

**The Tragedie of Cymbeline from Mr. William Shakespeares
Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares
comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

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**THE TRAGEDIE OF
CYMBELINE.**

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Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

YOu do not meet a man but Frownes.

Our bloods no more obey the Heauens

Then our Courtiers:

Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 Gent.

But what's the matter?

1.

His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom

He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow

That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe

Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,

Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all

Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King

Be touch'd at very heart.

2

None but the King?

1

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

2

And why so?

1

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

2

You speake him farre.

1

I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2

What's his name, and Birth?

1

I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Success: e
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Be [...]ng; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cal's him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,

(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her (electiō)election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2

I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?

1

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

2

How long is this ago?

1

Some twenty yeares.

2

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

1

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

2

I do well beleue you.

1

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

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 1 cont.]

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu.

No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keys
zz3That[Page 370]The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may informe you.

Post.

'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu.

You know the perill:

Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

Imo.

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

Post.

My Queene, my Mistris:

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

Enter Queene.

Qu.

Be briefe, I pray you:

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

Post.

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

Imo.

Nay, stay a little:

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

Post.

How, how? Another?

You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,

While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo.

O the Gods!

When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post.

Alacke, the King.

Cym.

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

Post.

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

Imo.

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

Cym.

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

Imo.

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

Cym.

Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo.

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

Cym.

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

Imo.

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

Cym.

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

Imo.

No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym.

O thou vilde one!

Imo.

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

Cym.

What? art thou mad?

Imo.

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

Enter Queene.

Cym.

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

Qu.

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

Cym.

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

Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu.

Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa.

My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu.

Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

Pisa.

There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu.

I am very glad on't.

Imo.

Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa.

On his command: he would not suffer mee

To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu.

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

Pisa.

I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu.

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Qu.

Pray walke a-while.

Imo.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1.

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

Clot.

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

2

No faith: not so much as his patience.

1

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

2

His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot.

The Villaine would not stand me.

2

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

1

Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.

2

As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot.

I would they had not come betweene vs.

2

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

Clot.

And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re
fuse mee.

2

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

1

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

2

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

Clot.

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

2

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

Clot.

You'l go with vs?

1

Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot.

Nay come, let's go together.

2

Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo.

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

Pisa.

It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo.

Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa.

And kist it, Madam.

Imo.

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

Pisa.

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

Imo.

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

Pisa.

Madam, so I did.

Imo.

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

Pisa.

Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo.

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

Enter a Lady.

La.

The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo.

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

Pisa.

Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.
[Act 1, Scene 4]

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch
man, and a Spaniard.*

Iach.

Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad
miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil.

You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with
out, and within.

French.

I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
hee.

Iach.

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

French.

And then his banishment.

Iach.

I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to [\[Page 372\]](#) The Tragedy of
Cymbeline.

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

Phil.

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

Enter Posthumus.

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

French.

Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.

Post.

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

French.

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

Post.

By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauel ler, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

French.

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

Iach.

Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French.

Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in pub licke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach.

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

Post.

She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach.

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

Posth.

Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

What do you esteeme it at?

Post.

More then the world enioyes.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post.

Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Phil.

Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post.

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

Iach.

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

Post.

No, no.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

What's that?

Posth.

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

Phi.

Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so
dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be bet
ter acquainted.

Iach.

Would I had put my [Estate], and my Neighbors
on th'approbation of what I haue spoke,

Post.

What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach.

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

Posthms.

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
seure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion
in you, that you feare.

Posthu.

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

Iach.

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

Posthu.

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

Phil.

I will haue it no lay.

Iach.

By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no suffi
cient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily
part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so [\[Page 373\]](#) The Tragedy of

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so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided. I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post.

I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vn derstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Ene my, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnse duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach.

Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, leas't the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Post.

Agreed.

French.

Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil.

Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

[Act 1, Scene 5]

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu.

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

Lady.

I Madam.

Queen.

Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor.

Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:

But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:

But though slow, deadly.

Qu.

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

Cor.

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

Qu.

O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

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

Cor.

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

Qu.

Hearke thee, a word.

Cor.

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

Qu.

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

Cor.

I humbly take my leaue.

Exit.

Qu.
Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa.

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

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

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

Exit Qu. and Ladies

Pisa.

And shall do:

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

Exit.

Scena

[\[Page 374\]](#)

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[Act 1, Scene 6]

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo.

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

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa.

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

Iach.

Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely.

Imo.

Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach.

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

Imogen

reads.

*He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most in
finitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust.*

Leonatus.

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

Iach.

Thankes fairest Lady:

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

Imo.

What makes your admiration?

Iach.

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

Imo.

What is the matter trow?

Iach.

The Cloyed will:

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

Imo.

What, deere Sir,

Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach.

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

Pisa.

I was going Sir,

To giue him welcome.

Exit.

Imo.

Continues well my Lord?

His health beseech you?

Iach.

Well, Madam.

Imo.

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

Iach.

Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo.

When he was heere

He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times

Not knowing why.

Iach.

I neuer saw him sad.

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

Imo.

Will my Lord say so?

Iach.

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

Imo.

Not he I hope.

Iach.

Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.

Imo.

What do you pitty Sir?

Iach.

Two Creatures heartyly.

Imo.

Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pitty?

Iach.

Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo.

I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach.

That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your □ but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo.

You do seeme to know

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

Iach'

Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauer [\[Page 375\]](#) The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Slauer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

Imo.

My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach.

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

Imo.

Let me heare no more.

Iach.

O dearest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stufte
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo.

Reueng'd:

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

Iach.

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

Imo.

What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach.

Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo.

Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?
Iach.

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

Imo.

You make amends.

Iach.

He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

Imo.

All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Iach.

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

Imo.

Pray what is't?

Iach.

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

Imo.

Willingly:

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

Iach.

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

Imo.

O no, no.

Iach.

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

Imo.

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

Iach.

O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall

To'th'tender of our Present.

Imo.

I will write:

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

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot.

Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun
dred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes, must [\[Page 376\]](#) The Tragedy of
Cymbeline.

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

1.

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

2.

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

Clot.

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

2.

No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot.

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

2.

To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot.

I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a
pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare
not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo
ther: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body
can match.

2.

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

Clot.

Sayest thou?

2.

It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake euery
Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot.

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

2.

I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot.

Why so I say.

1.

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

Clot.

A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2.

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

1.

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

Clot.

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

1.

One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot.

Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no
der Note: This r has slipped below the rest of the line.ogation in't?

2.

You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot.

Not easily I thinke.

2.

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

Clot.

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

2.

Ile attend your Lordship.

Exit.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, hee'l'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo.

Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La.

Please you Madam.

Imo.

What houre is it?

Lady.

Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo.

I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:

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

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach.

The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that

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

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

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

About ten thousand meaner Moueables

Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.

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

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

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

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1.

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

Clot.

It would make any man cold to loose.

1.

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

Clot. [\[Page 377\]](#)The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

1

Day, my Lord.

Clot.

I would this Musicke would come: I am adui
sed to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will pene
trate.

Enter Musicians.

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

SONG.

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

So, get you gone: if this pen [...]trate, I will consider your
Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares
which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of
vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2

Heere comes the King.

Clot.

I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason
I was vp [so] earely: he cannot choose but take this Ser
uice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma
iesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym.

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

Clot.

I haue assay'd her with Musickes, but she vouch
safes no notice.

Cym.

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

Qu.

You are most bound t/o'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot.

Senselesse? Not so.

Mes.

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

Cym.

A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,

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

Exeunt.

Clot.

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

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La.

Who's there that knockes?

Clot.

A Gentleman.

La.

No more.

Clot.

Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La.

That's more

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

Clot.

Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La.

I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot.

There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La.

How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot.

Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo.

Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue,

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

Clot.

Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo.

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

Clot.

This is no answer.

Imo.

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

Clot.

To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo.

Foolles are not mad Folkes.

Clot.

Do you call me Foole?

Imo.

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

Clot.

You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
aaaThe [Page 378](#) The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
The consequence o'th'Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liurie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo.

Prophane Fellow:

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

Clot.

The South-Fog rot him.

Imo.

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

Enter Pisanio,

Clot.

His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo.

To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.

Clot.

His Garment?

Imo.

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

Pis.

'Twill not be lost.

Imo.

I hope so: go and search.

Clot.

You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo.

I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witness 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 leaue you Sir,
To'th'worst of discontent.

Exit.

Clot.

Ile be reueng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

[Act 2, Scene 4]

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post.

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

Phil.

What meanes do you make to him?

Post.

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

Phil.

Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieffe.

Post.

I do beleeeue

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

Enter Iachimo.

Phi.

See *Iachimo*.

Post.

The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.

Phil.

Welcome Sir.

Post.

I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iachi.

Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Post.

And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iachi.

Heere are Letters for you.

Post.

Their tenure good I trust.

Iach.

'Tis very like.

Post.

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

Iach.

He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post.

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

Iach.

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

Post.

The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach.

Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.

Post.

Make note Sir

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

Iach.

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

By both your willes.

Post.

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

Iach.

Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeeue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'l[[Page 389](#)]The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post.

Proceed.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post.

So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury.

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

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

Post.

This is her Honor:

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

Iach.

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

Post.

Ioue□

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach.

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

Post.

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

Iach.

She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post.

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

Phil.

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

Post.

Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her

More euident then this: for this was stolne.

Iach.

By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post.

Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.

'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure

She would not loose it: her Attendants are

All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?

And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,

The Cognisance of her incontinencie

Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly

There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell

Diuide themselues betweene you.

Phil.

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd

Of one perswaded well of.

Post.

Neuer talke on't:

She hath bin colted by him.

Iach.

If you seeke

For further satisfying, vnder her Breast

(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud

Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life

I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger

To feede againe, though full. You do remember

This staine vpon her?

Post.

I, and it doth confirme

Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,

Were there no more but it.

Iach.

Will you heare more?

Post.

Spare your Arethmaticke,

Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iach.

Ile be sworne.

Post.

No swearing:

If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,

And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny

Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach.

Ile deny nothing.

Post.

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

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

Her Father. Ile do something.

Exit.

Phil.
Quite besides
The government of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.
Iach.
With all my heart.
Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 5]

Enter Posthumus.

Post.
Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?
aaa2Or[[Page 380](#)]The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.
Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

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

Cym.

Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with vs?

Luc.

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

Qu.

And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clot.

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

Qu.

That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-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 master *Cæsars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot.

Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I

said) there is no mo such *Cæsars*, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such straitte Armes, none.

Cym.

Son, let your Mother end.

Clot.

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

Cym.

You must know,

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

Luc.

I am sorry *Cymbeline*,

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

Cym.

Thou art welcome *Caius*,

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

Luc.

Let prooffe speake.

Clot.

His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa
stime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af
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 aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc.

So sir.

Cym.

I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:

All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis.

How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not

What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus:*

Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is [\[Page 381\]](#)The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,

(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.

She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes

More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults

As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,

Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were

Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,

Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I

Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?

If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer

Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,

That I should seeme to lacke humanity,

So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.

That I haue sent her, by her owne command,

Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,

Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,

Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'st

So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo.

How now *Pisanio*?

Pis.

Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo.

Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer

That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,

Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
 That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
 Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
 You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
 And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
 Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
 You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.
IV *stice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his*
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the dee
rest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remains loyall to his Vow, and your encrea
sing in Loue.

Leonatus Posthumus.

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

Pis.

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

Imo.

Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
 Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
 Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
 That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
 She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently

A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa.

Madam, you're best consider.

Imo.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel.

A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th'Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid.

Haile Heauen.

Aruir.

Haile Heauen.

Bela.

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

Gui.

Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knowes not

What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arui.

What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse
aaa3The[Page 382]The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel.

How you speake.

Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Vncertaine fauour.

Bel.

My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed

More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes.

Exeunt.

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

Scena Quarta.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo.

Thou told'st me when we came (frō) from horse, y^e place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now: *Pisanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh

From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis.

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

Imogen

reades.

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

Pis.

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

Imo.

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

Pisa.

Alas good Lady.

Imo.

I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy [\[Page 383\]](#) The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

Pisa.

Good Madam, heare me.

Imo.

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

Pis.

Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo.

Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,

To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis.

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

Imo.

Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis.

Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo.

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

Pis.

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

Imo.

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

Pis.

Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo.

Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis.

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

Imo.

Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa.

No, on my life:

Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo.

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

Pis.

If you'l backe to'th'Court.

Imo.

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

Pis.

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

Imo.

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

Pis.

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

Imo.

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

Pis.

Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must

Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke [Page 384]The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.

Imo.

Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

Pis.

First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo.

Thou art all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,

There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen

All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,

I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis.

Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo.

Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 3, Scene 5]

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

Cym.

Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc.

Thankes, Royall Sir:

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,

And am right sorry, that I must report ye

My Masters Enemy.

Cym.

Our Subiects (Sir)

Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe

To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs

Appeare vn-Kinglike.

Luc.

So Sir: I desire of you

A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.

Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym.

My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:

The due of Honor, in no point omit:

So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc.

Your hand, my Lord.

Clot.

Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth

I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc.

Sir, the Euent

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym.

Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords

Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.

Exit Lucius, &c

Qu.

He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs

That we haue giuen him cause.

Clot.

'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

Cym.

Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor

How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely

Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:

The Powres that he already hath in Gallia

Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues

His warre for Britaine.

Qu.

'Tis not sleepy businesse,

But must be look'd too speedily and strongly.

Cym.

Our expectation that it would be thus

Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,

Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too slight in sufferance.

Qu.

Royall Sir,

Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym.

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

Mes.

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

Qu.

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

Cym.

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

Exit.

Qu.

Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot.

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

Exit.

Qu.

Go, looke after:

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeuues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end

Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot.

'Tis certaine she is fled:

Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu.

All the better: may

This night fore-stall him of the comming day.

Exit Qu.

Clo.

I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Then [\[Page 385\]](#)The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?

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

Pis.

Oh, good my Lord.

Clo.

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

Pis.

Alas, nay Lord,

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

Clot.

Where is she Sir? Come neerer:

No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis.

Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo.

All-worthy Villaine,

Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,

At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis.

Then Sir:

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

Clo.

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

Pis.

Or this, or perish.

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

Clo.

Humh.

Pis.

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

Clot.

Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis.

Sir, as I thinke.

Clot.

It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder
go those Employments wherin I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer
ment.

Pis.

Well, my good Lord.

Clot.

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

Pis.

Sir, I will.

Clo.

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

Pisan.

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

Clo.

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

Pis.

I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Clo.

Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar
ments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitterness
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I ra
uish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home
again. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis.

I, my Noble Lord.

Clo.

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

Pis.

She can scarce be there yet.

Clo.

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

Exit.

Pis.

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

Exit

Scena Sexta.

[Act 3, Scene 6]

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo.

I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but eE3Auen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardnesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,
Take, [\[Page 386\]](#)The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.
Exit.

Scena Septima.

[Act 3, Scene 6 cont.]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel.

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

Gui.

I am throughly weary.

Arui.

I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gui.

There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that

Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel.

Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke

Heere were a Faiery.

Gui.

What's the matter, Sir?

Bel.

By Iupiter an Angell: or if not

An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse

No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo.

Good masters harme me not:

Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought

To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth

I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,

I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone

As I had made my Meale; and parted

With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui.

Money? Youth.

Aru.

All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship durty Gods.

Imo.

I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel.

Whether bound?

Imo.

To Milford-Hauen.

Bel.

What's your name?

Imo.

Fidèle Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who

Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,

I am falne in this offence.

Bel.

Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes

By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,

'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere

Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:

Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui.

Were you a woman, youth,

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

Arui.

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

Imo.

'Mongst Friends?

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

Bel.

He wrings at some distresse.

Gui.

Would I could free't.

Arui.

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

Bel.

Hearke Boyes.

Imo.

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

Bel.

It shall be so:

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

Gui.

Pray draw neere.

Arui.

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

Imo.

Thankes Sir.

Arui.

I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

[Act 3, Scene 7]

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen.

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

Tri.

Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen.

I.

Tri.

Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen.

With those Legions
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot

I am neere to 'th'place where they should meet,
if *Pisanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him that [\[Page 387\]](#) The Tragedie of
Cymbeline.

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be
yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more re
markeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant
Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and

all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me.

EXit.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

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

Bel.

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

Arui.

Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo.

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

Gui.

Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo.

So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely.

Gui.

I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel.

What? How? how?

Arui.

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

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

My Father, not this youth.

Bel.

Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!

“Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;

“Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.

I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,

Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.

'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Arui.

Brother, farewell.

Imo.

I wish ye sport.

Arui.

You health. □ So please you Sir.

Imo.

These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;

Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.

Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,

Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:

I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisano*,

Ile now taste of thy Drugge.

Gui.

I could not stirre him:

He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui.

Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,

I might know more.

Bel.

To'th'Field, to'th'Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui.

Wee'l not be long away.

Bel.

Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Huswife.

Imo.

Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel.

And shall't be euer.

This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had

Good Ancestors.

Arui.

How Angell-like he sings?

Gui.

But his neate Cookerie?

Arui.

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Guiderius.

He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui.

Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui.

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

Arui.

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

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

Enter Cloten.

Clo.

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

Bel.

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

Gui.

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

Clot.

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

Gui.

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

Clot.

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

Gui.

To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not

My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why [\[Page 388\]](#)The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot.

Thou Villaine base,

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 gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,

I am loath to beate thee.

Clot.

Thou iniurious Theefe,

Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gui.

What's thy name?

Clo.

Cloten, thou Villaine.

Gui.

Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,

'Twould moue me sooner.

Clot.

To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know

I am Sonne to'th'Queene.

Gui.

I am sorry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot.

Art not afeard?

Gui.

Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:

At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot.

Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:

And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:

Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel.

No Companie's abroad?

Arui.

None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel.

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

Arui.

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

Bel.

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

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gui.

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

Bel.

What hast thou done?

Gui.

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

Bel.

We are all vndone.

Gui.

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

Bel.

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

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

Arui.

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

Bel.

I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gui.

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

Exit.

Bel.

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

Arui.

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

Bel.

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

Arui.

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

Exit.

Bel.

Oh thou Goddess,

Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuality not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui.

Where's my Brother?

I [[Page 389](#)]The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

Solemn Musick.

Bel.

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

Gui.

Is he at home?

Bel.

He went hence euen now.

Gui.

What does he meane?

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

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

Bel.

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

Arui.

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

Gui.

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

Bel.

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

Arui.

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

Gui.

Where?

Arui.

O'th'floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gui.

Why, he but sleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui.

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

Gui.

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

Arui.

Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui.

By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arui.

Bee't so:

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

Gui.

Cadwall,

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arui.

Wee'l speake it then.

Bel.

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

Gui.

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

Arui.

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

Gui.

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

Arui.

'Tis true.

Gui.

Come on then, and remoue him.

Arui.

So, begin.

SONG.

Guid.

Feare no more the beate o'th'Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui.

Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,

*To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.*

Guid.

Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arui.

Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gui.

Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arui.

Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

Both.

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

Guid.

No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arui.

Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid.

Ghost vnlaid forbear thee.

Arui.

Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both.

*Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.*

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui.

We haue done our obsequies:

Come lay him downe.

Bel.

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

Exeunt.

bbbImogen

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,

And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face
 Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 From this most brauest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
 Murd'rous to 'th'Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap.

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

Luc.

But what from Rome?

Cap,

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

Luc.

When expect you them?

Cap.

With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc.

This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.
Sooth.

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

Luc.

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

Cap.

Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc.

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

Imo.

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

Luc.

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

Imo.

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

Luc.

Thy name?

Imo.

Fidele Sir.

Luc.

Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:

Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure

No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters

Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner

Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo.

Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,

Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe

As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when

With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue

And on it said a Century of prayers

(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,

And leauing so his seruice, follow you,

So please you entertaine mee.

Luc.

I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,

The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs

Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,

And make him with our Pikes and Partizans

A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd

By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd

As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,

Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym.

Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,

A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A [\[Page 391\]](#)The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*

The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene

Vpon a despera [...]e bed, and in a time

When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,

So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past

The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure, and

Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'll enforce it from thee

By a sharpe Torture.

Pis.

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

Lord.

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

Cym.

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

Lord.

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

Cym.

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

Lord.

Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
(ready:

The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym.

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

Exeunt

Pisa.

I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.
[Act 4, Scene 4]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui.

The noyse is round about vs.

Bel.

Let vs from it.

Arui.

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

Gui.

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

Bel.

Sonnes,

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui.

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

Arui.

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

Bel.

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

Gui.

Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:

I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arui.

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

Gui.

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

Arui.

So say I, Amen.

Bel.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post.

Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder Wiues much better then themselues
For [Page 392] The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue

To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
 Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of peril
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.
 [Act 5, Scene 2]

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

Iac.
 The heuinesse and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
 The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.
Exit.

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

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

Gui. Arui.
Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc.
Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
For Note: This word is partially obscured by a tear in the page. friends kil friends, and
the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac.
'Tis their fresh supplies.

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

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor.
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post.
I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

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

Lo.
Where was this Lane?

Post.
Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer

Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lor.

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Lord.

This was strange chance:

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

Post.

Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*

Lord.

Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post.

Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:

For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,

I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You haue put me into Rime.

Lord.

Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post.

Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1

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

2

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

1

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

Post.

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

2

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

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

[Act 5, Scene 4]

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

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

2. Gao.

I, or a stomacke.

Post.

Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather
Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and tho [...]gh
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peece for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

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

Sicil.

No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer saw:
I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,

thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheilded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth.

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

A thing of pittie.

Sicil.

Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stufte so faire:
That he d [...]seru'd the praise o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

1. Bro.

When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo.

With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deerest one:

Sweete *Imogen*?

Sic.

Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,
bbb3To [\[Page 394\]](#)The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse ielousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany?

2 Bro.

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

1 Bro.

Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then *Iupiter*, yu King of Gods, why hast yu thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

Sicil.

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

Moth.

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

Sicil.

Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.
Brothers.
Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

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

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

Ascends

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

All.

Thankes Iupiter.

Sic.

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

Vanish

Post.

Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

*WHen as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, with
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen
tie.*

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stufte 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 simpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao.

Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post.

Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao.

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

Post.

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

Gao.

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

Post.

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

Gao.

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

Post.

Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao.

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

Post.

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

Gao.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

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

Post.

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

Gao.

Ile be hang'd then.

Post.

Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for [\[Page 395\]](#) The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
for the dead.

Gao.

Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Galowes: I speake a gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.
[Act 5, Scene 5]

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

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

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

Cym.
No tydings of him?

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

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

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

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

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

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

Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor.

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

Cym.

Prythee say.

Cor.

First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym.

She alone knew this:

And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn.

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

Cym.

O most delicate Fiend!

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

Corn.

More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym.

Heard you all this, her Women?

La.

We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym.

Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:

Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,

That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious

To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

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

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

Luc.

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

Cym.

I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:
Y [...] [[Page 396](#)] The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

Imo.

I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc.

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

Imo.

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

Luc.

The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym.

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

Imo.

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

Cym.

Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo.

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

Cym.

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

Imo.

Fidèle Sir.

Cym.

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

Bel.

Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui.

One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidèle*: what thinke you?

Gui.

The same dead thing aliue.

Bel.

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

Gui.

But we see him dead.

Bel.

Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa.

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

Cym.

Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo.

My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post.

What's that to him?

Cym.

That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach.

Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym.

How? me?

Iach.

I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue
(thee,

As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
'Twi't sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym.

All that belongs to this.

Iach.

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

Cym.

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

Iach.

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

Cym.

I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach.

All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

Iach.

Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.

Post.

I so thou do'st,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing

That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
Som [...] [\[Page 397\]](#)The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
Some vpriht Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo.

Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post.

Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pis.

Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,

You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym.

Does the world go round?

Posth.

How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa.

Wake my Mistris.

Cym.

If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me

To death, with mortall ioy.

Pisa.

How fares my Mistris?

Imo.

Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,

Breath not where Princes are.

Cym.

The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisæ.

Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if

That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee

A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym.

New matter still.

Imo.

It poyson'd me.

Corn.

Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If *Pasanio*
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat.

Cym.

What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn.

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

Imo.

Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui.

This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo.

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

Post.

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

Cym.

How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo.

Your blessing, Sir.

Bel.

Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym.

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

Imo.

I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym.

Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was

That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa.

My Lord,

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

Gui.

Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cym.

Marry, the Gods forefend.

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

Gui.

I haue spoke it, and I did it.

Cym.

He was a Prince.

Gui.

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

Cym.

I am sorrow for thee:

By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo.

That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym.

Binde the Offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel.

Stay, Sir King.

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

Cym.

Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arui.

In that he spake too farre.

Cym.

And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel.

We will dye all three,

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

As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must

For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Arui.

Your danger's ours.

Guid.

And our good his.

Bel.

Haue at it then, by leaue

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who

Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym.

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

Bel.

He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

Note: This page has been torn and creased, obscuring any catchword. [\[Page 398\]](#) The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym.

Take him hence,

The whole world shall not saue him.

Bel.

Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,

And let it be confiscate all, so soone

As I haue receyu'd it.

Cym.

Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel.

I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,

Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,

These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,

And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,

They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym.

How? my Issue.

Bel.

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

Cym.

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

Bel.

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

Cym.

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

Bel.

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

Cym.

Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,

You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo.

No, my Lord:

I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

Cym.

Did you ere meete?

Arui.

I my good Lord.

Gui.

And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

Corn.

By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym.

O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

Imo.

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

Cym.

All ore-joy'd

Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo.

My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.

Luc.

Happy be you.

Cym.

The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought

He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post.

I am Sir

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

Iach.

I am downe againe:

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

Post.

Kneele not to me:

The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym.

Nobly doom'd:

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

Arui.

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

Post.

Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make [\[Page 993\]](#)The Tragedy of Cymbeline.
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc.

Philarmonus.

Sooth.

Heere, my good Lord.

Luc.

Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

*WHen as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, with
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to*

the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.

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

Cym.

This hath some seeming.

Sooth.

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

Cym.

Well,

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

Sooth.

The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Cæsar, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym.

Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter

Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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