

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

Why should I write this downe, thats riveted,

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

The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaves turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gave up. I have enough,

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

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

May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.

*Clocke Strikes,*

One, two, three: time, time.

*Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Clotten, and Lords.*

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

*Clot.* It would make any man cold to looser

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

*Clot.*

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

1 Day, my Lord,

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

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on, tune : if you can penetrate here with your fingering, so we'll try with tongue too : if none will doe, let her remaine : but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceited thing ; after a wonderfull sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confider.

Song.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,  
and Phoebus gins arise,*

*His Steeds to water at those Springs*

*on chalic'd Flowers that lyes :*

*And minking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes*

*With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise :*

*Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : if this penetrate, I will confider your Musicke the better : if it do not is, is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

*Enter Cymbeline, and Lucene.*

2 Heere comes the King.

*Clot.* I am glad I was up so late, for thats the reason I was up so earely : he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

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

*Clot.* I have assail'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

*Que.* You are most bound to'th' King, Who lets goe by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter : Frame your selfe To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptnesse of the season : make denials Encreate your Services : so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to doe those duties which You tender to her : that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

*Clot.* Senselesse ? Not so.

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

*Cym.* A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no fault of his : we must receive him According to the honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us We must extend our notice : Our deere Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Mistris, Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have need T'employ you towards this Romane.

Come our Queene.

*Exeunt.*

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

If I doe line one of their hands, tis gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselves, yeeld up Their Deere to'th' stand o'th Stealer : and tis gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Theefe : Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man : what Can it not doe, and undoo ? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the case my selfe.

By your leave.

*Knockes.*

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lad.* Who's there that knockes ?

*Clot.* A Gentleman.

*Lad.* No more.

*Clot.* Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

*Lad.* Thats more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, Can justly boast of : whats your Lordships pleasure ?

*Clot.* Your Ladies person, is she ready ?

*Lad.* I, to keepe her Chamber.

*Clot.* There is gold for you.

Sell me your good report.

*Lad.* How my good name ? or to report of you What I shall thinke is good. The Princessse.

*Enter Imogen.*

*Clot.* Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

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

*Clot.* Still I sweare I love you.

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

*Clot.* This is no answer.

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

*Clot.* To leave you in your madnesse, twere my sinne, I will not.

*Imo.* Fooles are not mad folkes.

*Clot.* Doe you call me foole ?

*Imo.* As I am mad I doe :

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

*Clot.* You sinne against

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

The

The consequence oth' Crowne, and must not foyle  
The precious note of it ; with a base Slave,  
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,  
A Pantler ; not so eminent.

*Imo.* Prophane Fellow :  
Wert thou the Sonne of *Jupiter*, and no more,  
But what thou art besides : thou wer't too base,  
To be his Groome : thou wer't dignified enough  
Even to the point of Envy, Iftwere made  
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stild  
The under Hangman of his Kingdome ; and hated  
For being prefer'd so well.

*Clot.* The South-Fog rot him.

*Imo.* He never can meete more mischance, then come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment  
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer  
In my respect, then all the haire above thee,  
Were they all made such men : How now *Pisano*?

*Enter Pisano.*

*Clot.* His Garment ? Now the divell.

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

*Clot.* His Garment ?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a Foole,  
Frighted, and angred worse : Goe bid my woman  
Search for a Jewell, that too casually  
Hath left mine Arme : it was thy Masters. Shrew me  
If I would lose it for a Revenew,  
Of any Kings in Europe. I doe thinke,  
I saw't this morning : Confident I am,  
Last night twas on mine Arme : I kifs'd it,  
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord  
That I kisse aught but him.

*Pisa.* I will not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so : goe and search.

*Clot.* You have abus'd me :

His meanest Garment ?

*Imo.* I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.

*Clot.* I will enforme your Father.

*Imo.* Your Mother too :

Shes my good Lady ; and will conceive, I hope  
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,  
To'th'worst of discontent.

*Clot.* He bereveng'd :

His meanest Garment? Well.

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Posthumus, and Philario.*

*Post.* Feare it not Sir : I would I were so sure  
To winne the King, as I am bold, her honour  
Will remaine hers.

*Phil.* What meanes doe you make to him ?

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

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

Hee'le grant the Tribute : send th' Arrerages,  
Or looke upon our Romanes, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

*Post.* I doe beleeve

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a Warre ; and you shall heare  
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings  
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen  
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 mingled with their courages) will make knowne  
To their Approvers, they are People, such  
That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*

*Phil.* See *Iachimo*.

*Post.* The swiftest harts, have posted you by land ;  
And Windes of all the Corners kifs'd your Sailes,  
To make your vessell nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome Sir.

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

*Iach.* Your Lady,

Is one of the feyrest that I have look'd upon  
*Post.* And therewithall the best, or let her beauty  
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Heere are Letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenure good I trust,

*Iach.* Tis very like.

*Post.* Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,  
When you were there ?

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

*Post.* All is well yet,  
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing ?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,  
He make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which  
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

*Post.* The Stones too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easie.

*Post.* Make not Sir,

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

*Iach.* Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Covenant : 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, having proceeded but  
By both your willes,

*Post.* If you can mak't apparant

That you have tasted her in Bed ; my hand,  
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion  
You had of her pure honor ; gaines, or looses,  
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both  
To who shall finde them.

*Iach.* Sir, my Circumstances

Being so nere the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to beleve : whose strength  
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'll

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde  
You neede it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

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

*Post.* This is true:

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

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justifie my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or doe your Honour injury.

*Iach.* The Chimney  
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece  
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter  
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,  
Motion, and Breath left out.

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

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

*Post.* This is her honor:  
Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then if you can  
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,  
And now tis up againe: it must be married  
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

*Post.* Love——  
Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir (I thanke her) that  
She stript it from her Arine: I see her yet  
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,  
And said, she priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off  
To send it me

*Iach.* She writes so to you? doth she?

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

*Phil.* Have patience Sir,  
And take your Ring againe, tis not yet wonne;  
It may be probable she lost it: or

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

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

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

*Post.* Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.  
Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; tis true: I am sure  
She would not loose it: her Attendants are  
All sworne, and honorable: they induc'd to steale it?  
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,  
The Cognisance of her incontinency  
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deere  
There, take thy hyre, and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves betweene you.

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

*Post.* Never talke on't:  
She hath bin colted by him.

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

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

*Iach.* Will you heare more?

*Post.* Spare your Arithmeticke,  
Never count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

*Iach.* Ile be sworne.

*Post.* No swearing:  
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,  
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny  
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

*Iach.* Ile deny nothing.

*Post.* O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale;  
I will goe there and doo't, ith' Court, before  
Her father. Ile doe something. *Exit.*

*Phil.* Quite besides.  
The government of Patience. You have wonne:  
Lets follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himselfe.

*Iach.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Posthumus.*

*Post.* Is there no way for Men to be, but Women  
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Dih call my father, was, I know not where  
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Toolles  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd  
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife  
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!  
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with  
A pudency so Rosie, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturne;  
That I thought her  
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the divels!  
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

*Or*

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but  
 Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,  
 Cry'de oh, and mounted, found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for, should oppole, and she  
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
 The Womans-part in me, for theres no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme  
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,  
 The womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:  
 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:  
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Dildaine,  
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:  
 All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knowes,  
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice  
 They are not constant, but are changing still;  
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,  
 Detest them, curse them: yet tis greater Skill  
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:  
 The very Divels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

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

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet  
 Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues  
 Be Theame, and hearing ever (was in this Britaine,  
 And Conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine Vnkle  
 (Famous in Casars praytes, no whit lesse  
 Then in his Feats deserving it) for him,  
 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
 Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
 Is left untender'd.

Que. And to kill the mervaile,  
 Shall be so ever.

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

Quee. That opportunity  
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume  
 We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
 The Naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands  
 As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
 With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,  
 With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates  
 But sucke them up to'th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest  
 Casars made heere, but made not heere his bragge  
 Of Came, and Saw, and Overcome: with thame  
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
 From off our Coast, twice beaten? and his Shipping  
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas  
 Like Egge-lhels, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd  
 As easily gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (Oh giglet Fortune) to master Casars Sword,  
 Made Luds-Towne with rejoycing-Fires bright,

And Brittaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, theres no more Tribute to be paid? our  
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
 said) there is no more such Casars, other of them may  
 have crook'd Noses, but to owe such straitte Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mether end.

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

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans, did extort  
 This Tribute from us, we were free. Casars Ambition,  
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere.  
 Did put the yoake upon's: which to shake off  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Our selves to be, we doe. Say then to Casar,  
 Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose use the Sword of Casar  
 Hath too much mangled: whose repayre, and franchise,  
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,  
 Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes  
 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put  
 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd  
 Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Casar  
 (Casar, that hath more Kings his Servants, then  
 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy?  
 Receive it from methen. Warre, and Confusion  
 In Casar's name pronounce I'gainst thee: Looke  
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,  
 I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,  
 Thy Casar Knighted me; my youth I spent  
 Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,  
 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,  
 Behooves me keepe at utterance. I am perfect,  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President  
 Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:  
 So Casar shall not find them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Majehy biddes you welcome. Make pastime  
 with us a day, or two, or longer: if you seeke us after-  
 wards in other tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-  
 water-Girdle: if you beate us out of it, it is yours: if you  
 fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for  
 you: and theres an end.

Luc. So sir.

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

Exit.

### Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanias reading of a Letter.

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

Is false into thy care? What false Italian,  
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.  
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes  
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults  
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,  
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were  
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,  
Vpon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I  
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?  
If it be so, to doe good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,  
That I should seeme to lacke humanitie,  
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.  
*That I have sent her, by her owne command,*  
*Shall give thee opportunitie.* Oh damn'd paper,  
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,  
Art thou a Feedarie for this act; and look'ft  
So virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

*Enter Imogen.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Imo.* How now *Pisanio*?

*Pis.* Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

*Imo.* Who! thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer  
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,  
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,  
Let what is heere contain'd, rellish of Love,  
Of my Lords health: of his content: yet not  
That we two are a sunder, let that grieve him;  
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,  
For it doth physicke Love, of his content,  
All but in that, Good Wax, thy leave: blest be  
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Lovers,  
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike.  
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet  
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

*Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should hee take mee in his  
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you, (oh the deere-  
rest of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take  
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your  
owne Love, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you  
all happinesse, that remanies loyall to his Vow, and your encra-  
sing in Love.*  
*Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'ft thou *Pisanio*?  
He is at Milford-Haven: 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'ft like me, to see thy Lord; who long'ft  
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ft  
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:  
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke  
(Loves Counsaile should fill the bores of hearing,  
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is  
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
T'inherite such a Haven. 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 score of Miles may we well ride

Twixt houre, and houre?

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

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,  
Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands  
That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie;  
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say  
She'le home to her Father, and provide me presently  
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit  
A Franklins Huswife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

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

*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,  
Whose Rooofs as low as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate  
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you  
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches  
Are Arch'd to high, that Giants may jet through  
And keepe their impious Turbands on, without  
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,  
We house i'th' Rocke, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Guid.* Haile Heaven.

*Arvir.* Haile Heaven.

*Bela.* Now for our Mountaine sport, up to yond hill  
Your legges are young: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a Crow,  
That it is Place, which lessen's and sets off  
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,  
Of Courts of Princes; of the Trickets in Warre.  
This service, is not Service; so being done,  
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,  
Drawes us 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 nothidg for a Babe:  
Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke:  
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keepe his Booke uncross'd, no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore unfledg'd  
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know not  
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,  
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you  
That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding  
With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is  
A Cell of Ignorance: travailling abed,  
A Prison or a Debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

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

The freezing houres away? We have seene nothing:  
Weare beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,  
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:  
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage  
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,  
And sing our Bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speake?

Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,  
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,  
As hard to leave, 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 our danger  
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th' search,  
And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph,  
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times  
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse  
Must cur't'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie  
The world may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd  
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once  
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,  
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name  
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree  
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,  
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)  
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gwi.* Vncertaine favour.

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)  
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes prevail'd  
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,  
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so  
Followed my Banishment, and thistwenty yeeres,  
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, have bene my World,  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed  
More pious debts to Heaven, then in all  
The fore-end of my time. But, up 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:

He meete you in the Valleys.

*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 alive.  
They thinke they are mine,  
And though train'd up thus meanelly  
I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit,  
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them  
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much  
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,  
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, whom  
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Iove,  
When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out  
Into my story: say thus mine Enemie fell,  
And thus I set my foote on's necke, even then  
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,  
Straines his young Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture  
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,  
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure  
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more  
His owne conceyning. Hearke, the Game is row's'd,  
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conscience knowes  
Thou did'st unjustly banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,  
Thinking to barre the e of Succession, as  
Thou rests me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,  
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother  
And every day do honor to her grave:  
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd  
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me when we came frō horse, the place  
Was neere at hand: Ne're longd my Mother so  
To see me first, as I have now: *Pisanio*, Man:  
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breakes that sigh  
From th' inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus  
Would be interpreted a thing preplex'd  
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe  
Into a haviour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse  
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with  
A looke untender? Ift be Summer Newes  
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st  
But keepe that count'nance still. My Husbands hand?  
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,  
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue  
May take off some extremitie, which to reade  
Would be even mortall to me.

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

*Imogen reads.*

**T**Hy *Mistress* (*Pisanio*) hath playd the Strumpet in my  
Bed; the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak  
not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my  
griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou  
(*Pisanio*) must acte for me, if thy faste be not tainted with the  
breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall  
give thee opportunity at *Milford Haven*. She hath my Letter  
for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee  
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and  
equally to me disloyall.

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

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

*Pisa.* Alas good Lady.

*Imo.* I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: *Iachimo*,  
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,  
Thou then look'd'st like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

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

*Pisa.* Good Madam, heare me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,  
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping  
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooky pittie  
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*  
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd  
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,  
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witnesse my obedience. Look  
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it and hit  
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart):  
Feare not, tis empty of all things, but Griefe:  
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede  
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

*Pis.* Hence vile Instrument,  
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must dye:  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,  
There is a prohibition so Divine,  
That cravens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:  
So methings a-foot: Soft, soft, we'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  
Beleeve 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 up my disobedience 'gainst the King  
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites  
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeve my selfe,  
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,  
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,  
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?  
Thou art to slow to do thy Masters bidding  
When I desire it too.

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

*Imo.* Doo't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many Mil's, with a pretence? This place?  
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?  
The time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre  
To be un-bent? when thou hast tane thy stand,

Th' elected Deere before thee?

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

*Imo.* Talke thy Tongue weary, speake:  
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine care  
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.

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

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

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

*Imo.* Some Roman Curtezan?

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

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

*Pis.* If you'll backe to th' Court,

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

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

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

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

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

*Pis.* Well then, heere's the point:  
You must forget to be a Woman: change  
Command, into obedience. Feare and Nicenesse  
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely  
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,  
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and  
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 *Tim*: and forgot  
Your labour some and dainty *Trimmes*, wherein  
You made great *Imo* angry.

*Imo*. Nay be breefe:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis*. First, make your selfe but like one,  
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit  
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all  
Thar answer to them: Would you in their serving,  
(And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*  
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him  
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,  
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse  
With joy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:  
You have me rich, and I will never faile  
Beginning, nor suppliment.

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

*Pis*. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Left 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 precions: If you are sicke at Sea,  
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramine of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods  
Direct you to the best.

*Imo*. Amen: I thanke thee,

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

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

*Cym*. Thus farre, and so farewell.

*Luc*. Thankes, Royall Sir:

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My Masters Enemy.

*Cym*. Our Subjects (Sir)

Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe  
To shew lesse Sovereignty then they, must needs  
Apppeare un-Kinglike.

*Luc*. So Sir: I desire of you  
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

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

*Luc*. Your hand, my Lord.

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

*Luc*. Sir, the Event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym*. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords  
Till he have crost Severn. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

*Qu*. He goes hence frowning: bur it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Clot*. Tis all the better,

Your Valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

*Cym*. *Lucius* hath wrot already to the Emperor  
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:  
The Powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves  
His warre for Britaine.

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

*Cym*. Our expectation that it should be thus  
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,  
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She lookes as like  
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,  
We have noted it. Call her before us, for  
We have beene too light in sufferance.

*Qu*. Royall Sir,  
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd  
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof my Lord,  
Tis time must doe. Besecch your Majesty,  
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

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

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

*Cym*. Her doores lock'd?  
Not seene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I  
Feare, prove false. *Exit.*

*Qu*. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

*Clot*. That man of her's, *Pisano*, her old Servant  
I have not seene these two dayes. *Exit.*

*Qu*. Go, looke after:

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

*Enter Cloten.*

How now my Sonne?

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

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

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

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one  
The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
Out-selles them all. I love her therefore, but  
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on  
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,  
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point  
I wil conclude to hate her, nay indeede,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall

*Enter Pisanio.*

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

*Pis.* Oh, good my Lord.

*Clo.* Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,  
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,  
He have this secter from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?  
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot  
A dram of worth be drawne.

*Pis.* Alas, my Lord,

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

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

*Pis.* Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

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

*Pis.* Then sir:

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

*Clo.* Let's see; I will pursue her  
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travell, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humh.

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

*Clo.* Sirra, is this Letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I thinke

*Clo.* It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
would'st not be a Villaine, but do me true service: under-  
go those Employments wherein I should have cause to use  
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I  
bid thee doe to performe it, directly and truely, I would  
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want  
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-  
ment.

*Pis.* Well, my good Lord.

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

*Pis.* Sir I will.

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

*Pisan.* I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same  
Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie and Mi-  
stresse.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first service, go.

*Pis.* I shall my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to aske  
him one thing, He remember't anon: ) even there, thou  
villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-  
ments were come. She said upon a time (the bitternesse  
of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very  
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble  
and naturall person; together with the adornement of  
my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe will I ra-  
vish her: first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see  
my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.  
He on the Ground, my speech of insultment ended on his  
dead bodie, and when my lust hath din'd (which, as I  
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so  
prais'd;) to the Court He knock her backe, foot her home  
againe. She hath dispis'd mee rejoicingly, and He be mer-  
ry in my Revenge.

*Enter Pisanio.*

Be those the Garments?

*Pis.* I, my Noble Lord.

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

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet,

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

*Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,  
Were to prove false, which I will never be  
To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And finde nor her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow  
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede  
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

*Enter Imogen alone.*

*Ima.* I see a mans life is a tedious one,  
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together  
Have made the gound my bed. I should be sicke,  
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,  
When from the Mountaine top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,  
Thou was't within a keene. Oh love, I thinke  
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,  
Where they should be releev'd. Two beggers told me,  
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye  
That have afflictions on them, knowing tis  
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,  
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulnesse  
Is forer, 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 even before, I was  
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?  
Heere is a path to't: tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine  
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.  
Plentie and peace breeds Cowards, Hardnesse ever  
Of Hardin esse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?  
If any thing that's civill, speake; if savage,

Take, or lend. Ho? No answer? Then Ile enter,  
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Eenemy  
But feare the Sword like me, heell scarcely looke on't.  
Such a Foe, good Heavens. *Exit.*

### Scena Septima.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and  
Are Master of the feast: *Cadwall*, and I  
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, tis our match:  
The sweate of industry would dry, and dye  
But for the end it workes to. Come, our stomackes  
Will make whats homely, savoury; Wearinesse  
Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth  
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,  
Poore house, that keepst thy selfe.

*Gwi.* I am throughly weary.

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

*Gwi.* There is cold meat ith' Cave, we'll brouz on that  
Whilst what we have killd, be Cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay, come not in:

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

*Gwi.* Whats the matter, Sir?

*Bel.* By *Jupiter* an Angell: or if not,  
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse  
No elder then a Boy.

*Enter Imogen.*

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

*Gwi.* Money? Youth.

*Arvi.* All gold and Silver rather turne doe durt,  
As tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship durty gods.

*Imo.* I see your angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have dyed, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whether bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-haven.

*Bel.* Whats your name?

*Imo.* *Fidele* Sir; I have a Kinman, who  
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford,  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am false in this offence.

*Bel.* Prethee (faire youth)

Thinke us no Churles: nor measure our good mindes  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,  
Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:  
Boyes, bid him welcome.

*Gwi.* Were you a woman, youth,

I should woove hard, but be your Groome in honesty:  
I bid for you, as I doe buy.

*Arvi.* Ile make't my comfort  
He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:  
And such a welcome as Ild give to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:  
Be sprightly, for you fall mongst friends.

*Imo.* Mongst friends.

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

*Bel.* He wrings at some distresse.

*Gwi.* Would I could free't.

*Arvi.* Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: gods!

*Bel.* Hearke Boyes.

*Imo.* Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue  
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by  
That nothing-guist of differing Multitudes  
Could not out-peece these twaine. Pardon me gods,  
Ild change my texe to be Companion with them,  
Since *Leonatus* false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:

Boyes we'll goe dresse our Hunt. Faire you come in;  
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd  
Weell mannerly demand thee of thy Story.

So farre as thou wilt speake it,

*Gwi.* Pray draw neere.

*Arvi.* The Nigh: toth' Owle,  
And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks Sir.

*Arvi.* I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Octava.

*Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;  
That since the common men are now in Action  
Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmarians,  
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are  
Fuil weake to undertake our Warres against  
The false-off Britaine, that we doe incite  
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates  
*Lucius* Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes  
For this immediate Levy, he commands  
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

*Tri.* Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

*2 Sen.* I.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1 Sen.* With those Legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission  
Will tye you to the Numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Clotzen alone.*

*Clot.* I am neere to th' place where they should meet,  
if *Pisano* have mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments  
serve me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him  
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saying reverence of the Word) for tis said a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the Workeman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglory for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris enforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my Mother having power of his testinasse, shall turne all into my commendations. My horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Belarius*, *Guidrius*, *Arviragus*, and *Imogen* from the Cave.

*Bel.* You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave, We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arvi.* Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke, *Gui.* Goe you to hunting, Ile abide with him. *Imo.* So sicke I am not, yet I am not well: But not so Cittizen a wanton, as To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me, Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome, Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sicke. Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere, Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee: I have spoke it, How much the quantity, the waight as much, As I doe love my father. *Bel.* What? how? how? *Arvi.* If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake me In my good Brothers fault: I know not why I love this youth, and I have heard you say, Loves reasons without reason. The beere at doore, And a demand who ist shall dye, Ild say My father, not this yonth.

*Bel.* Oh noble straine! O worthinesse of Nature, breed of greatnesse I "Cowards father Cowards, and Base things Syre Bace: "Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace. Ime not their father, yet who this should be, Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before me. Tis the ninth houre oth Morne. *Arvi.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arvi.* You health.—— So please you Sir.

*Imo.* These are kind Creatures. Gods, what lyes I have heard: Our Courtiers say, alls savage, but at Court: Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report. Th'emperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish, Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet fish: I am sicke still, heart-sicke: *Pisano*, Ile now taste of thy Drugge.

*Gui.* I could not stirre him: He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

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

*Bel.* To th' field, to th' field: We'll leave you for this time, goe in, and rest.

*Arvi.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray be not sicke, For you must be our hufwife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* And shalt be ever. This youth, how ere distrest, appears he hath had Good Ancestors.

*Arvi.* How Angell-like he sings?

*Gui.* But his neate Cookery?

*Arvi.* He cut our Rootes in Characters, And saw't our Brothes, as *Imo* had bin sicke, And he her Dieter.

*Arvi.* 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 Saylor's raile at.

*Gui.* I doe note, That griefe and patience rooted in them both, Mingle their spurres together.

*Arvi.* Grow patient, And let the stinking- Elder (Griefe) untwine His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

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

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

*Bel.* Those Runnagates? Meanes he not us? I partly know him, tis *Clotten*, the Sonne oth' Queene. I feare some Ambush: I saw him not these many yeares, and yet I know tis he: we are held as Out-lawes; hence.

*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? Sonne villaine-Mountainers? I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing. More slavish did I ne're, then answering A Slave without a knocke.

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

*Gui.* To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arme as bigge as thine? a heart, as bigge: Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I should yeeld to thee ?

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

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

*Clo.* Thou precious Varlet:  
My Taylor made them not.

*Gni.* Hence then, and thanke  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious Theefe,  
Heare but my name, and tremble.

*Gni.* What's thy name ?

*Clo.* *Closten*, thou Villaine.

*Gni.* *Closten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,  
Twould move me sooner.

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

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

*Clo.* Art not afeard ?

*Gni.* Those that I reverence, those I feare : the Wife  
At Fooles I laugh : not feare them.

*Clo.* Dye the death :

When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,  
Ile follow those that even now fled hence :  
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads :  
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

*Fight and Exeunt.*

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No Companie's abroad ?

*Arvi.* None in the world : you did mistake him sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,  
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour  
Which then he wore : the snatches in his voyce,  
And burst of speaking were as his : I am absolute  
Twas very *Closten*.

*Arvi.* In this place we left them ;  
I wish my Brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I meane to man ; he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors : For defect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of Feare.

*Enter Guiderius.*

But see thy Brother.

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

*Bel.* What hast thou done ?

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

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gni.* Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,  
But that he swore to take, our Lives ? the Law  
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat us ?  
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe ?

For we do feare no Law. What company  
Discover you abroad ?

*Bel.* No single soule

Can we set eye on : bnt in all safe reason  
He must have 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 have rav'd  
To bring him heere alone although perhaps  
It may be heard at Court, that such as we,  
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might breake out, and swear  
Hee'd fetch us 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.

*Arvi.* Let Ord'nance

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

*Bel.* I had no minde

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

*Gni.* With his owne Sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have 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, *Closten*,  
That's all I reake. *Exit.*

*Bel.* I feare twill be reveng'd :

Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't : though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arvi.* Would I had done't :

So the Revenge alone pursu'de me : *Polidore*  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would Revenges  
That possible strength might meet, wold seeke us through  
And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, tis done :

Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,  
You and *Fidels* play the Cookes : Ile stay  
Till halcy *Polidore* returne, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arvi.* Pore sicke *Fidels*.

Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such *Clostens* blood,  
And praise my selfe for charity, *Exit.*

*Bel.* Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou divine Nature ; 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 enclaf'd) as the rud'st winde,  
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,  
And make him stoope to th'Vaile. Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,  
Civility not scene from other : valour  
That wildly growes in them : but yeelds a crop  
As if it had beene sow'd : yet still it's strange  
What *Clostens* being heere to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Enter Guiderius.*

*Gni.* Where's my Brother ?

I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame;  
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoastage  
For his returne.

*Solemn Musicke.*

*Bel.* My ingenuous Instrument,  
(Hearke *Holsdore*) it sounds: but what occasion  
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hearke.

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he meane?

Since death of my dear'st Mother  
It did not speake before. All solemne things  
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?  
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,  
Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.  
Is *Cadwall* mad?

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

*Bel.* Looke, heere he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,  
Of what we blame him for.

*Arvi.* The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,  
Then have seene this.

*Gui.* Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,  
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

*Bel.* Oh melancholly,

Who ever yet could found thy bottome? Finde  
The Ooze, to shew that Coast thy sluggish care  
Might easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing.  
Love knowes what man thou might'st have made: but I,  
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancolly.  
How found you him?

*Arvi.* Starke, as you see:

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

*Gui.* Where?

*Arvi.* O'th' floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put  
My clowted Brogues from off my feet, w'ose rudenesse  
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

*Gui.* Why he but sleeps:

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

*Arvi.* With fayrest Flowers

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

*Gui.* Prythee have done,

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

*Arvi.* Say, where shall'st lay him?

*Gui.* By good *Euriphile*, our Mother:

*Arvi.* Bee't so:

And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces  
Have got the mannish cracke, sing him to th' ground  
As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,  
Save that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidèle*.

*Gui.* *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing: He weepe, and word it with thee,  
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worie  
Then Priests, and Vanes that lye.

*Arvi.* Wee'l speake it then.

*Bel.* 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 have one dust, yet Reverence  
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction  
Of place twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,  
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,  
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

*Gui.* Pray thee fetch him hither,  
*Thersites* body is as good as *Ajax*,  
When neyther are are alive.

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

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

*Arvi.* Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arvi.* So, begin.

#### SONG.

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

*Arvi.* Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,  
Thou art past the Tyrants 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.

*Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

*Arvi.* Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare no slander, Censure rash.

*Arvi.* Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

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

*Guid.* No Exorciser harme thee,

*Arvi.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

*Guid.* Ghost unlaid for beare thee.

*Arvi.* Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consummation have,  
And renowned be thy grave.

*Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten,*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies:  
Comelay him downe.

*Bel.* Heere's a few Flowres, but about midnight more:  
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th' night  
Are strewings fit't for Graues: upon their Faces.  
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: even to  
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on away, apart upon our knees:  
The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe:  
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

*Exeunt  
Imogen*

*Imogen awakes.*

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?  
 I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thither?  
 'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?  
 I have gone all night: Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.  
 But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesies!  
 These Flowers 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 Cave-keeper,  
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But tis not so:  
 Twas but a bolt of nothing, thot at 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 heaven, as small a drop of pittie  
 As a Wrenseye; fear'd Gods, apart of it.  
 The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is  
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?  
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:  
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh  
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Ioviall face  
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,  
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou  
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous divell *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 bravest vessell of the world  
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! wher's that  
*Pisanio* might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?  
 Tis he, and *Cloten*. Malice, and Lucre in them  
 Have laid this Woe heere. Oh tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The Drugge he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh I  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horridier may seeme to those  
 Which chace to finde us, Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

*Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.*

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

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

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

*Luc.* When expect you them?

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

*Luc.* This forwardnesse  
 Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers  
 Be mustered, bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,  
 What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpote.

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

Success to th' Roman hoast.

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

*Cap.* Hee's alive my Lord,

*Luc.* Hee'l then instruct us of his body: Young one,  
 Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it seemes  
 They crave to be demanded: who is this  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he  
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)  
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wracke? How cam't? Who is't?  
 What art thou?

*Iuo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,  
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,  
 That here by Mountainers lyes flaine: Alas,  
 There are no more such Masters: I may wander  
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,  
 Try many, all good: serve truly: never  
 Finde such another Master.

*Luc.* Lacke, good youth:  
 Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then  
 Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend,  
*Imo. Richard du Champ*: If I doe lye, and doe  
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope  
 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele Sir.

*Luc.* Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very same:  
 Thy name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:  
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure  
 No lesse belou'd The Romane Emperors Letters  
 Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner  
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.  
*Imo.* Ile follow Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,  
 Ile hide my Master from the flies as deepe  
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when  
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave  
 And on it said a Century of prayers,  
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,  
 And leaving so his service, follow you,  
 So please you entertaine me.

*Luc.* I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,  
 The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
 Find out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,  
 And make him: With our Pikes and Partizants  
 A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy he is preferr'd  
 By thee, to us, and he shall be inter'd  
 As Souldiers can be cherefull wipe thine eyes,  
 Some fallies are meanes the happiier to arise. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.*

*Cym.* Again: and bring me word how tis with her,  
 A Feavour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene  
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,  
So needfull for his present? It strikes me, me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee  
By a sharpe Torture.

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

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

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
Wee'l slip you for a season, but with jealousie  
Do's yet depend.

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

*Cym.* Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,  
I am amaz'd with matter.

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

*Cym.* I thanke you: lets withdraw  
And meete the Time, as it seekes us, We feare not  
What can from Italy annoy us, but  
We greeve at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt.*

*Pis.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since  
I wrote him *Imogen* was flaine. 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 Heavens still must worke:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.  
These present warres shall finde I love my Country,  
Even 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.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, & *Arviragus*.

*Gui.* The noyse is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

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

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

*Bel.* Sonnes,  
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure us  
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse  
Of *Clorens* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd  
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort froms that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawne on his Torture.

*Gui.* This is (Sir) a doubt  
in such a time, nothing becomming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

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

*Bel.* Oh, I am knowne  
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres  
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wor e him  
From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,  
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;  
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopelesse  
To have the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and  
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

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

*Arvi.* By this Sunne that shines  
Ile thither: what thing is it, that I never  
Did see man dye, scarfe ever look'd on blood,  
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?  
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had  
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,  
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd  
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have  
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining  
So long a poore unknowne.

*Gui.* By heavens Ile go,  
If you will blesse me Sir, and give me leave,  
Ile take the better care: but but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romanes.

*Arvi.* So say I, Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I (since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation) should referre  
My crack'd one to more care. Have 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 seemes long, their blood thinks scorn  
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Posthumus* alone.

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

For

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisano*,  
 Every good Servant do's not all Commaunds :  
 No Bond, but to doe just ones. Gods, if you  
 Should have tane vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved  
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strooke  
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,  
 You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 To second illes with illes, each Elder worle,  
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift  
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,  
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither  
 Amongth' Italian Gentry, and to fight  
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: Tis enough  
 That (*Britaine*) I have kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,  
 Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,  
 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*) even for whom my life  
 Is every breath, a death: and thus unknowne,  
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill  
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, then my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:  
 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,  
 The fashion lesse without, and more within. *Exit.*

### Scena Secunda.

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

*Iac.* The heavineffe and guilt within my bosome,  
 Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,  
 The Princess of this Country; and the ayre on't  
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,  
 A very drudge of Natures, have 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 scarse are men, and you are Gods. *Exit.*

*The Battaille continues, the Britaines flye, Cymbeline is  
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius,  
 and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand, we have the advantage of the ground,  
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but  
 The villany of our feares.

*Guis. Arvi.* Stand, stand and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They rescue  
 Cymbeline, and Excunt.*

*Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

*Luc.* Away boy from the Troopes, and save thy selfe:  
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

*Iac.* Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
 Let's re. inforce, or flye. *Excunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.*

*Lor.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?  
*Post.* I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

*Lo.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,  
 But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe  
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,  
 And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying  
 Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,  
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke  
 More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: stroke downe  
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
 Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd  
 To dye with length'ned shame.

*Lo.* Where was this Lane?

*Post.* Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,  
 Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour  
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd  
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
 In doing this 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 preservation cas'd, or shame)  
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled,  
 Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,  
 To darkeness fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,  
 Or we are Romanes, and will give you that  
 Like bealts, which you shun beaftly, and may save  
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,  
 Three thousand confident, in act as many:  
 For three performers are the File, when all  
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,  
 Accommodated by the Place; more Charming  
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could have 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: having found the backe doore open  
 Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,  
 Some flaine before, some dying; some their Friends  
 Ore-borne i'th' former wave, 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's*

Lord. This was strange chance :

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, doe not wonder at it : you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,  
Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,  
And vent it for a Mock'ry ? here is one :

"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,  
"Preserv'd the Britaines, 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 he'll doe, as he is made to doe,  
I know he'll quickly flye my friendship too.  
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going ? This is a Lord : Oh Noble misery  
To be ith' field, and aske what newes of me :  
To day, how many would have given their honors  
To have sav'd their Carkasses ? Tooke heele to doo't,  
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd,  
Could not find death, where I did heare him groane,  
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster  
Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,  
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers then we  
That draw his knives i'th' War. Well I will finde him :  
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,  
No more a Britaine, I have resum'd againe  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yeeld me to the veriest Hind, 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 Ransomes death,  
On eyther side I come to spend my breath ;  
Which neither heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,  
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.

Enter two Captaines, and Souldiers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,  
You have lockes upon you :

So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 Gao. I, or a stomacke.

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

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd  
By'th' sure Physitian, Death ; who is the key  
T' unbarre these Lockes. My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More then my shanks, and wrists : you good gods give me  
The penitent instrument to picke that Bolt,  
Then free for ever. Ist enough I am sorry ?  
So Children temporall fathers doe appeate ;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,  
I cannot doe it better then in Gyves,  
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie  
If of my freedome tis the maine part, take  
No stricter render of me, then my All.  
I know you are more clement then vild men,  
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,  
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe  
On their abatement ; thats not my desire.  
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though  
Tis not to deere, yet tis a life, you coyn'd it,  
Tweene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe :  
Thou light, take Peeces for the figures sake,  
(You rather) mine being yours : and so great Powres,  
If you will take this Audit, take this life,  
And cancell those cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,  
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Leo-  
marus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a war-  
riour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, and  
Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then  
after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (Bro-  
thers to Posthumus) with wounds as they dyed in the warres,  
They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master  
shew thy spight, on Mortall flyes :  
With Mars fall out, with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries  
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,  
whose face I never saw :  
Idy'de whist in the Wombe he staide,  
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,  
thou Orphanes Father art)  
Thou shouldst have bin, and sheeld ed him,  
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucius lent not me her ayde,  
but tooke me in my Throwes,  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
came crying mongst his Foes.

A thing of pittie.  
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestry,  
moulded the stufte so faire :  
That he diserv'd the praise oth' World,  
as great Sicilius heyre.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,  
in Britaine where was he  
That could stand up his parallell ?  
or fruitfull object be ?  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
could deeme his dignity.

Moth. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt  
to be exil'd, and throwne  
From Leonatis Seate, and cast  
from her his deereft one :

Sweet Imogen ?

Sicil. Why did you suffer Iachimo, flight thing of Italy,

ddd

To

To taint his nobler hart and braine, with needlesse jelousie  
And to become the geeke and scorne oth' others villany ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came;

our Parents, and us twaine,  
That striking in our Countries cause,  
fell bravely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, and *Tenants* right, with honor to maintaine,

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath  
to *Cymbeline* perform'd :

(journ'd

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods, why hast thou thus ad-  
The Graces for her Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd ?

*Sici.* Thy Christall window ope ; looke out  
no longer exercise

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

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

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

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

*Bro.* Helpe (*Jupiter*) or we appeale,  
and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an  
Eagle ; he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their  
knees.*

*Imp.* 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 never-withering bankes of Flowres.  
Be not with mortall accidents opprest,  
No care of yours it is, you know tis ours.

Whom best I love, I crosse : to make my guift  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,  
Your low-laid Sonne, our god head will uplift :  
His comforts thrive, his Trialls well are spent :  
Our Ioviall 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 upon his brest, wherein  
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,  
And so away : no farther with your dinne  
Expresse Impatience, lest you stirre up mine :  
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath  
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy Eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foote us : 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 *Jupiter*.

*Sici.* The Marble Pavement clozes. he is enter'd  
His radiant Rooffe : Away, and to be blest  
Let us with care performe his great behest.

*Vanish.*

*Post.* Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot  
A Father to me : and thou hast created  
A Mother, and two brothers. But (obscorne)  
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne ;  
And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend  
On Greatnesse, Favour ; Dreame as I have done,  
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I swerve :  
Many Dreame not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in Favours ; so am I  
That have this Golden chance, and know not why :  
What Fayeries haunt this ground ? a booke ? Oh rare one,

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

*Reades.*

**V**hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown  
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a peece  
of tender Ayre : And when from a stately Cedar shall be  
lopt branches, which being dead many yeeres, shall after re-  
vive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then  
shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and  
flourish in Peace and Plenty.

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

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death ?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather : ready long agoe.

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

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

*Gao.* A heavy reckoning for you Sir : but the comfort  
is you shall be called to no more payments, feare no more  
Taverne Bills, 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 : sorry that  
you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed  
too much : Purse and Braine, both empty : the braine the  
heavier, for being too light ; the Purse too light, being  
drawne of heavinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall  
now be quit : Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes  
up thousands in a trice : you have no true Debitor, and  
Creditor but it : of whats past, is, and to come, the dis-  
charge : your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters : so  
the Acquittance followes.

*Post.* I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

*Gao.* Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feesles not the Tooth-  
Ache : but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a  
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change  
places with his Officer : for looke you Sir, you know not  
which way you shall goe

*Post.* Yes indeed doe I, fellow.

*Gao.* Your death has eyes ins head then : I have not  
feene him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by  
some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your  
selfe that which I am sure you doe not know : or lump  
the after-enquiry on your owne perill : and how you shall  
speed in your journies end, I thinke you'll never returne  
to tell one.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Post.* Thou bringst good newes, I am call'd to be made  
free.

*Gao.* Ile be hang'd then.

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

for

for the dead.

*Gao.* Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, and beget yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that 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 detolation of Gaolers and Galowtes: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment int.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

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

*Bel.* I never saw Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing; Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought But beggerly, and poore looks.

*Cym.* No tydings of him?  
*Pisa.* He hath bin searh'd among the dead, and living, But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grieffe, I am The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde To you (the Liver, heart, and Braine of Britaine) By whom (I grant) she lives. Tis now the time To aske of whence you are. Report it.

*Bel.* Sir, In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest, Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees: Arise my Knights oth' 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 your our Victory? you looke like Romanes; And not oth' Court of Britaine.

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

*Cym.* Whom worse then a Physitian Would this report become; but I consider, By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will feize the Doctor too. How ended she?

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

*Cym.* Prethee say.  
*Corn.* First, she confest she never lov'd you: onely Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you: Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this: And but she spoké it dying; I would not Beleeve her lips in opening it. Proceed.

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

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend! Who ist can reade a Woman? is there more?

*Corn.* More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke, Should by the minute feede on life, and lingring, By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to Orecome you with her shew: yes and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke 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 heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so Dispayring, dyed.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her Women?

*Lad.* We did, so please your highnesse.

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

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

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

*Luc.* Consider sir, the chance of Warre, the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with us, We should not when the blood was cool, have threatned Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransome, let it come: swifther, A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer: *Augustus* lives 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: Never Master had A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyne With my request, which Ile make bold, your highnesse Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme, Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir) And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely scene him: His favour is familiar to me: Boy, Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace, And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore, To say, live boy: nere thanke thy Master, live; And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it:

ddd 2

Yes,

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

*Imo.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

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

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

*Luc.* The Boy disdaines me,  
He leaves me, scornes me : briefly dye their joyes,  
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.  
Why stands he so perplex ?

*Cym.* What wouldst thou Boy ?  
I love thee more, and more : thinke more and more  
Whats best to aske. Knowst him thou look' st on ? speake  
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy Kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo.* He is a Romane, no more kin to me,  
Then I to your highnesse, who being borne your vassaile  
Am something neerer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey' st him so ?

*Imo.* Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* I, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. Whats thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele Sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my Page,  
Ile be thy Master : walke with me : speake freely.

*Bel.* Is not this Boy reviu'd from death ?

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

*Gus.* The same dead thing alive.

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

*Gus.* But we see him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent : lets see further.

*Pisa.* It is my Mistris :  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side.  
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,  
Give answer to this boy, and doe it freely,  
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it  
(Which is our honor) bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

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

*Post.* Whats that to him :

*Cym.* That Diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours ?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that  
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

*Cym.* How ? me ?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that  
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany  
I got this Ring : twas *Leonatus* Jewell,  
Whom thou didst banish : and which more may greeve  
As it doth me : a Nobler Sir nere liv'd (thee,  
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord ?

*Cym.* All thrt belongs to this.

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

*Cym.* My Daught ? what of her ? Renew thy strenth

I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,  
Then dye ere I heare more : strive man, and speake.

*Iach.* Vpon a time, unhappy was the clocke  
That strooke the houre : it was in Rome, accurst  
The Mansion where : twas at a feaft, oh would  
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least  
Those which I heav'd to head :) the good *Posthumus*,  
(What should I say ? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Among' st the rarst of good ones) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy  
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speake : for Feature, laming  
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,  
Postures, beyond briefe Nature. For Condition,  
A shop of all the qualities, that man  
Loves woman for, besides that boeke of Wiving,  
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

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

*Iach.* All too soone I shall,  
Vnlesse thou wouldst greeve quickly. This *Posthumus*,  
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one  
That had a Royall Lover, 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 mind put int, either our bragges  
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sottes.

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

*Iach.* Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)  
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,  
And she alone were cold : Whereat, I wretch  
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him  
Peeces of gold, gainst this, which then he wore  
Vpon his honor'd finger) to attaine  
In suite the place ofs bed, and winne this Ring  
By hers, and mine Adultery : he (true Knight)  
No lesse of her honor confident  
Then I did truly finde her, itakes this Ring,  
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle  
Of Phœbus Wheele ; and might so safely, had it  
Bin all the worth ofs Carre. Away to Britaine  
Polte I in this designe : Well may you (Sir)  
Remember me at Court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference  
Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quenched  
Of hope, not longing ; mine Italian braine,  
Gan in your duller Britaine operate  
Most vildly : for my vantage excellent.  
And to be briefe, my practise so prevayl'd  
That I returnd with simular prooffe enough,  
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,  
By wounding his beleife in her Renowne,  
With Tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes  
Of Chamber hanging, Pictures this her Bracelet  
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay some markes  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crackd,  
I having tane the forfeit. Whereupon,  
Me thinkes I see him now.

*Post.* I, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend. Aye me, most credulous foole,  
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing  
Thats due to all the Villaines past, in being  
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some upright Iusticer. Thou King, send out  
For Torturers ingenious : it is I  
That all th'abhorred things oth'earth amend  
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,  
That kill'd thy Daughter : Villaine-like, I lye,  
That can s'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,  
A sacrilegious. Theefe to doo't. The Temple  
Of Vertue was she : yea, and she her selfe,  
Spert, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set  
The dogges oth'street to bay me : every villaine  
Be calld *Posthumus Leonatus*, and  
Be villany lesse then twas. Oh *Imogen* !  
My Queene, my life, my wife : oh *Imogen*,  
*Imogen, Imogen.*

*Imo.* Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

*Post.* Shalls have a play of this ?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part,

*Pisa.* Oh Gentleman, helpe,  
Mine and your Mistris : Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,  
You ne're killd *Imogen* till now : helpe, helpe,  
Mine honor'd Lady.

*Cym.* Does the world goe round ?

*Post.* How comes these staggers on me ?

*Pisa.* Wake my Mistrais.

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods doe meane to strike me  
To death, with mortall joy.

*Pisa.* How fares my Mistris.

*Imo.* Oh get thee from my sight,  
Thou gavst me poyson : dangerous Fellow hence,  
Breath not where Princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of *Imogen*.

*Pisa.* Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphure on me, if  
That box I gave you, was not thought by me  
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

*Cym.* New matter still.

*Imo.* It poyson'd me.

*Corn.* Oh gods !

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

*Cym.* Whats this, *Cornelius* ?

*Corn.* The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me  
To temper poysons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely  
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges  
Of no esteeme, I dreading, that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would seize  
The present power of life, but in short time,  
All Offices of Nature, should againe  
Doe their due Functions. Have you tane of it ?

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

*Bel.* My Boyes, there was our error.

*Gui.* This is sure *Fidele*.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?  
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now  
Throw me againe.

*Post.* Hang there like fruite, my soule,  
Till the Tree dye.

*Cym.* How now, my flesh ? My child ?  
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act ?  
Wilt thou not speake to me ?

*Imo.* Your blessing Sir.

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

You had a motive fort.

*Cym.* My teares that fall  
Prove holy-water on thee ; *Imogen*,  
Thy Mothers dead.

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

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

*Pisa.* My Lord,

Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Closten*  
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me  
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and (swore  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters  
Then in my pocket, which directed him  
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,  
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments  
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My Ladies honor, what became of him,  
I further know not.

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

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips  
Plucke a hard sentence : Prether valiant youth  
Deny't againe.

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

*Cym.* He was a Prince.

*Gui.* A most incivill one. The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did provoke 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 here  
To tell this tale of mine,

*Cym.* I am sorry 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.* Bind 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 *Closten*  
Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone,  
They were not borne for bondage.

*Cym.* Why old Souldier :

Wilt thou undoe the worth thou art unpaid for  
By tasting of our wrath ? how of descent  
As good as we ?

*Arvi.* In that he spake too farre.

*Cym.* And thou shalt dye for't.

*Bel.* We will dye all three,

But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must  
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though haply well for you.

*Arvi.* Your dangers ours.

*Guid.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave  
Thou hadst (great King) a Subject, who  
Was calld *Belarius*.

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

*Bel.* He it is, that hath  
Assum'd this age : indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.

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

*Bel.* Not too hot;  
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes;  
And let it be confiscate all, to soone  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my Sonnes?

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

*Cym.* How? my issue.

*Bel.* So sure as you, your fathers: I (old *Morgan*)  
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment  
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeeres  
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I  
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)  
As your Highnesse knowes, Their Nurse *Euriphile*  
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children  
Vpon my Banishment: I moov'd her too't,  
Having receiv'd the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,  
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,  
The more of you twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,  
Heere are your Sonnes againe: and I must loose  
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy  
To in-lay heaven with Starres.

*Cym.* Thou weepst, and speakst:  
The Service that your three have done, is more  
Vnlike, then this thou tellst. I lost my children,  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while:  
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,  
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderus*:  
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,  
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.* *Guiderus* had  
Vpon his necke a Mole, a fanguine Starre,  
It was a marke of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe:  
It was wife Natures end, in the donation  
To be his evidence now.

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

*Imo.* No, my Lord:  
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,  
Have we thus met? Oh never say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother  
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,  
When we were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you ere meete?

*Arvi.* I my good Lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd,  
Continu'd so, untill we thought he dyed.

*Corn.* By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement,  
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Romane Captive?  
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?  
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?  
And your three motives to the Battaille? with  
I know not how much more should be demanded,  
And all the other by-dependances  
From chance to chance? But nor the time, nor place  
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,  
*Pusthumus* Anchors upon *Imogen*;  
And she (like harmefull Lightning) throwes her eye  
On him: her brothers, Me: her Master hitting  
Each object with a Ioy: the Counter-change  
Is severally in all. Lets quite this ground,  
And smooke the Temple with our Sacrifices.  
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my Mother too, and did releeve me:  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All ore-joy'd  
Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,  
For they shall taste our Comfort.

*Imo.* My good Master, I will yet doe you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you.

*Cym.* The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a King.

*Post.* I am Sir

The souldier that did company these three  
In poore beseeching: twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might  
Have made your finish.

*Iach.* I am downe againe:

But now my heavy 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 ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneele not to me:

The powre that I have on you, is to spare you:  
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live  
And deale with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:

We'll learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:  
Pardons the word to all.

*Arvi.* You holpe us Sir,

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

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

Make

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

*Luc. Philarmonus.*

*Sooth.* Heere, my good Lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Reades.*

**W**hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown  
without seeking find, and be 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 re-  
vive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then  
shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate,  
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,  
The fit and apt Construction of thy name  
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:  
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous daughter,  
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*  
We terme it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine  
Is this most constant Wife, who even now  
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,  
Vnknowne to you unsought, were clipt about  
With this most tender Aire.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

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

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

*Cym.* Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,  
Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,  
And to the Romane Empire; promising  
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,  
Whom heavens in justice both on her, and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

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

*Cym.* Laud we the gods,  
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils  
From our blest Altars. Publish wethis peace  
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let  
A Roman, and a Brittain Ensigne wave  
Friendly together; so through *Luds-Towne* march,  
And in the Temple of great *Iupiter*  
Our Peace we'll ratific: Seale it with feasts.  
Set on there: Never was a Warre did cease  
(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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