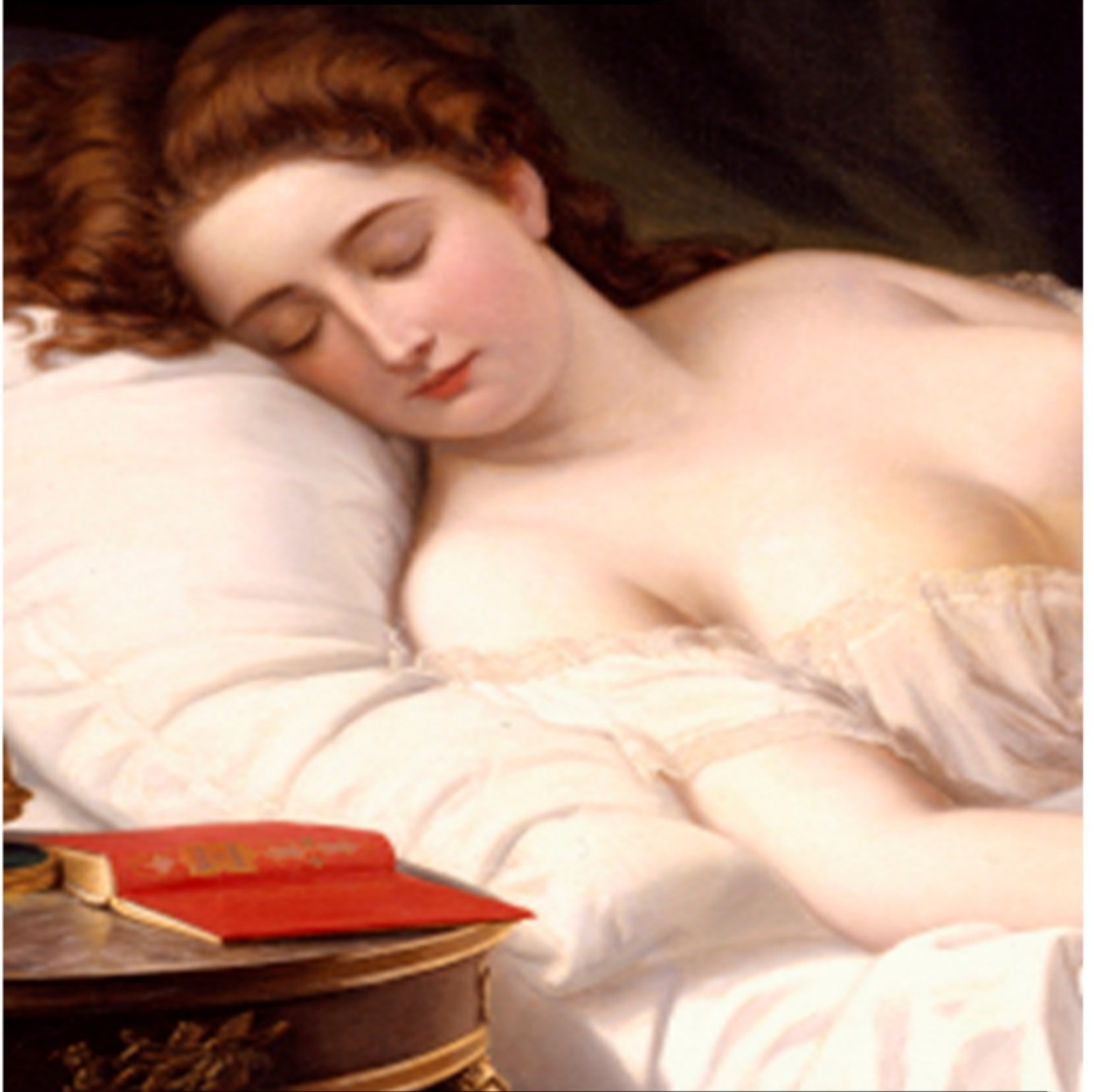


***WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE***



***CYMBELINE***

**William Shakespeare & Sidney Lee**

# **Cymbeline**

**Including "The Life of William Shakespeare"**

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# Cymbeline

## Dramatis Personae

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CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, Italian, friend to Posthumus.

IACHIMO, Italian, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a

Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains,  
Soldiers,  
Messengers, and other Attendants.  
Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain; Rome.

# ACT I.

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### SCENE I.

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 Sicillius, who did ioyned 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 Bedchamber,  
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 beleeeue you

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

Exeunt.

## **SCENE II.**

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 Playfellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes 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-Shepherds 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.

### **SCENE III.**

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

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

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
Hauē 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 throughfare 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.

#### **SCENE IV.**

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.

## SCENE V.



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 valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter

French. And then his banishment

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable 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 soiourne 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 together 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

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

Iach. You are a Friend, and 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 vndergo

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 exceedes 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 enjoy'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 vnseduc'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, leas't 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.

## **SCENE VI.**

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 drugge 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 depender on a thing that leanes?

Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends

So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp



Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,  
It is a thing I made, which hath the King  
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know  
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,  
It is an earnest of a farther good  
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how  
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;  
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.

## SCENE VII.

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 grieffe, 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 sadness, 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 pittie too

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discernes you in me

Deserues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what  
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace  
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe  
Imo. I pray you Sir,  
Deliver with more opennesse your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?  
Iach. That others do,  
(I was about to say) enjoy your-but  
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speake on't  
Imo. You do seeme to know  
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you  
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties  
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,  
The remedy then borne. Discover to me  
What both you spur and stop  
Iach. Had I this cheeke  
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,  
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule  
To'th' oath of loyalty. This object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)  
Slave with lippes as common as the stayres  
That mount the Capitoll: loyne gripes, with hands  
Made hard with hourelly 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 lach. O deerest 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 diseas'd ventures  
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,  
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stufte  
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?

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

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

lach. 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