

The Tragedie of Cymbeline

William Shakespeare

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*****The Tragedie of Cymbeline *****

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2269]

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*****The Tragedie of Cymbeline *****

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Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliché at a time when they were out of "v"s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can

come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

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 Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

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

2 None but the King?

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

2 And why so?

1 He that hath 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 vnfold
His measure duly

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and 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, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is

2 I honor him, euen 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 yeares

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,

So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them

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

2 I do well beleue you

1 We must forbear. 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,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus,
So soone as I can win th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom 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 reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the houely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this lewell in the world,
That I may see againe

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

Enter Queene.

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

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

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

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

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King

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

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone

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

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

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

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

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

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

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

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

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

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

Cym. What? art thou mad?

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

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

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

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

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand

Qu. I am very glad on't

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,

My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

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

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

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Qu. Pray walke a-while

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

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

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

2 No faith: not so much as his patience

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he 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 haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)
Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship

Clot. Nay come, let's go together

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

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

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam

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

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship

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

Pisa. Madam, so I did

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

Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we heare from him

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

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

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company

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

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woorthy,
as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue 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 haue 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 vaw, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter

French. And then his banishment

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

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

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'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 leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing

French. Sir, we haue knowne togither in Orleance

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

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

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is 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 haue confounded one the other, or haue 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 vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce

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

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

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

Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I

would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her
Adorer, not her Friend

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

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

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes

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

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

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe

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

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

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

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

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

Post. No, no

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

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

Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call
it) deserue 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 haue spoke

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phil. I will haue it no lay

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient
testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily
part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours,
so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in
such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your lewell, this
your lewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue
your commendation, for my more free entertainment

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles
betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you
make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand,
you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy,

shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vneduc'd,
you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill
opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you
shall answer me with your Sword

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

Post. Agreed

French. Will this hold, thinke you

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt.

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, haue you brought those drugges?

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

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

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

Both noysome, and infectious

Qu. O content thee.
Enter Pisanio.

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

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

Qu. Hearke thee, a word

Cor. I do not like her. 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 drugges of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her

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

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.
Enter.

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 loues 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 euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fieue 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 moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa.

Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.
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. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.
Enter.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

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

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare

She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly

Imogen reads. He is one of the Noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am
most infinitely
tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust. Leonatus.
So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do

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

Imo. What makes your admiration?

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

Imo. What is the matter trow?

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

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

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

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

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

Iach. Well, Madam

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

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,

So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller

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

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot 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 Heauen's know some men are much too blame

Imo. Not he I hope

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To 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
Deserues 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,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enioy 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. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiekt, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Firing it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: loyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with houely falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain

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

Imo. Let me heare no more

Iach. O dearest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, 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 diseases'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyld stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke

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

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

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

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

Imo. You make amends

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

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

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

Imo. Pray what is't?

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

Imo. Willingly:

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

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

Imo. O no, no

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

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

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

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
the lacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred
pound on't: and then a whorson lacke-an-Apes,
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure

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

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

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

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

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

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th' earth: a
pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare

not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother:
euery lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I must go vp 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 your Lordship should vndertake euery
Companion, that you giue 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 vpon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord

Clot. Not easily I thinke

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

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

2. Ile attend your Lordship.
Enter.

That such a craftie Diuell as is 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 leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand

T' enioy 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 haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue 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 selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. Cytherea,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th' 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,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will 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 euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where Philomele gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.
Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

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

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose

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

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

1 Day, my Lord

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

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

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.
So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your
Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares
which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of
vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend.
Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King

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

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

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

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

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

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 receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T' employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.

By your leaue.

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman

La. No more

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne

La. That's more

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

Clot. Your Ladies 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 thanks I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,
And scarce can spare them

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you

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

Clot. This is no answer

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

Clot. To leaue 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'll be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce

By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependencie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Iupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well

Clot. The South-Fog rot him

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

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently

Clot. His Garment?

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

Pis. 'Twill not be lost

Imo. I hope so: go and search

Clot. You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

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

Clot. I will enforme your Father

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

Clot. Ile be reueng'd:
His mean'st Garment? Well.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

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

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they 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 throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieue

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

Phi. See Iachimo

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell 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 haue look'd vpon
Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them

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 haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t' enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne

Post. The Stones too hard to come by

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy

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

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

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

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,

Must first induce you to beleeeue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'll giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not

Post. Proceed

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

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

Iach. More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge

Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury

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

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

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

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

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

Post. loue-
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 gaue it me,
And said, she priz'd it once

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

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

Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her

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

Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme

Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'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
Diuide themselues betweene you

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

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

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

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

Iach. Will you heare more?
Post. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million

Iach. Ile be sworne

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

Iach. 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.
Enter.

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

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me off forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iachimo in an houre, was't not?
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen 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; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice

They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.
Enter.

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 vs?

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

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

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

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,
Made Luds-Towne with reioycing-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 haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Armes, none

Cym. Son, let your Mother end

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

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

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

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

Luc. Let prooffe speake

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Saltwater-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, 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 Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

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

I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.
Iustice 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 euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your
encreasing
in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?

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

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

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

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 Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th' Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do

Guid. Haile Heauen

Aruir. Haile Heauen

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

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

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

Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, 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 lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree

Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather

Gui. Vncertaine fauour

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are aliuie.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Guiderius. loue,
When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
Once Aruiragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. Euriphile,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My selfe Belarius, that am Mergan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro[m] horse, y place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. Pisanio, Man:
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? 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-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me

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

Imogen reades. Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in
my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my
greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou
(Pisanio) 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
giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter
for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyall

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
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 fauours good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,

And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies

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 pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, Posthumus
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou 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 Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pooru Fooles
Beleeue 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 vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too

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

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
Th' elected Deere before thee?

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

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

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

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me

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

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

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

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

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

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

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

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?

Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine

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

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

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, 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 luno 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 haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble Lucius
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment

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

A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble 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 driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike

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

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

Luc. Your hand, my Lord

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

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

Cym. Leaue not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.

Exit Lucius, &c

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

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

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

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

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue 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 Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.
Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

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

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King

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

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeeues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:

Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.
Enter Cloten.

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

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

Exit Qu.

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

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

Pis. Oh, good my Lord

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

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

Pis. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight

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

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his trauell, 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 seruice: vndergo
those Employments wherein I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment

Pis. Well, my good Lord

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

Pis. Sir, I will

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

Pisan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mistresse

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first seruice, go

Pis. I shall my Lord.
Enter.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments
were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitterness
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauish
her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment 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
again. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.
Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet

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

Exit

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

Exit

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

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

But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.
Enter.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus

Bel. You Polidore haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse
Can snore vpon 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

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

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

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

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

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

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

Gui. Money? Youth

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

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

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen

Bel. What's your name?

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

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; 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

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends

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

Bel. He wrings at some distresse

Gui. Would I could free't

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!
Bel. Hearke Boyes

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

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

Gui. Pray draw neere

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,
And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome

Imo. Thanks Sir

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

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

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

2.Sen. I

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1.Sen. With those Legions
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
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 haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond
him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more remarkeable
in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant
Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vppon 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 vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all into
my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out

Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

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

Arui. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,
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, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely

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

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

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

Arui. Brother, farewell

Imo. I wish ye sport

Arui. You health. - So please you Sir

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, 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 vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest

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

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest

Arui. Wee'l not be long away

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

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

Bel. And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as Iuno had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter

Arui. 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 diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at

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

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

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

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

Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis

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

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

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

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

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

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why 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 gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee

Clot. Thou iniurious 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 moue 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 reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them

Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Luds-Towne set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

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

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

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

Bel. Being scarce made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.
Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

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 vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Luds-Towne

Bel. We are all vndone

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

Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps

It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head

Arui. 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 Fideles sicknesse
Did make my way long forth

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

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

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

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

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

Bel. Oh thou Goddess,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them

To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What Clotens being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.
Enter Guidereus.

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

Solemn Musick.

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

Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen 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 iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?
Enter Aruiragus, 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

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

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
loue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. 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?
Arui. 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 Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee

Arui. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, Fidele,
Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom 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 haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' graue

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our Mother

Arui. Bee't so:
And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
Saue that 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

Arui. Wee'l speake it then

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

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

Arui. 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

Arui. 'Tis true

Gui. Come on then, and remoue him

Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

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 Chimney-Sweepers come to dust

Arui. 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

Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash

Arui. Thou hast finish'd loy and mone

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

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,
Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee

Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbear thee

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

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

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

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

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

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder 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 haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose

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

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

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord

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

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master

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

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

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a 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-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue 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 Heauens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs

Bel. Let vs from it

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture

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

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of Clotens death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that

Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arui. So say I, Amen

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

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

Scena Secunda.

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

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

As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.
Enter.

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

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

Gui. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.
Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and
Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

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

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did

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

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this 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 preseruatiō 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 giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field

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 vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
``Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
``Preseru'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 haue put me into Rime

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.
Enter.

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 haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,

And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.
Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

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

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

1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Romane
Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
deliuers him
ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

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

2.Gao. I, or a stomacke

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th' sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T' vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,

Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
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 Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer 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 haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart

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

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire:
That he deseru'd the praise o'th' World,
as great Sicilius heyre

1.Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralell?

Or fruitfull obiect 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 ielousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,
Our Fealty, & Tenantius right, with Honor to maintaine

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Iupiter, y King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:

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

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

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

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

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:
Our louiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his Affliction made
This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſſe Impatience, leaſt you ſtirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline.

Ascends

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Ceſteſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd

All. Thankes Iupiter

Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Rooſe: Away, and to be bleſt
Let vs with care performe his great beheſt.

Vanish

Post. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandsire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne:
And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I ſwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deſerue,
And yet are ſteep'd in Fauours; ſo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelp, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, 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 reuiue, bee ioynted 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 ſenſeſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.
Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Ouer-roaſted rather: ready long ago

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

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

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

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

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

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow

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

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

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

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

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

Gao. Ile be hang'd then

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

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all

he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake against
my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Corn. 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 neuer lou'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
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed

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

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

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute 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 Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils 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, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus
behind, and
Imogen.

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite

That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate

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

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

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

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

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

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex't?

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

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

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

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

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

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

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?
Gui. The same dead thing aliue

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

Gui. But we see him dead

Bel. Be silent: let's see further

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

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from 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 vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee

Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas Leonatus Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue thee,
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this

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

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

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke

That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerua,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter

Iach. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspeaking 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
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not

But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeit. 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 giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
Some vpriht lusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part

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 ioy

Pisa. How fares my Mistris?
Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are

Cym. The tune of Imogen

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene

Cym. New matter still

Imo. It poyson'd me

Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If Pasanio

Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, 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. Haue 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[m] you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe

Post. Hang there like 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 loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't

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

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord

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

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaste 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 youth
Deny't againe

Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it

Cym. He was a Prince

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

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens
Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arui. In that he spake too farre

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't

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

Arui. Your danger's ours

Guid. And our good his

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd Belarius

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

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

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not saue him

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

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

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

Cym. How? my Issue

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse Euriphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing recey'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres

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

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

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

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

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

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed

Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord

Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill 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 liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon Imogen;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a loy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'll hold thee euer

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

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

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

Luc. Happy be you

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

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake Iachimo, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish

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

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

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

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make 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 whelp, shall to himselfe vnknown, 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 reuiue, bee ioynted 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 diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire

Cym. This hath some seeming

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

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

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the 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 vnite
His Fauour, 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 Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through Luds-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'll ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.