THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.Gent.
YOu do 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 what's the matter?
1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, A Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 None but the King?
1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most disir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.
2 And why so?
1 He that hath miss'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, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.
2 You speake him farre.
1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure duly.
2 What's his name, and Birth?
1 I cannot delve him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicillius,* who did joyne his Honor
Agains the Romanes, with *Cassibulan,*
But had his Titles by *Tenantius,* 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 yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him *Posthumus Leonatus,*
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the graver,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electiõ 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 childe to 'th'King?
1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 How long is this ago?
1 Some twenty heares.
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 it is true Sir.
2 I do well believe you.
1 We ust forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

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

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.
Qu. 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 deerest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourely 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, least I give cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.
Enter Queene.
Qu. Be briefe, 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 do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
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 heerre (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And seare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it
Upon 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 ba a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.
Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.
Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might'st 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, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.
Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus:*
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buyes mee
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.
Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soveraigne,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self 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.
Qu. Fye, you must give way:
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.
Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might have beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Father's 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?
Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haven: lest these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.
Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.
Qu.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.
1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.
Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?
2 No faith: not so much as his patience.
1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.
2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.
Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.
2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
1 Stand you? you 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 shee should love this Fellow, and refuse mee.
2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.
1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I have seene small reflection of her wit.
2 She shines not upon Fooles, least the reflection Should hurt her.
Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.
2 I wish not so, unlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.
Clot. You'l go with us?
*1.*Ile attend your Lordship.
Clot. Nay come, let's go together.
2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.
Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'Haven,
And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write,
And I not hve it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spoke to thee?
Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.
Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe?
Pisa. And kist it, Madam.
Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?
Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere lest
To after-eye him.
Pisa. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
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 smalnesse 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 Honour: or have charg'd him
At the fixt 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 buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queen (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.
Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

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

Iach. Beleeve it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Cressent note, expected to prove so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.
Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.
French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.
Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.
*French.*And then his banishment.
*Iach.*I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully

to

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

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

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained a-mong'st 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.

French. Sir, we have knowne togither in Orleance.

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

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Counrtyman and you: it had beene pitty 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 shun'd to go 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 be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have falne both.

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

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of 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, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

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 comparison, 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 beleeve 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 do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enjoyes.

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

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merit for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift 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 oth of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, containes 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 do nothing doube 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 go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no.

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

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

Iach. What's that?

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

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

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

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

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

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

Iach. You are a Friend, and ther in 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.

Posthu. 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-go what's spoken, I sweare.

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

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deerest 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 honour as you have trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine unseduc'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: wee will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, 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.

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

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

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

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Having thus farre proceeded,
(Unlesse thou think'st me divellish) is't hot 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.

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

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him
Will I first worke. Hee's 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 do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.
Qu. Hearke thee, a word.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l 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.
Qu. No further service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*
Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
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 depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built. nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to 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 cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisa.*
Thinke on my words. A flye, 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 Sweete: 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 Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio.*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu and Ladies*
Pisa. Ahd shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

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 supreame Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, tht 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 greetes your Highnesse deerely.
Imo. Thanks good Sir.
You're kindly welcme.
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 Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.
Imogen reads.
He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. 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 thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admirtion?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'judgment:
For Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet 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. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.
Pisa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech hou?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reveller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, 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 sighes from him; whiles the jolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?
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 Heaven's know some men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he:
But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you which I account his beyond all talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserves your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enjoy your----but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.
Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
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 [ob ect], which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Slavver with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Joyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.
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 heere no more.
Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double. to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson 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 eares
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 vaulting 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 do condemne mine eares, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st have told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the 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 minde to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa *Pisanio?*
Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
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 o’re: And he is one
The truest manner’d: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits ‘mongst men, like a [defended] God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I have adventur’d
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour’d with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.
Imo. All’s well Sir:
Take my powre i’th’Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thankes: 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, an other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.
Imo. Pray what is’t?
Iach. Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done
In France: ‘tis Plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich, and exquisite 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 safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-Chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended to by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboord to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By length’ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.
Imo. I thanke yu 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 truely yeelded 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 Jacke upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on’t: and then a whorson Jacke-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 sweare: it is not for any stander by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

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

Clot. Whorson dog: I gave 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 in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every Jacke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

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

Clot. Sayest thou?

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

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

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

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

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

Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, 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 graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

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

2. Ile attand your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Divell as his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: 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 Princesse,
Thou divine *Imogen,* what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
The walls of thy deer Honour. 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. Who's there? My woman: *Helene?*

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'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 Trunke.
Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it self by rest: our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,
How deerely they doo'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
Under these 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 some naturall notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventorie.
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 witnesse 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. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then ever Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus,* heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* 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 ever turn'd up Ace.
Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.
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: it's 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 Musitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admitable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

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

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

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2. Heere comes the King.

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

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

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

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

Qu. You are most bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

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

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Oure deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have neede
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 do line one of their hands, ‘tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana’s Rangers falce 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 do, 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. That’s more
Then some whose Taylors are a deere as yours,
Can justly boast of: whats your Lordships pleasure?
Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?
La. I, to keepe her Chamber.
Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.
La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

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 thankes I give,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And scarse 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 sin,
I will not.
Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.
Clot. Do you call me Foole?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you’l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures 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, do heere pronounce
By th’very truth of it, I care not for your,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make’t my boast.
Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster’d with cold dishes,
With scraps o’th’Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependencie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur’d knot,
Yet you are curb’d from that enlargement, by

The consequence o'th'Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livorie, 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 Envie. If't were made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
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 mean'st Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respet, then all the Heires above thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio?*
Enter Pisanio,
Clot. His Garments? 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: go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Revenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on myne Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search.
Clot. You have abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?
Imo. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
To'th'worst of discontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile [bereveng'd:]
His mean'st Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pothumus, and Philario.
Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain her's.
Phil. What meanes do you make to him?
Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; thay fayling
I must die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius Lucius,*
Will do's Commission thoroughly. And I think

Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,
Or looke upon our Romanes, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.
Post. I do 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 *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phi. See *Iachimo.*
Post. The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.
Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest 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.
Iachi. 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,
Ile 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 easy.
Post. Make note Sir
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe 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 hve tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, 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 beleeve; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l

You'l 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 *Sidnus* 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 Workemanship, 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. Jove-----
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her 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 there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.
Phil. 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 stolne.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter 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 incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
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 hat 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 do 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 Arethmaticke,
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 do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, I'th'Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's 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
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeacnce, Vengeance!
Me of my Lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd olde 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 lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Jarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers, Deceiving, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part or all: but rather all[ ] For 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 *Julius Caesar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Unkle
(Famous in *Caesars* prayses, 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.
Qu. And to kill the mervaile,
Shall be so ever.
Clot. There be many *Caesars,*
Ere such another *Julius:* Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.
Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We 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 unslakeable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them up to'th'Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame
(The first that 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-shels mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master *Caesars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with rejoycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines strut with Courage.

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

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

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

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

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline,*
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Servants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyve it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In *Caesars* name pronounce I'gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

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

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clot. His Majesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime with us, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beare us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

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

Is

Is falne into thy eare? 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 murther her,
Upon the Love and Truth and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to [go do od] service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lack humanity,
Ao 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 Incke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe her 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 asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medcinable, tht 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 man in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

J*Vstice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the deerest 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 remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encreasing in Love.* Leonatus-Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st 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'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loves Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th'smothering fo 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: [nd] for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre?
Pis. One score'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to's [Excution] 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 bahalfe. 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.
Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not 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 in none but Milford way. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious 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 yong: 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 Tricks 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 nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke;
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke uncros'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proofe you speak: we poore unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,
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:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.
Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Citties Usuries,
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 fear's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes I'th'search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'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: may my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertaine favour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes prevayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, 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 fear no poyson, which attends
In place of greater Stte:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes, *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.
They thinke they are mine,
An though train'd up thus meanely
I'th'Cave, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour,*
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius.* Jove,
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 Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on's necke, even then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts y words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall,*
Once *Arviragus,* in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyving. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline,* Heaven and my Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st ujustly banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou rests me of my Lands. *Euriphile,*
Thou was't their Nurse, they tooke thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* 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, [ye] place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I have now. *Pisanio,* Man:
Where is *Posthumus?* What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
Fro th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a haviour of lesse ffeare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke untender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreamitie, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

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

Imogen reades.

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

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? 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 fearfull 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'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy

Thy favours good enough. Some Jay 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 growes,
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: tooke pitty
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy greate faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him.
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou 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:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus,*
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeve false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpely, 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 heereafter finde
It is no acte 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 too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.
Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I rceiv'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 Miles, 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 stan,

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 Ladie
Heare me with patience.
Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
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
Thus cursed injurie.
Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?
Pisa. 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'l 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 livers 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 no yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus* ; so nie (as least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourely to your eare,
As truly as he mooves.
Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, iinto obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
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 *Titan*: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Juno* 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
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With joy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but 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,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scoena 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 Soveraignty then they, must needs
Appeare 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 Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius,* good my Lords
Till he have crost the Severn. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Befor the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke us like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have beene too slight in sufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;,
And strokes death to her.
Enter a Messenger.
Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her 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 dutie leave unpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Feare, prove false. *Exit.*
Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio,* her old Servant
I have not seene these two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus,*
He hath a Drugge 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 desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good use of either. Shee being owne,
I have the placing of the Brittish Crowne.
Enter Cloten.
How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis ceertaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clo. I love, 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 therfore, 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 will 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 Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis, Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart ro 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 miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. 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.

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

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

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

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

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: undergo those Imployments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly, I would thinke thee an honsest man: thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. 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 gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve mee?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee 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, wheh he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mistresse.

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

hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) even there, thou villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide upon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe wil I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insulment end ended on his dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee rejoycingly, and Ile bee merry 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 scarse 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 voluntarie 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 bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not 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.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Jove, 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 scarse tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse ever
Of Hardnesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's civill, speake: if savage,

Take

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

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarus, Guiderius, and Arviagus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have proov'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, savoury: Wearinesse
Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

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

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Cave, we'l brouz on that
Whil'st what we have kill'd be Cook'd.

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

Gui. What's the matter Sir?

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

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters 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 I'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, so soone
AsI had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who wurship durty Gods.

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

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

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

Bel. Prythee (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.

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

Arvi Ile mak't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'ld 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.
Gui. 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-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I’ld change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false.
Bel. It shall be so:
Boyes wee’l go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp’d
Wee’l mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt speake it.
Gui. Pray draw neere.
Arvi. The Night to’th’Owle,
And Morne to th’Larke lesse welcome.
Imo. Thankes 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 Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Caesar.*
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 levie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.
Clot. I am neere to’th’place where they should meet,
If *Pisanio* have mapp’d it truly. 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 (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I 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 remarkeable in single oppositions; yet this imperserverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortalitie is? *Posthumus,* thy head (which now is growing uppon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris inforced, 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 usage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose. Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

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

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.
Arvi. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.
Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you , leave me,
Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
C
annot 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 poorely.
Gui. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, tha waight as much,
As I do love my Father.
Bel. What? How? how?
Arvi. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my bood Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'ld say.
My Father, not this youth.
Bel. Oh noble straine!
O worthinesse of Nature; breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards; Base things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.
Arvi. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arvi. You health.----------So please you Sir.
Imo. These are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I have heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproov'st Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisanio,*
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:
Wee'l leave you for this time, go in, and rest.
Arvi. Wee'l not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*
Bel. And shal't be ever.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.
Arvi. How Angell-like he sings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arvi. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as *Juno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.
[*Arvi.*]. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile;
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With windes that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together.
Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) untwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
Enter Cloten.
Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare some Ambush;
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I 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 who? 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?
Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine.
Gui.Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. 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 Pelarus 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 voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten.*
Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarse made 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.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, and empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd our 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?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand heel'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne.*
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what 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 Juge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare [the] Law. What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must 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 wee
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 sweare
Heel'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,
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 *Fidelus* sickenesse
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. 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, Cloten,
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 migh meet, wold seek 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 *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arvi. Poore sicke *Fidele,*
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
Thou divine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,
Civility not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.
Enter Guidereus.
Gui. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne. *Solemn Musick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearke *Polidore)* it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at nome?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'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 seeene this.
Gui. O sweetest, fayrest 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 sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Jove knowes what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
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 Cheeke
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 feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but sleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arvi. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer hasts, and I live heere, *Fidele,*
Ile sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower tht'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 sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mosse 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's 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 *Fidele.*
Gui. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.
Arvi. Wee'l speake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quire 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 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being ouf Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray you fetch himhither,
Thersites body is as good as *Ajax,*
When neyther 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.

S O N G.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chmney-Sweepers come to dust.
Arvi. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art past the tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flash.*
Arvi. *Not th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Censure rash.*
Arvi. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone.*
Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must,*
Consigne to thee and come to dust.
Guid. *No Exorcisor harme thee,*
Arvi. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbeare thee.*
Arvi. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet consumation have,*
And renowned be thy grave.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.
Gui. We have done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are strewings fit'st for Graves: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd: even so
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 awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow Oh Gods, and Goddesses*!*
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our 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 Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part 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 Joviall 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! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio?*
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gave me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirmes it home:
This is *Pisanio'*s deede, and *Cloten:* Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance 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 your Shippes:
They are heere 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
Uner 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 muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

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

Successe to th'Roman hoast.
Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.
Luc. Hee'l then instruct us of this 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 came't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; of if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: serve truly: never
Finde such another Master.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Freiend.
Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. 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 belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.
Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and'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 mee.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he shal be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the yappire to arise. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.
Cym. Againe: 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
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humble set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remaines: 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 diigence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome:
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our jealousie
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.
Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my Lige,
Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thanke you: let's 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*
Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten,* but remaine
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.
Arvus. What pleasure Sir, we finde 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 unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Clotens* 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 from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.
Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying 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 cloy'd importntly 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
(Tough *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard 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 question'd.
Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't that I never
Did see man dye, scarse 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 if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.
Arvi. So say I, Amen.
Bel. No reason I (Since of your lives you set
So slight a valewation) should reserve
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 seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio,*
Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do 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 some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I 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,
Pitties, 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 Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heavinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princesse 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 Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviriagus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arvi. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

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

As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.
Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
To dye with length'ned shame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the bttell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'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 darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
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, an to grin like Lyons
Upon 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 slaine 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:
Thos that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.
Lor.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Post. Nay do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere 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 hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l 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 I'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did hear 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 Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor bear agen,
But end it by some meanes for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

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

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviriagus, Pisanio, and Romane Captives: The Capraines 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 that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'sure Physician, Death; who is the key
T'unbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do 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 vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and thought
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. O *Imogen,*
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Juno* chide, tht thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:
I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st have bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so fair:
That he [d serv'd] the praise o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1.*Bro.*When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine, where was hee
That could stand up his paralell?
Or fruitfull object bee?
In eye of *Imogen,* that best could deeme
his dignitie
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deerest one:
Sweete *Imogen?*
Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo,* slight thing of Italy,

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse jelousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany?
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, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 *Bro.*Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Jupiter, [yu] King of Gods, why hast [yu] thus adjourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, beind all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Christall window ope: looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy justice flye.
Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting uppon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on their knees.
Jupiter. 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
Upon 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-laide Sonee, our Godhead will uplift:
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent:
Our Joviall 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, least you stirre up mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot 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.
Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
Let us with care performe his great behest. *Vanish*
Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerve:
Many Dreame not to finde, 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 Book? 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.

VV*Hen as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after revive, bee joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.*

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

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie 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, fear no more Taverne Bils, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain 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 what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: yur necke (Sis) 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 sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Office: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directd by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: [tot] jump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your journies end, I thinke you'l never returne to tall 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 thm.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

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

for

for the dead.

Gao. Unlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & 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 desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: Ispeake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

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

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

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

Cym. No tydings of him?

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

Cym. To my greefe, 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 neyther true, nor modest,
Unlesse I adde, we are honest.

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

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

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize 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. Prythee say.

Cor. 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 spoke 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 flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poyson.
Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?
Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her 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?
La. We did, so please your Highnesse.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, not 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 fealing. Heaven mend all.

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

Thou comm'st not *Caius* 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 threatened
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be cal'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,
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 seene 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: ne're thanke thy Master, live;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it:
Yea

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe.
Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaves me, scornes me: briefely dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplext?
Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I love thee more and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
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 born 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 attenteion. What's 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 reviv'd from death?
Arvi. One Sand another
Nor more resembles that sweete Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes us not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we see him dead.
Bel. Be silent: let's see further.
Pisa. It is my 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 do 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 render
Of whom he had this Ring..
Post. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeve
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: strive man, and speake.
Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head☺ the good *Posthumus,*
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st 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 breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiving,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.
Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soone I shall,
Unlesse thou would'st 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, therin
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sottes.
Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.
Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Post I in this designe: Well may you(Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine [operare]
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practice so prevayl'd
That I return'd with similar proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: averring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, tht he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.
Post. I so thou do'st,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer. Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some

Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worst then they. I am *Posthumus,*
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Verture that was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus 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. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.
Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus,*
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.
Cym. Does the world go round?
Posth. How comes these staggers on mee?
Pisa. Wake my Mistris.
Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall joy.
Pisa. How fares my Mistris?
Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen.*
Pisa. Lady the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if
That box I geve you, was not thought by mee
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 *Pasanio*
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. What's 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 cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do 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 a fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.
Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
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 for't.
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 *Cloten*
Upon 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 frenzie, 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: Prythee valiant yourh
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 mee
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 heere
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
Cy, Binde the Offender.
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then th man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.
Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou undoo the worth thou art unpayd 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 one'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 danger's ours.
Guid. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius.*
Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man.

I know not how, a Traitor:
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receyv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Issue.
Bel. Su sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan)*
Am tht *Belarus*, 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 twnty yeares
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
Upon my Banishment: I moov'd her too't,
Having receyv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more is shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these covering Heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay [Heanen] with Starres.
Cym. Thou weep'sr, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore,*
Most worthy Prince as yours, is true GruideriusL
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. Guideruis had
Upon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise 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 lost 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 Brothersm
When we were so indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arvi. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continew'd so, untill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how 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 Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen;*
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
on him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Joy:the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l 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 do you service.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that [no] Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo,* I had you downe, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heavie 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:
Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arvi. You holpe us Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly 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.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after revive, bee joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
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 ow
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknowne to your 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 Brances, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many heares thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majesticke Cedar joyn'd; 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 disswaded 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, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowe to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarse-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Caesar* should againe unite
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline,*
Which shines heere in the West.
Cym. Laud we the Gods
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British Ensigne wave
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
[Sit] on there: Never was a Warre did cease
Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.
Exeunt.

F I N I S.

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