CENTRE
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TORONTO
THE TRAGEDIE

OF

CYMBELINE.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.
The Tragedie

OF

CYMBELINE.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623,
WITH COLLATIONS OF THE SECOND, THIRD, AND
FOURTH FOLIOS,

BY

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NOTICE.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I FOLIO 1623.

A few words are necessary to explain the conditions under which I have the honour of presenting this reprint of Cymbeline to the Society.

Some years ago I undertook to publish a critical edition of the play, and in consequence I devoted much time and labour to the subject in its several branches; but, when I had brought my work to an advanced stage of preparation, a combination of unfortunate circumstances obliged me to abandon it, at least for some time.

The present publication represents that portion of my labour which was spent in the collation of the Folios. This may appear at first sight to have been performed with unnecessary attention to accuracy in the minutest details. But I am of opinion that a mere selection of certain variations could not be entitled to the consideration of scholars. I, therefore, lay before readers every difference, small and great, which is to be found, and leave each student to determine for himself their relative importance. Perfect accuracy is the first requisite in such an undertaking, which indeed can scarcely lay claim to much other literary merit; this has been my endeavour, and with the object of attaining it I have spared no pains.

The text is founded on "the Grenville" copy of the first Folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, 1623, in which Cymbeline occupies pages 369-399 (misprinted 993) inclusive. This copy in every respect corresponds with the two other copies of the same Folio, F1, in the British Museum, but differs in a few particulars from the copy in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, which I also collated. With these I collated the 2nd Folio 1632, the 3rd Folio 1664, the 4th Folio 1685: all the differences are set forth exactly in this edition.

I have been assisted throughout by the counsels of our Director, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., without whose encouragement I should have scarcely persevered in the task, and it was chiefly in deference to his suggestion that I added a collation of Folios 3 and 4 to my scheme.

2 February, 1883.

W. J. CRAIG.

P.S. The Society's edition of Cymbeline will now be that in the Old-Spelling Shakspere, of which the 3 vols. of Comedies are now at press. If Mr. Craig will hereafter put his Introduction and Notes to the Play together for the Society, they will be publishd in a separate volume.—F. J. F
THE TRAGEDIE OF
CYMBELINE.

[I. 1]  

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. 

On do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:

4. Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of his kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, a Widdow

8 That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; the imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King

12 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

| Tragedie | Tragedy F2, 3, 4. |
| Scena Prima | F2; Scena Prima F3, 4. |
| 1. do | F3, 4; doe F2; Frownes F2; frowns F3, 4. |
| 2. bloods | F2; bloods F3, 4. |
| heavens | Heavens F2, 3; Heavens F4. |
| Then | F2, 3; than F4. |
| 4. see, as | see, as F2; seem as F3, 4. |
| 5. what's | F3, 4; what's F2. |
| 6. daughter | F4, 3; Daughter F4, heir F2; heir F3; Heir F4, of's F3, 4; of's F2; kingdom F2; kingdom F3; Kingdom F4. |
| 7. wives | wives F2, 3; Wives F4. |
| Sonne | sonne F2; son F3; Son F4; Widow F2; Widow F3, 4. |
| self | self F3, 4. |
| Unto | F2; Unto F3, 4; poor F2; poor F3, 4. |
| Shes | Shes F2; wedded F2; wedded F3, 4. |
| Husband | Husband F2, 4; husband F3. |
| thinke | think F2; think F3, 4. |
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

2 And why so?
1 He that hath mis’d the Princeffe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish’d) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.
1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure duly.

2 What’s his name, and Birth?
1 I cannot delve him to the roote: His Father
Was call’d Sicillius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He fern’d with Glory, and admir’d Successe:
So gain’d the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had ( besides this Gentleman in question )
[I. I]

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 369, 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 only, tooke such sorrow

 44 That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

 [col. 2] Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) decaed

 As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe

 To his protection, calls him Poliphemus Leonatus,

 48 Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,

 Puts to him all the Learnings that his time

 Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke

 As we do ayre, fast as ’twas ministred,

 52 And in’s Spring, became a Harueft: 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,

 56 A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,

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

 Proclames how the esteem’d him; and his Vertue

 By her electio may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

 60 2 I honor him, euen out of your report.

 But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to’th King?

 1 His onely childe:

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

 64 Marke it:) the eldest of them, at three years old

 I’th’wathing cloathes, the other from their Nurcery

 Were stolne, and to this hour, no ghesse in knowledge
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Which way they went.

1 Some twenty yeares.

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

1 Howfoere, 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 muft forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princeffe. 

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be affir'd you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the flander of most Step-Mothers, Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prifoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus, So foon as I can win th'ooffended King, I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience Your wisedome may informe you.
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:

Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittyng

The pangs of barr’d Affections, though the King

Hath charg’d you shold not speake together.  

Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtezie! How fine this Tyrant

Can tickle where he wounds? My dearest Husband, I

something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing

(Alwayes refer’d my holy duty) what

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

And I shall heere abide the hourly shot

Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,

But that there is this Jewell in the world,

That I may fee againe.

Poft. My Queene, my Mistrie:

O Lady, weepe no more, leaft I giue caule

To be suspected of more tenderneffe

Then doth become a man. I will remaine

The loyall’it 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, Ie drinke the words you fend,

Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:

F4: fathers F4, 3.  
20. Always] F4, 3; Always F4,  
22. hourl[y] F4; here F3, 4. hourly]  
24. Jewell] F2; Jewell F3; Jewe1  
25. againe] F3; again F3, 4.  
27. weep] F4, 3; weep F3, 4; least]  
28. tenderness] F3, 3; tenderness

F4.  
29. Then] F3, 3; Than F4, remai-  
33. Queene] F2; Queen F3, 4.  
34. Ie] F3, 4. drink]  
35. Inke] F2; ink F3, 4.  
36. brief] F2; brief F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet I desire him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be Friends:
Payes duee for my offences.
Pofi. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Lowe)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Pofi. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And scare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While fenfe 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
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fairest Prisoner.

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

Pofl. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basezt thing, avoyd hence, from my fight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou’rt poyson to my blood.

Pofl. The Gods protect you,

And bleffe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.
Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharpe then this is.

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

Imo. I befeech you Sir,
Harne not your felse with your vexation,
I am feneslesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Paft Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Paft hope, and in dispaire, that way paft Grace.

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

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

Cym. Thou took’st a Begger, would’st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for bafenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
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Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lou’d Pojihumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoft the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almoft 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. Befeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our felues, 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.

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

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

Qu. Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

Fz; vild F3; vile F4.
me F2, 3, 4.
summe F2; sum F3; summ F4.
heaven F2, 3; Heaven F4.
Neatheards F2, 3; Neat herds F4.
Neighbour-Shepheards F2, 3; Neighbour - Shepherds F4.
Sonne F2; Son F3, 4.
Enter Queen F2; enter Queen
again F3, 4.
have F3, 3.
up F2, 3, 4.
dear F2, 3, 4.
Daughter F2, 3; Daughter F4.
Soveraigne F2, Soveraign F3, 4.
have F3, 3, 4.
selves F2, 3, 4.
selves F2.
advice F2, 3, 4.
Nay let F2, 3, 4.
bloud F2, 3, 4.
a day F2; one word F3, 4.
Que. F2, Fy F2; Fic F3, 4.
give F2; way F2; away F3, 4.
Here F2; Here F3, 4.
Servant F2, 3, 4.
news F2; news F3, 4.
Pis. F2; Son F3, 4.
Sonne F2; Son F3, 4.
harme F2, 3; harm F4.
There might have been,
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.

120 Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke

124 The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pif. On his command: he would not suffer mee
to bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject too,

128 When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pif. I humbly thank ye your Highnesse.
Qu. Pray walke a-while.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Vio-
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lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where [p. 371, ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so col. 1] wholesome as that you vent.

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

Haue I hurt him?
1. No faith: not so much as his patience.
2. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.
3. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.
1. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
2. Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.
3. As many Inches, as you haue Oceans(Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene us.
1. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should love this Fellow, and re-20fuse mee.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.
1. Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue scene 24
2. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection
should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had 28
23. beene some hurt done.

2. reek] F2, 3, 4; recke F2.
3. ayre] F2; aire F2; air F4.
There's] Ther'es F2; there's F3, 4.
4. wholesome] F2; wholesome F3, 4.
5. bloody] F2; bloody F3, 4.
bee] be F2, 3, 4.
9. thorough-fare] F2, 4; thorough-
fare F3. Steele] F2; Steel F3, 4.
10. Steele] F2; Steel F3, 4. oth'

22. always] F2, 3; always F4.
She] and her F2, 3, 4. Brain] F2; Brain F3, 4.
29. beene] F2; been F3, 4.

[p. 371, 2] I wish not so, vnleffe it had bin the fall of an Aft

COL. i] which is no great hurt.

32 Clot. You'lt go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Event.


Enter Imogen, and Pifanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st into the shores o' th Hauen,

And questioned'ft euery Saile : if he should write,

And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost

4 As offer'd mercy is : What was the laft

That he spake to thee:

Pifa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchief?

8 Pifa. And kift it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein then I :

And that was all?

Pifa. No Madam : for so long

[col. 2] As he could make me with his eye, or eare,

Distinguih him from others, he did keepe

The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchief,

Still wav'ng, as the fits and stirres of's mind

16 Could beft expresse how flow his Soule sayl'd on,

How swift his Ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pifa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-firings;
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 finalnefe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pifanio,
When shall we hear from him.

Pifa. Be assure'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sware,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Intereft, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orifons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kiffe, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our budses from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Desires your Highneffe Company.

[ I. 4 ]

18. should'st] F3, 4; shouldst F2.
19. less] F3, 3; less F4.
22. look] F2; look F3, 4.
24. sharp] F2; sharp F3, 4.
27. But good] F2; But, good F3, 4.
28. hear] F2; hear F3, 4.
29. assur'd Madam] assurd, Madam F2, 3, 4.
33. think] F2; think: F3, 4. certaine] F2; certain F3, 4. hours] F2; hours F3, 4.
34. sware] F2; swear F3, 4.
35. Shees] F2; She's F3, 4.
37. sixth] F2, 3; sixth F4. hours] F2; hour F3, 4. Morn] F2; Morn.
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[p. 371, Imo. Thole things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd, COL. 2] I will attend the Queene.


[I. 5]

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 Creffent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath beme 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 tailed 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 he.

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

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which [p. 372,
elifie an eafie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger col. 1]
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 24
whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

*Enter Pojihumus.*

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained am-
ong'it you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing,
to a Stranger of his quality. I befeech you all be better 28
knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you,
as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will
leave to appeare hereafter, rather then shory him in his
owne hearing.

*French.* Sir, we haue knowne togethur in Orleance.

*Poij.* Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courte-
cies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o’re-rate my poore kindnesse, I was 36
glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene
pitty you should haue beene put together, with so mor-
tall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so
flight and triuiall a nature.

*Poij.* By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trave-
ler, rather shun’d to go euuen with what I heard, then in
my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but
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[p. 372, vpon my mended judgement (if I offend to lay it is mend-col. 1) my Quarrell was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood 48 haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ake 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-Mistreffes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and 56 vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

60 Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this, worn out.

Posth. 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.

68 Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparifon, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if the went before others I haue feene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many
The Tragedy of Cymelane.

I have beheld, I could not believe the excelled many: [p. 372, but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, col. 1] nor you the Lady.

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

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Pofet.* More then the world enioyes.

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

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

*Iach.* Which the Gods have given you?

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

*Phil.* Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?
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[1. 5] Pofl. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With fice times fo much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Pofl. 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 durll attempt it against any Lady in the world.

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

Iach. What's that?

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

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

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

Pofl. 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
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[1. 5]

Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refer'd.

Pothmus. 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 pre-feure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

Pothus. 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 vn-der-go what's spoken, I swear.

Pothus. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceedes in goodness, the hugeness 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 have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, [p. 373, fo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in Col. 1] such honour as you haue truth in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.
Poet. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage uppon her, and give me directly to understand, you have presayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnfe-
160 duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answere me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: wee will haue these 164 things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, leaft the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterve: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

168 Poet. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt

[Scena Sexta.]

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

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

4 Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Please your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:

156. only] F2; only F3, 4. farre] F2; far F3, 4. answere] answer F2, 3, 4.
160. appeare] F2; appear F3, 4.
167. Queene] F2; Queen F3, 4. in after speeches in this scene Que.
1. Que] Quee F2; Quee F3, 4; in.
163. 67. drugges] drugges: Cor. drugs: Cor. F2; drugs: Cor. F3, 4.
But I befeech your Grace, without offence
( My Conscience bids me ask ) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poysinous Compounds,
Which are the mouers of a languishing death:
But though flow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ft me such a Queftion: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Haft thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diftill? Preferue? Yea so,
That our great King himfelfe doth woo me off
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleffe thou think'ft me duellifh) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane )
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their feueral vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this praætie, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the feeing these effects will be
Both noyfome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pifanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascal, vpon him
Will I firft worke: Hee's for his Mafter,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pifanio?

Doctor, your feruice for this time is ended,

[375, col. 2] Cor. I do suspect you, Madam, 
But you shall do no harm.
Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she has strange ling'ring poyfons: I do know her spirit, 
And will not truft one of her malice, with 
A drugg of such damn'd Nature. Thofe she has, 

Will stupifie and dull the Senfe a-while, 
Which first (perchance) thee'll prone 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 frefh, reuiuing. She is fool'd 
With a moft fale effect: and I, the truer, 
So to be falle with her.

Qu. No further fervice, Doctor, 
Vntill I fend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leaue. 

Qu. Weepes she still (faift thou)

Doft thou thinke in time 
She will not quench, and let instructions enter 
Where Folly now poftefies? 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 Matter: Greater, for 
His Fortunes all ly e speechleffe, and his name 
Is at laft gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be dependent on a thing that leanes?
What 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 Mistriz how
The case stands with her: doot, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changeft on, but thinke
Thou haft thy Mistriz 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 defert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pisa.
Thinke on my words. A flye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak’d: the Agent for his Mafter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-faft to her Lord. I haue given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vppeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, the after
Except the bend her humor, shall be affur’d
To taffe of too.

76. mean?] F2; mean F3, 4.
77-78. selfe; Thinker selfe; Thinker F3; self; Think F3, 4.
79. Mistriz] F2, 3; Mistriz F4. to boote] too boote F2; too boote F3:
to boot F4. Sonve] F2; Son F3, 4.
80. Ile] F2; Ile F3; I’ll F4.
81. chiefly F2; chiefly F3, 4.
82. load] F2; load F3, 4. women] F2, 3; Women F4.
84. load] F2; load F3, 4. women] F2, 3; Women F4.
85. Thinker] F2; Think F3, 4. knaue] knave F2; Knave F4.
88. hand fast] hand fast F2, 3, 4.
90. Sweete] Sweet F2, 3, 4.
90-91. which, she after Except] which she after, Except F2, 3, 4.
91. humer] F2, 3; humour F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Cloflet: Fare thee well, Pisanio.

Think on my words.

Pifa. And shall do:

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

Exit Qu. and Ladies.

Pisanio. Thinke F2; Pisanio, Think F3, 4.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banisht: O, that Husband,

My preem Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those

How meane so ere, that haue their honeil wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pifa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [I. 7]

Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greetes your Highness dearely.

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
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arme me Audacity from head to foot,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

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

Leonatus.

So farre I read aloud.

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

Iach. Thanks 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 fire Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones

[15. Thanks good] Thanks good F2; thanks, good F3, 4.
[16-19. rare She] rare, She F2, 3, 4.
[25. tied] tied F2, 3, 4.
[26. farre] F2; far F3, 4. read F2; read F3, 4.
[29. by'th'reft] by the rest F2, 3, 4. thankfully F2; thankfully F3, 4.
[31. finde] F2; find F3, 4.
[32. do] F3, 4; doe F2.
[33. Thanks fairest] F2; Thanks F3, 4. Thanks fairest F2; Thanks fairest F3; thanks, fairest F4.
[34. eyes] F2, 3; Eyes F4.
[36. Sea and] Sea, and F2, 3, 4. twixt F2; twixt F3.
[37. fire] F2; firey F3; fiery F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[Col. 1] Vpon the number of Beach, and can we not

40 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

44 Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'judgment:

For Idiots in this cale of fault, would

Be wisely defin'd: Nor i'th'Appetite.

Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd

48 Should make desire vomit emptinesse,

Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:

52 That fatiate yet vnfati'd desire, that Tub

Both fill'd and running: Rauening firft the Lambe,

Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,

56 Thus rap's you? Are you well?

[Col. 2] Iach. Thanks Madam, well: Befeech you Sir,

Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:

He's strange and pecuiiie.

60 Pifa. I was going Sir,

To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?

His health befeech you?

64 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 here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Imo. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much lonesome
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces
The thick figues from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from his free lungs: cries oh,
Can my fides hold, to think that man who knows
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what the cannot choose
But must be: will's free hours languish:
For affured 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 hear him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heaven's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.

Whil't I am bound to wonder, I am bound

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[. 7]

To pity too.

Col. 2. What do you pity Sir?

96 Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Iach. Am I one Sir?

You look on me: what wrack discerne you in me

Defy you your pity?

100 Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace

Ith'Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Iach. I pray you Sir,

104 Deliver with more openness your answeres

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enjoy your —— — —

108 It is an office of the Gods to venge it,

Not mine to speake on't.

Iach. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you

112 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

116 What both you spur and stop.

Iach' Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,

(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule

120 To th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Safe 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 reuoi.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.

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

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereft Soule: your Caufe doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me fickle. A Lady
So faire, and faffen'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ft King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that felle exhibitio
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneffe can lend Nature. Such boyld it suffe

121. prisoner the] F2; Prisoner, the
123. Stayres] lippes F2; lippes F3; lippes F4.
125. falshood] falshood as F2, 3; (falshood as first falshood om.)
126. then] F2, 3; than F4.

127. smoakie] smoak F2, 3, 4.
128. That's] F3, 4; That's F2.
129. Plagues] F2, 3; Plagues F4.
130. Hell] F4; hell F2, 3.
131. fare] F2, 3; fear F3, 4.
133. himselfe] F2; himself F3, 4.
134. 'tis] F3, 4; tis F2.
136. heart] F2; hear F3, 4.
137. deereft Soule] F2; dearest soul F3; dearest Soule F4.
138. stick] F2; sick F3, 4.
139. faire] F2; fair F3, 4.
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[1. 7]

The King my Father shall be made acquainted

[0x0]The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[0x0][p. 375, As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng’d, col. 1] Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng’d:
How shoulde I be reueng’d? If this be true,
152 (As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares Must not in hafte abufe) if it be true,
How shoulde I be reueng’d?
Iach. Should he make me
156 Lieue 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,
160 More Noble then that runnagate to your bed, And will continue fait to your Affection, Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

164 Iach. Let me my service 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
168 For such an end thou seek’st, as bafe, as strange:
Thou wrong’st a Gentleman, who is as farre From thy report, as thou from Honor: and Solicites here a Lady, that disdaines
172 Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted

147. poyson [Poison] F2; poison Poison F3, 4.
148. Queene] F2; Queen F3, 4.
149. Recoyle] F2; Recoyl F3; Recoyl F4. Stocke] F2; Stock F3, 4.
150. Heart] heart F2, 3, 4. eares] F2; ears F3; Ears F4.
154. should’st] F2; shall F3, 4. sheets, Whiles] sheets.
158. purse] F2, 3; Purse F4.
159. self] F2; self F3, 4.
160. then] F2, 3; than F4. bed] F2, 3; Bed F4.
161. Still close] F3, 4; run into one word F2.
162. hoa] F2, 3; ho F4.
166. disdaines] F2; disdains F3, 4.
170. Honor] honor F2, 3; honour F4.
173. Father] F4; father F2, 3.
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Of thy Affault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A fawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romith Stew, and to expound
His beaffly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not refpe<es at all. What hoa, Pifanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferes thy truft, and thy moft perfect goodneffe
Her affur’d credit. Blessed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieft Sir, that euer
Country call’d his; and you his Misfris, onely
For the moft worthieft. Gieue me your pardon,
I haue fpoke 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 trueft manner’d: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits ’mongft men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor fets him off,
More then a mortall feeming. Be not angrie
(Moft mighty Princeffe) that I haue adventur’d
To try your taking of a falfe report, which hath
Honour’d with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, fo rare,

Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,

[1. 7]
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

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

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled fummes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done

In France: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you

To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them

In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended 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 befeech : or I shall short my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promife
To see your Grace.
Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muft Madam.
Therefore I shall befeech you, if you pleafe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-flood 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.

Clo. Was there ever man had fuch lucke? when I kift
the Jacke vpon an vp-caft, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorfon Jacke-an-Apes, col. I]
must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine 4
oathes of him, and might not fpend them at my pleafure.
1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate
with your Bowie.
2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would 8
haue run all out.
Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to sware: it is not for any itanders by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

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

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

2. To haue smlld like a Foole.

16 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 Mothen: euery Jacke-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.

24 Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship shoulde undertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I shoulde 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 36 Leonatus Friends.
34  The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Clot. Leonatus? A banish't Rascal; and he's another, [p. 376, whichever 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 easilie I think.

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

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

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Exit.

That such a craftie Diell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Afle : A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, .

And leave eigtheene. Alas poor Princess,

Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'ft,

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

A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer,

More hatefull then the foule expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme

The walls of thy deere Honour. Keeepe vnshak'd

That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand

T'emiyo thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. Exeunt.
Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helene?

La. Plea' you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:

Mine eyes are weake, Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, laeue 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 befeech yee.

Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly. To your protection I commend me, Gods, From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night, Guard me befeech yee.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o’th’Taper Bowes toward her, and would vnnder-peep 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’adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o’th’Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboute ten thousand manner Moueables Would teftifie, t’enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Senë 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 witneffe outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do’s within:
To th’madding of her Lord. On her left breft
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimfon drops
I th’bottome of a Cowlifpie. Heere’s a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick’d the lock, and t’ane
The treaure 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 Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[II. a]  The Tale of Tereus, heere the leaves turn'd downe

Where Philomel 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

Exit.

54 One, two, three: time, time.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1 i. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the
most coldest that ever turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

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

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get
this foolish Imogen, I should have Gold enough: it's al-
most morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am adui-
12 fed to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will pen-
trate.

Enter Musitians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-
The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [II. 3]

gering, fo: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let [p. 377, her remaine: but Ile never giue o're. Firft, a very excel-

lent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her con-

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Muficke 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 Cymbalin, and Queene.

Cloth. I am glad I was vp fo late, for that's the reason I was vp fo earely: he cannot choose but take this Service I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-

Soe. Attend you here the doore of our fiern daughter

Will she not forth?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Clot. I haue assayl’d her with Muickes, but the vouch- fafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Muft 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 follicity, and be friended.

With aptneffe of the seafon: make denials
Encrease your Services: so sçeme, as if
You were inipir’d to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your diminifion tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not fo.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambaftadors from Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoife now;
But that’s no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himfelfe, his goodneffe fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have giuen good morning to your Miftris,

Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T’employ you towards this Romane.

38. assayl'd Fa, 3, 4.
Musickes Fa; Musicks F3, 4.
40. new, Shee new, Shee Fa, 3, 4.
42. weare Fa; wear F3, 4.
on't Fa; ou't Fa, 3.
44. Qu. F4; Que. Fa, 3, to’t.
King Fa; to’th King F3, 4.
45. let's Fa, 3, 4; goe Fa, 3.
46. Preferre Fa, 3; Prefer Fa.
daughter Fa, 3; Daughter Fa.
Frame Fa; frame F3, 4.
F2; self F3, 4.
47. solicite Fa; solicite F2, 3, 4.
48. aptuaces Fa, 3; attaints F4.
49. Services Fa; services F3, 4; sçeme Fa; sçem Fa, 3.
doe Fa; doe Fa, 3, 4.
51. her, Sowt her, Save Fa, 3, 4.
senseless Fa, 3; senseless F4.
Sensless Fa, 3; Senseless F4.
Ambassadors F2, 3; Ambassadors Fa, 4; Ambas-
saillors F3, 4.
F3, 4; fr from Fa, 2.
59. recyue Fa; receive F3, 3, 4.
60. Honor Fa; honour F3, 4.
himselfe F2; himself F3, 4.
goodness Fa, 3; goodness F4.
deer Sonne Fa, 3; dear Son Fa, 3.
63. good morning Fa, 3; Good
Morning Fa, 4.
Mistris Fa, 3; Mistriss Fa.
64. Queene Fa; Queen F3, 4.
eede Fa, 3, 4.
65. Romane Fa; Roman F3, 4.
Come our Queene.

Clot. If she be vp, I'll speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leave hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, tis Gold
Which buyes admittance ( oft it doth ) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselfes, yeeld vp
Their Deere to th'ifand o'th Stealer : and tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faues 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 vnderfand the cafe my felle.
By your leane.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more
Then some whofe Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iuftly boaft of : what's your Lordhips pleafure?

Clot. Your Ladies perfon, is the 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 Princeffe.
Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sifter your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I love you.

Imo. If you but lay so, 'twere as deep 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,
That I which know my heart, do here 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 finne againft
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 scrafts 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 dependance)
But Brats and Beggary) in selle-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,
AHilding for a Livorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

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

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean't Garment
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

That ever hath but dipped his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires above 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.

152 Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sproighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too carnally

Hath left my Arme: it was thy Matters.

If I would looke it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw this morning: Confident I am.

Lat night 'twas on mine Arme; I kis'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord.

That I kiffe ought but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

164 Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You have abuse'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

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

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope

But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [II. 4]

To th'worst of discontent.

Clot. He bereueng'd:

His mean'ft Garment? Well.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pothumus, and Philario

Poth. 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?

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

Poth. I do beleeue
(Statifft though I am none, nor like to be.)
That this will prove a Warre; and you shall hear
That this will prove a Warre; and you shall hear

The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tidings
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 Approvers, they are People, such

That mend upon the world. Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See Iachimo.

Poft. The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,

To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Poft. I hope the briefnesse of your answer, made
The speediness of your returne.

Iachi. Your Lady,

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd vpon

Poft. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Cæment to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Iachi. Here are Letters for you.

Poft. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poft. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,

When you were there?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.

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 Covenantes 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 Honour,
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 tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gains, or looses,

[p. 378, Your Sword, or mine, or Masterleffe leaue both
col. 2] To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
78 Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm me with oath, which I doubt not

[p. 389, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
col. 1] You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
84 (Where I confess I slept not, but profess'd
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,
88 And Sidnus swell'd above the Bankes, or for
The profile of Boates, or Pride. A piece of Workes
So bruely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
92 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was ———

Post. This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
96 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

100 Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste Diana, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, 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 Rooffe o’th’Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

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

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

Post. Iove——
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-fell her gift,
And yet enrich’d it too: she gaue it me,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

And said, she priz’d it once.

Polf. May be, she pluck’d it off.

To send it me.

Iach. She writes to you? doth she?

Polf. O no, no, no, ’tis true. Heere, take this too,

136 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,

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

Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:

O, above measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

144 And take your Ring againe, ’tis not yet wonne:

It may be probable she lost it:

or

[ col. 2 ] Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted

Hath stolne it from her.

148 Polf. 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.

152 Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Polf. Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares.

’Tis true, nay keep the Ring; ’tis true:

I am sure She would not looke it:

her Attendants are

156 All sworn, and honourable: they induc’d to steale it?

And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy’d her,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

The Cognifance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleu’d
Of one persuaded well of.

Poet. Neuer talke on’t:
She hath been colted by him.

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

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

Iach. Will you heare more?

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

Iach. Ile be sworne.

Poet. No swearing:
If you will swear you haue not done’t, you dye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do’ft deny
Thou’st made me Cuckold.

Iach. Ile deny nothing.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Poët. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:

I will go there and doo’t, i’th’Court, before

Her Father. Ie do something. Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The government of Patience. You haue wonne:

Let’s follow him, and peruer the present wrath

He hath against himselfe.

Iach. With all my heart. Exeunt.

Enter Pofthnus.

Poët. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women

Must be halfe-workers? We are all Batiards,

And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my Father, was, I know not where

When I was stamped. 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 restraine’d,

And pray’d me oft forbearance: did I with

A pudencie fo Rosic, the sweet view on’t

Might well haue warm’d olde Saturne;

That I thought her

As Chaffe, as vn-Sunn’d Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!

This yellow Jachimo in an houre, was’t not?

Or lesse; at firft? Perchance he spake not, but

Like a full Acorn’d Boare, a Iarmen on,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
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 affirm
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
Luft, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Recuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diseaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

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
Liuces in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues

211. Cry'de] F2; Cry'd F3, 4. removal; found) mounted, found F2, 3, 4.
218. rankes] F2; rank F3, 4.
220. Mutability; All] Mutability; All F2, 3, 4.
221. Faults] faults F2, 3, 4. that name] that may be named F2, 3, 4. knowes] F2; knows F3, 4.
222. all For] all. For F2, 3, 4.
225. halfe] F2; half F3, 4. Ile] F2; Ile F3, 4.
226. 'tis] F3, 4; tis F2.
3. Eares] F2; Ears F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[III. 1]  

[p. 389, Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,  
col. 1] And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Unkle  
(Famous in Caesars prayses, no whit leffe  
Then in his Feats deferving it) for him,  
8 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
Yeereby three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
Is left vntender'd.  
Qu. And to kill the meruaile,  
12 Shall be fo euer.  
Clov. There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world  
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay  
16 For wearing our owne Noxes.  
Qu. That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to refume  
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
20 The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The naturall brauery of your Ile, which stand  
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,  
24 With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,  
But fucke them vp to'th Top-maft. A kinde of Conquest  
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge  
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with flame  
28 (The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried  
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping

4. Theame] F2; Theam F3, 4.  
Britain] F3; Britaine F2;  
Cassibulan] Cassibelan F2, 3, 4.  
Vnkle] F2; Uncle F3;  
Cesar] F3, 4; Caesar F4.  
prayses] F2; praises F3, 4.  
selfe] F2; self F3, 4.  
more] F3; own F3, 4.  
Qu. Que] Que F3, 4.  
bear] F2; bear F3, 4.  
Britain's] F3, 4; enemis F4.  
Boates, But] Boates But F2; Boats But F3, 4.  
suck] F2; suck F3, 4.  
kind] F3, 4.  
Caesar] F3, 4; Caesars F4.  
here] F3; here F3, 4.  
Overcame] Overcame F3, 4.  
Overcome F3.  
beaten: and] beaten: and F2;  
beaten; and F3, 4.  
Shipping] F2; shipping F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shels mou%d vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to matter Cæsar's Sword,
Made Luds-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines #rutch 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 Cæsar's, other of them may have
crook'd Nofes, but to owe such strait Armes, none.

CYM. Son, let your Mother end.

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

CYM. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The fides o'th' World, against all colour here,
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 Cæsar
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

III. 1

Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchife, shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed;

60 Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmuthius* made our lawes Who was the first of Britaine, which did put His browes within a golden Crowne, and call’d Himselfe a King.

64 *Luc.* I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar* *(Cæsar, that hath more Kings his Servants, then Thy selfe Domefticke Officers) thine Enemy:

68 Receive it from me then. Warre, and Confufion. In Cæsars name pronounce I’gainst thee: Looke For fury, not to be refifted. Thus defide, I thanke thee for my selfe.

72 *Cym.* Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Cæsar Knighted me; my youth I spent Much vnder him; of him, I gather’d Honour, Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,

76 Behooues me kepe 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:

80 So Cæsar shall not finde them.

*Luc.* Let proofe speake.

*Clot.* His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
ftime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
The Tragedy of Cymblene. [III. 2]

terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle : if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

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.

Pif. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:
Oh Matter, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeffe-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Matter,
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
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be fo, to do good service, neuer
Let me be counted feruicable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.

1. falne] F2: falm F3, 4. care
2. car F3, 4.
3. poisonous F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[III. 2]

That I have sent her, by her owne command, shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damnd paper, Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble, Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'ft So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

24  Imo. How now Pifanio?

Pif: Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer

28 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

32 That we two are asunder, let that grieue him; Some grieſes 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

36 You Bees that make these Lockes of counſail. Louers, And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike, Though Forſeytours you caſt in prifon, yet You claſpe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

40  Office, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the dee-
The Tragedie of Cymheline. [III. 2]

rest of Creatures) would eu en renew me with your eyes. Take [p. 381, notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen : what your col. is] owne Loue, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happyneffe, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your encreasing in Loue.

Leonatus Poithumus.

Oh for a Horfe with wings : Hear’st thou Pifanio? He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me How farre it is. If one of meane affaires May plod it in a weke, why may not I Glide thither in a day: Then true Pifanio, Who long’ft like me, to fee thy Lord; who long’ft (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long’ft But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:

For mine’s beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke (Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing, To th’smothering of the Sense) how farre it is To this fame blessed Milford. And by’th’way Tell me how Wales was made fo happy, as T’inherit 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 ger 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? [col. 2]

Pif. One fcore ‘twixt Sun, and Sun,

[p. 381, Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

col. 2] Imo. Why, one that rode to's Exection Man,

Could neuer go to flow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,

72 Where Horfes haue bin nimbler then the Sands

That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,

Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneffe, say

She'le home to her Father; and prouide me prefently

76 A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit

A Franklins Hufwifhe.

Pifia. Madam, you're beft consider.

Imo. I see before me( Man) nor heere, not heere;

80 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 fay:

83 Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruragas.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with fuch,

Whofe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you

4 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches

Are Arch'd fo high, that Giants may let through

And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without

Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,

---

70. Execution Man.] Execution, Man, F2 (some copies); Execution, Man, F3, 3, 4.
72. bin] F2; been F3, 4. [then] F2, 3; than F4.
73. [bealfe] F2; behalf F3, 4.
74. [faigne] F2; feign F3, 4. Sicknesse] F2; sickness F3, 4.
75. [Shele] F2; She'll F3, 4. Father; and] Father, and F2, 3, 4.
76. [then] F2, 3; than F4.
77. huswife] F2, 3; Houswife F4.
78. Pifia] Pia F2, 3, 4.
79. nor heere, not heere; nor heere, Nor F2; nor here, nor here, Nor F3, 4.
80. them That] F2; them, That F3, 4.
82. There's] F2; there's F3, 4. Scena Tertia] F3, 4; Scena Tertia F2.
1. kepe] F2; keep F3, 4.
2. Roope's] F2, 3; Roope F4. lowe] lowe F2, 3, 4. Sleep Boys F3; Sleep, Boys F4.
3. bowe] F2; bow F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

We houfe i’th’Rocke, yet vfe thee not fo hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Ariuip. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tred these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leffen’s, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haeve told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service, is not Service; fo being done,
But being fo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we fee:
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 ruffling in vp payd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncreased: no life to ours.

Gui. Of your proofe you speake: we poore vnflaed
Haue neuer wondr’d from view o’th’neft; nor knowes not
What Ayre’s from home. Hap’ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper knowne. Well correponding

8. Rocke] F2; Rock F3, 4.
10. Hail Heauen] Haile Heaven F3; Hail Heaven F3; F2, 3.
12. legs] F2; legs F3; legs F4.
yong] young F2, 3, 4. Ile F2; F3, 4.
13. lessens, and] lessens and F2, 3, 4. sets off, And] sets off And F3, 4.
18. This Service, is not Service] This service, is not Service F3, 4.
21. finde] F2; find F3, 4.
24. Nobler, then] F2, 3; Nobler than F4. checker] F2; check F3, 4.
25. then] F3, 3; than F4. nothing] F2, 4; F3, 4; nothing F2.
26. then] F3, 3; than F4. unpayed-for Silke F2; unpaid-for Silke F3, 4.
27. gain] F2; gain F3, 4.
28. Booke] F2; Book F3, 4. uncross’d] no uncross’d, no F2, 3, 4.
29. proofes] F2; proof F3, 4.
30. knowns not] know not F2, 3, 4.
31. Ayre’s] F3; Air’s F3, 4.
With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: traulling a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Aru. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cane, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We haue feene nothing:
We are beaftly; sutable as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chase what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And finge our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.
Did you but know the Citties Vuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as kepe: whose top to climb
Is certaine falling: or so flipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely femees to fseek out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'search,
And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deferue, by doing well: what's worfe
Muft curt fie at the Cenfure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark d
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline loud 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. Vn certaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose falfe Oathes preuayld
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 Deemnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu’d at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to’th’Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venision firft, shall be the Lord o’th’Feast,
To him the other two shall minifter,
And we will feare no poyfon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleys.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the sparke of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to’th’King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alieue.
Theie thinke they are mine,

They thinke they are mine,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[III. 3]  

[p. 382, And though train'd vp thus meanely

And though train'd vp thus meanely,

The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them

Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour, 

The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who

The King his Father call'd Guiderus. Ioue,

When on my three-foot floole I fit, and tell

The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out

Into my Story: fay thus mine Enemy fell,

And thus I set my foote on's necke, even then

The Princeley blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,

Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in politure

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 Confcience knowes

Thou didst vniustly banish me: whereon

[COL. 2]  

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole thefe Babes,

Thinking to barre thee of Succeffion, as

Thou refts me of my Lands. Euriphelle,

Thou was t their Nurfe, they took thee for their mother,

And euery day do honor to her graue:

My felfe Belarius, that am Morgan call'd

They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.  Exit.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ft me when we came from horse, 't place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pifanio, 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 selfe fear, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senfes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ft thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ft
But keepe that count'nance still. My Husband's hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremity, which to reade
Would be ecen mortall to me.

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

Imogen reade.

T'hy Mistris (Pifanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speake

Scena Quarta F3, 4: Scena Quarta F2,
1. [vho] F3; [from] F3, 4. yplace
2. neere] F3; near F3, 4. at] F
3, 4; ar F3. long'd] F3, 4; long'd
3. see me] seeme F2; seem F3, 4. now. Pissanio] now: Piasino
F3, 4.
5. breaks] F3, 4; breaks F3.
6. One, but] One, One, but F3,
3, 4.
8. self-explication] F2; self-expli-
cation F3, 4. self] F2; self
9. less fear] F2; less fear F3;
less fear F2. ere] F2; ere F3,
4. wildness] F2; wildness F3,
4.
10. stayder] F2; staider F3;
staider F4.
12. looke] F2; look F3, 4. Iff]
F3, 4; If F2. Newes] F2;
News, F3, 4.
13. to't] F2; to't F3, 4.
14. keep] F2; keep F3, 4. still]
still F3, 4. Husband's] F2;
Husband's F3, 4.
16. he's] F3; he's F3, 4. Speake]
F2; speake F3, 4. Tongue] F2;
tongue F3, 4.
17. extremity] extreme F2;
extremity F3, 4. read] F2;
read F3, 4.
18. mortal] F2; mortal F3, 4.
19. finde] F2; find F3, 4.
20. finde] F2; find F3, 4.
Imogen] F2; Imogen reads
F3, 4.
22. plaide] playd F2; play'd F
III. 4

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

32 Pif. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
36 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 flander enters. What cheere, Madam?
40 Imo. Falfe to his Bed? What is it to be falfe? 9
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To wepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
44 And cry my selfe awake? That's falfe to's bed? Is it?
Pifa. Alas good Lady.
Imo. I falfe? Thy Conscience witneffe: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of Incontinencie,
48 Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

[p. 383] Thy favourys good enough. Some Iay of Italy

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:

Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!

Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But wrene a Baite for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honeft men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Synons weeping
Did scandal many a holy teare: so thou, Posilhumus
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great faile: Do thou thy Masters bidding.

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

Imo. Why, I must dye:
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[III. 4]  

[p. 383, And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
col. 1] No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,  
80 There is a prohibition fo Divine,  
That crazens my weake hand : Come, here's my heart:  
Something's a-foot : Soft, soft, we'll no defence,  
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
84 The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,  
All turn'd to Herefie? Away, away  
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
Be Stomachers to my heart : thus may poore Fools  
88 Beleene false Teachers: Though those that are betraid  
Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
Stands in worse cafe of woe. And thou Pa(thumus,  
That didst let vp my disobedience 'gainst the King  
92 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits  
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde  
It is no acte of common paffage, but  
A straine of Rareness: and I greene my selfe,  
96 To think, when thou shalt be disfitted 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?  
100 Thou art too flow to do thy Masters bidding  
When I desire it too.  

Piy. Oh gracious Lady:  
Since I receiued command to do this businesse,  
104 I have not flept one winke.

78. do] F2, 4; doe F3.  
79. Selfe-slaughter] F2; Selfe-slaughter F3, 4.  
81. somebody] F2; weak F3, 4. here's] F2; here's F3, 4.  
82. Something's] F3, 4; So methings's F2. a-foot] F2; afoot F3, 4; more] F2; we'll F3, 4.  
83. here] F2; here F3, 4.  
84. Loyal] F2, 3; Loyal F4.  
85-6. Away, away Corrupters] F2; Away, away, Corrupters F3, 4.  
88. Beleene] Beelze F2; Believe F3, 4.  
89. Do] F2, 4; doe F3; feel F2, 4. F2, 3; feel F4. sharply] F2; sharply F3, 4.  
90. Posthumus] F2, 4; thou Posthumus F3.  
91. diid'dit] F2, 3; diid'dit F4.  
92. suits] F2; suits F3, 4.  
94. act] act F2, 3, 4.  
95. straines] F2; strain F3, 4.  

Rareness] F2, 3; Rareness F4. growe] grove F3; grieve F3, 4. selfe] F2; selfe F3, 4.  
96. thinks] F2; think F3, 4.  
97. tyrest] F2; tirest F3, 4.  
98. Prythee] F3, 4; Prythee F2.  
100. too slow] F3, 4; to slow F2 do] F2, 4; doe F2.  
103. do] F2, 4; doe F3. business] F2, 3; business F3.  
104. wolved] F2; wink F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imo. Doo’t, and to bed then.

Pif. Ile wake mine eye-balloes firft.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didd’ft undertake it? Why haft thou abus’d
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horfes labour?
The Time immiting thee? The perturb’d Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why haft thou gone fo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haft ‘tane thy fland,
The eleccted Deere before thee?

Pif. But to win time

To loofe fo bad employment, in the which
I haue confider’d of a courfe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:

I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falfe frooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to botome that. But speake.

Pif. Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe,

Imo. Moft like,

Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pif. Not fo neither:

But if I were as wife, as honeft, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Mafter is abus’d. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both

This curfed iniurie.

105. Doo’t] F3; doe’t F3. 4.
106. [Ile] F2; Ile F3, 4. eye-balles] F2, 3; eye-balls F4.
112. Time] time F2, 3, 4.
112. absent?] thenceunto] absent: whereunto F2, 3, 4.
113. returns] F2; return F3, 4. farre] F2, 3; far F4.
115. Deere] F2; Deer F3, 4.
117. loses] F2, 3; lose F4.
118-19. Lady Hear] Lady Hear F2; Lady, Hear F3, 4.
120. speake] F2; speak F3, 4.
121. care] F2, 3; ear F4.
122. stroke] F2; strook F3, 4.
123. bottom] F2, 3; bottom F4.
124. again] F2; again F3, 4.
127. here] F2; here F3, 4.
133. iniurie] injurie F2; injury F3, 4.
Some Roman Curtezan?

No, on my life:

He 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 confirm it.

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

If you'll backe to th'Court.

No Court, no Father, nor no more ado.
With that harm, noble, simple nothing:
That Clotten, whose Loue-suit hath bene to me
As fearfull as a Siege.

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

Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I' th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neft, pray thee thinke
There's liners out of Britaine.

I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassadors,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear 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 Pothinus; so neere (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he mooves.

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

Pif. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Niceness
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your labourome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Iuno angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I see into thy end, and am amost
A man already.

[III. 4]

[161. Darke, as F4; Dark, as F3; Dark as F4.
selfe] F2; self F3, 4.
164. nigh] F2; near F3, 4.
165. at least] at last F2, 3, 4.
hourly] F2, 3; hourly F4.
166. truly] F2; truly F3, 4.
moves] mooves F2; moves F3, 4.
167. peril] peril F2, 3; peril F4.
modesty] F2; modesty F3, 4.
168. here's] here's F2; there's F3, 4.
169. Command, into] F2; Command into F3, 4.
obedience] F2, 3; obedience F2, 4.
Fare] Fare and F2; Fare and F3, 4; Niceness] F3, 4; Niceness F2, 4.
truly] F2; truly F3, 4.
171. quicke-answer'd] F2; quick-answer'd F3, 4.
sawcie] F2.
weazell] F2, 3; Weazell F4.
172. Alack] F2; Alack F3, 4.
and forget] F3, 4; and forget F2.
trimmes] trimmes F3, 4;
trimms F4.
174. Nay be] F2; Nay, be F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[III. 4]  

Pif. First, make your selfe but like one,

Col. i. Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit

(‘Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hofe, all

That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,

192 (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,

196 If that his head haue care in Musick, doubtlesse

With joy he will imbrace you: for hee’s Honourable,

And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:

You haue me rich, and I will never fail

200 Beginning, nor supplication.

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

204 All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with


Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,

208 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 fierce at Sea,

212 Or Stomack-qualm’d at Land, a Dramme of this

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,

And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods

Direct you to the best.

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

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

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

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

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

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

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

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

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

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

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

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 384, Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

COL. 2.] Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor

28 How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely

Our Chariots, and our Horfemen be in readiness:

The Powres that he already hath in Gallia

Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves

32 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

36 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

40 A thing more made of malice, then of duty,

We have noted it. Call her before vs, for

We have bene too flight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,

44 Since the exile of Pophilus, most retyr'd

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

'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maietty,

Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. She's a Lady

48 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?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not scene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Fear, prove false. Exit

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, Pifanio, her old Servant
I haue not scene these two dayes. Exit

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pifanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he belceues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with ferour of her lone, she's flowne
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vie 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-tall 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 every one

The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders fo her judgement,

That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
to be reueng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall—

Enter Pifanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?

Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pif. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not aske againe. Closse 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 baseness, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discover where thy Mis'tris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Spack, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Pif. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historic of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus Throne.
Pif. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.
Pif. Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne ajen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Pif. Sir, as I thinke.

Clo. It is Posthumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true service: vnder-
go thofe Implyments wherein I should haue cause to vie
thee with a serius industry, that is, what villainy foere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would

111. of her] of her: F2, 3, 4.
112-13. Lord, Clo.] F2, 3; Lord; Clo. F4.
113. Villaine] F2; Villain F3, 4.
114. Speake] F2; Speak F3, 4.
115. Then Sir] Then, Sir F2; Then, sir F3; Then, Sir F4.
116. historic] history F2, 3, 4.
121. these] F3, 4; see't F2.
123. farther] F2, 3; far F4. learns] learns F2, 3, 4.
124. trauell] trauell F2, 3; travel F4.
127. ile] F2; ile F3, 4. she's] she is F2, 3, 4. Oh Imogen] F5; Oh, Imogen F3.
128. mayst] F2; may'st F3, 4. return] return F2, 3, 4.
129. Sirrah] F2; Sirrah F3, 4.
130. think'] F2; think F3, 4.
132. Posthumus] F2; Posthumus's F3; Posthumus's F4.
133. Villaine] F3, 4; Villaine F2.
134. sore'] F2; sore' F3, 4.
135. do] doe F2, 3; perform] F2; perform F3, 4. truly] F2; truly F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

think thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy releafe, nor my voice for thy preference.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

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

Pif. Sir, I will.

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

Pifan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mistrelle.

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

Pif. I shal my Lord. Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to ask him one thing, Ile remember anon:) even there, thou villaine Poelhumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very Garment of Poelhumus, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe wil I rauiish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to her contempt.

He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I [p. 385, say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so col. 2 prais’d:) to the Court I’le knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis’d mee reioycingly, and I’le be 168 merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pifanio.

Be thofe the Garments?

Pif. I, my Noble Lord.

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

Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be 176 but ditious, 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.

Pif. Thou bidst me to my losse: for true to thee, 180 Were to prove falfe, which I will never bee To him that is moft true. To Milford go, And finde not her, whom thou pursueth. Flow, flow You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fools speede 184 Be croft 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

165. bod[ie] F2; body F3, 4. Lust

166. Cloathes F2, 3; Cloaths F4.

167. Ile] F2; Ile F3, 4. knock


169. me] F2; me F3, 4. Ile] F2; Ile F3, 4. be] F2; be F3, 4.


176. voluntarie] voluntary F2, 3. 4. to] F2; self F3, 4.

178. wings] F2, 3; Wings F4.


181. be] F2, 3, 4.

183. find] F2; find F3, 4.


185. slowness] F3, 4; slowness F4.

186. mans] F2; man’s F3, 4.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 385, col. 2] 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 within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke Foundations flye the wretched : such I meane, where they should be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me, I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis a punishement, or Triall ? Yes; no wonder,

12 When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnese is forer, then to lye for Neede : and Falhhood is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord, Thou art one o'th'falie Ones : Now I thinke on thee,

16 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was at point to finke, for Food. But what is this? Heere is a path too't : 'tis some fauage hold:

20 I were beft not call; I dare not call : yet Famine Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant. Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards : Hardnese euer Of Hardnese is Mother. Hoa? who's heere ? If any thing that's cuuill, speake : if fauage,

Beft draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy But faere the Sword like me, hee'l scarce lyke on't.

Such a Foe, good Haueuns.

Exit.
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

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

Gui. I am throughly weary.

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

Gui. There is cold meat in the Cave; we'll brouz on that Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

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

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell: or if not An earthly Paragon. Behold 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 have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth

[p. 386, I haue ftolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
col. 1] Gold strewd i’th’Floore. Heere’s money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so foone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
28 With Pray’rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As ’tis no better reckoned, but of those
32 Who worship durtly Gods.

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

36 Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What’s your name?

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

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

44 Thynke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we hue in. Well encounter’d,
’Tis almost night, you shal have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to stay, and eate it:

48 Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I shal woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.
82 The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Arui. He make’t my Comfort
He is a man, Ie 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 leefe, and so more equall ballafting
To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distrefle.

Gui. Would I could free t.

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

Bel. Hearke Boys.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cauce,
That did attend themselfes, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal’d them : laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I’d change my sece to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus falfe.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyse wee’l go dreffe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heauy, fafting: when we haue supp’d
Wee’l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it.
Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ; That since the common men are now in Action 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weake to undertake our Warres against The false-off Britains, that we do incite The Gentry to this bufineffe. He creates

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

Sen. With those Legions Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission Will tye you to the numbers, and the time Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.
Enter Clotten alone.

Clot I am neere to th'place where they shou'd meet, if Pifanio haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ferae me? Why shou'd his Mitris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not b'e fit too? The rather (fauning reverence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I muft play the Workman, I dare speake it to my felfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, 8 the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leffe young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-yond him in the advantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re-markeable in fingle oppositions; yet this imperfeuerant Thing loues him in my despfight. What Mortalitie is? Poilhumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mitris in 16 forced, thy Garments cut to peggies before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my fo rough viage: but my Mother hauing power of his testiness, shall turne all in to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpofe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceuie me.

Exit. 24
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Cane.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine here in the Cane, Wee'll come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay here:

4 Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie, Whose duft is both alike. I am very sicke,

8 Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well: But not fo Citizen a wanton, as To feeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me, Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Cuftome, 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 truft me here, Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,

20 How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be finne to say fo (Sir) I yoake mee
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.

``Bel. Oh noble fraine! I worth!''
``Nephew of Nature, breed of Greatneffe I``
``"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 with 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 fawage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou't Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monfters; for the Dith,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fift:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; Pifanio,
Ile now taffe of thy Drugge.

Gui. I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Difhonesty afflicted, but yet honest.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 287, Ami. Thus did he answer me: yet saith he hereafter,

col. 2] I might know more.

52  Bel. To' th' Field, to' th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick.

56 For you must be our Hufwife.

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

Bel. And shalt't be ever.

This youth, how ere distressed, appeares he hath had
Good Anceftors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neat Cookerie?

64 Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And saw 't they Brothes, as Juno had bin fick,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yokes

68 A fmaliling, with a figh: as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so divine a Temple, to commix

72 With windes, that Saylers raile at.

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

76 Arui. Grow patient,

50. hereafter F2; here after F3, 4.
52. To' th' Field, to' th' Field F2, To th' Field, to th' Field F3, 4.
53. We'll F3, 4; goe F3.
54. We'll F3, 4; We'll F2, 3, 4.
55. sick F2; sick F3, 4.
56. Hufwife F3, 4; huswife F2.
57. Well, or ill F3, 4; Well or ill F2.
59. shalt F2, 3, 4.
60. ere F2; ere F3, 4; appears F4.
62. Angell-like F2; Angel-like F3, 4.
63. neat F2; neat F3, 4; Cookerie Cookery F2, 3, 4.
64. Rootes F2; Roots F3, 4; Characters Characters F2, 3, 4.
65. sawe F3, 4; sawe F2, 3, 4; Brothes F2, 3, 4; Brothes F3, 4.
66. Yoake F2; Yoake F3, 4.
68. smiling with smile F2; smile F3, 4; sigh; as if the sigh F2, 3, 4; as if the sigh F4.
69. Do F2; smile F3, 4; Sigh F2; sigh F3, 4; Fly F2, 3.
70. Saylers F2; Saylers F3, 4; raile F2, 3, 4; rail F4.
73. do F2, 3, 4.
74. griefe F2; grief F3, 4.
75. spurs F2, 3; spurs F4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasings 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?

Meaues he not vs? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o' the Queene. I fear 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 villain-Mountainers?
I have heard of fuch. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing
More flaunt 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 big 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?
The Tragedy of Cymeline.

Clot. Thou Villaine base,

Col. I Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascal:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thanke

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,

I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,

Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,

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

Clot. To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meere Confucion, 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. Tho's that I reverence, tho's I feare: the Wife:

At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow tho'se that even now fled hence:

103. Villaine] F2; Villain F3, 4.
104. Cloathes] F2, 3; Cloths F4.
105. Rascal] F2, 3; Rascal F4.
107. sooner] F2; seems F3, 4.
108. thanke] F2; thank F3, 4.
110. loath] F2; loath F3, 4.
111. Theefe] F2; Theef F3, 4.
112. Hear] F2; Hear F3, 4.
113. thy name] F2, 3; thy Name F4.
114. Villaine] F2; Villain F3, 4.
115. Twould F3, 4; Twould F2, move me sooner] move me sooner F2; move sooner (me omitted) F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

And on the Gates of Luds Towne set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruragus.

Bel. No Companie abroad?
Arm. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

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

Arm. In this place we left them;
I with 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 judgement
Is oft the cause of Fear.

Enter Guiderius.

But fee thy Brother.

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

Bel. What haft 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

---

133. Enter Belarius F2, 3; Enter Bellarius F4.
134. Company's] F2; Company's F3, 4.
136. voice] voyce F2, 3; Voice F4.
137. Time] F3, 4; Twas F3.
138. meane] F2; mean F3, 4.
139. Fear] F2; Fear F3, 4.
140. Purse] F2; Purse F3, 4.
141. money] F2, 3; money F3.
142. Brains] F2; Brains F3, 4.
143. Fool] F2, 3; Fool F4.
144. head] F3; head F2; Head F4. do] F3; doe F3, 4.
145. to the Queene] F2; Son to the Queen F3, 4. own report] F2; own report F3, 4.
146. Traitor] F4; Traytor F2, 3.
[IV. 2] **The Tragedy of Cymbeline.**

[p. 388, With his owne single hand hee’d take vs in,

**col. 1**] Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Luds-Toune.

160  *Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy Father, what have we to looke,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,

164 To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

[**col. 2**] For we do feare the Law. What company
Discover you abroad?

168  *Bel.* No single foule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that

172 From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madness could so farre hame rau’d
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee

176 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 break out, and sweare
Hee’d fetch vs in, yet is’t not probable

180 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

_Arui._ Let Ord’inance

Come as the Gods fore-fay it : howfoere,
My Brother hath done well.

_Bel._ I had no minde

To hunt this day : The Boy _Fideles_ fackenelle

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 : Ie throw’t into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fithes, hee’s the Queenes Sonne, _Cioten_,

That’s all I reake. _Exit._

_Bel._ I feare ‘twill be reueng’d :

Would (Polidore) thou hadst not done’t : though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

_Arui._ Would I had done’t :

So the Reuenge alone purfu’de me : _Polidore_

I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou haft robb’d me of this deed : I would Renenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our anfwer.

_Bel._ Well, ‘tis done :

Wee’l hunt no more to day, nor fecke for danger
Where there’s no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and _Fidele_ play the Cookes : Ie flay

Till hafty _Polidore_ returne, and bring him

To dinner presently.

_Arui._ Poore fike _Fidele._

[p. 388, He willingly to him, to gaine his colour, col. 2] Il'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praife my felfe for charity. 

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
216 Thou divine Nature ; thou thy felfe thou blazon'ft
In these two Princely Boyes : they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet, as rough
220 (Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ft winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuifible instinct shou'd frame them
224 To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuality not feene from other : valour
That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd : yet fill it's strange,
228 What Clotens being here to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

[p. 389, I haue sent Clotens Clot-pole downe the streame, col. 1] In Embaffie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne. 

Solemn Musick.

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

Gui. Is he at home?

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212. [He] F₂; Ile F₃; I'll F₄, gainst] F₂; gain F₃, 4.
213. [It] F₂; F₃, 4; I'd F₄, parish
F₂; Parish F₃, 4.
214. selfe] F₂; self F₃, 4, charity
F₂, 4; Charity F₄.
215. Goddess] F₂, 3; Goddess
F₄.
216. thou thy selfe thou] thy selfe thou] first thou omitted] F₂, 3; thy self thou F₄.
221. Mountaine] F₂; Mountain
F₃, 4.
222. stoole to th'Valle] stoole to th'Valle F₂; stoop to th'Valle F₃, 4; F₄.
223. [Th] F₂; Th F₃, 4.
225. scene] F₂; scene F₃, 4, Valour
F₂; Valour F₃, 4.
226. wildly] wildly F₂, 3, 4, yields F₂; yields F₃, 4.
228. hark] F₂; here F₂, 4.
230. Enter Guidereus] Enter Guiderius
F₂, 3, 4.
231. downe] F₂; down F₃, 4.
232. streame, In] streame; In F₂, 3, 4.
233. [his] F₂, 4; h's (i dropped
236. Cadwal] F₂; Cadwall F₃, 4.
Bel. He went hence euen now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my dear Mother
It did not spake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is routlity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Aruimgus, 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.

Aruigus. 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, fairest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'ft thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coaft thy sluggishe care
Might'ft easieft harbour in. Thou blested thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ft haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ft a moit rare Boy, of Melancolly.
How found you him?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[IV. 2]

[p. 389, col. 1] Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled Flumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Checke
Reposing on a Cushion.

268 Gui. Where?

Arui. Oth'floore:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudeneffe

272 Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gui. Why, he but sleepe:
If he be gone, hee'll make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,

276 And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With payreft Flowers
Whill'ft Sommer lafts, and I live heere, Fidele,
Ie sweeten thy fad graue: thou flalt not lacke

280 The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrofe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglistine, whom not to flander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would

284 With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore flaming
Thofe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moffe beffides. When Flowres are none

288 To winter-ground thy Coarie—

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

_Arui._ Say, where shall's lay him?

_Gui._ By good Euriphile, our Mother.

_Arui._ Bee't fo:

And let us (Polidore) though now our voyces
Hau'e got the mannish crakke, sing him to' th' ground
As once to our Mother: vs like note, and words,
Saue that Euriphile, must be Fidele.

_Gui._ Cadwall,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priefis, and Phanes that lye.

_Arui._ We'll speake it then.

_Bel._ Great griefes I see med'cine the leffe: 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 duft, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

_Gui._ Pray you fetch him hither,

_Therites body_ is as good as _Aiax_,

When neyther are alive.
And. If you'll go fetch him,

COL. 2. We'll lay our Song the while: Brother begin.

320 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 remove him.

324 Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,

328 Home art gone, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girls all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Fear no more the frowne o' th' Great,

332 Thou art past the Tyants stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Rede is as th' Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,

336 All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash.

Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.

Gui. Fear not Slander, Conjure rash.

340 Arui. Thou hast finish'd lay and mone.
Both. All Lovers young, all Loners must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorciser harm thee,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[IV. 2]

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.
Guid. Ghost vnlaid forbeare thee.
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.
Both. Quiet confirmation have,
And renowne 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 firewings fit't for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euon fo
These Herbcelets shall, which we vpon you firew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firft, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are part, fo are their paine.  

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bufh? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesfes!
These Flowres are like the pleafures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For fo I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honof Creatures. But 'tis not fo:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, foat at nothing,

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344. charme] F2, 3; charm F4.
345. forebear] F2, 4; forbear (r dropped out) F2.
346. neere] F2; near F3, 4.
347. grace] F2; Grave F4.
Enter Bellarius F4; Enter Bellarius F2, 3; Enter Bellarius F4, of Cloten, of Cloten, F2, 3, 4.
350. downe] F2; down F3, 4.
351. Here's a few Flowers] F2; Here's few flowers (a omitted) F3, 4. Flowers F3, 4.
352. heare] F2; herbs F3; herbs F4, o'th'night F2, 3, 4.
353. h'ft] F2; first F3, 4.
354. were as Flowers] F2; were as Flowers F3, 4.
356. ha's them again] F2; has them again F3, 4.
357. 'Twas] F3, 4; Twas F2.
[IV. 2] The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 392, Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes, 
COL. 1] Are sometimes like our Iud gernents, blinde. Good faith 
I tremble still with fear: but if there be 
372 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. 
376 A headlesse man? The Garments of Pojhimus? 
I know the shape of’s Legge: this is his Hand: 
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh 
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face — — 
380 Murther in heaven? How? ’tis gone. Pifanio, 
All Curfes madded Hecula gaue the Greeks, 
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou 
Conspir’d with that Irregulous diuell Cloten, 
384 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read, 
Be henceforth tre acherous. Damn’d Pifanio, 
Hath with his forged Letters (damn’d Pifanio) 
From this most braues vellell of the world 
388 Strooke the maine top! Oh Pojhimus, alas, 
Where is thy head? where’s that? Aye me! where’s that? 
Pifanio might haue kill’d thee at the heart, 
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifanio? 
382 ’Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them 
Hane laid this Woe heere. Oh ’tis pregnant, pregnant! 
The Drudge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to’th’Senfes? That confirmes it home:
This is Pifanio’s deed, and Clooten: Oh!
Gieue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horridr may feeme to thofe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrion’d in Gallia
After your will, haue croft 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 fitt’d vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, moit willing Spirits,
That promife Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenна’s Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

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

Luc. This forwardneffe
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be musterd: 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 fhew’d me a vifion
(I faft, and pray’d for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Iones Bird, the Roman Eagle wing’d
From the spungy South, to this part of the Weft,
[IV. 3]  The Tragedie of Cymbeline. 101

[p. 390, There vanilh'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
col. 1] (Vnleffe my finnes abuse my Diuination)
[col. 2] Succesfe to th'Roman hoaft.

424  Luc. Dreame often fo,
And neuer falfe. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometimne
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?

428 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 fee the Boyes face.

432  Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.

Luc. Hee's then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it feemes
They crave to be demanded: who is this

436 Thou mak'it thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interefst
In this fad wracke? How came't? Who is't?

440 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Mafter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,

444 That heere by Mountaineers Iyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more fuch Maffers: I may wander
From Eaft to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer

421. Sun-beames] F3, 4; Sun
beans F4.
422. Sinnes] Sinnes F2; sins F3, 4.
423. Success] F2, 3; Success F4.
host F3, 3; host F4.
424. Dreame] F2, 3; Dream F4.
425. hoa] F3, 3; ho F4. truncke
trunke F3, 4. here F3, 4;
426. speakes] F2; speaks F3, 4.
430. sleepe] F2; sleep F3, 4.
431. Boyes] F2, 3; Boys F4.
432. He's alive my Lord] Hee's alive my Lord F2; He's alive,
my Lord F3, 4. of this body: Young one F3, 4.
433. He'll F3, 4. He'll F3, 4.
434. Informe us] F2; Inform us
F1, 4. scenes] F2; seems F3, 4.
437. otherwise then noble] F2, 3;
otherwise the noble F4.
439. swanske] F2; wrack F3, 4.
came] F4; can't F2, 3.
441. nothing; or] nothing: or F2, 3.
443. Britaine] F2; Britain F3, 4.
444. Mountaineers] Mountaineers
F3; trees F3, 4. Iyes slaine] F2; lies
slain F3, 4. Alas] F3, 4; alas
F3.
445. There is] There are F2, 3, 4.
446. cry out for] F2, 3, 4.
Service, Try] F3, 4; Service,
Try F3.
Finde fuch another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou’st no leffe with thy complaining, then
Thy Master 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’ll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo’st imprrove thy selfe the very fame:
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 matter’d, but be sure
No leffe belou’d. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre the e: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But firft, and’t pleafe the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As thefe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha’ threw’d his grave
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o’re, Ile weep, and sigh, and
And leaving fo his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,

and’t an’t Fa, 3, 4. Gods] F2; gods Fa, 3, 4.
poore] F2; poor Pickaxes can digge] Fa; poor Pickaxes can dig F3, 4.
wood-leaues & weeds] Fa, 3; wood-leaves and weeds Fa.
prayers (Such) prayers, Such F2; 3; Prayers, Such Fa.
Ile weep, and sigh] F2; Ile weep and sigh F3, 4.
please you entertain me] so please you entertain me Fa; so please you entertain me F3, 4.
I good] F2; I, good F3, 4.
[IV. 3] The Tragedie of Cymbeline. 103

[p. 399, And rather Father thee, then Master thee : My Friends,
col. 2] The Boy hath taught vs manly duties : Let vs
Find out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
476 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 inter'ed
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
478 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifanio.

Cym. Againe : and hring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the abfence of her Sonne;

[p. 391, A madneffe, of which her life's in danger : Heauens,
col. 1] How deely you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : My Queene
Vpon a deperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me : Her Sonne gone,
8 So needfull for this prefent ? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Doft see me so ignorant, wee'll enforce it from thee
12 By a sharpe Torture.

Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly let it at your will : But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remains : why gone,

473. then' F2, 3, 4; than F4.
475. Find F3; Find F2, 4.
477. hee's he is F2, 3, 4.
479. cheereful; wife] cheereful
wipe F2; cheereful, wipe F3; chearful, wipe F4.
480. Falles] falles F2; falls F3, 4.
meanes] F2; means F3, 4.
Scena Tertia] F3, 4; Scena Tertiary F2.
1. AGAIN] F2; Again F3, 4.
bring me word] F2; bring we word F3, 4. 'tis F3, 4: tis F2.
2. Feauour] Feavour F2; Feaver
F3, 4. Sonne] F2; Son F3, 4.
3. madness] F2; madness F3, 4.
5. Queene] F2; Queen F3, 4.
7. fearfull Warres] F2; fearfull
Warres F3; fearfull Wars F4.
Sonne] F2; Son F3, 4.
8. needfull] F2, 3; needful F4.
me, past] me, me, past F3, 4.
11. seeme] F2; seem F3, 4. 'weed'
F2; we'll F3, 4. enforce] F2;
 enforce F3, 4.
12. Sharpe Torture] F2; sharp
torture F3, 4.
15. remains] F2; remains F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Nor when the purpose returneth. Befeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

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

Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealouſie
Doe's yet depend.

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

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

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

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances here. Away.

Pif. I heard no Letter from my Majer, since
I wrote him Imogen was slaine. 'Tis strange:
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[IV. 4]

Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promife
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 s'eer'd.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.
Bel. Let vs from it.
Arui. What pleafure 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
Muft, or for Britaines slye vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vie, and slye vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee’l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v...
12 To the Kings party there’s no going: newnete
Of Clotens death (we being not knowne, not muffer’d
Among the Bands) may drive vs to a render
Where we have liv’d; and so extort from s’s that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with Torture.

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

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter’d Fires; have both their eyes
Aud eares cloy’d importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

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

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

[IV. 4]

42. Sunne] F2; Sun F3, 4.
43. [Ile] F2; Ile F3, 4.
44. thing] F2; thing is it F3, 4.
45. bloody] 2, 4; bloudy 3.
47. looke upon the holy Sunne] F2; looke upon the holy Sun F3, 4.
49. poor vnknowne] F2; poor unknown F3, 4.
51. thereof] F2; thereof F3, 4.
52. No reason] F2; since F3, 4.
53. My crack'd one] F2; My crack'd one to more care F3, 4.
54. with you Boys] F2; with you Boys F3, 4.
55. Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

PoE. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am with
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wives much better then themselues
For wrying but a little? Oh Psianio,
Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you faued
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 beft willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought bither
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 purpofe. Ile difrobe me
Of th'Italian weedes, and fuite my felfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: fo Ile fight
Against the part I come with: fo Ile dye
For thee (O Imogen) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill -
My felfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits shew.
[p. 392, Gods, put the strength o’ th’Leonati in me:]

To tinge the guize o’ th’world, I will begin,
33 The fashion leaft without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

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

Jac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bofome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeffe of this Country; and the ayre on’t
4 Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu’d me
In my profession: Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine are titles but of scorn.
8 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.

Exit.

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

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th’advantage of the ground,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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 faue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder’s such
As warre were hood-wink’d.

Jac. ’Tis their freth supplies.

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

Exeunt 20

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam’ft 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 loft,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings deftitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines scene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught’ring: haveing worke
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

More plentiful, then Toole's to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some lightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through feare, that the straight passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behind, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Poet. Clofe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue advantag to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deferu'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 preturation case'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,

To darkneffe flete foules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may faue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,

Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming

With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a finne in Warre, 
Damn'd in the firft beginners) gan to looke 
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons 
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne 
A flop i'th'Chafeler; a Retyr: Anon 
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye 
Chickens, the way whi ch they flopt Eagles: Slaines 
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 vnguardcd hearts: heauens, how they wound, 
Some flaine 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 refit, are growne 
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance:

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

Pafi. 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,
"Preferu'd the Britaines, was the Romans lane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Pafi. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not fland his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 393, The Tragedie of Cymleline.

You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.

Poft. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery To be 't+h'Field, and aske what newes of me:

72 To day, how many would have gien their Honours To have sau'd their Carkafles? 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 groan.

76 Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster, 'Tis strange he hides him in freli Cups, soft Beds, Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we That draw his kniues 1th War. Well I will finde him:

80 For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine, No more a Britaine, I haue refum'd againe The part I came in. Fight I will no more, But yeeld me to the verier! Hind, that shall

84 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;

88 Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken, 'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.
There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,
That gave th'Affront with them.

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

Poft. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seconds
Had answerd him.

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

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruragus, Pifanio, and
Roman Captiues. The Captaines present Pofthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliveres him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pofthumus, and Gaoler.

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

2. Gao. I, or a stomacke.

Poft. Moft 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'fure Phyfitian, Death; who is the key
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.


[p. 393, col. 2] More then my thanks, & writs: you good Gods give me

12 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am forry:
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,

16 I cannot do it better then in Gyeses,
Defir'd, more then conftrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.

20 I know you are more clement then Wilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.

24 For Imogen's decere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Twere ane man, and man, they waigh not every flame:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures fake,

28 (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 Musick. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a war-

10. 'unbarre' T'vnbarre F2, 3; T'unbar F4. Lockes] F2; Locks F3, 4; Conscience F3, 4; conscience F3.
11. then] F2, 3; than F4. shanks, & wrists] shanks and wrists F2, 3; 4; good Gods] good gods F2, 3; 4.
13. Frekone] F2; freedome F3; Freedom F4. 'tie] F3, 4; tie F2. the maine] F2; the maine part, take F3, 4.
19. then] F2, 3; than F4. then wilde] then wild F2, 3; than wilde F4.
22. sixth] F2, 3; sixth F4. thrive againe] thrive againe F2; thrive again F3, 4.
23. that's] F2, 3; thats F4.
24. Imogen's] F2; Imogen's F3, 4- deere] F2; dear F3, 4.
25. 'Tis] F3, 4; 'Tis F2. so deere] F2; so dear F3, 4. yet 'tie] F3, 4; yet ties F2. life; you] life, you F2, 3, 4. copy'd] F2, 3; coin'd F4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline. [V. 4]

rivur, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, &c. [p. 393, Mother to Pothismus) with Mysticke before them. Then. col. 2]

after other Mysticke, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Pothismus) with wounds as they died in the wars.

They circle Pothismus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master

shew thy spite, on Mortall Flies:

With Mars fall out with Juno chide, that thy Adulteries

Rates, and Reuenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well, whose face I never saw:

I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staid, attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report, thou Orphanes Father art)

Thou shouldest haue bin, and sheelded him, from this earth-vexing snart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,

but tooke me in my Throwes, That from me was Pothismus ript,

came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pitty.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestry,

moulded the stuffe so faire:

3; 4 Warriour F. 4; wife, &c.] F. 2; wife and F. 4; &c. Mother] and Mother F. 2, 3, 4. Musicke] F. 2; Musick F. 3, 4. Then, after] Then after F. 2, 3. Than after F. 4. Musicke, follows] F. 2; Musick, follows F. 3, 4. as they died] as they dyed F. 2, 3, 4. in the wars. They] in the wars, They F. 2, 3; in the Wars, they F. 4, as he lies] F. 4 as he lies F. 3, 4. Thunder-Master] F. 2; Thunder-master F. 3, 4. spite] F. 2; spite F. 3, 4. Mortall Flies] Mortall flies F. 2; Mortal flies F. 3, 4. out] out with F. 3, 4. never saw] never saw: F. 2, 3; never saw] F. 4. I dy'de] I dy'd F. 3, 4. whilst] F. 2, 3, 4. whilst F. 2; the Womb] F. 2; the womb F. 3; the Womb F. 4, staid] F. 2; staid F. 3, 4. stay'd F. 4. Orphans Father] F. 2; Orphans Father F. 3, 4. should'st have bin] should'st have bin F. 2; should'st have bin F. 3; shouldest have been F. 4. shielded] F. 2; shielded F. 3, 4. earth-vexing] F. 2, 3; Earth-vexing F. 4. her ayde] F. 2; her aid F. 3, 4. but tooke] F. 2; but took F. 3, 4. my Throwes] F. 2; my throws F. 3; my throws F. 4. crying 'mongst] crying 'mongst F. 2; crying 'mongst F. 3, 4. of pitty] F. 2; of pity F. 3, 4. Ancestry] Ancestry F. 3, 4. stuff so faire] F. 2; stuff so faire F. 3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 393, col. 2] That he d serv'd the praife 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?

56 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 decreft one:

Sweete Imogen?

64 Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo, flight thing of Italy,

[p. 394, col. 1] And to become the geeke and fcone o'th'others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came, our Parents, and vs twaine, That fringing in our Countries caufe, fell brauely, and were flaine, Our Fealty, & Tenantium right, with Honor to maintain.

72 1 Bro. Like hardiment Pofilhumus hath to Cymbeline perform'd:

51. That he d serv'd] that he deserv'd F2; that he deser'd F3, 4. O' th' World F2.

52. Sicilius heyre] F2; Sicilius heir F3; Sicilius Heir F4.

53. 1. Bro.] F3, 4; 1 Bro F2.

54. in Britain] F2; in Britaine F3, 4. was her] was he F2, 3, 4.

55. his paralell] his paralell F2; his parallel F3, 4.

56. fruitfull object bee] fruitfull object be F2, 3; fruitful object be F3.

57. eye of] F2, 3; Eye of F4; that best could deeme] best end of line 57; could deeme his dignitie line 58, F2, 3, 4 (deem F3, 4).

58. dignitie] dignity F2, 3, 4.

60. and thrown] F2; and thrown F3, 4.

61. Seate, and cast from her,) Seate and cast end of line; from his commencing line 62 F2, 3, 4 (Seate F3, 4).

62. decrest one] F2; dearest one F3, 4.

63. Sweete Imogen] Sweet Imogen F2, 3, 4.

64. Iachimo, slight thing of Italy] F2, 3, 4; line 64 ends at Iachino F4 (slight thing of Italy forming next line).

65. hart & braine] hart and braine F2; heart & brain F3; heart and brain F4; braine, with &c. F2, 3, 4; line 65 ends with braine in F4 (with needless jealous forming next line, jealousy) jealous F2, jealous F3, 4.

66. geeke and scorne] F2; geeke and scorn F3, 4; scorn o'th' others, &c. F2, 3; scorn o'th' others F4; line 66 ends at scorn F4 (o'th' others villany forming the next line), o'th' others vilany F2; o'th' others villany F3, 4.

67. stiller Seats] F2; stiller seats F3, 4.

68. as twaine] F2; us twaine F3, 4.

70. were slaine] F2; were slain F3, 4.

71. Fealty, & Tenantium] F3; Fealty, and Tenantium F2, 3, 4. right, with, &c.] F3, 4; line 71 ends at right in F4 (with honour to maintain forming the next line). Honor to] honor to F2; honour to F3, 4; maintain.] F3, 4.

Then Jupiter, " King of Gods, why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Chriftall window ope; looke, looke out, no longer exercife
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harfh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good, take off his miferies.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghoftes will cry
To' th'fhining Synod of the reft, againft thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale, and from thy iustice flye.
Jupiter defcends in Thunder and Lightning, fiting vpon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoftes fall on
their knees.
Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hulh. How dare you Ghoftes
Accufe the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coafts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and reft
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreft,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beft I loue, I croffe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
Our Joviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Ripe, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Inogen,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay upon his Breast, 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.

All. Thankes Jupiter.

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

Vanish

Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haft 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 Greatness, Favour; Dreame as I have done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But ( alas ) I fwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deferue,
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 unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promis.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelp, shal to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shal be loft branches, which being dead many yeares, shal after renewe, bee joynted to the old Stocke, and freshely grow, then shal Pajthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.

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

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [V. 4]

Po'lt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

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

Po'lt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not see them.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Gao. Hie be hang'd then.

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

Gao. Unlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone : yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman ; and there be some of them too that dye

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170. do I, fellow] F3, 4; doe I, fellow F2.
171. eyes in's head] F3, 4; eyes ins head F2.
172. not scene him] F2; not seen him F3, 4.
172. either bee directed] either be directed F2, 3, 4.
173. upon your selfe that] upon your relie that F2; upon your self that F3, 3, 4.
174. do not] F3, 4; doe not F2.
175. on your owne peril] F2; on your own peril F3, 4.
176. you'll never returne] you'll never return F2; you'll never return F3; you'll return never F4.
177. such as wink] F2; such as wink F3, 4.
178. an infinite mocke] F2; an infinite mocke F3, 4.
179. am sure hanging's the way] F2; am sure such hanging's the way F3, 4.
180. Thou bring'st] F3, 4; thou bringst F2.
181. good newes] F2, 3; good news F4. I am call'd to bee] I am call'd to be F2; I am call'd to be F3, 4.
182. Ile be] F2; Ile be F3, 4.
183. then freer then a] F2, 3; then freer than a F4.
184. Gallowes , & beget] Gallows and beget F2; Gallows and beget F3, 4.
185. on my Conscience] F3, 3; on my conscience F4.
186. Roman; and there] F2; Roman ; and there F3, 4; that dye] F2; that die F3, 4.
against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there
were defolation of Gaolers and Galowes: I speake a-
gainst my present profit, but my with hath a preferment
in’t.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arui-
ragus, Pifanio, and Lords.

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

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

Cym. No tydings of him?
Pis. He hath bin search’d among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will add

195. against their willes; so] F2; against their wills: so F3, 4.
196. of one minds, and one minds] F2; of one mind and one mind F3, 4.
197. of Gaolers and Galowes] F2; of Gaolers and Gallowses F4.
198-9. a preferment int] F3, 4; a preferment int F2.
Scena Quinta] F3, 4; Scena Quinta F2.
1. the Gods] F2; the gods F3, 4.
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain)
By whom (I grant) me lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

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

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arisen my Knights o' th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

Corn. Hayle great King,

To loure your Happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physician
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 the confest,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 395] I will report, so please you. These her Women

Col. 1] Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheeks

were present when the finisht'd.

44 Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confessthe neuer lou'd you: onely

Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:

Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

[Col. 2] Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:

And but she spoke it dying, I would not

Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

52 Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess

Was as a Scorpion to her flight, whose life

(But that her flight prevented it) she had

56 Tane off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!

Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had

60 For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,

Should by the minute feede on life, and linge'ring,

By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to

64 Orcome you with her shew; and in time

(When she had fittet you with her craft, to worke

Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:

42. if I err F2, 3; if I err F4.

43. Were present] F2, 3; Were-present F4.

44. Prythee say] Prithee say F2; Prithee F3, 4.

45. you: only] F2; you: only F3, 4.


47. was wife to] F2, 3; was Wife to F4.

51. Believene] Believe F2; Believe F3, 4.

52. Corn. Your daughter] F3; Conn. Your daughter F2; Corn your Daughter F4.

53. she did confess] F2, 3; she did confess] F2, 3.

54. by poison] F2; by poison F3, 4.

55. Confess she had] F2, 3; confess she had F4.

56. a mortall Minerall] F2; a mortall Minerall. F3, 4.

57. feed on life] F2; feed on life F3, 4.

58. to worke] F2; to work F3, 4.

59. Her Sonne] F2; her Son F3, 4.
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open’d (in defiance
Of Heauen, and Men) her purpofes: repented
The euils she hatch’d, were not effected: fo
Dispayring, dyed.

_Cym._ Heard you all this, her Women?

_La._ We did, to please your Highnesse.

_Cym._ Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for the was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her feeming. It had beene vicious
To have mistrufted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayft say,
And prove 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 ract’d out, though with the lost
Of many a bold one: whose Kinfmens haue made fuite
That their good foules may be appeas’d, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our felle 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

---

67. _But fayling of_ ] _F_ 2; _But failing of_ F3, 4.
68. _shameless desperate_] _F_ 2, 3; _shameless desperate_ F4.
69. _Of Heauen] of heaven_ F2, 3; _of Heaven_ F4; _and Men] F_ 2; _and men_ F3, 4.
71. _Dispayring, dyed_ ] _F_ 2; _Dispairing, died_ F3; _Despairing, died_ F4.
73. _La. We did_] _Lad. We did_ F2, 3, 4; _your Highnesse your highnesse_ F2, 3; _your Higheess F_ 4.
74. _Mine eyes_] _F_ 2, 3; _Mine Eyes_ F4.
75. _beautiful_] _F_ 2, 3; _beautiful_ F4.
76. _Mine eares that heare her_] _F_ 2; _Mine ears that heard her_ F3; _Mine Ears that heard her_ F4.
76-77. _nor my heart, That_] _F_ 2, 3, 4; _nor my heart. That_ F4.
77. _It had beene vicious_] _F_ 2; _It had been vicious F_ 3, 4.
79. _thou mayst say_ ] _F_ 2; _thou must say_ F3, 4.
81. _Thou comm’st not_] _F_ 2; _Thou com’st not_ F3, 4.
82. _The Britaines have_] _The Britains have_ F2; _The Britains have_ F3, 4.
83. _with the loss_] _F_ 2; _with the loss_ F3, 4.
84. _made suite_] _F_ 2; _made suit_ F3, 4.
85. _good soules_] _F_ 2; _good so_ F3, 4; _good Souls_ F4.
86. _which our selfe_] _F_ 2; _which our self_ F3, 4.
87. _Warre, the day_] _F_ 2; _War the day_ F3, 4.
88. _blood was cool_] _F_ 2; _blood was cool_ F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 395] Our Prifoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
92 May be call'd ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
_Augujlus_ liues to thinke on't: and fo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
96 I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom'd: Neuer Matter had
A Page fo kinde, fo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
100 So feate, fo Nurfe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requet, which Ie make bold, your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue feru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)

And spare no blood beseide.

_Cym._ I haue surely feene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look'd thy felfe into my grace,
108 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To fay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Mafter, Hue;
And aske of _Cymbeline_ what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ftoate,

_Yeo._ and yet I know thou wilt.

Line numbers and changes indicated.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.

Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to ask: Know'ft him thou look'ft on? speake
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

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

Cym. Wherefore ey'ft him so?

Imo. He 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 resu'ed from death?

Arui. One Sand another
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Not more resembles that sweet Rosine Lad:

Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?

Gui. The fame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, fee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare

Creatures may be alike: were’t he, I am sure

He would have spoke to vs.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let’s see further.

Pifa. It is my Mistis:

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,

Give answr to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from fallhood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Pofi. What’s that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou’lt torture me to leave unspoken, that

Which to be spoke, wou’d torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain’d to ytter that

Which torments me to conceale. By Villany

I got this Ring: ’twas Leonatus Iewell,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Whom thou didst banish: and which more may grieve [p. 396, As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne’re liud (thee, col. 1)]
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord? 172

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint. 176

I had rather thou should’st live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I hear more: friue man, and speake.

Iach. Upon a time, vnhappy was the clocke 180
That strooke the hour: it was in Rome, accurt
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feaste, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson’d (or at least
Thofe which I heau’d to head:) the good Pothunus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among’ft the rar’ft of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell’d boasft
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerua,
Poffures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which frikes the eye.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Vnlesse thou wouldst greeue quickly. This Pofhumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one

That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as vertue) he began
His Miftris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,

And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspaking fottes.

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

Iach. Your daughters Chaffity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as Dion had hot dreams,
And the alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his prais'd, 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 letter of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, fakes this Ring,
And would fo, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele; and might fo safely, had it

[5. 197. All too soon] F2; All too soon F3, 4.
[198. wouldst greeue quickly] wouldst greeue quickly F2; wouldst greeue quickly F3, 4.
[200. a Royall Lover] a Royall Lover F2; a Royal Lover F3, 4.
[202. calme as vertue] F2, 3; calm as vertue F4.
[204. a minde put in't] F3, 4; a mind put int F2, either our bragges F2; either our bragges F3, 4.
[205. Where crack'd] F2; were crack'd F3, 4; of Kitchen-Trulles F2; of Kitchen Trulls F3, 4.
[208. honou'red finger] honou'red finger F2, 3; honou'd Finger F4.
[212. hot dreams] hot dreams F2; hot dreams F3; hot Dreams F4.
[214. in suite] F2; In suite F3, 4.
[215. she alone were cold] she alone were cold F2, 3, 4.
[216. her Honour confident] her Honour confident F2; her honour confident F3, 4.
[217. Then I did truly finde her] F2; Then I did truly finde her F3, 4.
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poife 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 Villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most wildly: for my vantage excellent.
And to be briefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: aouerring notes
Of Chamber-hangings, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her perfon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaftity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinke's I see him now.

Poift. I so thou don't,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. O give me Cord, or knife, or poyfon,
[p. 397, Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out

For Torturers in genious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worie then they. I am Pofthumus,

That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villain then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was the; yea, and the her selfe.

Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Pofthumus Leonatus, and

Villain leffe then 'twas. Oh Imogen!

My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,

Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Poff. Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pi's. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Mis'tris: Oh my Lord Pofthumus,
You ne're kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Ploff. How comes these flaggers on me?

Pifa. Wake my Mis'tris.

245. For Torturers] For Torturers F2; For torturers F3, 4.

246. things o'th'earth] things o'th'earth F2, 3; things o'th'Earth F4.


249. a lesser villain] F2; a lesser villain then my selfe F2; a lesser Villain than my self F4.


251. she; ye[ ] she; ye F2, 3, 4. her selfe] F2; she her self F3, 4.

252. Spit, and! F4: Spit, and

253. dogges o'th'street] dogges o'th'
The Tragedie of Cymbeline. [V. 5]

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall joy.

Pifa. How fares my Misfris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poiyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.

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

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It posibl'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene conseft,
Which muft approve thee honest. If Pisanio
Haue (said he) given his Misfris that Confection
Which I gave 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 poisons 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

268. the Gods do] the gods doe F2; the gods do F3, 4. meane to] F2; mean to F3, 4.
269. mortal joy] F2; mortal joy F3, 4.
270. my Misfris] F2, 3; my Mistress F4.
271. Thou gav'st me poiyson] Thou gav'st me poison F2; Thou gav'st me poison F3, 4.
272. the Gods throw stones of sulphur] the gods throw stones of sulphur F2, 3; the gods throw stones of sulphur F4.
273. That box I] F2, 3; That Box I F4, thought by mee] thought by me F3, 4.
274. A precious thing] F2; A precious thing] F3, 4. from the Queene] F2; from the Queene F3, 4.
276. If Pisanio] If Pisanio F2, F3, 4.
279. If Pisanio] If Pisanio F2, 3, 4.
280. hi Misfris] F2, 3; his Mistress F4.
281. for Cordiall] F2; for Cordial F3, 4.
282. What's this] F3, 4; What this F2.
284. Creatures vild] Creatures vild F3; Creatures vile F4.
286. What's this] F3, 4; What this F2.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

All Offices of Nature, should againe

296 Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?  

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.  
Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.  
Gui. This is sure Fidele.

300 Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?  

Thinketh that you are vpon a Rocke, and now  
Throw me againe.  
Polf. Hang there like fruite, my soule,  
304 Till the Tree dye.  

Cym. How now, my Fleth? my Childe?  

What, makst thou me a dullard in this Act?  
Wilt thou not speake to me?  

308 Imo. Your blessing, Sir.  
Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,  

[Col. 2] You had a motiue for't.  

Cym. My teares that fall  

312 Prue 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  

316 That we meet here so strangely: but her Sonne  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.  
Pyls. My Lord,  

Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth.  

Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies mifling, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and i 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 Mountains neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnhaste purpofe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story : I flew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, fhould from my lips
Plucke a hard fentence : Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue fpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moft inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me fpurne the Sea,
If it could fo 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 mift
[V. 5]  

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[p. 397, 398]  

Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Ino. That headlefe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,

And take him from our preffence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

352 This man is better then the man he flew,

As well descended as thy selfe, and hath

More of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens

Had euer scarce for. Let his Armes alone,

356 They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art vnpayd for

By tafting of our wrath? How of descent

360 As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,

364 But I will proue that two one's are as good

As I have gien out him. My Sonnes, I muft

For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

368 Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leave

Thou hadst ( great King) a Subieâ¢t, who

372 Was call'd Belarius.

347. Thou'rt dead] F4; thou'rt dead F2, 3.
348. headlefe man] F2, 3; headless F2, 3; had been F4.
349. Binde the Offender] Bind the Offender F2, 3; Bind the offender F4.
352. better then] F2, 3; better than F4.
353. as thy selfe] F2; as thy self F3, 4.
354. then a Band of Clotens] F3; then a Band of Clotens F4.
355. Had euer scarce for] had ever scarce for F2; had ever scarce for F3, 4; his Armes alone F2, 3; his Armes alone F4.
358. Wilt thou undo] Wilt thou undo F2; Wilt thou undo F3, 4; thou art vnpayd for F2; thou art unpaid for F3, 4.
359. Arui] Arvi F2, 3; Arv F4, spake too farre F2; spake too far F3, 4.
360. dye for't] F2; die for't F3, 4.
361. dye all] F2; die all F3, 4.
364. But I will proue that two one's] But I will proue that two on's F2, 3, 4.
366. For mine owne part] F3; For mine owne part F3, 4; dangerous speech] F2, 3; dangerous Speech F4.
367. Thou hadst] Thou hadst F2; Thou hadst F3, 4.
372. Was call'd Belarius] F3; Was call'd Belarius F2, 4.
Cym. What of him? He is a banished Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
AlTum this age: indeed a banished man,
I know not how, a Traitor.

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

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receyed it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

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


Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banished:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treafon 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

373. a banish'd Traitor] a banish'd Traitor F3; a banish'd Traitor F4.
375. this age] F2, 3; this Age F4.
376. a Traitor] F2, 3; a Traitor F4.
378. whole world'] F2, 3; whole World F4.
380. of thy Sonnes] F2; of thy Sons F3, 4.
382. As I have recey'd it] as I have receiv'd it F2, 3, 4.
383. of my Sonnes] F2; of my Sons F3, 4.
384. here's my knee] here's my knee F2; here's my knee F3, 4.
385. preferre my Sonnes] F2; preferre my Sons F3; prefer my Sons F4.
387. me Father] F4; me father F2, 3.
388. And thinke they are my Sonnes] F2; and think they are my Sons F3, 4.
389. the yssue of your Loynes] F3; the issue of your Loynes F3, 4.
390. And blood of] F2; and blood of F3, 4.
392. your Fathers] F2, 3.
393. Belarius] F2; that Belarius F3, 4.
394. was my neere offence] F2; was my near offence F3, 4.
395. all my Treason that I] F2, 4; all my Treason than I F3, 4.
396. all the harme] F2, 3; all the harm F4.
397. these twenty yeares] these twenty yeeres F2; these twenty years F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 398, Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)]

As your Highness knowes: Their Nurfe Euriphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mou’d her too’t,
Having recey’ed the punishment before

For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you ’twas felt, the more it thep’d
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,

Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I muft lose
Two of the sweet’ft Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heaven
Fall on their heads liks dew, for they are worthie

To in-lay Heaven with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep’st, and speake’st:
The Service that you three haue done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell’st. I lost my Children,

If these be they, I know not how to with
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas’d awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore,

Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guidereus:
This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Aruiragus,
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moft curious Mantle, wrought by th’hand

Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with eafe produce.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Rejoyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou haft loft 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 trueft speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister; I you Brothers,
When we were fo indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firft meeting lou'd,
Continewed fo, 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,

428. a marke of] F2; a mark of F3, 4.
429. that naturall stampe] F2; that natural stamp F3; that natural stamp F4.
430. his evidence] his evidence F2, 3; his Evidence F4.
431. to the byrth of] F2; to the birth of F3, 4. New Mother] F2, 3; Nere Mother F4.
432. more: Blest] more; Blest
F3, 4.
433. your Orber] F2; your Orbs F3, 4.
434. reign in them] F2; reign in them F3, 4.
435. two Worlds by't] two Worlds by't F2; two worlds by'tt F3; two Worlds by't F4.
436. truest speaker] F2, 3; truest Speaker F4. You cal'd me] F3, 4; you calld me F2.
Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which

And when came you to serve our Romane Captive?

And your three motives to the Battle?

And whether these?

And how parted with your Brother?

And how first met them?

Why fled you from the Court?

And whether these?

And all the other by-dependances

From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place

Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

Pojlhumus Anchors upon Imogen;

And she (like harmless Lightning) throws her eye

On him: her Brothers, Me: her Mother hitting

Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change

Is feuerally in all. Let’s quit this ground,

And smoke the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thou art my Brother, so we’ll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did relieve 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 Mother, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier, that no Nobly fought

He would haue well becom’d this place, and grac’d

The thankings of a King.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Confcience finkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, befeech you
Which I fo often owe: but your Ring firft,
And heere the Bracelet of the trueft Princeffe
That euer swore her Faith.

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

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee l learn our Freeneffe 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,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poji. Your Servant Princes, Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
*Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes

479. I am Sir] F2; I am, sir F3: I am, sir F4.
480. The Souldier] The souldier F3, 4; that did company] F2, 3; that did Company F4.
481. 'twas a fitment] F3, 4; twas a fitment F2.
482. I had you downe] F2; I had you down F3, 4.
483. made you finish] made your finish F3, 4.
484. I am downe againe] F2; I am down again F3, 4.
486. that life] F2, 3; that Life F4.
487. And here the Bracelet of] F2; And here your Bracelet of F3, 4; truest Princeffe] F2, 3; truest Princess F4.
490. swore her Faith] F4; swore her faith F3, 3.
492. The powre that] F2; The power that F3, 4; on you is to] F2; on you is to F3, 4.
493. deale with others] F2; deal with others F3, 4.
494. We'll learn] F2; We'll learn F3, 4; our Freeness of a Sonne-in-Law] F2; our Freeness of a Sonne-in-Law F3; Our Freeness of a Sonne-in-Law F4.
497. Pardons the word] F3, 4; Pardons the word F2.
499. you did meane] F2; you did mean F3, 4.
501. sprightly shewes] F2; sprightly shews F3, 4.

[p. 398, Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
COL. 2] This Labell on my bofome; whose containing
Is so from sene in hardnesse, that I can

[p. 993, Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
COL. 1] His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

512 Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a flately Cedar shall be loft branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reviue, bee joyned to the old Stocke, and frehly grow, then shall Pothumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourishe in Peace and Plentie.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe,

520 The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer

524 We terme it Mulier; which Mulier I diuine
Is this most contant Wise, who euene now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnfought, were clipt about

528 With this most tender Aire.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Perfonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius itlone
For many yeares thought dead, are now revived;
To the Maiestick Cedar joint; whose Influence
Promifes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy 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-Battail, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Leffen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-flew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Cæsar, should againe unite
His Favour, with the Radiant Cymbeline.

530. Royall Cymbeline] F2; Royal
Cymbeline F3, 4.
532. Thy two Sonnes] F2, 3; Thy
two Sons F4. Belarius stoln] F2; Belarius stoln F3; Bellarius
stoln F4.
533. many years] F2, 3; many years F4.
534. the Maiestick Cedar joyn'd] the
Majestick Cedar joyn'd F2; the Majestick Cedar joyn'd F3; the
Majestick Cedar joint'd F4.
539. the Roman Empire] F3; the
Roman Empire F3, 4. Empire; promising F2, 3, 4.
541. our wicked Queene] F2; our
wicked Queen F3, 4.
542. Whom heavens in Justice] Whom
heavens in Justice F2; Whom Heavens in Justice F3, 4.
544. The fingers of the Powres above] The
fingers of the Powres above F2; The fingers of the Powres above F3, 4. do
tune F3, 4; do tune F2.
545. The harmony of] F2, 3; The
Harmony of F4.
546. knowne to Lucius] F2; known
to Lucius F3, 4. ere the stroke] F2; ere the stroke F3, 4.
547. Of yet this scarce-cold Bat-tail] F2; Of this yet scarce-
cold Battail F3, 4.
548. the Romaine Eagle] the
Romane Eagle F2; the Roman Eagle F3, 4.
549. on wing] F2, 3; on Wing F4.
550. Lessen'd her selfe] F2; Lessen'd her self F3, 4. Beames
of'th' Sun] F3; Beames of'th' Sun F4.
552. Th'Imperiall Cæsar] F2; The
Imperial Cæsar F3, 4. should againe] F2; should again
F3, 4.
553. His Favour, with] His favour
with F2, 3, 4.
[p. 993, Which shines here in the West.

[COL. 2]  Cym. Laud we the Gods,

556 And let our crooked Smoakes clime to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publifh we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Britifh Ensigne waue

560 Friendly together: fo through Luds-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee'1 ratifie: Scale it with Feafts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceafe

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

Exeunt.

FINIS.