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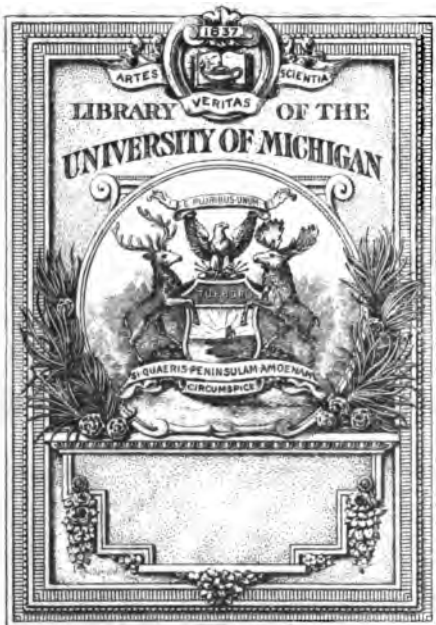
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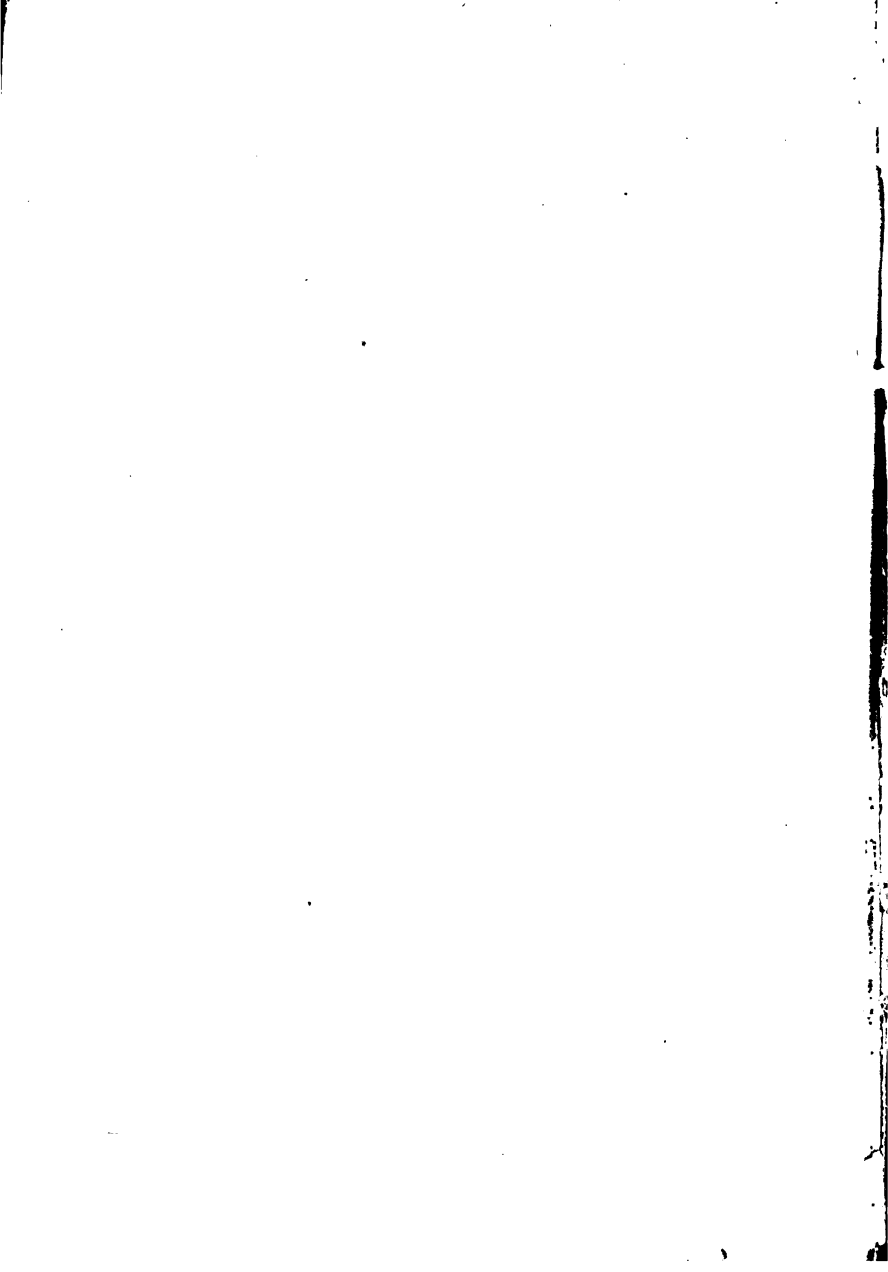
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1894



CYMBELINE.



SHAKESPEARE

CYMBELINE

WITH

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AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

K. DEIGHTON

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INTRODUCTION.

CYMBELINE, first printed in the Folio of 1623, was probably written about 1609 or 1610, the earliest mention of it being found in the *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, who saw it acted somewhere between April, 1610, and May, 1611. Date of composition.

The story of Imogen, with that of the sons of Cymbeline, was taken more or less directly from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*; while for that portion which relates to the tribute to be paid to Rome, Shakespeare derived his materials from Holinshed, according to whom the demand was made during the reign of Augustus, a few years before the beginning of the Christian era. But beyond the bare outlines of these portions of the play, everything else, the "characters, dialogue, circumstances, details, descriptions,—the lively interest of the plot, its artful involution and skilful development, are entirely his [Shakespeare's] own." * Source of the plot.

Though no absolute proof is to be obtained on the subject, it is, I think, abundantly clear from internal evidence that *Cymbeline* belongs to Shakespeare's final period of authorship, in which are included also *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, and *Henry the Eighth*; and though in my Introduction to *The Winter's Tale* I have already quoted Professor Dowden's arguments Characteristics of the play.

* Verplauck, quoted by Rolfe.

on the point, I am not ashamed to quote them again here. "Characteristics of versification and style," he remarks, "and the enlarged place given to scenic spectacle, indicate that these plays were produced much about the same time. But the ties of deepest kinship between them are spiritual. There is a certain romantic element in each. They receive contributions from every portion of Shakspeare's genius, but all are mellowed, refined, made exquisite; they avoid the extremes of broad humour and of tragic intensity; they were written with less passionate concentration than the plays which immediately preceded them, but with more of a spirit of deep or exquisite recreation. . . . Shakspeare still thought of the graver trials and tests which life applies to human character, and of the wrongs which man inflicts on man; but his present temper demanded not a tragic issue,—it rather demanded an issue into joy and peace. The dissonance must be resolved into a harmony, clear and rapturous, or solemn and profound. And, accordingly, in each of these plays, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, while grievous errors of the heart are shown to us, and wrongs of man to man as cruel as those of the great tragedies, at the end there is a resolution of the dissonance, a reconciliation. This is the word which interprets Shakspeare's latest plays—reconciliation, 'word over all, beautiful as the sky.' It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and others—a mere *dénouement*. The resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition, resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart.

Its significance here is ethical and spiritual; it is a moral necessity. . . . Over the beauty of youth and the love of youth, there is shed, in these plays of Shakspeare's final period, a clear yet tender luminousness, not elsewhere to be perceived in his writings. In his earlier plays, Shakspeare writes concerning young men and maidens, their loves, their mirth, their griefs, as one who is among them, who has a lively, personal interest in their concerns, who can make merry with them, treat them familiarly, and, if need be, can mock them into good sense. There is nothing in these early plays wonderful, strangely beautiful, pathetic about youth and its joys and sorrows. In the histories and tragedies, as was to be expected, more massive, broader, or more profound objects of interest engaged the poet's imagination. But in these latest plays, the beautiful pathetic light is always present. There are the sufferers, aged, experienced, tried—Queen Katherine, Prospero, Hermione. And over against these there are the children absorbed in their happy and exquisite egoism,—Perdita and Miranda, Florizel and Ferdinand, and the boys of old Belarius.*

In regard to structure of language and com-
 pression of thought, Hudson, in his introduction to
 the present play, observes, "Shakespeare in his policy of
 authorship just reverses that of the popular fiction-
 writers of our day. Niggard of space, prodigal of
 thought, he uses the closest compression, they the widest
 expansion: his aim is to crowd the greatest possible
 wealth of mind into a given time; theirs, to fill the
 largest possible time with a certain modicum of matter.
 . . . The Poet's structure of language and mode of

Character-
 istics of
 thought and
 language.

* *Shakspeare: his Mind and Art*, pp. 403, 406, 7, 415, 6.

expression are in keeping with this policy, and indeed took their growth under its discipline. . . . And this habit of mind, if it be the right name for it, grew upon the Poet as he became older and more himself, or more practised in his art. It may almost be said indeed that his later works would be better, if they were not so good ; they being so overcharged with life and power as rather to numb the common reader's apprehensive faculties than kindle them. . . . For average readers, he was better when less himself ; and so I have commonly found such readers preferring his earlier plays. And it is remarkable that even some of his critics and editors, especially those of the last age, thought he must have been past his prime and in the decadence of his powers, when he wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is perhaps his crowning instance of workmanship overcharged with poetic valour and potency. But, generally, in the plays of his latest period, we have his fiery force of intellect concentrating itself to the highest intensity which the language could be made to bear, and often exceeding even its utmost capacity ; while in turn the language in his use became as a thing inspired, developing an energy and flexibility and subtilty such as may well make him at once the delight and the despair of all who undertake to write the English tongue." *

Outline of the
play.

In the opening scene, laid at the court of Cymbeline, King of Britain, certain gentlemen are lamenting the order of banishment passed upon a noble Briton, Posthumus Leonatus, the hero of the play, for having married Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter. While they are in conversation, the Queen, Cymbeline's second wife, enters with Imogen and Posthumus. Though

* *Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters*, pp. 389, 90.

pretending friendship, she in reality hates them both, and it is through her machinations that the King has been induced to banish Posthumus and confine Imogen to the palace. At bottom of her hatred is the desire to ensure to Cloten, her son by a former marriage, the succession to the throne on the death of Cymbeline. This object she had at first endeavoured to effect by a marriage between him and Imogen, who, owing to the supposed death of her two brothers, is now supposed to be sole heir to the crown. Imogen, however, will have nothing to say to such an admixture of low cunning and brutality as this Cloten is; and the Queen, foiled in her original scheme, determines upon the disgrace of Imogen and banishment of Posthumus as the surest means of bringing about the result on which she has so firmly fixed her mind. The banished Posthumus, after a parting interview with Imogen, which the Queen contrives, in order by revealing it to whet the King's anger against his daughter, sets out for Rome, where we next find him in the company of several foreigners from various countries. At this meeting reference is made to a conversation the previous evening in which each of these foreigners "fell in praise of our country mistresses," Posthumus "vouching . . . his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France." Upon this an Italian, Iachimo (pronounced Yachimo), expresses his doubts as to the virtue of Imogen, averring his certainty that, if opportunity were given him, he would be able to prove her disloyalty to Posthumus. Provoked by Iachimo's doubts and sneers, Posthumus wagers the ring given him by Imogen, as a parting remembrance, against ten thousand ducats to be paid by the Italian if he should

fail in his attempt; and gives him a letter of introduction to ensure his welcome by Imogen. Iachimo proceeds to Britain, delivers his letter, and endeavours, by accusing Posthumus of disloyalty to her, to persuade Imogen to listen to his own proffers of love. These being indignantly rejected, he pretends that his slanders have been employed merely to test the strength of her love for Posthumus, and thus obtains her forgiveness. But in order that he may be able to carry back to Rome circumstantial evidence of his intimacy with Imogen, he asks her to take charge, during his stay, of a trunk, in which he pretends are "plate and jewels of rich and exquisite form" that "some dozen Romans" and Posthumus had subscribed to buy as "a present for the emperor," but in which he intends to conceal himself when it is conveyed to Imogen's charge. Imogen has this trunk placed for safety in her bedchamber; and at night, when she is asleep, Iachimo, issuing from it, takes note of various particulars in the room and about her person. Armed with this knowledge, he then returns to Rome, and by plausibly detailing what he had seen, persuades Posthumus of Imogen's disloyalty. Posthumus now determines to have Imogen put to death, and sends instructions to this effect to his faithful servant, Pisanio, whom he had left behind at the British court. In order that she may be persuaded to leave her home, and so give Pisanio the opportunity of murdering her, Posthumus encloses a second letter in which he begs her to meet him at Milford Haven, in Wales. With the object of gaining time to consider what is best to be done, and of getting Imogen away from the court and from the brutal treatment to which she is subject from the King and Queen, Pisanio shows Imogen this letter and easily

persuades her to meet Posthumus' wishes. They accordingly set out for Milford Haven, and when near to the place, Pisanio reveals the slanderous accusations and murderous instructions of Posthumus, assuring Imogen of his disbelief in the former and his innocence of all intention to carry out the latter, at the same time explaining to her his scheme to provide for her present safety. This scheme is that Imogen, disguising herself in boy's clothes, shall take service as page with Lucius, the Roman ambassador, who had been sent to Cymbeline's court to demand payment of the annual tribute due to Rome, and who was expected shortly to return with troops to punish Cymbeline's refusal. The disguise having been effected, Pisanio leaves Imogen in order to return as quickly as possible to the court and so remove all suspicion that he has had anything to do with her flight. Imogen, thus left alone, wanders about till she comes to a cave which, hungry and worn out, she enters in quest of food. This cave happens to be the home of Belarius, an old noble who, having been unjustly banished from the court, had revenged himself by carrying away with him, and educating as his own, Cymbeline's two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, now passing under the names of Polydore and Cadwal. The three, returning from hunting, enter the cave while Imogen is satisfying her hunger; and, charmed by her appearance, give her a hearty welcome. The next morning Imogen not being well, they leave her at home while they go out for their day's hunting. While thus engaged, they come upon Cloten who, having been told by Pisanio that Imogen had joined Posthumus in Wales, has set out thither in the hopes of killing Posthumus. Cloten is at once recognised by Belarius who, over-

hearing him use the word "runagates," fancies that his retreat has been discovered, and that Cloten with others are in search of him and his adopted sons. To look for these others, who are supposed to be in ambush near, Belarius and Arviragus leave Guiderius, who is then accosted by Cloten in insulting terms. Cloten's abuse is retorted by Guiderius, swords are drawn, Guiderius kills Cloten, and, later on, cutting off his head throws it into the stream. On Belarius and Arviragus returning from their fruitless search, the three make their way back to the cave, where they find Imogen apparently dead. This appearance of death had been caused by a drug which Pisanio received from the Queen as a cordial, and gave as such to Imogen. Though not poisonous, as the Queen believed when she gave it to Pisanio in the hopes that he might take some and so be removed out of her way, this drug has the property of producing a lengthened swoon. The seemingly-dead Imogen is therefore carried out for burial by Guiderius and Arviragus, laid in the ground and covered with flowers and leaves, the headless trunk of Cloten being afterwards brought by Belarius and laid at her side. Awaking shortly afterwards from her trance, Imogen is horror-struck to find by her side what she takes to be the dead body of Posthumus; for Cloten when setting out on his search had dressed himself in a suit of clothes belonging to Posthumus. In her agony she swoons upon Cloten's trunk, and is there discovered by Lucius, the Roman ambassador. On her senses returning, she is questioned by him as to her name and condition, and is taken by him into service as page. The Roman forces being now mustered are marched to London against the Britons, and in the battle that ensues are on the point of gaining a complete

victory, when Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus appearing on the field rescue Cymbeline, rally the fleeing Britons, and in the end defeat the Romans with great slaughter. Posthumus, who, disguised during the battle as "a British peasant," has fought bravely for his country and disarmed Iachimo, now resumes the Roman uniform which he had worn before it, allows himself to be taken captive, is thrown into prison, and condemned to death. The victory being assured, the principal actors in the battle are summoned to Cymbeline's tent, where Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus are knighted for their prowess. This ceremony is scarcely over when the King receives intelligence of his Queen's death, and an account of her evil intentions towards him. This is followed by the entry of Lucius, as a captive, with Posthumus, and Imogen. Belarius narrates the story of his life in Wales, and confesses his abduction of Cymbeline's sons; Iachimo unfolds his scheme against Posthumus; Imogen discovers herself as Cymbeline's daughter; she and Posthumus are reconciled; Iachimo and Belarius are forgiven, and peace is ratified between Rome and Britain.

As examples of the criticism of *Cymbeline* in the eighteenth century and at the present day, it may be interesting to compare the unsparing condemnation of Johnson with the warm eulogy of Swinburne. By the former the play is thus summed up:—"This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for

Johnson's estimate of the play compared with that of Swinburne.

detection, and too gross for aggravation." In Swinburne's opinion, "Here is depth enough with weight enough of tragic beauty and passion, terror and love and pity, to approve the presence of the most tragic Master's hand; subtlety enough of sweet and bitter truth to attest the passage of the mightiest and wisest scholar or teacher in the school of the human spirit; beauty with delight enough and glory of life and grace of nature to proclaim the advent of the one omnipotent Maker among all who bear that name. Here above all is the most heavenly triad of human figures that ever even Shakespeare brought together; a diviner three, as it were a living god-garland of the noblest earth-born brothers and love-worthiest heaven-born sister, than the very givers of all grace and happiness to their Grecian worshippers of old time over long before. The passion of Posthumus is noble, and potent the poison of Iachimo; Cymbeline has enough for Shakespeare's present purpose of 'the king-becoming graces'; but we think first and last of her who was 'truest speaker' and those who 'called her brother, when she was but their sister; she them brothers, when they were so indeed.' The very crown and flower of all her father's daughters,—I do not speak here of her human father, but her divine—the woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen. . . . I would fain have some honey in my words at parting—with Shakespeare never, but for ever with these notes on Shakespeare; and I am therefore something more than fain to close my book upon the name of the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time; upon the name of Shakespeare's Imogen." *

* *A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 226, 7.

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

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

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names
of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to
ARVIRAGUS, { Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

LACHIMO, friend to Philario,

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a
Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE : *Britain ; Rome.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*
Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter ?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king ? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too ; so is the queen,
That most desired the match ; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so ?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man !
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

20

For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think
 So fair an outward and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
 Crush him together rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : his father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30

But had his titles by Tenantius whom
 He served with glory and admired success,
 So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus ;
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 Died with their swords in hand ; for which their father,
 Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased 40
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
 And in 's spring became a harvest, lived in court—
 Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
 A glass that feated them, and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress, 50
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read

What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons : if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it : the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge 60
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago ?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear : here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you : you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

[Exit.

Imo.

O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me : you must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

90

Post.

My queen ! my mistress !

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

100

Re-enter QUEEN.*Queen.*

Be brief, I pray you :

If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.

Post.

Should we be taking leave

As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;

110

This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain
thou here

While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imo. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation :
I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen !

Imo. O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me ! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! 150

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie ! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice : where
air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome
as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him ?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, 'faith ; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him ! his body's a passable carcass, if he
be not hurt : it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt ; it went 'o the
backside the town. 11

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No ; but he fled forward still, toward
your face.

First Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your own :
but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.
Puppies !

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. 21

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she
is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her
brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen
small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been
some hurt done ! 31

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall
of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or mine
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them
but

To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him, 30
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

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

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 9

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy

battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance? 21

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans. 30

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

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 41

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

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

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified

and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 53

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 60

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle. 71

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so your brace of unprizable estimations ; the one is but frail and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 83

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlémen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first. 90

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 99

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke !

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ? 110

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 121

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay. 130

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. 136

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unsexed, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 148

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthustus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But though slow, deadly ?

Queen.

I wonder, doctor,

10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio !
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ; 30
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is 40
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box :*

Pisanio takes it up.] Thou takest up 60
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king 70
 To any shape of thy preferment such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shaked ; the agent for his master
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after, 80
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
 To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so : well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter IMOGENE.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : blest be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety
 And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir :
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich !
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 20
 Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach.

Thanks, fairest lady.

30

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo.

What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgement,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttury to such neat excellence opposed
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

40

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach.

The cloyed will,

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo.

What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

50

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [*To Pisanio*] Beseech you,
sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him: he

Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,

To give him welcome.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here, 60
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose 70
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you—which I account his—beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 80
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me : what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But 90
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul 100
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour ; then by-peeping in an eye
Basè and unglorious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time 110
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
 That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd 120
 With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield ! Be revenged ;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged !
 How should I be revenged ? If this be true,—
 As I have such a heart that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
 How should I be revenged ?

Iach. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed, 130
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have
 So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
 Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report as thou from honour, and
 Solicit'st here a lady that disdains 140
 Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio !
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say :

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assured credit. Blessed live you long !
 A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon. 150
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
 The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him ;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured 160
 To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know cannot err : the love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : take my power i' the court for
 yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns 170
 Your lord ; myself and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
 The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor ;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France : 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage : may it please you 180
 To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bedchamber.

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

Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia 190
 I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
 To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
 But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
 Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
 I have outstood my time ; which is material
 To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
 Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
 And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.**Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha ? 11

Sec. Lord. No, my lord ; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ? Would he had been one of my rank !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth : a pox on 't : I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

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

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night ? 31

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ? 41

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that 50
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked 60
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! [Exit.

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace : a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN in bed, reading ; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I priethee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods.

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye.

10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !

But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't ! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,

20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,

To note the chamber : I will write all down :

Such and such pictures ; there the window ; such

The adornment of her bed ; the arras, figures,

Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off :

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strong as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret 40
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.* 50
 One, two, three : time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
 temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when
 you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 10

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it : and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs 20
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise.

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.* 30

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief; 70
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 [*Knocks*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay, 80

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good?—the princess!

Enter IMOGENE.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
 And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: 90

If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do : 100

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against 110
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean ?— to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,—in self-figured knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave, 120
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come 130
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. 'His garment !' Now the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment !'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
 Frighted, and anger'd worse : go bid my woman
 Search for a jewel that too casually
 Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's : shrew me, 140
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning : confident I am
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search.

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clo. You have abused me :

'His meanest garment !'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir :
 If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too : 150
 She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be revenged :
 'His meanest garment !' Well. [*Exit.*

*SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
 To win the king as I am bold her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state and wish
 That warmer days would come : in these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
 Will do's commission throughly : and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,

Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return. 30

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain 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? 40

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent,
My hand
And ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80

Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece

Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves : the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,

Motion and breath left out.

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

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons —

I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90

Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour !
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,

[Showing the bracelet.

Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !

And now 'tis up again : it must be married

To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !

Once more let me behold it : is it that

Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir—I thank her—that : 100

She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and said

She prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women 110
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable she lost it; or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:

Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

—The cognizance of her incontinency

Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: 130

This is not strong enough to be believed

Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?
Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal !
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience ! You have won : 150
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-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'd ; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit : yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance !
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
 And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with 10
 A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitious, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability, 20
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all ; but rather, all ;
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

 ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
 Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it—for him
 And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame' : with shame—
 The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping—
 Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
 O giglot fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said,

there is no moe such Cæsars : other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 38

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say I am one ; but I have a hand. Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's ; which to shake off 50
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry : Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, 60
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then : war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
 Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce, 70
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
 Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold :
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
 us a day or two, or longer : if you seek us afterwards in
 other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if
 you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure,
 our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine :
 All the remain is ' Welcome !' [Exeunt. 82

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser ? Leonatus !
 O master ! what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear ! What false Italian,
 As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ? Disloyal ! No :
 She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. O my master !
 Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
 Thy fortunes. How ! that I should murder her ?
 Upon the love and truth and vows which I
 Have made to thy command ? I, her ? her blood ?
 If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do't: the letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give the opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble, 20
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars as I his characters;
 He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
 Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love: of his content,
 All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
 You bees that make these locks of council! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods! 39

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
 me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O
 the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your
 eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
 what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So
 he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,
 and your, increasing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I 50
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
 O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 To inherit such a haven: but first of all, 60
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, 70
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
 A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
 Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say; 80
 Accessible is none but Milford way.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill; 10
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,

If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you 30
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat ;
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil o' the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
 I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the search,
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure :—O boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree 60
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings nay, my leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans : so
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ; 70
 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains !
 This is not hunter's language : he that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
 To him the other two shall minister ;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !
 These boys know little they are sons to the king ; 80
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine ; and though train'd up thus
 meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father called Guiderius—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
 Into my story : say ' Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on 's neck ' ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,

Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

[*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter? 10
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdained of fortune. 20

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.' 30

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there and to think on him? 40
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him
 And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
 Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 50
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
 But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthumus, 60
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
 From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience : look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike 70
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
 Something's afore't. Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, 80
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
 And make me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find 90
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then. 100

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment ; in the which 110
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
 I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :

But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
 But that my master is abused :
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

120

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
 Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

130

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing,
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court.

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
 Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't ;
 In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee, think
 There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

140

You think of other place. The ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
 Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
 That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
 But by self-danger, you should tread a course
 Pretty and full of view ; yea, haply, near

The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh at least
 That though his actions were not visible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear
 As truly as he moves. 150

Imo. O, for such means !
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here 's the point :
 You must forget to be a woman ; change
 Command into obedience : fear and niceness—
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage :
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
 As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
 Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry. 160

Imo. Nay, be brief :
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
 'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them : would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow 170
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
 If that his head hath ear in music,—doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you, for he 's honourable
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
 You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
 Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away : 180
 There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us : this attempt
 I am soldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box ; I had it from the queen :
 What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this 190
 Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
 Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
 Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ;
 And am right sorry that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
 Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
 To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
 Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir : I desire of you
 A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
 Madam, all joy befall your grace !

Queen. And you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ; 10

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : she looks us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty :
We have noted it. Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40

And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

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

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, since last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd,
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false!

[*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her, 60
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[Exit.

Clo. I love and hate her : for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, women ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all ; I love her therefore : but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what's else rare is choked ; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall—

70

Enter PISANIO. .

Who is here ? What, are you packing, sirrah ? 80
Come hither : ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is at once,
 At the next word : no more of ' worthy lord !'
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her 100
 Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
 She's far enough ; and what he learns by this
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum !

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
 Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think. 107

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou
 wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo
 those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee
 with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee
 do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an
 honest man : thou shouldst neither want my means for thy
 relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? for since patiently and constantly
 thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus,
 thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent
 follower of mine : wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will. 120

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse. Hast any of
 thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore
 when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither :
 let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.* 127

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven !—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember 't anon :—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 140

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford : would I had wings to follow it ! Come, and be true. [Exit. 150

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss : for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness ; labour be his meed !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.**Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one :
 I have tired myself, and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think
 Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
 Here is a path to 't : 'tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards : hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother. Ho ! whose's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! [Exit, to the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :

The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury : weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay ; come not in. 40
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy !

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
 To have begg'd or bought what I have took : good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat : 50
 I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal, and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

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

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Be'. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy. 70

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours : most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in : 90
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ :
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar ! 10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

First Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of Belarius.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
and IMOGEN.*

Bel. *[To Imogen].* You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To *Imogen*] Brother, stay here
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom 10
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 sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why 20
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say
' My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprovest report !
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

[*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arr. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !

We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cuts our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50
And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

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

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arriragus.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you 70
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder, or Spider, 90
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads : 99
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad ?

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

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

Arv. In this place we left them :

I wish my brother made good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgement
Is oft the cease of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

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

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods !—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone ; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we

Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing—
 As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
 He 'ld fetch us in ; yet is 't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en 150
 His head from him : I'll throw 't into the creek
 Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :
 That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged :
 Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't ! though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
 So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges,
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
 And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done : 161
 We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ;
 You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour
 I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
 And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
 In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
 As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where 's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother : his body 's hostage
 For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my dear'st mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things 191
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

L'el. Look, here he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,
bearing her in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

200

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
Thou died'st a most rare boy, of melancholy.
.How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

210

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack

220

The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
 The azure harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd all thy breath : the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt. To the grave !

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :
 And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
 As once our mother ; use like note and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ; 240
 For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
 And though he came our enemy, remember
 He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, rotting
 Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
 That angel of the world, doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
 And though you took his life, as being a foe, 250
 Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin. [*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;

Arv. Thou hast finished joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have : 280
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gwi. We have done our obsequies : come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers : but 'bout midnight, more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again :
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

⌈ *Imo.* [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yond bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?

'Ods pittikins ! can it be six mile yet ?—

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow !—O gods and goddesses !

[Seeing the body of C'oten.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream ;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so ;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes : our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream 's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
A headless man ! The garments of Posthumus !
I know the shape of 's leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ; 310
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven ?—How !—'Tis gone. Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top ! O Posthumus ! alas, 320
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left his head on. How should this be ? Pisanio ?
 'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !
 [*Falls on the body.*]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships :
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service : and they come
 Under the conduct of noble Iachimo, 340
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc.

This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
 I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus :
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends— 350
 Unless my sins abuse my divination—
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false. Soft, ho ! what trunk is here
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How ! a page !
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead rather ;
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one 360
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ? What art
 thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas ! 370
 There is no more such masters : I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !

Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: 380
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 less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave, 390
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,
The boy has taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit an Attendant.]

A fever with the absence of her son,
 A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure and 10
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours ;
 I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing he was here :
 I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio.] We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
 Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast, with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !

I am amazed with matter.

First Lord.

Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of : come more, for more you re ready :

The want is but to put those powers in motion 31

That long to move.

Cym.

I thank you. Let's withdraw ;

And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us ; but

We grieve at chances here. Away ! [*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since

I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange :

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings ; neither know I

What is betid to Cloten ; but remain 40

Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.

Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true, to be true

These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales : before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui.

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us ? This way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts

During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going : newness
 Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd 10
 Among the bands—may drive us to a render
 Where we have lived, and so extort from's that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
 In such a time nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
 Of many in the army : many years,
 Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
 Hath not deserved my service nor your loves ;
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
 The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
 I and my brother are not known ; yourself
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
 I'll thither : what thing is it that I never
 Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison !
 Never bestrid a horse, save one that had

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 Nor iron on his heel ! I am ashamed 40
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Gwi. By heavens, I'll go :
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me by
 The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I : amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys ! 50
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
 Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long ; their blood thinks
 scorn,
 Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
 Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio !
 Every good servant does not all commands :
 No bond but to do just ones. Gods ! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
 To have them fall no more : you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey ! I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace ! 20
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is every breath a death ; and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show. 30
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't
 Revengingly enfeebles me ; or could this carl,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exit. 10

*The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is taken :
 then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
 ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the ground :
 The lane is guarded : nothing routs us but
 The villany of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight !
Arv. }

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons : they rescue
 CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and
 IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

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

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did :

Though you. it seems. come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought : the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
 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 than to commit such slaughter ; 20
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—
 Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,
 ' Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand ;
 Or we are Romans and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand.' These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many—
 For three performers are the file when all 30
 The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand.'
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example—O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners !—gan to look

The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40
 A rout, confusion thick ; forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made : and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need : having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end !
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ; 60
 For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry.

Post. Still going ? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord ! O noble
 misery,
 To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me !
 To-day how many would have given their honours
 To have saved their carcasses ! took heel to do 't,
 And yet died too ! I in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly monster, 70
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him :
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in : fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death ; 80
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

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

Post. A Roman,
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90
 Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him ; a dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
 PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives.
 The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a Gaoler : then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.*

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you ;

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaol'ers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cured By the sure physician, death, who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd More than my shanks and wrists : you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desired more than constrain'd : to satisfy ?

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20

On their abatement : that's not my desire :

For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp ;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :

You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !

I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*Sleeps.*]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS, LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them : then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the war. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law :

Whose father then, as men report

Thou orphans' father art, 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
 As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel ;
 Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
60

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.
70

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.

90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon
 an eagle ; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on
 their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
 Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts ?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;
 No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours. 100
 Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine : 110
 And so, away : no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away ! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers : but, O scorn !
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born :

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130

And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace
and plenty.' 144

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy. 150

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot. 156

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty ; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters ; so the acquittance follows. 169

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help 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.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one. 182

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

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness ! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king. 190

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found : He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arvir-
agus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this ; 40
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fen ! !
Who is't can read a woman ? Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had 50
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you : in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
 The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
 That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
 So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
 Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives 80
 May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
 Augustus lives to think on 't : and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
 With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
 Though he have served a Roman : save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say 'live boy : ' ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ? 111

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

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

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad 121
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

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

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress :
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud. [To Iachimo] Sir, step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ; 131
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him,

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ;
Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twi'x sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength :
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour !—it was in Rome,—accursed
The mansion where !—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved 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
 Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly, 160
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym.

I stand on fire :

Come to the matter.

Iach.

All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, 170
 Most like a noble lord in love and one
 That had a royal lover, took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
 He was as calm as virtue—he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
 And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it 190

Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : 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 brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent :
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I returned with simular proof enough 200
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging pictures, this her bracelet,—
 O cunning, how I got it !—nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
 Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend ! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come ! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious : it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie—
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't : the temple 220
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and
 Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen !

My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help !

Mine and your mistress ! O, my lord Posthumus ! 230

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help !

Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;

Thou gavest me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240

That box I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest : 'If Pisanio

Have' said she 'given his mistress that confection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is served

As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me 250

To temper poisons for her, still pretending

The satisfaction of her knowledge only

In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,

Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
 The present power of life, but in short time
 All offices of nature should again
 Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
 Think that you are upon a rock ; and now
 Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child !
 What, makest thou me a dullard in this act ?
 Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though you did love
 this youth, I blame ye not ;
 You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
 Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

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

Pis. My lord,
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death. By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket ; which directed him
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforced from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour : what became of him
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend !
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence : prithee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one : the wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law : thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath
 More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone ;
 They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three, 310

But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gwi. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath

Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
 For such and so they are—these twenty years
 Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I
 Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment : I moved her to 't,
 Having received the punishment before,
 For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children :
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 360
 Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
 A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
 Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now ! O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
 I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met ? O, never say hereafter
 But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
 When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting loved ;
 Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !
 When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgement
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how lived you ?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
 How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
 Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
 And all the other by-dependencies, 390
 From chance to chance ; but nor the time nor place
 Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
 Each object with a joy : the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo You are my father too, and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for 410
The purpose I then followed. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo : I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you is to spare you ;
The malice towards you to forgive you : live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing 430
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it : let him show
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus !

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.' 441

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 Which we call 'mollis aer ;' and 'mollis aer'

We term it 'mulier,' which 'mulier' I divine

Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about 450

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n,
 For many years thought dead, are now revived,
 To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well ;
 My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
 And to the Roman empire ; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
 Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
 Have laid most heavy hand.

460

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this piece. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd : which forshew'd our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

470

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together : so thorough Lud's-town march :
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
 Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*]

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NOTES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1-3. **our bloods ... king.** Our temperaments "are not more servile to all the skyey influences (*M. for M.* iii. 1. 9) than our courtiers, in their feigned looks, are to the king's blood" ... (Ingleby). 'Still seem' = ever put on an appearance. Some editors read *king's*, the first Folio giving *kings*. With *king*, the general sense is the same. Cp. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Faithful Friends*, v. 1. 7-10, "The king is discontented, and we courtiers Are like the Macedonian humourists; 'Cause Philip had a wry neck they wore theirs so, And said 'twas all the fashion."

5. **purposed to**, intended for, *i.e.* as his wife.

6. **referr'd herself**, bestowed herself upon; if the reading is right. Ingleby reads *preferr'd*, *i.e.* commended, or recommended.

12. **the match**, who especially desired to see Imogen married to her son, Cloten.

13, 4. **Although ... looks**, although they fashion the expression of their countenances in accordance with that of the king. **bent**, inclination. Cp. *Oth.* i. 1. 50, 1, "Who, trimm'd in forms and risages of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves."

16. **miss'd**, lost, failed to win.

17. **Too ... report**, of so evil a nature that no words, however bad, could be bad enough to describe him.

18. **I mean ... her**, he corrects the words he had just used, "he that hath her."

19. **And ... banish'd**, and who was in consequence banished.

20. **to seek**, if one should seek.

22. **In him ... compare**. "In the case of him who should be selected to stand the comparison" (Ingleby), who quotes *W. T.*

v. 1. 13-16, "If one by one you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparell'd."

23. *So fair ... within*, so goodly an exterior combined with such noble mental, and moral, qualities.

24. *You ... far*, you praise him very highly; with a suggestion of excess.

25. *I do ... himself*, my praise, however large, falls short rather than exceeds his merits.

26, 7. *Crush ... duly*, in what I have said, I compress rather than spread out to its full extent the nobility of his character. Though *unfold* shows that *measure* indicates length and breadth, there may be here, as in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 185, "With *measure* heaped in joy," and *R. J.* ii. 6. 24, "if the *measure* of thy joy Be heap'd like mine," an echo of *Luke* vi. 38, "good *measure*, pressed down, and shaken together ..."

28. *I cannot ... root*, I cannot trace him back to his earliest ancestors. *delve*, to dig with a spade.

29. *join his honour*, is a somewhat strange expression which Ingleby says cannot be right on account of the opposed clause, "But had his titles," etc. He follows Swynfen Jervis in reading *win* for *join*. But the meaning seems to be that though Sicilius fought honourably with Cassibelan against the Romans, he did not obtain any recognition of his services, in the way of titles, until later on he again served under Tenantius against the same enemies. In this case the antithesis between *honour* and *titles* would be an expressive one; and *join his honour against the Romans* may perhaps be defended by such expressions as "jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar," *A. C.* i. 2. 96; "Mingled his royalty with capering fools," *i. H. IV.* iii. 2. 63. Rolfe says strangely, "That is, though he had joined the party of the usurper, he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king"; which, while it fails to account for "join his honour," brings into prominence a fact on which Shakespeare does not seem to lay any stress.

31. *Tenantius*, "was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan. ... Cassibelan repulsed the Romans in their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death *Tenantius* ... was established on the throne. ... According to some authorities *Tenantius* quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth" ... (Malone). *by*, from, by means of.

33. *sur-addition*, title of honour, in which sense *addition* alone is frequent in Shakespeare. *Leonatus*, lion-born.

37. **fond of issue**, doting on the sons he had lost; not, I think, *desirous*, as Schmidt explains; for we should hardly be told that Sicilius **took ... quit being** (gave up life) unless he despaired of further issue.

39, 40. **deceased ... born**, died in giving birth to him: **The king he takes**, cp. i. *H. IV.* iii. 2. 60, "The skipping king *he* ambles up and down"; and see Abb. § 243.

42. **Breeds ... chamber**, educates him, and makes him one of his attendants in the bed chamber.

43, 4. **Puts to ... of**, puts before him, offers for his acceptance every kind of learning, instruction, that at his time of life he was capable of receiving, and this he took as eagerly as, etc. Cp. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Wild Goose Chase*, i. 3. 46, "I've *put it* (sc. instruction) *to 'em*, that's my part," said by the tutor; cp. also v. 5. 338, 9, below, and notice **ministered**, l. 45. **Learnings**, instruction, cp. *Hamlet*. v. 2. 35.

46. **And in ... harvest**, and while yet young showed himself possessed of those accomplishments which usually belong to men only of ripe age. Ingleby quotes *A. C.* v. 2. 86-88, "For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an *autumn* 'twas That grew the more by reaping."

47. **most ... loved**, highly praised by all, and yet greatly loved; not envied, as in such a position might have been expected.

48. **sample**, a doublet of 'example', in which sense it is here used; nowadays the word rarely means anything but a 'specimen.'

49. **A glass ... them**, a mirror by which they fashioned themselves; cp. *Hamlet*. iii. 1. 161, ii. *H. IV.* ii. 3. 31. **feated**, Fr. *fait, faire*, to make: **to the graver**, to men of graver, more venerable, age.

50. **to his mistress**, here the construction is changed, and **how ... him** is equivalent to 'how precious he was in her eyes.'

51. **For whom**, on whose account. **price**, value.

53. **her election**, the fact of her choosing him as her husband.

55. **Even ... report**. Merely from what you say of him.

60. **no ... knowledge**, "No guess resulting in knowledge [certainty]" (Ingleby).

63-5. **That ... them!** To think that a king's children should have been stolen in this way, should have been so carelessly guarded, and the search made after them so slow as not to be able to track them out! **convey'd**, cp. *M. W.* i. 3. 32., *R. II.* iv.

317. **For so ... that**, see Abb. § 279.

68. **forbear**, i.e. conversation.

71. **After ... stepmothers**, in accordance with the conduct slan-

derously attributed to stepmothers: **evil-eyed**, looking with malicious eye upon you.

74. **That ... restraint.** We should say either 'that caused your restraint,' or, 'that lock you up'; **keys** and **lock up** are of course used metaphorically, the queen's self-imposed duty being merely to see that Imogen and Posthumus did not meet.

76. **I will ... advocate:** I will show myself openly as your advocate.

77-9. **'twere good ... you.** It would be well that you should bow yourself to his decision with such patience as your wisdom may teach you.

80. **You ... peril.** That is, the risk incurred by your meeting.

84, 5. **How ... wounds!** With what a dainty and seemingly harmless touch she inflicts her wounds! Her malice is like the bite of the asp, which scarcely does more than tickle the flesh, and yet is so deadly.

86. **something, somewhat.**

87. **Always ... duty.** So far as I may say so without abandoning that dutiful submission which as a daughter I owe to him: cp. Desdemona's words to her father, Brabantio, "you are the lord of *duty*," etc., *Oth.* i. 3. 184, etc.

90. **not ... live,** having no comfort to sustain me in living.

94. **more tenderness, i.e. weakness** manifested by tears; cp. *Haml.* iv. 7. 190, iv. 7. 10, *T. N.* ii. 1. 41, 2, *H. V.* iv. 6. 30-2.

101. **Though ... gall.** That is, though the ink, etc. One of the chief ingredients in the ink of former days was vegetable gall.

104-6. **I never ... offences.** I never sin against him in any way without his having to pay heavily for a reconciliation after our quarrel; so complete is his subjugation that instead of my having, as the offender, to purchase my pardon of him, it is he, the injured one, who has to sue to me. Hudson plausibly puts a semi-colon after **injuries**, omitting that after **friends**.

108. **loathness, reluctance,** as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 130, *A. C.* iii. 11. 18, not so strong a word as *loathing*. **depart, part.**

111. **too petty,** not sufficiently serious; too lightly made.

112. **heart, my own heart,** dear to me as my life's blood.

113. **But, only.**

116, 7. **And sear ... death!** And prevent me by death from ever embracing another wife. In **sear up** and **bonds of death** there may be a reference to the *cere cloth*, often spelt *sear cloth*, which was used as a shroud for the dead. But *sear up*, i.e. close by burning, as a wound, may be all that was intended.

118. *sense*, the capacity of feeling. *it*, should, grammatically, be *thee*; Malone quotes *J. C.* iii. 1. 30, "Casca, you are the first that rears *your hand*," and iii. 3. 105, below.

121. *I still ... you*: I get the better in the exchange.

122. *manacle*, properly, that which binds the *hand*.

124. *When ... again?* Dyce compares *T. C.* iv. 4. 59; Ingleby *H. VIII.* i. 1. 2, "How have we done since last *we saw* in France?"; and, below, i. 4. 36, "Sir, *we have known together* in Orleans." Add *A. C.* ii. 6. 86.

126. *thou fraught*, subj., shouldest burden: the subs. is used by Shakespeare lit. for 'freight,' cargo, *Temp.* v. 1. 61, and met. for 'load,' *Oth.* iii. 3. 449.

129. *the good remainders*, the worthy men who remain at court, in opposition to himself who is banished from it.

132. *repair*, renovate; cp. *A. W.* i. 2. 30.

132, 3. *thou heap'st ... me*. Hamner printed "heapest many," etc. Ingleby conjectures "heapest *Years of age upon*."

134, 5. *Harm ... wrath*, i.e. it is no use your storming in this way, for I am insensible to your wrath, and you will only injure yourself by giving way to it. *a touch*, "a more exquisite feeling" (Steevens); "a smart or throe more exquisite (Staunton).

137. *that way ... grace*. Only in that sense past grace, i.e. in the matter of that behaviour which a daughter should show to her father; cp. *Lear*, i. 1. 88, 9.

139. *O blest ... not!* Rather blest that to take him was impossible to me!

140. *a puttock*, the name is sometimes given to the kite, sometimes to the common buzzard; in either case a bird of inferior species to an eagle.

146, 7. *overbuys .. pays*. In buying me (met.) gives more than what I am worth by almost the whole amount he pays.

149. *a neat-herd*, one who tends cattle; *neat*, cattle, oxen, "so named from their usefulness and employment.—A.S. *neotan*, *niotan*, to use, employ," Skeat (*Ety. Dict.*); cp. *pecuniary*, from Lat. *pecunia*, property, from *pecus*, cattle, the wealth of ancient times consisting in cattle.

153. *pen her up*, confine her to her room. *beseech your patience*, i.e. I beseech, or let me beseech, etc.

156. *Out of ... advice*, by reflecting carefully upon the matter. Cf. *H. V.* ii. 2. 43; *M. M.* v. 1. 469; *T. C.* ii. 4. 207.

157. *A drop ... day*. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 154, "May his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day!" a drop, the acc. of measure.

157, 8. **and, being ... folly!** and when she comes to old age, may her death be due to her indulging in this foolish passion for Posthumus.

158. **Fie, ... way,** you must submit to his anger; though the exclamation of disgust applies rather to the King's outburst of anger.

160. **drew ... master,** that is, drew his sword on him, attacked him with his sword.

163. **And ... anger,** and owed nothing to the help of anger.

166. **To draw.** To think of your son attacking one who was already sufficiently punished by banishment! What a brave fellow he must be!

167. **in Afric, i.e.** in a desolate place. Cp. *Macb.* iii. 4. 104, "And dare me to the *desert* with my sword"; and *Cor.* iv. 2. 23-5.

168. **by, present. prick,** urge on to the combat.

171. **To bring him,** to accompany him as escort.

172. **Of what ... to,** as to the obedience which I should render.

174. **lay mine honour, stake or pledge** mine honour.

176. **walk awhile,** leave us for the present.

SCENE II.

1. **to shift a shirt,** to change your underlinen.

3, 4. **there's none ... vent.** Ingleby, who reads 'unwholesome,' says, "The first lord's advice is to change for the better; and therefore he is bound to say 'There's none (*i.e.* no air) abroad so *unwholesome,*' etc." But this surely quite misses the point. Such a wholesale courtier as the first lord would not be likely to tell Cloten that the air he vented was unwholesome. His point is that the air without is not so wholesome as that which from the violence of action evaporates from Cloten's body; and as **where air comes out, air necessarily comes in,** it is advisable for Cloten to change his shirt, and dry himself to prevent his taking a chill from the cold without.

5. **If my .. shift it,** if my shirt, etc., then it would be well to change it; but as it is not, there is no need to do so.

7. **not so much ... patience,** you have not even so much as tried his patience, much less wounded him.

8, 9. **his body's ... hurt.** "Cp. Ariel's defiance to the two brothers, in *T.* iii. 3. 61-4.... The sense is, if Posthumus be not hurt, his body must be one that cannot be wounded, though penetrable; if his body be not wounded, it is 'a thoroughfare for steel'; implying that Cloten had thrust him through and through" (Ingleby).

10, 11. **His steel ... town.** His sword did not venture to pay back the thrusts of Posthumus' sword; but shrunk out of the way like a debtor taking the back streets of a town in order to avoid meeting his creditor.

12. **stand me, meet my attacks.**

13, 4. **No; ... face.** Steevens quotes *T. C.* iv. 1. 19, 20.

16. **gave you some ground.** To 'give ground' is to yield before a person; herewith a pun. For **having**=possession, property, cp. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 396.

17. **As many ... oceans,** that is, none at all.

20, 1. **till you ... ground.** Delius compares *Lear*, i. 4. 101 "If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry."

23, 4. **If it be ... damned,** if it be a sin to choose wisely in taking a husband, then certainly she is damned for having preferred Posthumus to you. **election,** with a play upon the Biblical use of the word in such phrases as "to make your calling and election sure," ii. *Peter* i. 10; "For the *elect* sake those days shall be shortened," *Matt.* xxiv. 22.

25, 6. **her beauty ... together,** do not go hand in hand together; the former far outruns the latter.

26, 7. **she's a good ... wit,** outwardly she is handsome enough, but the beauty of her person is not reflected in her mind. Cp. below, i. 6, 15-7, "All of her *that is out of door* most rich! If she be furnished with a *mind so rare*, She is alone the Arabian bird." Steevens sees an allusion to the signs outside the doors of tradesmen, etc., which generally "had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism" underneath them.

28, 9. **lest ... her,** lest she should be injured by the beams of her wit being thrown back from the surface of folly.

32, 3. **unless it ... hurt,** unless it had been your fall, which would have mattered little.

SCENE III.

1. **I would ... haven,** probably the idea is that of a limpet clinging to the rocks on the sea coast.

3, 4. **'twere ... is.** Most modern editors seem satisfied with Steeven's explanation; "the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal." He compares *A. W.* v. 3. 58, "Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried." Ingleby thinks this a straining of the passage. "Imogen, he says, is simply declaring that Posthumus' letter would be to her as an offer of mercy, alleviating her present anxiety on his account; and if the letter be lost the offer of

mercy is lost also."... It is difficult to believe that the words "as offered mercy is" would bear this meaning. Possibly we might read "'twere a *proper loss*."

8-10. **for so long ... others.** The folios read "*his eye or ear*." Warburton's conjecture '*this eye*' (as though Pisanio, when relating the events, pointed to his own eye and ear) has been generally accepted by the editors. But what has *ear* to do with the passage? All the signs made by Posthumus are in dumb show, by waving his glove, or hat, or handkerchief; and in no way appeal to the hearing of Pisanio. With the conjecture I have ventured upon, the meaning will be so long as he could make me out, see me at all, and I could distinguish him from the sailors, etc., on board, etc. 'Eye' and 'ear' are so constantly coupled that the latter word might easily have crept in from carelessness on the part of the copyist. *made*, l. 14, is used in no very different sense, and looks like a reference to Pisanio's words here.

10, 11. **did keep the deck, remained on deck.**

12-4. **as the fits ... ship.** In such a manner as his emotions might best express the lingering reluctance of his heart, so different from the swiftness of the vessel that bore away his body.

14-6. **Thou ... him.** You should not have ceased to gaze after him until he had become to your sight as small as a crow, or smaller. **ere left to**, before you left off gazing. Steevens compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 13, 14.

17. **eye-strings.** "These are supposed to be the tendons which move the eye-ball; but in this place the word is more applicable to the nerve-fibres which contract and expand the pupil"... (Ingleby). With Staunton I would transpose *broke* and *crack'd*. **but to**, rather than not; cp. iii. 6. 70. "I should woo hard *but* be your groom."

18, 9. **till the ... needle**, till distance had made him seem no bigger than the point of my needle. **diminution of space**, "the diminution of which space is the cause" (Johnson); for **space** = distance, cp. *A. W.* i. 1. 237, "The mightiest *space* in fortune nature brings To join like likes."

24. **next vantage**, first opportunity.

25. **I did not**, etc. I had not time to take my leave of him in the way I should have wished, for before I could, etc., my father comes in (l. 35) and, etc.

29. **The shes of Italy**, the ladies of Italy; *she* as a substantive is frequent in Shakespeare.

29, 30. **should not ... honour**, should entrap him into surrendering the claims I have upon him, and his own honour.

32. To encounter ... orisons, "Meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in *Macb.* iii. 4. 9, 'See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks'" (Steevens).

33. I am ... him; "My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf" (Steevens).

34, 5. which I ... words, which I had intended giving him between the utterance of two "magical or enchanted words to preserve him from evil" (Staunton); and to the same effect Hudson, though perhaps charming means nothing more than 'sweet,' 'loving.' In 'set ... words,' the metaphor probably is from the 'setting' of jewels.

36. tyrannous breathing, pitiless blast. Ingleby compares iii. 3. 61-4, below.

37. Shakes ... growing. Roughly puts an end to our farewells.

SCENE IV.

STAGE DIRECTION. Iachimo. "Probably borrowed from Italian *Giacomo*. It should be pronounced as a trisyllable *Yachimo*" (Staunton).

2. of a crescent note, "of increasing reputation, or, of great promise" (Ingleby).

2, 3. expected ... name of. Expected to prove himself of such worthiness as he has since been accredited with.

3-6. But I could ... items. But I could then have contemplated his excellence without calling in the aid of wonder even though an inventory of his various gifts had been set down by his side, and it had been for me to go through them item by item.

4. without the help of admiration, without owing anything to admiration (cp. above, i. 1. 163); a sarcastic equivalent for 'without admiration, or wonder,' though possibly with an allusion to the use of a magnifying glass as a help to the full appreciation of a thing.

5. In the catalogue there is an allusion to the exhibition of articles of value or interest in museums, etc., with a detailed description attached to them, or placed by them. Delius compares *T. N.* i. 5. 262-7. "The modern use of *item* as a substantive is due to the old use of it in enumerating particulars. Properly it is an adverb meaning 'also' or 'likewise' ... from Lat. *item*, in like manner, likewise, also' ... (Skeat, *Dict. s.v.*)

7. less furnished, less richly endowed. makes him, i.e. makes him up, constitutes him as a whole; somewhat similar is the expression, "being scarce *made up* to man," i.e. full grown, iv. 2. 109, below.

11. could behold ... he. That is, could look upon him without being dazzled by the splendours of his qualities. Cp.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 226, "What peremptory eagle-sighted eye Dares look upon the heaven of her brow, That is not blinded by her majesty."

12, 3. **wherein ... own**, in respect to which he is naturally estimated by the greatness of her value rather than of his own. **must be**, cannot help being, etc., not, *should* be estimated.

13, 4. **words him ... matter**. Causes him to be spoken of in terms very wide of the reality. For **words him** Ingleby compares 'story him,' l. 34, below, and 'reword,' *Hamlet*. iii. 4. 142.

15. **And then his banishment**. "The Frenchman would have added 'has won him sympathy'" (Ingleby).

16. **of those**, to be joined with **under her colours**, those who serve under her flag, *i.e.* those of her party, side, **divorce**, separation.

17. **are wonderfully ... him**; tends to confer upon him a higher reputation than he can justly claim; for **extend**, cp. i. l. 24, above. For the confusion of proximity in **are**, see Abb. § 412.

18, 9. **be it but ... quality**, even if given only in order to confirm her judgment, which otherwise might easily be impugned for choosing a beggar without greater recommendations than belong to him. In regard to *less*, Malone remarks, "Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakespeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means."... He quotes *W. T.* iii. 2. 55-8, "I ne'er heard yet That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did Than to perform it first"; *Lear*, ii. 4. 140-2, "You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty." Similarly *Macb.* iii. 6. 8-10, "Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father," where 'cannot want' should be 'can want.'

20, 1. **How ... acquaintance?** In what way did the acquaintance between you come about? **creeps** does not here seem to have any notion of slowness, still less of secrecy: possibly a misprint for *breeds*.

24, 5. **suits ... to**, is suitable to, is befitting towards.

25. **of your knowing**, of your social experience.

26. **be better known**, become better acquainted with him, grant him your friendship.

28. **story him**, sing his praises; cp. above, l. 16, "words him."

30. **we have known together**, have been acquainted with each other; cp. *A. C.* ii. 6. 86.

32. **which I will ... still**. Malone quotes *A. W.* iii. 7. 16, and *Sonn.* xxx. 12. For the ellipse in **will be to**, see Abb. § 405.

34. **atone**, reconcile, make *at one*, as frequently in Shakespeare.
35. **put together**, set to fight. **mortal**, deadly.
36. **importance**, matter, occasion; not, as Steevens and Malone say, *importunity*; though the word is so used in other passages.
- 38, 9. **rather shunned ... experiences**: in the confidence of youth I was more anxious to avoid conforming to general opinion, than to allow myself (as I should have done if I had been wiser,) to be guided by the experience of others.
40. **mended judgement**, riper judgment.
42. **Faith**, yes, oh, assuredly it was too insignificant to, etc.
43. **such two**, such a pair; see Abb. § 427. **confounded**, destroyed.
45. **with manners**, without rudeness.
- 46, 7. **which may ... report**, which certainly (without contradiction) as it was a public dispute, may endure to be publicly spoken about, *i.e.* without a breach of good manners.
48. **fell out**, happened, occurred.
49. **fell in praise**, took to praising; more commonly 'into' instead of 'in,' or the gerundive with *a* (*i.e.* *on*), "as he falls *a* capering," *M. V.* i. 2. 65, "the people fell *a* shouting," *J. C.* i. 2. 222. **our country mistresses**, ladies of our own nation.
50. **vouching ... affirmation**, maintaining—with a pledge to prove his words by combat—his, etc.
51. **constant-qualified**, endowed with the virtue of constancy. Delius and Ingleby retain the reading of the folios, "Constant, qualified," the latter explaining **qualified** by "having all good qualities," and referring, among other passages, to v. 5. 166, 7, below.
52. **less attemptable**, less easily assailed with any chance of the attempt being successful. **any the rarest**, any, even the rarest.
55. **by this**, by this time. **worn out**, *i.e.* given up.
56. **She holds ... mind**. She retains her virtue, and I my opinion of it.
57. **You must ... Italy**. It will not do for you to prefer, etc. : said in order to draw him on.
59. **abate her nothing**, would not by a jot, or tittle, qualify the praise I had given her; **nothing**, in no way, no degree.
- 59, 60. **though I ... friend**. "Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. . . . I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than

the raptness of a lover" (Steevens). **friend** = lover, is frequent in Shakespeare.

61-3. **As fair ... Britain.** The Frenchman had said that Posthumus when in France declared his mistress to be "*more fair, virtuous,*" etc. In reference to this Iachimo says, "Even to have declared that she was *as fair* and *as good* as any lady in Italy, would have been to give her higher praise than could be due to any lady in Britain." a **kind ... comparison**, an ordinary form of comparison in which the terms *fair* and *good* are blended together.

64, 5. **I could not but believe.** The folios read "I could not believe"; Malone inserted **but**, and has been followed by nearly all modern editors.

66. **nor you the lady.** Nor have you seen the lady who excels all other ladies.

69. **enjoys, possesses:** it is not of course for the intrinsic value of the ring that Posthumus speaks of it in these terms, but because it is the pledge of Imogen's love.

70. For **paragon**, see note on ii. 2. 17, below.

71. **outprized, outvalued.**

73, 4. **merit ... gift,** any one worthy of the gift.

78. **in title,** she may be yours in name.

80, 1. **so your ... casual,** so in regard to these two things which you set above all value, the one is liable to sin, and the other to mischance: for **estimations** = things of worth, things highly valued, cp. *T. C.* ii. 2. 91, "Beggar the *estimation* which you prized Richer than sea and land": Shakespeare constantly pluralizes abstr. nouns when used in a concr. sense. **Unprizable**, here = beyond all estimate, is in *T. A.* v. 1. 58, used as = valueless.

81, 2. **a that way ... courtier,** a courtier skilled in deceiving, misleading, women ("framed to make women false," *Oth.* i. 3. 404). **would hazard,** would undertake.

85. **to convince,** to overcome, as frequent in Shakespeare.

85, 6. **if, in the ... frail.** If in using the word "frail," you are referring to her maintaining or abandoning her virtue.

88. **Let us leave here,** let us break off here; as frequently in Shakespeare without an obj. or an adv.

90. **we are ... first.** A sarcastic way of saying, 'He has quickly become "better known" to me, as you requested him, and has shown his friendliness by questioning the virtue of my mistress even at our first meeting.' For **at first**, see Abb. § 90.

91, 2. **I should get ground,** get an advantage over.

92, 3. **even yielding**, even to such an extent that she would yield herself to my desires.

93. **to friend**, for friend; see Abb. § 189.

95. **moiety**, half; Lat. *medietas*.

96. **something**, somewhat.

97. **I make ... reputation**: it is not so much against her reputation that I make this wager as against your over-confidence in it.

98, 9. **to bar ... world**, and in order that you may not be offended at my proposing this wager, I say that it is not against your mistress in particular, but against all women in the world, that I would undertake the attempt.

100. **abused ... persuasion**, deceived by over confidence in yourself.

101, 2. **by your attempt**, goes with **sustain**, which is subj.: see Abb. § 368.

104, 5. **though ... more**, though your attempt *would*, etc.: subj. again.

107. **as it was born**, *i.e.* suddenly, be dropped at once.

108. **put my estate**, staked, wagered my estate.

109. **approbation**, proof.

111. **whom in ... safe**. A confusion between 'who you think stands' and 'whom you think to stand,' etc. See Abb. § 410.

112. **that, commend, etc.**, that, provided you commend, etc., I will, etc. Ingleby says that *and* has no grammatical standing here; but it is rather a confusion of construction, owing to intervening words, between 'I will lay you, etc., that I will bring,' and 'commend me, etc., and I will bring,' etc., I lay you ten thousand ducats on that: **lay you**, 'you,' indirect object.

116. **gold to it**, gold against gold.

118. **You are afraid**. The folios have "You are a friend," which Delius retains. Ingleby reading "*her* friend," explains "you are *her* lover, and therefore know her well, and how much you can wager on her honour." **afraid** is Warburton's conjecture, and is adopted by most modern editors.

118, 9. **If you buy ... dram**, *i.e.* however dearly you may buy it: though you gave a million ducats for a dram of it.

120, 1. **but I see ... fear**. But I see that you have so much conscience in you at all events that you fear.

122. **a custom ... tongue**, a way you have of talking.

122, 3. **you bear ... purpose**, your intentions are more serious than your words.

124. **I am master ... speeches**, know well what I am saying; can control my tongue, and do not speak at random. For **master**,

cp. *H. V.* ii. 4. 137, "Between the promise of his greener days
And these he *masters* now." **undergo**, undertake what I have
said.

126, 7. **I shall ... return**, in making this wager I shall but be
lending my, etc.

127, 8. **my mistress ... thinking**: the virtue of my mistress
exceeds in measure the baseness of your opinion of her, huge as
that baseness is.

130. **I will ... lay**. I insist upon its being no wager.

131-6. **If I bring ... entertainment**. As, according to the text,
there is only *one* condition stated, and that stated twice over,
Warburton would read, "If I bring you sufficient, etc. (omitting
no) ... my ten thousand ducats are *mine*," etc.

133, 4. **in such ... trust in**, in the possession of that chastity
which you so firmly believe to be hers.

136. **more free**, for my hearty welcome, **more** has little force
here.

138. **you shall answer**, shall have to answer to me in person.

139. **directly**, plainly.

142, 3. **assault ... to**, the attack you have made upon.

146. **lawful counsel**, the proper legal functionary, the public
notary.

146, 7. **lest the bargain ... starve**, "lest the wager which was
laid in the heat of the dispute should be declared off, when the
disputants have had time for cool reflection. Cp. *M.* iv. 1. 54,
'This deed I'll do before my purpose cool'; and *T. N.* iii. 4.
144. 5" (Ingleby)

150. **Will this hold**, hold good, last, not be broken off.

151. **will not from it**, will not depart from the wager, will
hold to it.

SCENE V.

2. **note**, memorandum.

5. **Pleaseth ... ay**: yes, if it so pleases you.

6. **without offence**, if I may say so without offending you.

9. **Which ... death**, which provoke, bring on a, etc. **but though
slow deadly**, i.e. the drugs which, though slow in their operation,
are deadly.

12. **learn'd me**, taught me.

13-5. **yea, so ... confections**, and have taught me to so good
result that even the king often humbly asks me for the drugs
that I have compounded according to your directions.

16-8. **is't not ... conclusions?** Is it not well that I should increase my knowledge by further experiments. Ingleby points out "the term (**conclusions** for 'experiments') was logical, and the experiments were really made to prove one of the premises." He quotes *Hamlet*. iii. 4. 195; and Malone, *A. C.* v. 2. 358. On the sequence of tenses, see Abb. § 370.

20. **but none human, but on no human beings.**

21. **To try ... them,** to ascertain the strength of their properties. **their act,** their action upon the bodily organization: cp. *Oth.* iii. 3. 328, "poisons, Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, But with a little *act* upon the blood, Burn like the mines of sulphur."

22. **Allayments, alleviations, correctives.**

25, 6. **the seeing ... infectious.** Your observation of the effects of these poisons will be both disgusting to you and dangerous in the way of infection, i.e. by their being taken up into her system. **noisome,** annoying, "from M.E. *noy* ... a mere contraction of M.E. *anoy* ... from the Lat. phrase *in odio habere*" (Skeat, *Dict.*). **content thee,** do not alarm yourself about that.

28. **first work;** make my first experiment. **he's for his,** etc., he is loyal to his master's interests.

31. **Take .. way.** Go where you will.

32. **But ... harm.** That is, I will take care of that by not trusting you with any poisonous drugs. For **Hark thee,** see Abb. § 212.

33. **I do not like her.** I am uneasy as to her motives, intentions.

35. **of her malice,** as malicious as she is.

36. **damn'd nature,** hateful properties.

38. **she'll prove on,** she will first test upon, etc.

39. **Then ... higher:** and so will gradually proceed to higher organizations till she comes to the human body.

41, 2. **More .. reviving.** Beyond the result that the senses of those upon whom she makes experiments will for a time be reduced to a lethargy, only to become more fresh when the effect wears off.

43, 4. and I ... her. Ingleby compares iii. 5. 163, 4, and iv. 3. 42. Contrast Tennyson, *Lancelot and Elaine*, ii. 871, 2—

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

47. **quench,** become cool: **instructions,** words of good advice; cp. *M. V.* i. 2. 16, "it is a good divine that follows his own *instructions*."

48. **now possesses**, holds possession, *i.e.* of her mind.

52. **He speechless**, are at the point of death, are at as low an ebb as they can possibly be.

54. **his being**, appears to mean his manner of life; Johnson explains, "his abode"; Ingleby, "his condition or location," which is ambiguous.

56, 7. **And ... in him**. And every day that comes, comes with no other result than to waste the work of a day, so far as he is concerned; the only result of one day following another is that much time is spent by him to no account. Ingleby takes the construction of the latter clause to be, "a day's work in him comes to decay": but the order of the words seems to be against this. **decay** is used transitively in *T. N.* i. 5. 82, "infirmity that *decays* the wise, doth ever make the better fool."

57-60. **What shalt ... him?** What profit can you possibly hope for in attaching yourself to one who is himself tottering to his fall, whom nothing can ever restore to his former position, and who has no friends who can even keep him from becoming a complete ruin?

61. **but take ... labour**, keep it as a reward for the trouble you have taken in picking it up.

63, 4. **I do not ... cordial**. I know of nothing more restorative in its power, more comforting to the heart.

65. **an earnest**, something paid beforehand in pledge of future favours, etc.

67. **do't ... thyself**. That is, not as something suggested by me.

68-70. **Think ... thee**. Think what a lucky chance it is on which you transfer your services, what good fortune will probably be the result of such a transfer of your services; bear in mind moreover that you still have your mistress as before, and, besides her, my son, whose favourable regard will thus be ensured: **to boot**, into the bargain, for an advantage: *A.S.* *bot*, profit.

71, 2. **To any ... desire**. We should now say either, 'To any shape, etc., that thou wilt desire,' or, 'To such shape as thou,' etc., *i.e.* to any kind of advancement that you may wish.

73. **That ... desert**, that urged you to deserve this.

77, 8. **And the ... lord**. "One who, on her lord's behalf, keeps her in remembrance of her hand-fast to him: *i.e.* who makes her remember 'to hold (maintain) the hand-fast to her lord.' 'Remembrancer' like 'agent' is a law term. There used to be three officers of the state, so called ... 'Handfast' ... *gyve*, hold, prison, bond; especially a marriage bond" ... (Ingleby).

79, 80. **shall quite ... sweet**, "shall deprive her of Pisanio, the only resident at court who safeguards the interests of her absent husband. The expression is intentionally exaggerated and high-flown. The Queen sarcastically pretends that Posthumus is a foreign power, represented at Imogen's court by several resident ambassadors ... *for her sweet*. The Queen sneeringly alludes to Posthumus, not as Imogen's husband, but as 'her sweet,' i.e. the man she is supposed to have addressed and spoken of as 'my sweet,' the ordinary term of endearment between lovers ... Note the equivalent expressions in ll. 76 and 80: 'agent for his master' = 'lieger for *her* sweet' ... 'Lieger' = resident ambassador at a foreign court (usually leiger ambassador), and therefore agent for his own lord" ... (Ingleby). On *leiger*, see Skeat, *Dict. s.v. ledger*.

80-2. **and which ... too**. And this, unless she bow herself to my will, she too may make sure of tasting.

82. **So, so, very good**.

85. **And shall do**, and so I will.

86, 7. **But ... myself**, i.e. I will never do it.

SCENE VI.

1. **step-dame**, stepmother; cp. i. l. 71, above.

3. **That ... banish'd**, not 'has banished her husband,' but 'has a husband who is banished.'

4, 5. **My supreme ... of it!** "The greatest and crowning sorrow of that grief, whose lesser tributaries are the three just specified: cruelty, falsity, and folly = those repeated vexations of it." Cp. ii. l. 61-7 *infra*, and *Oth.* i. l. 72, "Yet throw such charges of vexation on it." Also Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, st. 76, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow" (Ingleby).

6. **happy!** how happy I should have been!

6, 7. **but most ... glorious**, but most wretched are those whose ambition is lofty. Steevens quotes *T. of A.* iv. 2. 30, and *H. VIII.* ii. 3. 81.

7-9. **blest be ... comfort**. Happy are those, however lowly their condition, whose honest desires are gratified, which (i.e. the gratification of their honest desires) gives a relish to their comfort. **honest** is here contrasted with **glorious**. Ingleby thinks **seasons sweet** means "sweetens and keeps sweet"; possibly. **Who may this be?** who can this be? **Fie**, here an exclamation of surprise.

11. **Change you, madam?** Do you change colour at seeing me? are you afraid that I bring some bad news? but, as Ingleby

remarks, "a very abrupt ... mode of greeting any lady, seen for the first time, and here a princess of the blood."

14. You're ... welcome, you are very welcome.

15. All ... rich? see above, i. 4. 9, 10. Ingleby compares *J. C.* iii. 2. 183, and *W. T.* ii. 1. 69.

17. the Arabian bird, the Phoenix. Cp. *Temp.* iii. 3. 23, *Samson Agonistes*, 1703-5.

21. Rather ... fly. Or rather, I shall fly at once without attempting fight.

22. noblest note, most noted for the nobility of his nature.

23. infinitely tied, bound to him by the strongest ties of friendship on account of his many kindnesses.

23, 4. Reflect ... accordingly, estimate him accordingly.

24. trust. The editors are divided between trust, the reading of the Folios, with a dash to mark an interval between that word and Leonatus, the signature of the letter, and truest, Leonatus, where truest (Mason's conjecture) goes with the signature. In the former case trust means the trust she had accepted in marriage. In the latter so far must mean 'so much.' In neither case will the extract be the beginning of the letter.

27. takes it thankfully, receives it as a cordial.

29. and shall, and you shall.

32. the rich crop. Possibly this expression includes everything originally created in, and everything produced by, land and sea; their wealth of scenery as well as their wealth of produce. Thus we have the vaulted arch to represent what is heavenly, the rich crop Of sea and land to represent what is earthly. But I am more inclined to take the rich crop to mean the twinn'd stones upon the number'd beach (which beach belongs partly to the sea, partly to the land); rich being merely equivalent to 'plenteous.' The glorious beauty of the stars will thus be contrasted with the common pebbles on the seashore, as Imogen's beauty and virtue are contrasted with the coarseness and vice of the women that are in Iachimo's thoughts.

34. twinn'd stones, as like as twins.

35. number'd beach, numerous beach, i.e. numerous with stones. Theobald conjectured "th' unnumber'd beach."

35, 7. and can ... foul? and can we not, with such precious instruments of sight, distinguish between, etc.

37. What .. admiration? What is it that causes you this wonderment?

38-40. It cannot ... other, the defect cannot be in the eye. for even apes and monkeys would not hesitate between what was so

fair and what so foul to sight (*i.e.* between Imogen and such women as Iachimo afterwards speaks of); but would show their appreciation of the one and their disgust at the other, by eager chattering in the former case and by grimaces in the latter: **mows**, grimaces, cp. *Temp.* iv. 1. 47, *Hamlet*. ii. 2. 381, for the subs., and *Temp.* ii. 2. 9, *Lear*, iv. 1. 64, for the verb.

40-2. **nor i' the ... definite**, nor can the defect be in the judgment, for even idiots in debating such a question of charm, fascination, would distinguish with wisdom and precision. **Favour** is rather grace, charm of manner, attraction, than beauty, as Schmidt and Rolfe take it; beauty appealing to the eye, grace to the judgment, neatness of person and dress to the appetite.

42-5. **nor i' the ... feed**, nor again can the defect be in the sensual desires, for tawdry slovenliness (such as he pretends that Posthumus now prefers) when contrasted with such modest propriety of attire (as that to be seen in Imogen) would cause desire to vomit without bringing up anything, not being allured to feed on such rank garbage. **vomit emptiness**, because it had not been satisfied, had not had its stomach filled with anything.

46. **trow?** When "added to questions, expressive of contemptuous or indignant surprise; nearly=*I wonder*" (Schmidt, *Lex. s. v.*). Cp. *M. A.* iii. 4. 59.

46-9. **The cloyed ... garbage**. The surfeited desire (that tub both filled and at the same time, from its overflowing, requiring to have more poured into it), having first devoured the lamb (*i.e.* delicate food), afterwards hungers after offal. Ingleby compares *Macb.* iv. 3. 63. **ravening**, devouring ravenously; cp. *M. M.* i. 2. 133, "thriftless ambition that will *ravin* up Thine own life's means": the *M. E. ravine*, from which the verb comes, mod. *E. ravine, rapine* are all the same words.

50. **Thus raps you?** Causes such a state of ecstasy in you, so transports you? The past participle *rapt* is frequent in Shakespeare.

51, 2. **desire ... him**: bid him stay where I left him.

53. **strange and peevish**, a stranger to the place and not so wise as he might be; for **peevish**, cp. *M. W.* i. 4. 14.

55. **His health ... you?** How is his health, pray tell me?

58. **none ... there**, not a single person there; see Abb. §§ 53 and 85.

63, 4. **one ... monsieur**, one who is a man of distinction in his country.

65, 6. **he furnaces ... him**, he breathes forth his sighs in rapid succession like blasts from a furnace. Cp. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 148, "And then the lover, Sighing like *furnace*." **Gallian**, *i.e.* Gallic, French.

67. **laughs ... lungs**, laughs heartily, freely.

68. **Can ... hold**. Surely I shall burst with laughter at the thought that a man, etc. Cp. *T. C.* i. 3. 176-8.

69. **By history ... proof**, from the teachings of history, from hearsay among his fellow men, or from personal experience.

70, 1. **what she ... be**, what she cannot help being; **must** is superfluous. **his free hours**, during his, etc.; while he is still free.

78-81. **In himself ... too**. Heaven's bounty to him is abundant in regard to what is *inherent in himself* (e.g. noble descent, heroic character, manifold accomplishments), while in regard to you, whom I look upon *as belonging to him*, it is beyond all limit; but while I am on this account compelled to wonder, I am also compelled to pity: **beyond all talents**, beyond all wealth; the *talent* was among the Greeks both a *weight* and a *sum* of money; see Trench, *On the Study of Words*, s.v.

84, 5. **what wreck ... pity?** what sign of ruin do you discover in me that invites your pity?

84, 5. **Lamentable! ... snuff?** It is enough to make one weep to think that a man should prefer, as Posthumus does, to hide himself from the radiant beams of the sun, and find comfort in the glimmering light of a candle in a dungeon: the **snuff** is literally that part of the wick of a candle which is snuffed off when its capacity for burning is exhausted; connected with *snip*, and *snub*; **me**, ethical dative.

89, 90. **That others ... your**. 'I pity you that others should enjoy what rightly belongs to you alone,' he was about to say, but interrupts himself in order to further excite her distrust.

93. **Something ... me**, something about me or in which I have an interest.

94-8. **Since doubting ... stop**. Since the fear that things are going ill often causes more pain than the certainty (for evils of which one is certainly assured are either past cure, or being known in time their remedy is then discovered), I pray you to say plainly what is that cause for distrust which at one moment you seem so eager to utter, while, at the next, you so sharply rein in your thoughts. For **doubting things**, etc., Ingleby compares *Macb.* i. 3. 137, 8.

101, 3. **this object ... here**; the object of your beauty which arrests my glances, ordinarily so ready to stray from one thing to another, and forcibly fixes them upon that only.

103. **should .. then**, can any one suppose that I, damned as I should be in that case, would slaver, etc.

104, 5. **Slaver ... Capitol**: exchange amorous kisses with lips

which are as much common property as the stairs which ascend to the Capitol.

105-7. **join gripes ... labour.** "This difficult passage .. probably means that the hands were (metaphorically) hardened by familiar sin—habituated to vicious ministrations—as much as if they had been (literally) hardened by honest labour" (Ingleby).

107. **by-peeping**, seems to mean 'peeping at intervals,' as *by-drinkings*, i. H. IV. iii. 3. 84, means "drinkings in the intervals between meals."

108. **unlustrous**, wanting all brightness; cp. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 21, "with lack-*lustre* eye."

111. **encounter ... revolt**, meet and punish such a revolt from fealty due to you.

112-6. **Not I ... out.** It is not that I, eager to give you this intelligence, declare the baseness of his revolt from you; but that your graces acting as a charm upon me, drag from my conscience, which would fain keep silence, this report, and compel the utterance of it by my tongue. **charms**, see Abb. § 247.

119. **and ... empery**, abstract for concrete, that over which an emperor rules; cp. *R. III.* iii. 7. 136

121. **tomboys**, here loose women: in modern use = a rude, romping, masculine girl. **that self exhibition**, that same allowance, cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 238; *exhibition* in the sense of a stipend awarded for proficiency in learning will be familiar to all University students.

124. **Recoil ... stock.** Show yourself a degenerate scion of the stock to which you belong; cp. *Macb.* iv. 3. 19.

126, 7. **As I ... abuse**, i.e. which I doubt, for mine is a heart that I must not allow to be deceived through my ears.

130. **runagate ... bed**, him who is false to his marriage bed; **runagate**, a corruption of the M. E. *renegat*, an apostate, a villain, from Low Lat. *renegatus*, p. p. of *renegare*, to deny again. See Skeat, *Dict.*

132. **Still ... sure**, ever both secret and faithful.

133. **Let me ... lips**, let me pledge my fealty to you by a kiss.

137. **For such ... seek'st**, with such an object as that you, etc.

138, 9. **who is as far ... honour**, who is as much a stranger to, as far removed from, what you say of him as you are a stranger to what is honourable.

145-7. **The credit ... credit.** The faith which your wife reposes in you is worthy of your belief in her, and your perfect goodness deserves such assured faith on her part.

148, 9. **A lady .. his!** A wife of the worthiest man that any country ever claimed as its own: called **his**, for *his* = *its*, see Abb. § 228.

150. **most worthiest**, see Abb. § 11.

151. **to know**, to ascertain.

152, 3. **and shall ... o'er**, and shall, by the report I take to him, make him more than ever what he already is; that is, true-hearted, loyal, and pious: for **one**, see Abb. § 18.

154, 5. **such a ... him**. His conversation is so bewitching that he brings under his magic influence whole troops of persons; all whom he meets surrender half their hearts to him. **Holy**, as opposed to witches generally, who were unholy, accursed. **Witch**, used of a man, *C. E.* iv. 4. 160, *A. C.* i. 2. 40. **Into**, unto.

159. **More ... seeming**, beyond the ordinary appearance of a mortal.

161. **To try ... report**, to see how you would receive a false report about him.

161-3. **which hath ... rare**, and the manner in which you have received that report has honourably attested the judgment you showed in choosing as your husband a man of such rare excellence—a judgment which, as you know yourself, is not liable to error.

165, 6. **Made me ... chaffless**. Led me to winnow you (to test you with the object of discovering whether there was anything worthless in you), but the gods created you, unlike other women, all pure grain without any chaff. Cp. *T. C.* i. 3. 28, "Distinction, with a broad and powerful *fan*, Puffing at all, winnows the light away," and iii. 2. 174, "Of such a winnowed purity in love."

167. **take ... yours**, make use of my name in the court for anything you need.

169. **your grace**, your favour: but in ... **request**, only in the matter of a trifling request.

170. **of moment**, important.

173. **your lord**. Dyce would put only a comma after *lord*, taking the meaning to be "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners," etc.

174. **The best ... wing**, *i.e.* the noblest among us.

176. **factor**, agent.

177. **plate**, gold and silver articles for domestic use.

179. **something curious**, somewhat anxious; **being strange**, being a foreigner, stranger.

185. **I will ... bold**, I will take the liberty of sending, etc.

188, 9. **Yes, ... return**. Yes, if you will permit me; otherwise, by protracting my return, I shall fall short of my promise.

190. on purpose ... promise, solely with the object of seeing you, and because I had promised Posthumus that I would do so.

195. 6. which is ... present, and it is a matter of importance in regard to the offer of our present to the emperor that I should not further delay.

197. safe, safely. See Abb. § 1.

ACT II. SCENE I.

1, 2. when I ... away! "In the game of bowls, the small bowl, which is first cast, is called the jack. A player's bowl, which lies against and touches the jack, is said to kiss it. This, which is the position of greatest advantage, may be obtained merely by an upcast of that bowl, or by its collision with another. Cloten's bowl was in this position, and was hit away by another" ... (Ingleby). The jack is called the 'mistress,' in *T. C.* iii. 2. 52, and elsewhere, probably with reference to the word 'kiss'; and earlier still the 'master.'

2, 3. I had ... on 't, i. e. a wager of a hundred pounds on it.

3. jackanapes = "Jack-o-apes, meant a man who exhibited performing apes" (Skeat, *Dict.*). So "Jack-o-Lent," "Jack-a-lantern." In *M. W.* iii. 1. 85, Dr. Caius says, "By gar, you are a coward, de Jack dog, John ape"; in the *Bondman* iii. 3. 51, a woman is called a "Jane of apes," and in the *Virgin Martyr* ii. 1. 91, Hircius speaks of "that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy," where 'pink-an-eye' is formed on the same analogy as 'Jack-an-apes.' For the *an* in composition, see Morris, *Hist. Outl.* p. 195. Tyrwhitt, quoted by Skeat, remarks that "in the principal modern languages John, or its equivalent, is a name of contempt, or at least of slight." Cp. "Jack-slave," 1. 22 below, and "Jack-sauce," *H. V.* iv. 7. 148.

3, 4. must take ... swearing, thought himself entitled to rebuke me for swearing. Cp. *T. G.* i. 2. 135, "Nay, I was taken up for laying them down."

4, 5. as if ... pleasure. As though my oaths were something I had borrowed from him and had no right to spend as I liked.

8, 9. If his wit ... out. If his wit had been as fluid, had as little solidity, as Cloten's, it would, etc. Like him = like the wit of him. broke it, sc. his head.

10, 1. it is not ... oaths, the bystanders surely have no right to cut short his oaths.

12. nor crop ... them. "The speaker makes a pun out of Cloten's use of 'curtail,' the corresponding subs. formerly signify-

ing a horse or dog whose tail has been docked. Cp. *M. W.* ii. 1. 114, *C. E.* iii. 2. 151" (Ingleby): **curtail** was "orig. the dog of an unqualified person [*i.e.* one not qualified, licensed, to hunt], which by the forest laws must have its tail cut short, partly as a mark, and partly from a notion that the tail of a dog is necessary to him in running" ... (Nares, *Gloss.*).

13. **I give him satisfaction?** Is he foolish enough to fancy that I will meet him in a duel? 'To give satisfaction,' the technical phrase for making amends for an offence given by fighting a duel with the person offended.

15. **To have ... fool.** A quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. Cp. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 113, for a similar pun, "*Touch*. Nay, if I keep not my *rank*.—*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old *smell*."

18-20. **every ... match,** every fellow, however mean, is allowed to have as much fighting as he can desire, while I alone can find no one to fight with me. **can match,** dare meet in combat. For **Jack-slave,** see note on l. 4, above.

21, 2. **You are ... comb on.** That is, you are a boastful cock-comb. **crow,** talk loudly, boastfully. Ingleby says that Cloten is compared to a capon merely for his fatness; but surely there is an allusion to the want of courage of emasculated animals.

23. **Sayest thou?** What did you remark?

24, 5. **should undertake ... to.** Should meet in combat every survy fellow that you are pleased to insult. **companion,** in this sense, is frequent in Shakespeare.

28. **Ay, it ... only.** The second lord means of course that no one except Cloten would be mean enough to refuse satisfaction to a man whom he had insulted, but Cloten takes his remark as one of serious approval.

32. **and I ... on't!** To think of my not having been told of it! to think that such an event should not have been at once communicated to a person of my importance!

37. **he's another,** *i.e.* rascal.

40, 1. **is there no ... in't?** You do not think (do you?) that there would be any loss of dignity in my going to see him.

42. **You cannot ... lord.** It is impossible for you to lose any dignity, because you have none to lose; again taken by Cloten as a compliment.

44, 5. **You are ... derogate.** You are admitted on all hands to be a fool (cp. "an allowed fool," *T. N.* i. 5. 101), and so your actions (that which proceeds from you), being foolish, are not unworthy of you.

50. **Should yield ... ass!** Should have brought forth such a fool;

for *yield* in the sense of 'bring forth,' cp. *Temp.* ii. 1. 231, "a birth indeed which throes thee much to *yield*."

51. *Bears ... brain*; whose brain is equal to any task, can surmount any difficulty.

53. *And ... eighteen*, i.e. without making a mistake in the simplest calculation.

56-9. *a wooer ... make!* A suitor whose presence and attentions are even more hard to bear than the banishment of your husband, harder even than would be that divorce which he (Cloten) so shamefully desires to bring about.

59, 60. *The heavens ... honour*, may heaven defend thy honour; for *walls* in this figurative sense, cp. *H. V.* i. 2. 141, "They of those marches, gracious sovereign, Shall be a *wall* sufficient to defend Our inland from the pilfering borderers," and *Lear*, v. 3. 77.

60. *unshak'd*, cp. *J. C.* iii. 1. 70, "*Unshak'd* of motion."

SCENE II.

1. *Please you, yes*, if it please you; a deferential form of assent.

4. *to bed*, i.e. let me go to sleep.

7. *Sleep ... wholly*. I am quite overpowered by sleepiness.

9, 10. *From ... ye*. Steevens quotes *Macb.* i. 2. 8, 9, "Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature gives way to in repose"; for malignant fairies Rolfe refers to *Hamlet*. i. 1. 163; *C. E.* ii. 2. 191, iv. 2. 35.

11. *o'er-labour'd*, weary, fatigued.

12-4. *Our ... wounded*. With such stealthy steps did our Tarquin approach the couch of the chaste Lucrece when about to commit his rape upon her; *our Tarquin*, because Iachimo was a Roman. *the rushes*, in old days rooms were strewn with rushes for carpets; *chastity*, abstract for concrete.

14, 5. *Cytherea ... bed*. O Venus, how beautifully dost thou adorn thy bed! Venus was so called because she was worshipped by the Phœnicians in the island of Cythera, to the south-east point of Laconia: *how bravely*, in what a becoming manner, the Scotch 'bravly'; cp. *Temp.* iii. 3. 83, "*Bravely* the figure of this harpy hast thou perform'd."

17. *But kiss, only kiss*.

17, 3. *Rubies ... do't!* Lips of a brighter crimson than the finest rubies, how charmingly they kiss one another; *do't*, do what they are doing, i.e. kissing one another. *Paragon*, "a model of excellence: ... Fr. *paragon* ... Sp. *paragon*, a model.

...—Span. *para con*, in comparison with; in such phrases as *para con migo*, in comparison with me, *para con el*, in comparison with him.—Span. *para*, for, to, towards, which is itself a compound prep., answering to O. Span. *pora*, from Lat. *pro ad*; and *con*, with, from Lat. *cum*, with. Thus it is really equivalent to the three Lat. prepositions, *pro*, *ad*, and *cum*." (Skeat, *Dict. s.v.*)

20. Bows ... her, seems to bend towards her: **underpeep**, peep under.

21, 2. now ... windows, now hidden under the canopy of her eyelids; **windows**, as in *R. J.* iv. 1. 100, being used rather of that which shuts out the light than that which admits it. Malone quotes *R. of L.* 398, "Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light, And, *canopied* in darkness, sweetly lay."

22, 3. white ... tinct. These words clearly refer to the eyelids in which the blue veins are seen under the white skin; not to the eyes, as Malone thought: under these eyelids of white and azure, veined with the very blue of heaven: there should be a comma after **azure**, of which **lac'd** is a development. For **lac'd**, cp. *Macb.* ii. 3. 118, and *R. J.* iii. 5. 8. Warburton would read, "White with azure lac'd, *The blue*," etc.

23, 4. But my ... design. But let me remember my intention of taking note of the various things in the room; Dyce reads *design's*, with the third folio.

26. the arras, the tapestry, from Arras in France where it was first made. **figures**, statues. Mason hyphens the words 'arras-figures,' which seems to be better, i.e. the figures on the tapestry.

27. and the ... story, i.e. such and such.

28-30. Ah, but ... inventory. Ah, but above all, if I could note down some natural marks upon her person, these would enrich my inventory with an evidence stronger than any number of articles of furniture of less importance to my purpose; **meaner** is opposed to **enrich**.

31. thou ape of death. Ingleby compares *Macb.* ii. 3. 81, "Shake off this downy sleep, *death's counterfeit*." **dull**, heavy.

32, 3. And be ... lying! And so far as sense is concerned, may she be like a monument recumbent in a chapel; a reference to the full length figures, carved in stone or marble, to be seen in old churches and chapels.

34. As slippery ... hard! As easy to unloose as the Gordian knot was difficult. Gordius, an ancient king of Phrygia, dedicated his chariot to Jupiter in the acropolis of Gordium. The pole was fastened to the yoke by a knot of bark; and an oracle declared that whosoever should untie the knot should reign over all Asia. Alexander, on his arrival at Gordium, cut the knot

with his sword, and applied the oracle to himself; cp. *H. V. i.* 46, "The *Gordian* knot he will unloose, Familiar as his garter."

37. **To the ... lord.** With the result of driving her lord mad; cp. 'madded,' iv. 2. 314, below: Shakespeare does not use the vb. 'madden.'

38. **cinq-ue-spotted**, with five spots; Steevens points out that the spots "i' the bottom of a cowslip" are not crimson, but of a deep yellow.

39, 40. **here's a ... make;** in this I have proof, evidence stronger than any legal proof.

43, 4. **Why should ... memory?** There is no use in my writing down that which is so indelibly impressed upon my memory.

46. **Where ... up.** The point in the story at which Philomel ceased to resist the assault of her brother Tereus. One version of the story is told in the Sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

48, 9. **Swift ... eye!** Swiftly pursue your course, ye dragons who draw the car of night, so that the dawn may open the eyes of the raven; for **dragons of the night**, cp. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379, "For *night's swift dragons* cut the clouds full fast," and *Il Penseroso*, 59, "While Cynthea checks her *dragon yokes*." Dragons, because of their supposed wakefulness.

50. **this.** Dyce would write *this*, i.e. this is. **hell**, i.e. torment.

51. **time, time**, it is time to conceal myself.

SCENE III.

2. **the most coldest**, the coolest tempered, most phlegmatic; Cloten in his answer does not take the word as a compliment: the **ace** in most games at cards is the highest; here evidently the lowest. For the double superlative, see Abb. § 11.

11. **this music**, this company, or band, of musicians.

12. **will penetrate**, will touch her heart.

14. **so**, very good. **we'll try ... too**; I will also see what effect I can produce by talking to her, by paying court to her in words. **let her remain**, let her be as she is.

15, 6. **a very ... thing.** "Of an excellently good conceit or fancy. It was customary to puff a play that was running, by describing it, on the title-page of the playhouse-copy, as 'pleasant conceited,' 'excellent conceited,' and so forth: e.g. *A Most Pleasant and Excellent conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaff*, etc., 1602" (Ingleby).

17. **then let her consider**, let her ponder the matter, i.e. of my love for her.

18. **at heaven's gate**, high up in the skies; cp. *Sonn.* xxix. 12, "Like to the lark, at break of day arising From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate", and Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 633-6, "The busy larke, messenger of daye, Saluteth in her song the morwe graye; And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte, That al the orient laugheth of the light."

20, 1. **at those springs ... lies**: "i.e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers" (Warburton); Johnson points out that "the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence chalice": for the offence against grammar in **springs lies**, Stevens quotes *V. A.* 1128, "She lifts the cofferlids that close his eyes, Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*."

22. **winking Mary-buds**, cp. *W. T.* iv. 4. 104, "The *marigold*, that goes to bed wi' the sun, and with him rises weeping."

27, 8. **I will consider ... better**: I will reward you the more amply; cp. *W. T.* iv. 2. 19, "which if I have not enough *considered*"; iv. 4. 825, "being something *considered*, I'll bring you where he is aboard."

28. **It is a vice ... ears**, it is an insensibility on her part to the charms of music that nothing will cure.

29. **calves'-guts** "= fiddle strings, just as 'horse hairs' means the fiddle-bow ... Cp. *M. A.* ii. 3. 61, 'Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies.' Also *T. C.* iii. 3. 306, where musical strings are called *catlings*" (Ingleby), who points out that the alteration to *cat's-guts* or *cat-gut* is absurd, musical strings being always made from the intestines of sheep or of calves.

33, 4. **he cannot ... fatherly**. He cannot help looking with the kindly feeling of a father towards his son upon this polite attention I have paid to his daughter. For the use of adjectives as adverbs, see Abb. § 1.

37. **Will ... forth? will she not come out?**

40. **The exile ... new**, the banishment of her beloved one is too recent. **Minion**, Fr. *mignon*, a favourite.

41, 2. **some more ... out**, a longer lapse of time cannot but wear out all recollection of him: **his remembrance**, 'his' objective genitive.

44, 5. **Who lets ... daughter**, who lets slip no opportunity of endeavouring to ingratiate you with his daughter. In this sense Shakespeare uses 'vantage' very frequently, and also 'vantages.' Nowadays the word is rare, except in the compound 'vantage-ground,' and as a technical term at tennis, while in the pl. it is not used at all. To **prefer** = to recommend, is now obsolete.

45-7. **Frame yourself ... season**, discipline yourself to regular courtship of her, and give yourself the best chance of success by

paying that courtship at favourable moments. Another reading is "befriended ... make denials," etc., without any stop at 'season.' The first folio here reads 'solicity'; the other folios, 'solicits.' In *Ham.* ii. 2. 126, we have the pl. 'soliciting.'

49. **inspired**, i.e. by some higher power than your own will.

50. **tender**, offer: the verb in this sense, and the subs. = an offer for acceptance, are frequent in Shakespeare.

51, 2. **Save when ... senseless**. Except when her orders are that you should leave her presence, in which case you must refuse to understand her: the modern form of the word is 'dismissal,' though Burke and Macaulay both use 'dismission.'

52. **Senseless! ... not so**. The Queen of course uses **senseless** to mean 'insensible,' but Cloten, taking the word in the commoner meaning, repudiates such an imputation.

53. **So like you**, if it please your highness: on the abundance of impersonal verbs in Shakespeare, see Abb. § 297.

55. **Albeit ... now**, notwithstanding that his present mission is a hostile one.

57. **According ... sender**, as befits one so honourable as the Emperor Augustus.

58, 9. **And towards ... notices**. And towards himself, mindful of the kindness shown by him to us in bygone days, we are bound to stretch our welcome to the utmost: in *H. V.* ii. 4. 36, "his vanities *forespent*," the word = past, foregone, in ii. *H. IV.* i. 1. 37, "almost *forespent* with speed," = exhausted, though there it probably should be spelt '*forspent*,' the prefix having the intensive force of *for* in comp., as in '*forbear*,' '*forlorn*,' '*for-swear*,' etc.

60. **given ... good morning**, bidden, wished, good morning; a common form of salutation in Shakespeare's day, as in 'give you good even,' 'give you good night,' 'God dig-you-den' (God give you good e'en), etc.

62. **To employ ... Roman**, to employ you in receiving and showing courtesy to this ambassador from Rome.

64. **Let her ... dream**. Possibly hoping her dreams may be about him. **By your ... ho!** that is, with your permission I will enter.

65. **about her**, in attendance upon her.

66, 6. **what if ... hands?** suppose I were to bribe one of them, how would that do?

68. **Diana's rangers**, "Diana's nymphs; literally, her forest rangers, or gamekeepers" (Rolfe). The *ranger* was a sworn officer of the forest, appointed by the king's letters-patent, whose business formerly was to walk through the forest, recover beasts

that had strayed beyond its limits, watch the deer, present trespassers to the next court held for the forest, etc. The office still exists for parks and forests belonging to the sovereign, though the duties now are only those of general management. **false**, is here generally taken as a verb=to perjure, in which sense Spenser frequently uses the word, e.g. *The Faery Queene*, i. 2. 30, ii. 1. 1, ii. 5. 9, ii. 12. 44. 'Falsing,' *C. E.* ii. 2. 95, "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*," seems a doubtful reading, and **false** here may be an adjective. Staunton quotes Marlowe, *I Tamburlaine* ii. 2. 27, "And make him *false* his faith unto his king."

69. **to the ... stealer**, "The post which the poacher takes up for shooting the deer as they pass" (Ingleby): the word 'stand' in this *quasi*-technical sense is used as late as Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, i. 17. 14.; cp. iii. 4. 111, below, "why hast thou gone so far, To be unbent when thou has taken thy *stand*, The elected deer before thee."

71. **true man**, honest man; so in *M. A.* iii. 3. 54, "If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no *true* man."

73. 4. **for I yet ... case**. For, so far, I do not understand how to deal with her, what line of argument to take; for the transposition of yet, see Abb. § 76.

76. **No more?** Only a gentleman, nobody of any greater consequence.

77-9. **That's more ... boast of**. Some men who are as richly dressed as yourself cannot for all that boast that they are sons of gentlewomen.

79. **What's ... pleasure?** What do you want? to which question Cloten answers, 'I want to see your mistress.'

80. **ready**, dressed, as also *unready* for undressed; cp. the stage direction to i. *H. VI.* ii. 1, "Enter the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half *ready*, and half *unready*," and ll. 39, 40: the word in this sense is frequent in the old dramatists.

80, 1. **Ay, To ... chamber**. The lady, pretending to misunderstand Cloten, answers, 'Yes, she is ready to remain in her room.'

82. **Sell me ... report**. Speak well of me to your mistress in return for the gold I give you.

83. 4. **How! my ... good?** What? do you mean that I should barter my reputation for gold? or that I should say of you what I think favourable?

87. **For purchasing but trouble**, i.e. and in return for this expenditure of pains, you get nothing but trouble.

87-9. **the thanks ... them**. All the thanks that I can render you is to tell you that I am poorly off in the matter of thanks,

and cannot well afford to bestow them on others; cp. *Hamlet*. ii. 2. 280, "Beggar that I am, I am even *poor in thanks*."

90. 'twere as ... me. It would have just as much effect upon me, i.e. none at all.

93, 4. But that ... speak. Were it not that I am determined you shall not take silence for consent, I would not, etc.

95, 6. I shall .. kindness. Abbott, § 419 a, takes this as equivalent to, 'I shall unfold discourtesy equal to your,' etc., and so Rolfe.

96, 7. one of your ... forbearance. A man of so much knowledge as yourself should learn when taught, as you so often have been by me, to practice forbearance; for *knowing*, cp. above, i. 4. 30, "with gentlemen of your *knowing*," and *Macb.* ii. 4. 4, "Hath trifled former *knowings*."

98. 'twere my sin, would be a sin in me. It, the redundant pronoun.

99. Fools are ... folks. "This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be. *Fools are not mad folks*" (Steevens). Ingleby follows Theobald in reading *cure* for *are*, and says, "Imogen's argument is this: If I am, as you say, mad, I may be allowed to think you a fool; and fools cannot cure mad folks. If you will be patient and forbearing, I will be no more mad, and will not think you a fool; and so we shall both be cured, I of my madness, you of your folly. 'That cures us both' proves that *are ...* is an error for *cure*."

102. much sorry, for 'much' as an adv. see Abb. § 51.

103. You put me to, you compel me to.

104. By being so verbal. Schmidt explains *verbal* by 'plain-spoken,' Clarke by 'explicit.' Ingleby by 'expressing in *words* what is ordinarily understood by implication'; all of them apparently referring the word to Imogen. Johnson gives 'verbose, full of talk,' and it is not clear whether he means Imogen to be speaking of Cloten or of herself. To me it seems plain that Imogen refers to Cloten's worrying her with so many protestations. 'You will take no denial,' she says, 'you, by pestering me with so many words, cause me to lose my temper'; cp. Middleton, *A Chaste Maid*, etc., i. 1. 64, "He's grown too *verbal*," i.e. as the context shows, too fond of words. for all, once for all; "for, meaning 'in front of,' is connected with 'instead of,' 'in the place of,' 'as being'" (Abb. § 148), who quotes *Hamlet*. i. 3. 131, "This is *for* all."

106. which ... heart, who have no doubt as to my real feelings.

107, 8. **And am ... you** : and, if I must accuse myself, am so nearly without charity as even to hate you.

108, 9. **which I ... boast**. Though I should prefer that you understood this of yourself without my having so openly to avouch it.

112, 3. **One bred ... court**, a fellow reared on the charity of the court; in *J. C.* iv. 1. 36, 7, Antony speaks, metaphorically, of Lepidus as "one that feeds on abjects, orts," etc.

114-7. **And though ... knot**. And though with people of lower origin, in the case of whose marriage no other result is depending except the rearing of brats in beggary, it is permitted to them to enter into any union they may chose, etc.

115. **Yet who ... mean?** I have said **meaner**, says Cloten, and yet none could properly be spoken of as **more mean** than he is.

117. **self-figured knot**, a knot of their own devising.

118, 9. **Yet you ... crown**. Yet you are forbidden such liberty of choice in your marriage by reason of the consequences which would follow to the crown, i.e. by considerations of state. **Consequence o' the crown** corresponds with **no more dependency but brats and beggary**. For a somewhat similar train of thought cp. *Hamlet*. ii. 3. 15-22.

119, 20. **and must ... slave**, and must not disgrace its eminence by alliance with one so base as Posthumus; cp. *W. T.* iv. 4. 808, "draw our throne into a sheep-cote!", said by Autolycus of the marriage of the Prince with Perdita, the supposed daughter of a shepherd. For **note**, cp. i. 4. 2, and i. 6. 22, above.

121. **hilding**, according to Skeat, "is short for *hilderling*, and *hilderling* stands for M. E. *hinderling*, base, degenerate; . . . Made up from M. E. *hinder*, behind; and the suffix *ling*." According to Schmidt, and also a writer in the *Ed. Rev.* for July, 1869, from Saxon *healdan*, to hold, keep, rule. for a **livery**, "only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey" (Malone). a **sqire's cloth**, is in apposition with, and explanatory of, a **livery**.

122. **A pantler ... eminent**. A keeper of the pantry, or rather one of even lower degree; for **pantler**, cp. *W. T.* iv. 4. 56, "This day she was both *pantler*, butler, cook."

123, 4. **and no more ... besides**, and with no other qualifications but that of your birth.

125. **his groom**, his servant lad, the original meaning of the word; now generally restricted to the servant who looks after horses.

125-9. **thou wert ... so well**. You would be honoured sufficiently, yes, even to such a degree that men might envy you, if, the office being proportional, correspondent, to your deserts,

you were called the under-hangman of his kingdom, and were hated, as you well might be, for having received such high preferment. The office of common hangman has at all times been naturally held in aversion, and Imogen says that even the office of a subordinate to such a person would be too great an honour for Cloten.

129. **The south-fog.** Cp. *Cor.* i. 4. 30, "All the contagion of the *south* light on you, You shames of Rome!" The south wind as being moist was supposed to carry contagion with it.

132. **clipped**, enclosed.

132-4. **is dearer ... men.** Is dearer in my regard than would be any number of men, even though as many as the hairs of your head, if they were men like you.

136. **presently**, at once; as most usually in Shakespeare.

137, 8. **I am sprited ... worse.** I am haunted by a fool, who frightens me, and angers me even more than he frightens me: for **sprited**, Steevens compares *A. C.* ii. 6. 13, "Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*."

139, 40. **Search for ... arm**, look for a bracelet that by some accident I have missed from my arm: **jewel**, as above, i. 4. 165, piece of jewellery.

140. **shrew me**, lit. curse me, but used as a mild form of asseveration.

141, 2. **for a revenue ... Europe**, for all the wealth of any, etc.

146. **but he**, on 'he' for 'him,' see Abb. § 206. **'Twill not be lost.** It cannot be lost; it is sure to be found somewhere or other, you have only mislaid it.

149. **If you will ... to 't.** I don't deny having said so; if you wish to make my words the subject of an action for libel, you had better get together your witnesses; said with taunting contempt.

151, 2. **She's my ... of me.** She is my good friend (said ironically), and I may reasonably hope that she will think nothing worse of me than the very worst. Cp. *Temp.* i. 2. 179, "bountiful Fortune, Now *my dear lady*."

SCENE IV.

1-3. **I would ... hers.** I only wish I were as confident of winning over the king to my side as I am of her preserving her honour. Cp. above, ii. 1. 67-70.

3. **What ... him?** What means do you employ to gain his good will?

5. **Quake ... state**, shiver with cold (metaphorically) in the present wintry state of my hopes.

6-8. **in these ... debtor**. In holding out nothing but hopes so largely made up of fears, I make but a barren return for all the love that you show me; if they prove false, I cannot hope to live to repay you. Most modern editors adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture *sear'd*, but the text of the folios seems better to suit **falling**.

9. **Your very goodness**, your goodness alone.

10. **by this**, *i.e.* time, by now.

11. **Hath heard of**, *i.e.* by Caius Lucius.

12. **thoroughly**, thoroughly.

13. **He'll grant**, *sc.* your king. **arrearages**, an old form of 'arrears,' which word is not used by Shakespeare.

14, 5. **Or look ... grief**. Rather than face our Roman troops, of whom the people of Britain vividly retain a grievous recollection; or = before, another form of *ere*. **their** = the British.

16. **Statist**, statesman. **like**, likely.

17. **That ... war**, that this dispute will end in a war, *i.e.* that Cymbeline will refuse to pay the tribute.

17, 8. **and you ... landed**, and you shall hear of the legions now in France having landed in Britain rather than that a single penny of the tribute has been paid.

20. **any penny**, even one penny, the indefinite form of *one*.

21. **more order'd**, better disciplined.

22, 3. **but found ... at**, though he might smile at their want of skill, he could not afford to smile at their valour; *that* provoked frowns, not smiles.

23-6. **their discipline ... world**. Their discipline being now combined with their courage will prove to those who may make trial of them, that they are men that improve as time goes on. Schmidt takes **mend ... world** as = get the upper hand of the world. For **approve**, in the sense of 'try,' 'put to the proof.' cp. *i. II. IV. iv. 1. 9.*

27-9. **The swiftest ... nimble**. In your journey by land you must have been conveyed by coursers as fleet as the fleetest stags; in your voyage by sea all the four winds must have combined to speed your vessel.

30, 1. **I hope . return**. I hope that the quickness of your return indicates how short, peremptory, was the answer you received from Imogen.

33-5. **or let her ... them**. If she is not the best, the most virtuous, as well as the most beautiful, may she make use of her

beauty to beguile false-hearted men and be herself false (*i.e.* disloyal to me) with them; through a casement, exhibiting herself to public view.

37. the Britain court, cp. "The Carthage queen," *M. N. D.* i. 1. 173, "Your Corioli walls," *Cor.* i. 1. 8, "Our Rome gates," *ib.* iii. 3. 104, and see Abb. § 22.

40, 1. or is 't not ... wearing? or perhaps, as you have not won it, you will now say that it is too dull for you to think worth wearing.

42. the worth ... gold, its equivalent in gold, according to the wager.

44. such ... which. See Abb. 278.

46. The stone's ... by. Too difficult for you to win; with a play upon the word hard in reference to the hardness of diamonds.

47. so easy, so complacent, so ready to yield.

48, 9. I hope ... friends. I hope you understand that according to our agreement you must now be prepared to meet me in mortal combat; see above, i. 4. 174-6.

50-2. Had I ... further. Had I not on my return been able to prove that I had prevailed over your wife, we were to make further question (controversy) of the matter, *i.e.*, proceed to mortal combat; cp. the use of the subs. in *Oth.* i. 3. 23, "So may he with more facile question bear it," *i.e.*, trial and decision by force.

55, 6. having ... wills. Having acted as I have done with your consent and hers.

56. apparent, evident.

58. is yours, see Abb. § 336.

58-61. if not ... them. If not, your insulting expression of opinion regarding her virtue must result in my winning your sword or you mine, or in both our swords being left without owners (owing to our death) for any passer by to find them; my killing you or your killing me, or both of us perishing.

61. my circumstances, my circumstantial relation of what I saw and did.

62. Being ... them. When you see how closely they agree with what you know to be the truth.

63. whose strength, and those strong proofs.

64-6. which ... not. Though I have no doubt that you will not demand that additional confirmation when you find that it is not needed, the truth being so self-evident.

68. **watching**, keeping awake for; see Abb. § 314, for omission of preposition.

69. of **silk and silver**, of silk embroidered in silver.

70. **met her Roman**, see *A. C.* ii. 2. 191 *et seqq.* **Cydnus**, a river in Cilicia.

71. **or for**, either on account of, etc.

73, 4. **So bravely ... value**; so beautifully executed and so rich in its material that it would be difficult which to admire most, its workmanship or its value.

76. **Since ... was**. He is interrupted by Posthumus before he can finish his sentence.

77. **by me**, from me.

78, 9. **More ... knowledge**. The further particulars which I am about to give will prove that I speak from personal knowledge.

80. **Or do ... injury**. Or prove that you are a liar.

81, 2. **Is south ... bathing**: is to the south of the chamber and a representation of Diana bathing. The chimney-pieces of former times were frequently carved in marble in elaborate designs.

83. **So likely ... themselves**. "That is, they were so life-like that one might expect them to speak" (Rolfe).

83-5. **the cutter ... out**. "The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave everything that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included speech" (Johnson).

85. **outwent**, excelled.

86. **from relation**, from having it related to you, told you.

88. **With gold ... fretted**; ornamented with figures of cherubins; **fretted** here seems to be the same word as in *Hamlet* ii. 3. 313, "this majestic roof *fretted* with golden fire"; but not the same as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 104, "And yon gray lines that *fret* the clouds," the meaning there being, "that *interlace*, *cross* the clouds": the two words are of different origin. **andirons**, fire-dogs for supporting the logs of wood when burning: Skeat (*Dict.*) shows that the termination *-iron* is a corruption of the original word *anderne*, due to a confusion of it with *A. S.* *brand-isen*, literally a brand-iron, which had the same meaning.

89-91. **Were two ... honour**. Were two blind Cupids of silver, each standing on one foot, gracefully balanced upon their inverted torches, *i.e.* the other foot resting on their torches. In statuary, etc., Cupid is represented with a torch, as a symbol of his inflaming hearts with love, and as blind, to represent the blindness of that passion.

91. **This is her honour!** "And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour!" (Johnson).

95. 6. **Then ... pale** : then, if it is possible for you, refrain from flushing with anger.

96. **I beg ... jewel**, I must ask you to excuse me for exhibiting this jewel for a moment; *i.e.* I do so not from any desire to boast, but merely to prove my assertion.

97. **And now ... again** : and now I quickly return it to the place from which I took it.

97, 8. **it must ... diamond**, *i.e.* the two must go together.

101. **I see her yet**, *i.e.* in imagination I recall the way in which she gave it to me.

102. **did outsell**, was worth more than the gift itself.

104. **prized it once**, *i.e.* but no longer value it at all.

107. **It is a basilisk**, etc. Basilisks or cockatrices were serpents supposed to destroy by their mere looks: *cp. W. T. i. 2. 388.*

108-10. **Let there ... man**. Henceforth let no one expect to find honour and beauty, truth and good looks, combined in the same woman; let no one expect to find loyalty of love to a husband when there is any other man to tempt to disloyalty.

110-2. **the vows ... nothing**. Henceforth let it be accepted that women hold their vows as of no more binding obligation upon them in regard to those to whom they are made, than is their fidelity to their own virtues; and that obligation is none at all.

115. **It may be probable**, it may be capable of proof.

116. **corrupted**, bribed.

117. **Hath stolen**, we should now insert the negative, hath *not* stolen it.

118. **Back my ring**, let me put my ring back on my finger.

120. **More evident**, bearing with it stronger proofs than this does, *i.e.*, the ring in his possession. **for this was stolen**, for it is clear to me that this, etc.

121. **I had ... arm**, I received it from her arm. The statement is true to the letter but not to the spirit.

123-5. **I am sure ... steal it**. I am certain there would be no likelihood of her losing it through carelessness, while as to her servants, they are far too honest to have stolen it.

127. **cognizance**, "that by which something is known, proved" (Schmidt, *Lex. s. v.*).

129, 30. **and all ... you!** And may all the fiends of hell torment you and her, half of them attending upon each of you.

131. 2. **This is ... of**. This is not evidence sufficient to convince any one who was firmly persuaded of her virtue,—he was going to a lid when Iachimo interrupted him.

134. For ... satisfying, to be satisfied by further proof.
139. stain, mark.
141. Were ... it. Even if there were no other crime for it to contain.
143. Once, and a million! *i.e.* once is as bad as a million times.
147. limbmeal, limb by limb; "historically the adverbs in meal are datives, though they have lost their flexion. In Saxon they end in *-maelum*, as *sticcemaelum*, stitchmeal, or stitch by stitch, meaning piecemeal" ... (Earle, *Phil. of the Eng. Tongue*, 437).
149. I'll do something, cp. *Lear*. ii. 4. 283.
- 149, 50. Quite ... patience. He is quite beyond the control of patience!
151. pervert, avert, turn aside.

SCENE V.

1. to be, to exist, come into being. Steevens quotes *Par. Lost*, x. 888, *et seqq.*
5. When I was stamp'd, cp. *M. M.* ii. 4. 46.
7. The Dian ... time, the model of chastity of the times in which she lived.
8. nonpareil, the paragon; "F. *non*. not, from Latin *non*; and *pareil*, equal, from Low Lat. *pariculus*, double diminutive from Lat. *par*, equal" ... (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*).
- 11, 2. A pudency ... Saturn; with such sweet and modest blushes that the sight of them would have warmed the heart of one as old as Saturn.
13. unsunn'd snow. Newly-fallen snow, on which the sun has not shone.
- 13, 4. Could I ... me! That is, if I could only find out what part of me was made up from the woman, was my mother's share in the making of me, I would cut it out. Cp. *R. J.* iii. 3. 105-8. motion, inclination.
19. change of prides, feelings of pride first on one account, and then on another. nice longing, fanciful desires.
25. but of ... old, only a minute's age, born only a minute ago.
26. I'll ... them, cp. *M. A.* iv. 1. 57, "Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it."
27. Detest them, hold them in abhorrence.
- 27, 8. yet 'tis .. will. Yet, after all, there can be no such

ingenuity of heart-felt hatred as to wish that they may have their desires gratified. Steevens compares Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*, "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."

29. **better**, more effectually.

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. **what ... us?** What does he desire of us?
4. **theme and hearing**, subject of talk and listening to.
6. **Famous ... praises**, made famous by the praise with which Cæsar spoke of him.
- 7, 8. **for him ... tribute**, agreed for himself and his successors to pay a yearly tribute of, etc.
10. **Is ... untender'd**, has not been rendered. **to kill the marvel**, to out-do that at which you wonder so greatly.
- 11, 2. **There be ... Julius**. Cp. *J. C.* iii. 2. 257, "Here was a Cæsar! whep comes such another!"
13. **A world by itself**; cut off from other nations, and sufficient for itself.
14. **For ... noses**. That is, for being alive, for daring to live.
- 14-6. **That ... again**. Those favourable circumstances which then enabled them to exact tribute from us, now enable us to resume that tribute, *i.e.* to refuse to continue it.
- 18-20. **which stands ... waters**, which is as Neptune's own park that he has surrounded and enclosed with, etc., as a barrier against trespassers. For **ribbed**, cp. *M. V.* ii. 7. 51, and *K. J.* ii. 384; for **paled**. *A. C.* ii. 7. 74, and 1 *H. IV.* iv. 2. 45, "parked and bounded in a *pale*."
21. **will not bear**, refuse to bear.
22. **But ... topmast**, an allusion to quicksands, such as the Goodwin Sands on the coast of Kent. Cp. *M. V.* iii. 1. 4, "the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried," and *K. J.* v. 3. 11. 13. For this description of England and its coasts generally, see *R. II.* ii. 1. 46, 7, "This precious stone set in silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall"; and 61-3, "England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege Of watery Neptune." **A kind ... conquest**, *i.e.* a temporary, not a permanent one.
24. **Of 'Came ... overcame'**, the well-known boast made by Cæsar in his despatch to the senate after defeating Pharnaces, King

of Pontus, in B.C., 47, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Cp. *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 34, 5, and ii. *H. IV.* iv. 3. 45.

25. **The first ... him**, the disgrace of defeat which he had never before suffered.

27. **ignorant**, "unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas" (Johnson). **baubles**, toys, *i.e.* no more enduring against our seas than mere toy-ships.

28. **moved ... surges**, set floating on their waves; the *surge* is the *swell* of the waves. Lat. *surgere*, to rise up.

30. **Cassibelan**. "Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. 'The same historie' (says Holinshed) 'also maketh mention of *Nennius*, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him' ..." (Malone).

30, 31. **at point ... to master**, on the point of mastering. **giglot**, strumpet, as Fortune is called in *K. J.* iii. 1. 61, *Hamlet*. ii. 2. 240; so, in *Macb.* i. 2. 14, 5, she is compared to "a rebel's whore."

32. **Lud's town**. "Trinovantum, *Caer Lud*, and, by corruption of the word, *Caer London*, and in process of time London, was rebuilt by Lud, Cassibelan's elder brother" (Grey, quoted by Dyce, *Gloss. s.v.*). **fires**, a disyllable; see Abb. § 480.

36. **moe**, according to Skeat, referred to number; *more*, to size; according to Wright, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 263, *moe* was used with the plural, *more*, with both singular and plural.

36, 7. **other of them ... none**. Other Cæsars may resemble Julius in having hooked noses, but none of them are likely to be such warriors.

37. **Owe**, own; the *-n* of 'own' = possess, which was dropped in Elizabethan English, has now been restored.

38. **let your ... end**, do not interrupt her with such speeches as these.

40. **but I ... hand**, but still I can fight; a piece of unusual modesty on Cloten's part.

42. **blanket**, cp. *Macb.* i. 5. 54.

44. **pray you now**, I beg of you; addressing his father in support of what his mother had said, ll. 16 etc., above.

46. **injurious**, insolent.

48, 9. **that it did...world**, that the world could not contain it, was not big enough for it. So, Alexander the Great was said to have sighed for more worlds to conquer.

49. **against all colour**, without any reasonable pretext; the word in this sense is frequent in Shakespeare.

53. **Mulmutius**, "The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the History of England is—'Of Mulmucius, the first King of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations,' etc." ... (Malone).

54, 5. **whose use ... mangled**, the use, application, of which laws has been too much interrupted by our wars with Caesar.

55, 6. **whose repair ... deed**, whose restoration and free exercise it shall be for us, by the power with which we are invested, to ensure.

57. **therefore**, on that account.

64. **Receive .. me**, i.e. the declaration of enmity which he was empowered to make in case the tribute was refused.

66, 7. **Thus defied ... myself**. Having thus delivered my defiance in the name of Cæsar, I thank you for your civility towards myself: **defied**, i.e., thou being thus defied; in agreement with **thee**.

70, 1. **Which he ... utterance**, which, as he now seeks to deprive me of it by force, it behoves me to preserve at all costs; *Fr. à outrance*, to extremity; in *Macb.* iii. 1. 72, the phrase is rendered "to the utterance." **he to seek**=he seeking; nom. and infinitive joined, as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 186, "Thou this to hazard needs must intimate Skill infinite or monstrous desperate," i.e. your hazarding this; *Tim.* iv. 3. 266, "I, to bear this, that never knew but better, is some burden," i.e. my bearing this.

71. **I am perfect**, I know full well; so below, iv. 2. 118, and *W. T.* iii. 3. 1.

72. **Pannonians and Dalmatians**. Pannonia was a Roman province between the Danube and the Alps, which was conquered by the Romans in the time of Augustus (about B.C. 33). In A.D. 7, the Pannonians joined the Dalmatians and the other Illyrian Tribes in their revolt from Rome, but were reconquered by Tiberius after a struggle which lasted for three years. Dalmatia was a part of the country along the east coast of the Adriatic Sea, included under the general name of Illyricum. The country was first overrun by the Romans under L. Metellus in B.C. 119, but was not finally subdued till A.D. 9.

73, 4. **a precedent ... cold**, not to read which aright (i.e. to understand and so follow) would argue us dull and insensible, which Cæsar shall not find us.

77, 8. **in other terms**, i.e. to meet us on other terms; in combat.

78. **you shall ... girdle**, i.e. ready to repel you, armed with the natural protection of our rocks unscalable and roaring waters.

79. **Adventure**, attempt.

80. **our crows**, as carrion birds are frequently mentioned by

Shakespeare, *e.g.* v. 3. 93, below, *H. V.* ii. 1. 91, ii. *H. VI.* iv. 10. 90.

81. **So, sir**, very good.

82. **I know ... mine**. You have delivered your message and received your answer.

83. **remain**, what remains; for the singular, though in a different sense, cp. *Cor.* i. 4. 62, and *Macb.* iv. 3. 148.

SCENE II.

3, 4. **what a ... ear!** how strangely has your ear been poisoned!

5. **As ... handed**, as slanderous in his accusations as murderous in his acts. Italy in Shakespeare's day was notorious for its poisoners, and to this he refers again in iii. 4. 15, below, "That *drug-damned Italy*": so Webster, *The White Devil*, speaks of an "Italian salad" as a vehicle of poison.

6. **too ready hearing**, all too willing to believe anything you might hear.

7. **undergoes**, endures, is subject to.

9. **take in**. subdue, cp. *A. C.* i. 1. 23. **some virtue**, the virtue of some women.

10, 1. **Thy mind .. fortunes**. "That is, thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was, compared to hers" (Malone).

12, 3. **Upon the ... command?** Am I enjoined, in accordance with, or, as a consequence of, the love and truth with which I have sworn to obey you, to murder her?

13. **I, her? her blood?** Am I ordered to murder *her*? to take *her* blood?

14, 5. **If it be ... serviceable**. If to commit a crime of this sort be reckoned good service, may I never win the praise of being serviceable.

15-7. **How look I ... to?** What is there in my looks that I should be supposed capable of such inhumanity as to do a deed of this nature? Cp. *K. J.* iv. 2. 221, 2.

18, 9. **by her own ... opportunity**. The orders which she herself will give you, in accordance with the wishes indicated in my letter (viz. that she should proceed to Milford Haven), will afford you the required opportunity: see his letter to her below, 40-7, and to Pisanio, iii. 4. 21-33.

21. **a feodary ... act**, an accomplice; addressing the paper on which the instructions were written: for **feodary** cp. *M. M.* ii. 4. 122, and *W. T.* ii. 1. 90. Dyce writes *fedary*, and so Schmidt, the derivation being the Lat. *foedus*, a treaty, compact.

22. **So ... without**, so innocent looking outside, until your contents are read.

23. **I am ... commanded**, "I must appear as if these instructions had not been sent me" (Hunter, quoted by Ingleby).

28. **characters**, handwriting. 30. **relish**, taste of.

31, 2. **of his ... asunder**, of his contentment in everything except in regard to his separation from me.

33. **Some ... med'cinable**; some griefs have a curative effect; except in *W. T.* ii. 3. 37, Shakespeare seems always to have used *medicinable* in an active sense, = medicinal. Cp. *Macb.* ii. 3. 55, *Temp.* iii. 1. 1.

34. **doth physic love**, 'keeps love healthy and vigorous' (Johnson). **of his content**, she repeats her words, except, I say, of his content in the matter of our separation; let it relish of content in all but that.

35. **Good ... leave**, *i.e.* with your permission I will open the letter; cp. *Lear*, iv. 6. 264, "Leave, gentle wax."

35, 6. **Blest ... counsel!** Blessings on the bees whose wax serves as locks to keep inviolate the confidences between friends!

36-9. **Lovers ... tables**. "The bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond" [to which he had set his seal] "is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters" (Stevens). Verplanck, quoted by Rolfe, points out that the seal was essential to the bond, though a signature was not. **Tables**, tablets, that on which something is written, as frequent in Shakespeare: and also figuratively as the surface on which a picture is painted, *K. J.* ii. 1. 503, 4; *A. W.* i. 1. 106.

39. **Good news, gods!** Heaven send that the letter contain good news!

40-3. **Justice ... eyes**. As it stands the passage seems incapable of explanation. Malone inserted *not* before **even**, with which insertion the meaning will be, 'Justice, and your father's wrath (*i.e.* the penalty which your father in his wrath would exact on me), could not be so terrible that the sight of you would not more than recompense me for the suffering.' Pope reads "*but* you"; Knight, "*an* you"; Grant White, "*so as* you." Clarke and Staunton think the words were intended to be enigmatical; though why so it is difficult to say, seeing that the rest of the letter is so plain in its meaning.

44. **out of this**, from this; *i.e.* with this information to guide you, follow the dictates of your love.

44-6. **So he wishes ... Posthumus**. Ingleby points out that this form of conclusion to the letter "illustrates the structure of

the enigmatical dedication prefixed to the *Sonnets* of 1609: 'All happiness, etc., wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth. T.T.'" Your, increasing in love, *Leonatus Posthumus*, i.e. your *Leonatus Posthumus*, whose love ever grows stronger and stronger.

48. read, i.e., to make sure yourself what he says.

49-51. If one .. a day? If one whose affairs are but of an ordinary nature (not urgent, like mine) may laboriously trudge thither in a week, surely I may hope to glide over the ground in a day. The idea in *plod* is that of tramping with difficulty through the wet, and so the very opposite of *gliding*, passing smoothly over a surface, scarcely touching it with one's feet.

53. O, let me ... me, let me abate what I said; I may say 'that longest,' but not 'that longest like me.' Cp. *Temp.* i. 2. 250, "Thou did'st promise to *bate* me a full year."

54. But in ... kind, only with less ardour.

55. For mine's ... beyond, for my desire is beyond any limit and further still; the second *beyond* is a substantive. Steevens compares *Lear*, i. 1. 62, "*Beyond* all manner of so much I love you." speak thick, crowd my words one upon another, cp. ii. *H. IV.* ii. 3. 24, "And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish."

56, 7. Love's counsellor ... sense, one who gives counsel in matters of love should pour his words so fast into the ears of his listener as to smother up the sense. Compare *Rosalind's* eagerness, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 207-14.

58. To this ... *Milford*, this *Milford* you speak of: *blessed*, because *Posthumus* is there. by the way, as we go.

59. happy, as being chosen by *Posthumus* for his port of landing.

60. To inherit, to possess, to be in the enjoyment of, without any idea of heirship, is frequent in Shakespeare.

61. steal from hence, get away without being discovered.

61-3. and for the gap ... excuse, and with reference to the interval between our going and return, tell me what excuse we are to make. For and our *Rolfe* well compares *Cor.* ii. 1. 240, "He cannot temperately transport his honours from where he should begin and end." to excuse, i.e. how to excuse, from l. 61.

64. Why should ... begot? "Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary?" (*Malone*). The folios give the reduplication *or ere*, which may perhaps be explained 'Why should excuse be born (i.e. framed), even before the necessity for it has been conceived?'

67. 'Twixt ... hour, during one hour; cp. iii. 4. 41, "'Twixt clock and clock." Cp. *R. II.* iv. 1. 55, "*From sun to sun.*"

68. **and too ... too.** Said aside. And a good deal more than enough, considering that you will not find Posthumus at the end of your journey.

69. **to's, to his.**

70. **riding wagers, races for money.**

72. **That run ... behalf.** Than the sands in the hour glass, *i.e.* swifter than the flight of time: that act or serve as a clock. Clocks, though in use in Shakespeare's day, were a comparatively recent invention. **foolery, mere trifling.**

74. **She'll home, wishes to go home.**

75. **fit, suit.**

76. **a franklin, a free-holder, from *frank*; O. F. *franc*, free. you're best, see Abb. §§ 230, 352.**

77-9. **I see ... through.** Surely these words are not to be taken literally, as some editors take them. In answer to Pisanio's caution, you will do well to consider before you take such a step, Imogen impatiently replies, I *do* consider (see before me, *i.e.* look before me) but in every direction there is a fog (metaphorically) which I cannot penetrate; *i.e.* all courses that are open to me have something doubtful in them. The literal interpretation given by Mason is due to his taking these words too closely in connection with the line, **Accessible ... way.**

80. **there's ... say;** there is no room for further argument; no road but that to Milford can be travelled by me.

SCENE III.

1. **not ... house, not to stay at home. *i.e.* to go abroad.** Cp. "*Keep the house,*" *M. M.* iii. 2. 75; "*You are manifest house-keepers,*" *Cor.* i. 3. 55. We still use the expression "*to keep the house,*" meaning "*to stay at home,*" but "*to keep house,*" only in the sense of managing the house and its affairs: for such ... **whose,** see Abb. § 278.

3, 4. **bows you ... office,** by compelling you to bow your heads teaches you the duty of morning prayer: **office,** duty, here the special duty of prayer, thanksgiving.

5. **jet, strut, walk proudly,** O. F. *jetter*, to cast, hurl; cp. *T. N.* ii. 5. 36, 'how he *jets* under his advanced plumes.'

6. **And keep . . . on** "The idea of a giant was among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen" [of which people the turban was a distinctive mark] (Johnson).

6, 7. **without ... sun.** Without bidding good day to, without saluting, the sun; **morrow**, 'good morrow,' i.e. good morning, was used of anytime up to noon.

8, 9. **We house . . do.** Our habitation is a humble one, and yet we are more grateful to heaven than those who live more luxuriously; for **house** intransitive, cp. *R. J.* iii. 5. 190.

12. **like a crow**, "as little as a crow," i. 3. 15, above.

13. **That it .. off**; that it is position which makes things look small or big, literally and metaphorically.

15. **tricks in war, stratagems.**

16, 7 **This ... allow'd.** Such and such a piece of service is not accounted service merely for being done in a particular way, unless those for whom it is done approve of it: **allowed for** 'approved' is frequent in Shakespeare.

17, 8. **to apprehend ... see**; to look at things in this way is profitable to instruction.

19-21. **And often ... eagle.** And often—from which reflection we may find comfort—we shall see the beetle with its insignificant wings finding safety, while the eagle with its vast sweep of pinion is tossed hither and thither by the violence of the storm. The **shards** are the scaly wing-cases of the beetle; cp. *Macb* iii. 2. 42, "The *shard-born* beetle." *Shard*, or *sherd*, is properly 'a fragment,' 'a broken thing,' A. S. *scard*, broken, which we have in the compound *pot-sherd*. *Shards* in its literal sense occurs in *Hamlet*. v. 1. 254.

22. **Is nobler ... check.** In this life there is more true nobility than in dancing attendance upon some person of rank merely to receive a rebuke for one's pains.

23. **Richer ... bribe.** For *babe*, the reading of the folios, *bribe*, *bauble*, *badge*, *brake*, *bob*, etc., have been proposed. Ingleby objects to *bribe* on the ground that Belarius cannot be using *richer* in a pecuniary sense. This is true, but Belarius is speaking of what constitutes *true nobility*, *true wealth*, *true pride*. There is no *true nobility*, he says, in being a great man's hanger on, however fine it may seem to some; no *true wealth* in taking *bribes* and doing nothing in return for them, however rich the taker may consider himself; no *true pride* in flaunting in fine clothes that are not paid for, however well-satisfied with himself the wearer may be. I think, too, that **doing nothing** indicates some solid remuneration, the fact of his making no return for his bribe being a slur upon the receiver, while in doing nothing for a bauble or badge there would hardly be such slur.

25, 6. **Such gain ... ours.** Men of this kind (i.e. who rustle in, etc.) are obsequiously saluted by the tailor who decks them out in their finery, yet, in spite of his obsequiousness he still refuses

to cancel the debt: there is no life to be compared with ours. "To cross" the book, *i.e.* the ledger, was an old form of writing off a debt. Cp. Ben Jonson, *The Poetaster*, iii. 1, "your mercer's book will tell you more patience than I can:—For I am *cross*, and *so's not that*, I think."

27. **Out ... speak**, you speak from experience. **unfledged**, cp. *W. T.* i. 2. 78, "In those *unfledged* days was my wife a girl," *Hamlet* i. 3. 65, "Of each new hatch'd, *unfledged* comrade."

29. **What ... home**. The climate (metaphorically) of any place away from this.

31, 2. **well ... age**: well suited to you who have grown stiff with age and disinclined to anything more exciting.

33. **travelling abed**; no better than travelling the length and breadth of one's bed.

34, 5. **A prison ... limit**. As contracted as the prison of a debtor who is unable to pass its limits.

37. **beat dark December**, beat against the house in the dark days of winter. 38. **pinching**, narrow, contracted.

38, 9. **discourse ... away**, make the cold days pass in talk; cp. *M. V.* iii. 4. 12, "Companions that do converse and waste the time together."

40. **beastly**, like beasts in our nature.

41. **Like ... eat**, not more warlike than the wolf in regard to that which we pursue for our food. A comma after **eat** instead of a colon would perhaps be better. For **like warlike**, cp. *Temp.* iii. 3. 66, "My fellow-ministers are *like* invulnerable."

44. **And ... freely**. And celebrate our bondage heartily; or, perhaps, as though we were free. Contrast Lovelace's *Lines to Althea from Prison*, 25-32—

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

How you speak! *i.e.* how foolishly.

46. **And ... knowingly**. And had personal experience of them.

47. **As hard ... keep**; which it is as difficult to get free from as to remain in safely.

47, 8. **whose ... falling**, to ascend the height of which is certain to result in a downfall.

50, 1. **A pain ... honour.** A labour which seems merely to hunt after danger while pretending to pursue fame and honour.

51-3. **which dies ... act**; which (labour) perishes in the pursuit, and as often meets with a slanderous epitaph as with a record of its noble deeds. Ingleby makes **which** refer to **fame and honour**; for the sentiment he compares *J. C.* iii. 2. 80, and *H. VIII.* iv. 2. 45, 6.

53-5. **nay ... censure**; nay, very often reaps the reward of hatred and envy for its good deeds, and, what is even worse, is obliged to bow with complaisance to reproach and blame: **ill deserve**=evil is paid to them as their due for doing well.

55, 6. **this story ... me**; my life has had experience of all these ills.

57. **my report, my reputation.**

58. **the best of note**, the men of greatest distinction.

59, 60. **my name ... off**, I was pretty sure to be mentioned.

61. **did bend, i.e.**, from the weight.

63. **my mellow hangings**, my ripe fruit, the honours which during a long life I had earned.

63, 64. **nay ... weather**, nay, even stripped me of everything I possessed in the world, and left me to face the storms of adversity without any means of defence. Cp. *H. VIII.* iii. 2. 352-8.

64. **Uncertain favour!** O, fickleness of favour, good opinion.

70. **demesnes**, properly "a manor house with lands ... *M. E. demain*, a domain The spelling *demesnes* is false, due probably to confusion with *O. F. mesnee* or *mainsie*, a household" (*Skeat, Dict. s.v.*).

73. **The fore-end ... time.** My younger days, the time that came to an end before my life here began.

75. **venison**, the flesh of animals taken in hunting, especially the flesh of deer; Lat. *venatio*, the chase.

77, 8. **which ... state**, which is one of the accompaniments of such a life as I have been describing to you.

83. **I'the ... bow**, in the cave whose roof is so low that they must stoop in entering it. Cp. above, l. 2.

85. **to prince it**, to behave like princes. Cp. *W. T.* iv. 4. 450, "I'll *queen it* no inch further; see Abb. 226. Ingleby, who compares also *H. III.* ii. 3. 37, and *M. M.* iii. 2. 100, "*dukes it*," thinks there may be an allusion to the performance of royal parts on the stage. In *A. C.* v. 2. 220, we have "I shall see Some squeaking Cleopatra *boy* my greatness," i.e., some boy represent me on the stage, the female parts in Shakespeare's day being taken by boys.

86. **Beyond ... others**, with a manner loftier than that of ordinary youths.

89. **three-foot stool**, three-legged stool, i.e. my humble seat.

90, 1. **his spirit's ... story**, his high spirit bursts forth, breaks out, and enters fully into my story. Cp. below, iv. 4. 54.

95. **That ... words**. Represents my words by acts.

96. **in as ... figure**, with no less lively representation.

97, 8. **Strikes ... conceiving**, gives life to my words, and amplifies them by his own conception of the events related.

102. **succession**, heirs to the crown.

105. **her grave**, see note on i. 1. 118.

107. **is up**, is roused, is afoot.

SCENE IV.

1. **came from horse**, dismounted and began our journey on foot in consequence of the mountainous character of the country.

3. **as I ... now**, as I have now longed to see Milford Haven.

6. **inward**, Rolfe compares *Sonn.* cxxviii. 6, and i. 1. 23, above; **but painted thus**, merely pictured as you are, much more one seen in the flesh.

8. **Beyond self-explication**, beyond all possibility of his giving an account of himself, of his unravelling his perplexity.

8-10. **put ... senses**, show yourself in less fearful guise, for otherwise madness (i.e. from terror) will overcome my senses, which so far are steady.

11, 2. **Why tender'st ... untender?** In *Ham.* i. 3. 107, 9, we have a play upon the two meanings of the verb *to tender*, viz. to offer, present, and to treat with kindness; and in many of the passages in which Shakespeare uses the verb in the former sense there is the idea of tenderness underlying the expression, e.g. *Sonn.* cxx. 11, *T. G.* iii. 1. 225, v. 4. 76, *T. N.* v. 118.

12, 3. **If it be ... before**, if it be good news herald it by a smile.

13, 4. **thou need'st ... still**. There is no need for you to do anything but preserve that gloomy look that now clouds your face. This seems to be the sense; but it is somewhat contradictory to her former words, and possibly **But** should be **Not**, i.e. the news, if bad, will be sufficient in itself, and there will be no need of your fierce looks.

15. **That ... him**, "This is another allusion to Italian poisons" (Johnson); see above, iii. 2. 5; outcrafted, Dyce reads "out-crafted," and quotes *Cor.* iv. 6. 118, "you have crafted fair."

16. **at some hard point**, in some critical position, in some great danger.

17, 8. **may take ... me**, may blunt the edge of the blow, which otherwise, if I encountered it in all its sharpness, would be fatal to me.

22, 3. **the testimonies ... me**. The proofs of which fact make my heart bleed.

24. **and as certain ... revenge**. As complete as I take it for granted that my revenge, which I entrust to your execution, will be.

26. **tainted with, tainted by**, as a consequence of, her breach of faith.

28. **where if thou**, etc., and if you there hesitate, etc.

30. **pandar**, the story of Pandarus (from whom the word) acting as a go-between in the loves of Troilus and Chryseis, or Cressida, is a mere invention of times long subsequent to Homer.

31. **What ... need**. See Abb. § 253.

34. **worms, snakes**; as frequent in Shakespeare: of Nile, without the definite article, as "from Trent and Severn"; 1. *H. IV.* iii. 1. 74; "thrown into Thames," *M. W.* iii. 5. 129; "Let Rome in Tiber melt," *A. C.* i. 1. 33.

35. **the posting winds**. Cp. ii. *H. IV.* ind. 4, "making the wind my post-horse."

36. **All corners, all parts**, however remote. **states**, "persons of highest rank" (Johnson); cp. *K. J.* ii. 3. 95, *T. C.* ii. 3. 118.

38. **enters, finds access to, penetrates**.

39. **What is ... false?** That is, I do not know what falseness means. I am so utterly innocent that I cannot even conceive what it is to be false: **What cheer, madam?** How are you feeling now?

40-3. **To lie ... it?** If to lie awake thinking of him, if to weep from hour to hour, if, when nature is overpowered by sleep, to have that sleep broken by anxious dreams about him and to cry myself awake,—if this is being false, then am I false to him. For **watch**, cp. *Hamlet* ii. 2. 148; for **charge**, *Macbeth* iv. 1. 60.

48. **Thy favour's ... enough**. There is nothing to find fault with in your appearance (which only seemed so vile to me in consequence of what you said of Posthumus).

Ib. **Some jay ... painting**. "Some jay of Italy made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting." In this sense "painting may be not improperly termed her mother" (Johnson).

Collier's MS. Corrector reads, "Who smothers her with painting." Rolfe aptly quotes iv. 2. 81-3, below, "No, nor thy tailor, rascal, who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes, which, as it seems, make thee"; and *Lear*, ii. 2. 60, "A tailor made thee"; and Malone, *A. W.* i. 2. 61, 2, "Whose judgments are mere fathers of their garments."

50. **am stale**, have lost my first freshness, the gloss of novelty which once charmed him.

51. **for I am ... walls**, because I am too handsome to be hung up like a worn out garment.

52. **I must be ripp'd**, the only thing left to do with me is to rip me up; with reference to the cutting up of old dresses.

53. **to pieces with me!** She is repeating the words which she fancies Posthumus to have used when expressing his thoughts about her; 'To pieces with her!' i.e. let her be cut to pieces. **Men's ... traitors.** It is by listening to the vows of men that women are betrayed and beguiled.

53-5. **All ... villany.** All specious looks shall, owing to your treachery, be hereafter supposed to be assumed for some evil purpose.

55. **not ... grows**, not natural to the soil.

57. **True ... false.** Men in the time of Æneas who were really honest became discredited, when they were listened to as you wish me to listen to you, for no other reason than that he, who seemed honest and had therefore been listened to, was found to be false. The falseness alluded to is Æneas' treachery towards Dido.

58, 9. **and Sinon's ... tear**, and Sinon's hypocritical tears, when he persuaded the Trojans to receive the wooden horse into Troy, brought discredit upon genuine tears when shed by others. The Greeks, having constructed a wooden horse, in the interior of which they concealed a number of their warriors, Sinon mutilated his person in order to make the Trojans believe that he had been maltreated by the Greeks, and then allowed himself to be taken prisoner by the Trojans. Once inside Troy, he by his sad story and feigned tears gained the sympathy of the Trojans, and persuaded them to receive the wooden horse into the city. Then, as soon as night fell, he let his fellow Greeks out of the horse; and they, opening the gates, gave admission to the Grecian host.

"Such tale of pity, aptly feigned,
Our credence for the perjurer gained,
And tears, wrung out from fraudulent eyes,
Made us, e'en us, a villain's prize," etc.

59, 60. took ... wretchedness, prevented genuine misery being pitied.

61. Wilt lay ... men; will make all honest men seem tainted with dishonesty: 'leaven' is the sour ferment which causes the dough to rise, and is sometimes used in a good sense, as in *M. M.* i. 1. 52, "With a leavened and prepared choice," i.e. well fermented, but in *T. C.* ii. 1. 15, we have "Thou vinewedst (i.e. most mouldy) leaven." So in i. Cor. v. 8, "Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth," where though the word is used primarily with the neutral sense of 'admixture,' it inclines to the meaning of an evil admixture. Proper, seems here to have the sense of 'honest,' as in "a proper maid in Florence," *A. W.* iv. 3. 240, rather than merely 'gallant,' 'well-seeming,' as so often in Shakespeare. Cp. *H. V.* ii. 2. 138-41, and Webster, *The White Devil*, p. 22, ed. Dyce, "Well, well, such counterfeit jewels make true ones oft suspected."

62. shall be false, i.e. shall be accounted.

63. fail, offence; the form always used by Shakespeare, *failure* being "an ill-coined and late word" (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*).

65. A little ... obedience, do not wholly forget to say how readily I gave myself up to death in obedience to his wishes.

67. The innocent .. love, my heart wherein dwells my pure love.

69, 70. Thy master ... it. It is no longer tenanted by thy master, who, indeed, constituted the whole wealth of it.

75-77. Against ... hand. Cp. *Ham.* i. 2. 131, 2. cravens, makes a coward of. Shakespeare, as so frequently, forms the verb from the adj. (properly pres. participle) of which Skeat remarks, "The termination in *-en* is a mistaken one, and makes the word look like a past participle. The word is really *cravand*, where *-and* is the regular Northumbrian form of the present participle, equivalent to M. E. *-ing*. Thus *cravand* means *craving*, i.e. one who is begging quarter, one who sues for mercy" ... (*Dict. s. v.*).

78. we'll no defence, I will have nothing in front of my breast to protect it against your sword.

79. Obedient ... scabbard, as ready to receive the sword as the sheathe itself is.

80, 1. The scriptures ... heresy? The writings of the once loyal Leonatus which no longer are his true professions of faith, he having ceased to believe in me; scriptures and heresy are of course used in their theological sense. Cp. *T. N.*, i. 5. 237-46.

81-83. Away ... heart. Hence, ye writings that would teach

me to disbelieve in the truth of all mankind! You shall no longer be borne next to my heart. The *stomacher* was an ornamental addition to the fore-part of the dress.

86. **Stands ... woe.** His case, as the deceiver, is really worse than that of those deceived by him.

87. **that didst ... father,** who incited me to marry you in opposition to my father's will.

89, 90. **And made ... fellows.** Cp. *Oth.* i. 2. 67, 8, "So opposite to marriage that she shunned The wealthy curled darlings of our nation"; and iv. 2. 125-7, "Hath she forsook so many noble matches, Her father and her country and her friends, To be called whore?" **fellows, equals in rank.**

91, 2. **It is ... rareness.** It (to have done so) is no common act, but an impulse such as ordinary women would not have yielded to; for **passage**, cp. *Hamlet*. iv. 7. 113, "in *passages* of proof; for **strain**, *Cor.* v. 3. 149, "Thou hast affected the fine *strains* of honour."

93. **when thou ... on,** when time and repetition shall have blunted the edge of your desire for her whom you now enjoy with such ravenous appetite; for **disedg'd**, Steevens compares *Hamlet*. iii. 2. 259; for **tire** (lit. to tear a prey as is done by predatory birds) in its metaphorical sense, cp. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 5.

94, 5. **how thy ... me,** what a terrible pang it will cost you to think of me.

97. **Thou art ... too.** You are very remiss in doing your master's bidding, especially when, instead of offering any resistance, I am anxious that you should set about your work.

101. **I'll wake ... first.** Haumer inserted *blind* before **first** to complete the metre, and his reading is pretty generally adopted. Johnson conjectured "*out first*," with which Steevens compares Middleton's *The Roaring Girl*, iv. 2. 188, "I'll ride to Oxford and *watch out* mine eyes;" *Democrites, his Dreams*, 1605, "and then I make no doubt, Thou'lt laugh no more, but weep thine eye-balls out."

102, 3. **Why hast ... pretence?** Why have you so needlessly travelled all these miles under the pretence that we were to meet my husband here?

103. **this place?** Why have we come to this place?

104. **Mine ... own?** What is the object of this action of ours? our ... labour? Why should our horses have been put to all this exertion?

105. **The time inviting thee?** Why have you wasted the time which is so propitious to your purpose?

105, 6. **the perturb'd ... absent.** To what purpose is all this

commotion which must have been stirred up in the court on account of my absence?

107-9. **Why hast ... thee?** Why have you made all this preparation with the result that your bow is still unbent at the moment when you have taken up your stand to shoot, and the prey you have marked down is before you? For **to be unbent**, cp. *R. J.* i. 1. 73, "What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds." *H. V.* ii. 1. 39, "if he be not drawn now!" For **stand**, cp. above, ii. 3. 69.

110. **To lose ... employment.** To avoid such an evil task as has been set me. **Lose**, antithetical to **win**, in the line above.

111. **I have ... course.** I have thought over and determined upon.

112. **Talk ... weary.** That is, if you talk till your tongue is weary, it will not matter to me; nothing you can say will be worse than what I have already heard from you.

113, 4. **and mine ... wound**, my ear being, by the use of that word, struck a perfidious blow, is incapable of receiving any worse wound; in **false struck** there seems to be the idea both of the ear being struck and annoyed by a false note in music, and of the person being struck a foul blow.

115. **Nor tent ... that**, nor probe that wound to the bottom, ascertain how deep it is, it being "beyond beyond"; for **tent**, which is another form of 'tempt,' Lat. *tentare*, to handle, cp. *Hamlet*. ii. 2. 626, "I'll observe his looks, I'll *tent* him to the quick."

116, 7. **Most ... me.** It was natural you should have thought that, seeing that you brought me here to murder me.

118, 9. **But if ... well.** But with the belief that, if my judgment was as sound as my honesty was untainted, the purpose which I should communicate to you here would prove deserving of your adoption.

120. **abused, deceived**, as frequently.

121. **ay, and ... art**, and one too who is no ordinary villain, but a passed-master in his craft.

125. **for 'tis commanded.** Rolfe points out that though this command is not actually given in the letter, the injunction, "to make me certain it is done," implies it.

126. **shall be miss'd**, are sure to be missed.

128. **the while**, for the time during which you are taking these measures.

131. **no more ado**, no more worry and trouble.

132. **nothing noble**, this conjecture was communicated by me to Professor Dowden in 1885, and as I find that Ingleby in his edition of the play, published in 1886, has independently made

the same conjecture I have ventured to admit it in the text : cp. "that *nothing* gift of differing multitudes," iii. 6. 8, below. As the text stands in the folios, both metre and sense are violated.

137, 8. **I the world's ... in 't** In the vast roll of the world our Britain seems as belonging to it, but not in it, not having anything to do with it. Referring to Mr. P. A. Daniel's proposed transposition of it and in 't, as if the following line repeated the same thought in a metaphor, Ingleby remarks, "But the 'great pool' stands for the ocean, and not for the world. Britain is in the world's volume, but seems not to be so, being *divisa toto orbe* by the sea, as a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land."

139. **In a ... nest**, no bigger relatively than a swan's nest, etc.

140. **There's ... Britain**, there are people besides those who live in Britain. Steevens compares *Cor.* iii. 3. 135, "There is a world elsewhere," said by Coriolanus when banished from Rome. For **there is livers**, cp. "There is no more such masters," iv. 2. 327, below.

143, 4. **wear ... is**, "To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind* is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune* is *obscurity*" (Johnson).

144-6. **and but ... self-danger**, and only disguise that the appearance of which in its own guise is at present impossible without bringing danger upon itself. Abbott's rendering "that which, as regards showing itself, must not yet have any existence" (Gr. 296) does not take into account the words, **but by self-danger**.

147. **Pretty ... view**; suitable and giving ample opportunity of noting what goes on around you, and thus accommodating yourself to circumstances. That this is the meaning is, I think, shown clearly by the next lines, especially by the words, **That ... moves**.

150, 1. **render him ... moves**. Should from hour to hour accurately inform you of his every action.

152, 3. **Though ... adventure**. Though by so doing I should put my modesty in peril (*put it in peril*, I say, not *ruin* it), I would run the risk, take the hazard.

154-7. **change ... courage**; you must exchange that habit of command to which you have been brought up, for obedience; that timidity and coyness, which are the accompaniments of all womankind, or I might say more truly, which make up the very nature of fascinating woman, for a roguish courage. For **its**, cp. Abb. § 226.

158, 9. **Ready ... weasel**. You must train yourself to be ready with pert taunts, sallies; to be smart in repartee; to be as saucy, etc. Cp. i. *H.* IV. ii. 3. 81, "A *weasel* hath not such a deal of *spleen*."

160. **that rarest ... cheek**, your beauty of complexion.

161. **but, O, ... heart**, but, O, how more than hard his heart, *i.e.* for compelling you to such hardships.

163. **Of ... Titan**. The sun that kisses anybody and anything. Cp. i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 133, "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter:" the Titans were properly the sons of Uranus (Heaven) and Ge (Earth), but the name was also given to their semi-divine descendants, and especially to Helios, the Sun.

164, 5. **Your ... angry**. Your elaborate and elegant attire by which you excited the jealousy of Juno.

168. **Fore-thinking**, anticipating. *fit*, suitable as a disguise.

170. **That answer to them**, that go with them. **in their serving**, with them to serve you, cp. below, iv. 4. 3.

172. **of such a season**, of such a time of life.

174. **Wherein ... happy**, what your accomplishments are; cp. *T. G.* iv. 1. 34.

174, 5. **which you 'll ... music**, which he will quickly discover if he has the smallest ear for music.

176. **Embrace you**, embrace your offer, take you into his service.

177. **holy**, virtuous.

177, 8. **Your means ... rich**; as to your subsistence abroad, you will have in me abundance.

179. **supplyment**, "a continuance of supply" (Dyce); the literal meaning of *supply* is 'to fill up a deficiency'; cp. iii. 7. 14, below. **fail**, cp. *Macb.* iii. 6. 21, "'cause he *failed* His presence at the tyrant's feast."

180. **diet me with**, will furnish me with to sustain me; **diet**, a prescribed allowance of food.

181, 2. **we'll even ... us**; "We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow" (Johnson).

183. **I am soldier to**, I am valiant enough to make; I have courage enough for this undertaking.

187. **Your carriage ... court**. Of having carried you off from, etc.

190. **stomach-qualm'd**, troubled by qualms of stomach owing to hunger. **at land**, see Abb. §§ 143, 4. **a dram of this**, *i.e.* even a very small quantity.

191. **distemper**, any unpleasant feeling, indisposition.

191, 2. **To some ... manhood**. Retire to some shady spot and dress yourself in your man's attire.

193. **to the best!** For the best.

STAGE DIRECTION. **severally**, separately.

SCENE V.

1. Thus far, *i.e.* so much I had to say.

2. wrote, ... hence. The Emperor has sent word that I must leave. For 'wrote' cp. *Lear*, i. 2. 93; see Abb. § 343.

6. sovereignty, royal dignity, that dignity which refuses to acknowledge the yoke of another.

7. So, sir, very good, sir.

8. conduct, escort; cp. *T. N.* iii. 4. 265, "I will return again into the house and desire some *conduct* of the lady."

11. due of honour, all proper marks of respect.

14. I wear ... enemy. That is, it will never again meet yours in friendly grasp, but only in mortal combat.

14, 5. the event ... winner; the result will show which of us is the winner.

17. Till he ... Severn, *i.e.* and has taken ship for Italy.

20. have their ... it. Will be well satisfied by what you have done.

22. How ... here, how matters stand here; *i.e.* that there is no chance of our paying the tribute. it fits ... ripely, it is urgently needful for us.

24. The powers, the forces, troops.

25. drawn to head, collected together.

25, 6. from whence ... Britain. And from thence he will set his troops in motion for Britain, *i.e.* we shall not have much time for our preparations, for the invading force will not have to come from Rome, but is already close at hand.

29. forward, well advanced in our preparations for resistance.

32. The ... day, her usual morning greetings.

32, 3. She looks ... duty: she seems to us composed more of ill-will than of duteous feelings. us, see Abb. § 220.

35. too ... sufferance. We have too easily allowed her to treat us with want of respect; cp. *Cor.* iii. 1. 24, "for they do prank them in authority Against all noble *sufferance*," *i.e.* beyond what the greatest magnanimity can endure.

40. So tender of, so "sensitive to" (Rolfe).

41, 2. How ... answer'd? What excuse can she make for treating us with such want of respect?

43, 4. and there's ... make. And, loudly as we may knock, we can get no answer.

46. keeping close, remaining private; cp. *H. V.* ii. 3. 65.

"*Keep close*," i.e. do not gad about; and *Hamlet*. iv. 7. 130, "*keep close within your chamber*."

47, 8. **Whereto ... unpaid.** Being compelled to do which, on account of her miserable state, she could not help leaving unpaid, etc.

50. **our great court**, the reception which we had to give to the ambassador on the serious business of his embassy.

51. **Made ... memory.** Caused me to forget this, for which I am to blame.

55. **these two days**, for the two last days.

56. **that ... Posthumus**, that are so firm, so staunch, an adherent to Posthumus; cp. *M. W.* iii. 2. 62, "*I stand wholly for you*." The queen breaks off her apostrophe to Pisanio, and goes on to soliloquize about him.

58. **Proceed by**, may be due to. See Abb. § 368.

60. **despair ... her**, i.e. and she has committed suicide.

63. **dishonour**, it being unseemly for her to travel about alone in order to find Posthumus.

63, 4. **and my ... either**, my purposes will be served either way, whether she is dead or only disgraced.

65. **I have the placing**, it will be in my power to bestow the succession to the crown upon whom I will, i.e. Cloten.

68, 9. **may ... day!** May the night by ending his life prevent his seeing another day. Malone quotes *Comus*, l. 285, "*Perhaps forestalling night prevented them*."

71. **more exquisite**, in a more exquisite degree; predicate.

72. **Than ... women**, "than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind" (Johnson); aptly paralleled by Tollet from *A. W.* ii. 3. 202, 3. "*Lafeu*. Are you companion to the Count Rosillon? *Parolles*. To any count, to all counts, to what is man."

72, 3. **from every ... compounded**; cp. *Temp.* iii. 1. 46-8, "but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best!" and *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 149-60.

74. **Outsells**, outvalues, as above, ii. 4. 102.

77. **That ... choked**, that what otherwise is surpassing in excellence is smothered up, as by over-growing weeds.

77, 8. **and in ... her**, and in regard to that fact, looking at that fact, I will make up my mind to hate her.

80. **are you packing?** Are you about to run off? as freq. in Shakespeare. Staunton and Delius take the word to mean "plotting," in which sense Shakespeare often uses it.

82. **In a word**, i.e. tell me in a word.

83. **Thou art ... sends**, I will immediately dispatch you to hell.

85. **I will ... again**, that is, this is the last chance of answering that I will give you. **close, secret**.

86, 7. **rip ... heart**. Cp. *Lea*, iv. 6. 265, "To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts."

88, 9. **From whose ... drawn**, from whose vast mass of baseness it is impossible to extract so much as a dram of virtue. Cp. *M. V.* iv. 1. 6, "Empty from any *dram* of mercy": **whose so many weights is a phrase compound**. Cp. *A. C.* i. 3. 11, "Tempt him not *so too far*."

92. **halting, hesitating**. **home**, adv. thoroughly.

94. **all-worthy villain!** Partly an angry repetition, but also with the meaning of worthy of all punishment.

98. **Thy ... death**, the latter being simultaneous with the former.

99. **This paper**. "The 'feigned letter' of v. 5. 279 below. It seems to have been prepared by Pisanio to account for Imogen's absence in case he should be charged with aiding and abetting her flight" (Rolfe).

101. **Or this, or perish!** Malone explains, "I must either practice this deceit upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." Ingleby, following Johnson, continues the words to Cloten, with the explanation, "I will do this or perish in the attempt." Steevens thinks it more probable that the words are a reply to Cloten's boast of following Imogen to the throue of Augustus, and mean, 'You will either do what you say, or perish in the attempt, which is the more probable of the two.' To me Malone's explanation seems strongly confirmed by Pisanio's next words. He says in effect, 'It cannot do any harm my letting Cloten have this information of Imogen's having gone to Milford, for by this time she is far enough from that place, and the probable result of my giving him this letter will only be to cause *him* a useless journey, not to place *her* in any danger.'

109. **undergo, undertake**; with which word **with a serious industry** must be joined.

112, 3. **to perform ... man**, *i.e.* if you discharge it in a straightforward manner, I shall think you, etc.

113, 4. **thou shouldst ... preferment**. And in that case you will have from me both reward in the shape of money and my recommendation for your advancement.

117. **bare fortune, poor, humble fortunes** compared to which Cloten's are so exalted.

131. **upon a time, once upon a time**.

131, 2. **belch from my heart**, i.e. he can get rid of it now, seeing that his prospect of revenge is so near at hand.

133, 4. **than my noble ... qualities**. Than my personal graces combined with the nobility of my birth.

135. **and in her eyes**, and that too in her sight.

136. **which**, the sight of which.

137. **of insultment**, of an insulting character; here only in Shakespeare.

147. **a voluntary mute**, willingly silent, not by necessity or compulsion; with an allusion to the *mutes* in Turkish harems, who were, if not dumb by nature, made so by having their tongues cut out that they might not be able to reveal secrets; cp. *T. N.* i. 2. 62. **Be but duteous**, Dyce and Ingleby follow Walker in reading, "be but duteous and true, preferment shall," etc., which seems an improvement, as corresponding with the words "to perform it directly and truly," l. 113 above.

148. **My revenge**, i.e. those upon whom I intend to take it.

151. **to my loss**, i.e. not, as you suppose, to my gain.

153. **To him .. true**. "Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he had already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both" (Malone)

SCENE VI.

6. **within a ken**, cp. ii. *H. IV.* iv. 1. 151, "*Within a ken* our army lies," and *Lucr.* 1114, "*in ken* of shore."

7. **Foundations ... wretched**. What should be so firm seems to fly when the wretched endeavour to reach it. Schmidt sees a quibble between fixed places and charitable establishments, which the next line seems to support.

8. **Where ... relieved**. Where they may expect to receive relief.

10, 1. **knowing ... trial?** Knowing that it (*sc.* to have afflictions) is intended by God as a punishment of their sins or a trial, test, of their virtue.

12, 3. **To lapse ... need**. To fall away from the truth in one who is prosperous is a greater sin than to lie from necessity, owing to poverty.

17. **At ... food**. On the point of sinking for *want* of food; cp.

H. V. i. 2. 14, "Cold for action"; *Macb.* i. 5. 37, "dead for breath."

18. **some savage hold**, some fastness tenanted by rough folk. I **were best**, for this ungrammatical remnant of ancient use, see Abb. 230.

21. **hardness**, hardship; cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 234, "I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity I find in *hardness*."

23. **civil**, civilized, in antithesis to *savage*.

24. **Take or lend**, i.e., probably, take money for the food I so sorely need, or bestow it up on me out of compassion; 'lend' is frequently used by Shakespeare without the idea of return, though generally in this sense figuratively.

25. **Best ... sword**: Steevens compares *Comus*, 487, "*Best draw*, and stand upon our guard."

27. **Such ... heavens!** If I have now to meet a foe, may he be one with no more courage than myself.

28. **woodman**, hunter; Malone quotes *R. of L.* 580.

30. **our match**, our compact; see above, iii. 3. 75.

31, 2. **The sweat ... to**. Men would no longer toil and sweat if it were not for the reward they expected.

32, 3. **our stomachs ... savoury**, much the same as the proverb, "Hunger is the best sauce."

33-5. **weariness ... hard**. Cp. ii. *H. IV.* iii. 1. 9-14, "Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, upon uneasy pallets stretching thee," etc., and *H. V.*, iv. 1. 284, etc. **Resty**, torpid; a shortened form of *restive*, "from Fr. restif, restie, 'stubborn, drawing backward, that will not go forward,' Cot." (*Skeat, Dict. s. v. restive*). **down**, soft feathers, especially those of the eider duck.

36. **that ... thyself!** That has no one to look after it when we are away.

38. **we'll browse on that**, we will nibble at that; properly used of cattle only.

41. **But that**, were it not that.

44. **An earthly paragon!** Cp. *T. G.* ii. 4. 146, "*Val.* And is she not a heavenly saint? *Pro.* No: but she is an *earthly paragon*." For *paragon*, see note on ii. 2. 17, above.

44, 5. **Behold ... boy!** That is, divinity in the guise of a youth.

47, 8. **and thought ... begg'd**. See Abb. § 360.

50. **1' the floor**, on the floor; see Abb. § 160.

52, 3. **parted with prayers**, would have departed having prayed for.

55, 6. As 'tis ... gods. And none but those who worship degraded, filthy gods, consider it anything but dirt; cp. *Cor.* ii. 2. 130, "And look'd upon things precious as they were The common muck of the world."

57, 8. I should ... it. I only committed the fault to save myself from dying; for make; cp. *W. T.* iii. 2. 218, "All faults I make."

63. To ... going, being on my way to whom; see Abb. § 295.

64. fall'n in, i.e. into, as frequently.

66. Well encounter'd! Well met! we are heartily glad to see you.

68. and thanks ... it. And our thanks to you for giving us your company while you eat it.

70. I should ... groom, I should beg earnestly rather than not be your servant, i.e. should not take a refusal without using every form of entreaty I could think of. See Abb. § 126.

71. I bid ... buy. In good truth I only offer a price which I should be prepared to give if you were to be bought, i.e. my praise is wholly sincere, without any exaggeration.

71, 2. I'll make ... man. I'll comfort myself with the thought that he is not a woman whose love has to be sued for with so much trouble.

75. Be sprightly ... friends. Be of good cheer, for you have met with those who will treat you with all kindness. Sprightly is a false spelling for 'spritely,' like a 'spirit' or 'sprite.' In fall 'mongst friends, there seems a recollection of the man who "went down from Jerusalem, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead," Luke x. 30.

75, 6. 'Mongst ... brothers. Certainly among friends if, as you say, I am to regard you as brothers.

76-9. they had ... Posthumus. Then the prize you won in me would have been less, and in that way we should have been on more equal terms, Posthumus; my prize seems to mean the prize of me. Cp. *Sonn.* lxxxvi. 1, 2, "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse, Bound for the prize of all too precious you," where the metaphor, as here, is taken from nautical affairs. Schmidt, and others, take prize to mean "estimation." Imogen means that she would have been less of a prize in her father's eyes; if he had had sons, and so male heirs to his throne, he would not have valued his only daughter quite so highly.

79. wrings, writhes in distress; cp. *M. A.* v. 1, "'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow," 28, and *H. V.* iv. 1. 253, "subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing."

80. free, cp. *Macb.* iii. 6. 35.

81. **What pain, ... danger, whatever pain, and whatever danger,** the *-ever* being derived from *whate'er* in the line above.

82-7. **Great ... twain.** Great men, who had a court no bigger than this cave, who had to wait on themselves as we have, and who had only that virtue which their own consciences ratified as belonging to them, "setting aside that worthless tribute of obsequious adoration which the fickle crowd pay to rank" (Rolfe), would not be more than the peers of these two. Rolfe is clearly right in explaining *differing multitudes* as "the fickle crowd," not "the many-headed rabble," as Johnson says. Cp. "the still discordant, wavering multitude," of ii. *H. IV.* ind. 19. For the words **That had ... cave**, cp. above, iii. 2. 11, 13, "Consider ... that it is place which lessens and sets off."

89. **It shall be so.** Referring to his whispered instructions, l. 81.

90. **dress our hunt, prepare, cook, the game we killed.**

91. **fasting, while we are fasting.**

92. **mannerly, as good manners would dictate. demand thee of,** cp. ii. *H. VI.* ii. l. 175, "*Demanding of King Henry's life and death*"; cp. 'desire of,' *M. V.* iv. l. 402, "I humbly do *desire* your grace of pardon," a partitive genitive.

93. **So far ... it.** So far as you are disposed to communicate it to us.

SCENE VII.

1. **writ, despatch.**

4. **And that, i.e. and since that,** from l. 2.

6. **fall'n-off, revolted.** Rolfe quotes i. *H. IV.* i. 3. 94, "*Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer! He never did fall off, my sovereign liege, But by the chance of war. that ... we business, that it is for us to stir up the gentry to take part in this preparation for war.*"

9, 10. **For this ... commission.** For the speedy raising of a body of troops he entrusts you with absolute power. Some editors retain the reading of the folios, "commands." The two words 'command' and 'commend' are etymologically the same.

13. **your levy,** here not the act of levying, but the troops which shall be levied.

14. **supplyant, supplementary;** cp. "supplyment," iii. 4. 82, above.

15. **Will tie you to, will bind you to, will define for you the,** etc.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

1. where they ... meet, where I may expect them to meet.

2, 3. How fit ... serve me ! How closely his garments fit me !

3, 4. who was ... tailor, who was made by the same hand (i.e. God's) that made, etc.; i.e. if the tailor could make these clothes fit me so well, why should not God who made (created) the tailor, make her fit (suitable) for me ?

4, 5. saving .. word, if I may be excused for saying so, a common form of apology, cp. e.g. *M. A.* iii. 4. 32, *M. M.* ii. 1. 92.

5. for, since. by fits, as we say, by fits and starts, i.e. irregularly, at no fixed times.

6. Therein ... workman. In that matter, the making of her as fit for me as his garments are, I must be my own artificer.

10, 1. beyond him ... time, better circumstanced than he is so far as concerns the time in which we are living, I being the son of a reigning queen, and he an exile.

12. more remarkable ... oppositions, more distinguished for my prowess in single combat; cp. i. *H. IV.* 1. 3. 99, "When ... In single *opposition*, hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour In changing hardiment with great Glendower." Schmidt explains "when compared as to particular accomplishments"; but this rendering misses the antithesis between *single* and *general* in *general services*, which must mean military services rendered in *common with others*. *Services* was a technical term of the day for exploits in war. *imperceiverant*, dull of perception, not perceiving my superiority to Posthumus: Dyce and Arrow-smith quote several instances from old writers of *perseverant*, as the word is here spelt in the folios, and *perseverance* in the sense of *discerning, discernment*.

13. in my despite, in defiance of my attractions. What mortality is ! What a thing human nature is ! See Abb. § 256.

16. thy face, if the reading is right, means 'in your presence,' though this could only be done after Posthumus has been slain. Dyce, who follows Warburton in reading 'her face,' remarks, "Cloten could have no possible object in cutting to pieces the garments of Posthumus before his face, even if Posthumus had been alive to witness the dissection." Cloten wishes to cut them to pieces before the face of Imogen, as a sort of revenge for her having said to him [ii. 3. 138-41]—

' His [Posthumus's] meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men ! ' "

18. *my so rough*. Cp. "Whose so many weights," iii. 5. 88, above.

18, 9. *having power ... testiness*, having control over, being able to control, his ill humour; for *power of*, cp. *Hamlet*. ii. 2. 27, "By the sovereign *power* you have of us."

19. *Shall turn ... commendations*, shall make every thing appear to my credit.

20. *sore purpose* ! terrible purpose. Cp. *Hamlet*. iii. 3. 88.

21, 2. *This is ... meeting place*, this is the very place that they ought to meet at, if Pisanio's description is to be trusted; and I am sure the wretch would not dare to deceive me.

SCENE II.

4, 5. *But clay ... alike*. But one clay (*i.e.* man, who is made of clay, earth) differs from another in respect to position, though their dust (in death) is alike.

7. *So sick*, *i.e.* as to need any one to stay with me.

8. 9. *But not ... sick*, but not so effeminately and luxuriously brought up as to be ready to die before I am really ill. Though no instance has been cited of *citizen* used as an adj., the effeminacy of citizens is often ridiculed. For *wanton*, cp. *R. II.* v. 3. 10, "young wanton and effeminate boy:" so please you, if, provided, it please you.

10, 1. *Stick ... all*. Keep to your daily habits; once break through the regular course of life, and everything is upset. For *journal*, cp. *M. M.* iv. 3. 92.

14. *reason of it*, talk about it, as frequently.

15, 6. *and let ... poorly*, and if need be, let me die, making no greater theft than that. This seems to be the meaning, but possibly for *die* we should read *lie*, *i.e.* do not be afraid to leave me alone in your cave since the only theft I shall be likely to commit is so poor a one.

17, 8. *How much, father*. "How much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee; and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee" (Malone): *i.e.* not only in quantity but in quality my love for you is the same as for my father; *how* seems to be used here as a correlative of *as* (l. 17), as in *V. A.* 815, "how a bright star shooteth in the sky *so* glides he in the night from Venus' eye," it is the correlative of *so*. See Abb. § 46.

19, 20. *I yoke ... fault*, I couple myself with my brother in committing the same fault. Cp. *W. T.* i. 2. 419, "my name Be yoked with his that did betray the *Best*!"

22-4. **the bier ... youth.** If the bier were at the door (*i.e.* to carry a coffin to the grave) and I were called upon to decide which of the two, my father or this youth should die, I should say my father.

24. **strain.** natural, *i.e.* inherited, disposition.

25. **breed of greatness!** inherited nobility of nature declaring itself so plainly.

27. **Nature ... grace.** Nature produces both the grain that is ground in flour and also the husk, both things gracious and things contemptible.

28, 9. **yet who ... me.** But that this boy of whom we know nothing should be loved more than me is surely miraculous; For **miracle** used as a verb, cp. *Lear*, i. 1. 223, "Sure her offence Must be of such unnatural degree As *monsters* it."

35. **imperious, imperial.** Though Shakespeare frequently uses *imperious* where we should use *imperial*, he rarely, if ever, uses *imperial* for *imperious* in its modern sense of dictatorial, tyrannical. **for the dish, for eating.**

36. **as sweet fish, fish as sweet as those produced by the sea are monstrous.**

38. **I'll now ... drug.** Imogen must here be supposed to walk aside, and to rejoin them after Arviragus' next speech. **I could .. unfortunate,** I could not persuade him to be communicative; I could only get him to tell me that he was of gentle birth, but unfortunate.

40. **Dishonestly afflicted,** a sufferer from the evil practices of others.

43. **for this time,** for the present.

45. **For you ... housewife,** for we shall want you again to act as housewife, as you did yesterday. **well or ill,** in all circumstances, whether sick, as I am now, or well, I, etc. **And ... ever.** That is, if our kindness can bind you.

46. **appears ... had,** "a confusion of 'He hath had, (it) appears, good ancestors' and 'He appears to have had.'" Abb. § 411.

48, 9. **he cut ... characters,** into the shape of letters. Steevens quotes Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, iv. 1. 16, "And how to *cut* his meat *in characters*."

50. **as, as though: Juno,** the queen of the gods.

51. **her dieter,** one who had to regulate the food to be taken by his patient.

52, 3. **as if ... smile;** as though the sigh was what it was only because it could not be such a smile.

54-6. **that it .. rall at.** For flying from so divine a habita-

tion to mingle with, and be tossed about by, the stormy winds. There seems to be an echo here of *M. M.* iii. 1. 121, 4. 615, "And the delighted spirit... To be imprison'd in the viewless winds And blown with restless violence round about The pendent world."

58. *spurs*, the lateral roots of trees; cp. *Temp.* v. 4. 7.

58-60. *Grow, ... vine*. May patience increase and flourish, and may the foul-scented elder-tree, grief, untwine his destructive root from the vine around which it clings, and so allow it to grow freely; *perishing*, seems to be used transitively as in iii. *H. VI.*, iii. 2. 100, "My flinty heart Might in My palace *perish* Margaret," and the idea is that, like the ivy, by twining round another plant or tree, it checked the flow of sap. The elder-tree had an evil reputation both on account of the rank smell of its leaves and flowers, and from the medieval notion that it was the tree on which the traitor Judas hanged himself; cp. *L. L. L.* v. i. 610. Malone points out that as to *untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *H. VIII.* iii. 2. 10, the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*.

61. *great morning*, from the Fr. 'grand jour,' broad day.

62. *runagates*, see note on i. 6. 134, above.

64. *I partly ... him*. I think I recognize him.

66. *I saw ... years*, "the action being regarded *simply* as *past* without reference to the present or to *completion*," Abb. § 347.

70. *Soft!* gently, *i.e.* do not run away.

71. *mountaineers*, who were supposed to be of a savage, barbarous nature.

74. *A slave ... knock*. The editors seem unanimous in taking a *slave* to mean "the word *slave*," and quote in support *R. J.* iii. 1. 130, "Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again, That late thou gavest me." Rolfe alone thinks that the other meaning, *viz.* a slave who calls me a slave, is perhaps included. I doubt whether the words contain any other meaning; whether, that is, Guiderius is doing anything more than retort the abusive terms used by Cloten, as he does in l. 90, below. Nor am I convinced that 'the villain' is a parallelism; though I should admit it if we here had "*that slave*."

76. *To who?* see Abb. § 274.

78. *a heart as big?* as courageous.

78, 9. *for I ... mouth*. For I do not manifest my fighting powers by bragging. Cp. *Macb.* v. 8. 6, 7, "I have no words; my voice is in my sword."

80. *Why I, i.e.* and why I.

83. **make thee**, really constitute you, you without your clothes being nothing at all; see note on i. 5. 9. **varlet**, "... was originally a young vassal, a youth, stripping; hence, a servant, etc.; and finally a *valet* as a term of reproach" (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*).

86. **injurious**, insolent.

89. **be thy name**, let the Cloten be thy name, still I, etc.

91. **To ... fear**, to terrify thee even more. **mere**, complete.

93, 4. **not seeming ... birth**. Since your appearance does not correspond with the high birth you boast.

96. **Die the death**, "The form of a judicial sentence (cp. *M. M.* ii. 4. 165), and hence used of a violent death" (Rolfe).

97. **proper**, own.

99. **Lud's town**, London, see note on iii. 1. 32.

101. **No ... abroad?** No parties of men on the look out. Belarius, iv. 2. 65, above, fears some 'ambush,' and (l. 68) bids his sons search "what companies are near."

104, 5. **But time ... wore**; but years have not in any way dimmed, obscured, the characteristics of his face as it then was. **favour**, personal appearance, as frequent.

105, 6. **the snatches ... his**: the hasty way in which he caught at his words, and the abrupt utterance, were exactly those which I remember in him in former days; much what Rosalind describes in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 208-12, "I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of my mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all."

106, 7. **I am ... Cloten**. I am certain it was Cloten himself; absolute, like *perfect*, l. 119 below, and iii. 1. 73, above.

108, 9. **I wish ... fell**. I hope that my brother may not fare ill with him, may acquit himself well in their meeting, for you say he is so fierce, malignant.

109-11. **Being scarce ... terrors**: being then scarcely grown up, he had no understanding of threatening terrors; for **scarce made up**, cp. *R. III.* i. 1. 21, "Scarce half *made up*," though there the meaning is 'prematurely born': for **roaring terrors**, cp. *Haml.* iii. 4. 52—

"Ay me, what act

That *roars* so loud and thunders in the index?"

111, 2. **for defect ... fear**. The folios read "for *defect* of judgement is oft the cause of fear." Any number of conjectures have been made in order to elicit sense; e.g. "*th*' effect of ... cause," Theobald; "defect of ... *cure*," Hanmer; "*defective* ... *cure*," Collier; "defect of ... *sauce*," Staunton; "defect of ... *loss*," Nicholson; "defect of ... *salve*," Cartwright. Of the explana-

tions offered by the folio text, the only one that seems at all satisfactory is that in Ingleby's edition, due partly to himself and partly to Professor Sylvester, which is as follows:—"defect of judgment" = defective exercise of judgment; not its total absence. Cf. *C.* iv. 7. 39, and *A. and C.* ii. 2. 54. Cloten's was not the defect of those who, having judgment, exercise it defectively; he had no judgment; 'he consequently took no heed of terrors that roared loud enough for men with their wits about them; and thus he braved danger; for it is the defective use of judgment (when men have any) which is oft the cause of fear' (Private letter from Professor Sylvester, of Oxford, to the Ed.)." The reading given in the text (*cease of fear*) is a conjecture of Professor Dowden's privately communicated to me. It may be supported by "the *cease of majesty*," *Hamlet*. iii. 3. 15, though the word is not there causal.

115. **Could have ... none**; Stevens compares *T. C.* i. 3. 161. "if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good as crack a fusty nut with no kernel."

116. **I not doing this**, if I had not done this; *i.e.*, not killed him: **had borne**, would now be carrying.

118. **perfect**, quite sure, see note on iii. 1. 73, above.

119. **after ... report**, if what he said is true.

120. **mountaineer**, see note on l. 72, above.

121. **take us in**, subjugate us; see on iii. 2-9 above, "such assaults as would *take in* some virtue." Johnson explains "apprehend as outlaws."

122. **Displace ... grow**, *i.e.*, from where they grow.

125-29. **The law ... the law?** We do not enjoy the protection of the law; then why should we be of such tender conscience as to let an arrogant lump of clay like this threaten us, act the part of judge and executioner all in one, simply because of our respect for law; *i.e.*, we do not enjoy the benefits of the law, why should we submit to insults, etc., which those who do enjoy them are bound to submit to; why not take the law into our own hands, seeing that it will not help us to redress.

131. **in all safe reason**, as we may safely conclude.

132-4. **Though ... worse**; though his character was made up of changeableness, and changeableness too from one evil object to another still more evil.

135. **so far have raved**, could have gone such lengths.

136. **To bring**, *i.e.*, as to bring; see Abb. § 281.

137. **It may ... court**, the rumour may have reached the court.

139. **May ... head**, may gather strength.

140. *As ... like him*, as would be natural in him ; referring to the words following ; *break out*, i.e., into a passion.

141. *fetch us in*, capture us ; as in *A. C. iv. l. 14* ; “Enough to *fetch him in*.”

141-3. *yet is 't ... suffering*, yet his coming alone is improbable, for neither would he undertake such an exploit, nor would he be allowed to do so if he wished.

145, 6. *Let ... it* ; let that which is fore-ordained by the gods come at their good pleasure. *howsoe'er*, nevertheless.

149. *Did ... forth*. The thought of it made the way, as I went forth to hunt, seem tedious ; Stevens compares *R. III. iii. l. 4*, “our crosses on the way have made it tedious.”

152. *and let ... sea*, and let it float down to, etc.

154. *That 's .. reck*. That's all I care, i.e., I do not care at all, the fact that I have slain him causes me no anxiety or self-reproach.

157. *So the ... me!* Provided that, on condition that, etc., i.e., I should be glad to take all the consequence of the deed, if only I had had the good fortune to perform it.

158, 9. *but envy ... deed*, but grudge you the glory which you have deprived me of by being beforehand with Cloten.

160. *That ... meet*, that it would be possible for us to encounter with any chance of success : *seek us through*, follow us with the most determined search.

161. *And ... answer*, and put us upon our defence.

162, 3. *nor seek ... profit*. That is, by encountering any others who, like Cloten, may be in the neighbourhood.

167-9. *to gain ... charity*. To restore him to the bloom of health, I would unhesitatingly take the lives of a whole parish of fellows like Cloten, and still consider that I had acted in a charitable way. For *let ... blood*, cp. *J. C. iii. l. 152*, “who else must be *let blood*.”

170. *how ... blazon'st*, how clearly you proclaim yourself. According to Skeat, *blazon*, vb. and sb., proclamation and to proclaim, and *blazon*, to portray armorial bearings, are ultimately from the same root, meaning to blow, to trumpet forth.

173. *Not wagging*, scarcely stirring.

174. *Their ... enchafed*, when their princely nature is stirred up. Cp. *Oth. ii. l. 17*, “the *enchafed flood*.”

175. *That ... pine*, that seizes the pine by its topmost branches ; cp. *ii. H. IV. iii. l. 22*, “Who *take the ruffian billows by the top*.”

177, 8. *That ... unlearn'd*, that a secret instinct should mould

them to a royalty of behaviour of which they have had no example to guide them to. For *invisible*, cp. *A. C.* ii. 2. 217.

179-81. *Civility ... sow'd.* A polish of manner not learnt from others; valour that grows wild, springs up naturally, in them, but yields as rich a crop as if the soil had been prepared and sown.

184. *clotpoll*, head, used in *Lear*, i. 4. 51, for a blockhead; "call the *clotpoll* back;" *clot*, is an earlier form of *clod* (the original sense being a *ball*) which we still have in '*clod*-hopper,' used for a clumsy fellow, literally, one who hops over clods, i.e. a peasant, rustic.

185. *his body's hostage*, his body is a hostage, is kept by me as a hostage that he, or his head, will return; a jocular continuation of the metaphor used in *embassy*.

186. *ingenious*, of curious structure.

190. *What ... mean?* that is, by playing upon it.

191. *It ... before.* It has not up to this time been played upon. For *did not before*, see *Abb.* § 347, quoted on l. 67 above.

191, 2. *All ... accidents.* Things so solemn as music should only accompany solemn events.

192. *The matter?* What event so serious can have occurred as to make Cadwal touch the instrument?

193, 4. *Triumphs ... boys.* Rejoicings over nothing, and lamentations over trifles, are as the frolicking of apes and the grief of boys.

196, 7. *And ... for*, and carries in his arms that which was the sad cause of the music we blamed him for making.

198. *That we ... on*, that we were so fond of, petted so much.

200. *To have ... crutch*, exchanging the activity of youth for the feeble gait of old age; *to have turn'd*, so as to have turned, with the result of turning.

202, 3. *My brother ... thyself*, you do not look one half so fair, being borne in my brother's arms, as when your own feet bore you; *grew'st thyself*, of thine own natural growth.

204. *Who ... bottom?* a question of appeal=no one ever yet was able to fathom the depths of thy hold. The metaphor is from the use of the plummet to ascertain how much water there is at any time in the hold of a ship.

204-6. *find ... in?* Discover the soft mud at the bottom so as to show us on what kind of coast your sluggish hulk might best find harbour. *Crare*, Sympson's emendation of *care*, was "a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. See Florio's *It. Dict.* 1598, '*Vurchio*, a hulk, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen'" (Malone). Steevens gives many instances of the use

of the word in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. For to show Capell conjectured 'or show.'

206. Thou ... thing ! *i.e.* Imogen.

207, 8. Jove ... melancholy. Jove knows what you would have been if you had grown to manhood, but I know that you died, in the rare blossom of your boyhood, of melancholy. For I Rowe reads *ah!* Ingleby *ay!* For what, see Abb. § 86.

209. Stark, stiff. Rolfe compares the effect of the sleeping potion in *R. J.* iv. 1. 103.

210, 1. Thus ... at, smiling as though gently tickled by a fly while sleeping, not as though pierced by death's dart, but still laughing at it; *i.e.* looking as though she had passed away in peaceful slumber with a smile upon her face.

213. leagued, folded. Cp. Tennyson, *The Two Voices*, 247-9,

" His palms are folded on his breast,
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest."

214. clouted brogues. Nares (*Gloss. s. v. brogues*) says that these were "a coarse kind of shoes strengthened with clouts or nails," and derives the word from the Fr. *clouette*, the nail or pin in the centre of a target. Others explain "patched shoes," in which sense *clouted* is elsewhere used; but patched shoes would not necessarily make any great noise, and Nares' explanation, which Steevens also gives, is certainly the more forcible one.

214, 5. whose ... loud. For their heavy, clumsy, make caused the cave to echo my steps as I walked.

216. he'll ... bed, his grave will be more like a bed in which he is calmly sleeping; he'll make, *i.e.* such is his power of lending a charm to everything connected with him.

217. female fairies, because they will fall in love with him.

218. to thee, altered by some to 'to him,' but probably, as Clarke suggests, Guiderius in his impassioned regret, looking at the beautiful form before him, ends his speech by addressing it.

220. I'll sweeten, *i.e.* by laying flowers upon it.

222. The azure harebell. "The harebell of Shakespeare is undoubtedly the wild hyacinth ... It is one of the chief ornaments of our woods, growing in profusion wherever it establishes itself, and being found of various colours—pink, white, and blue" (Ellacombe, *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*).

223. eglantine, the sweet briar; though Milton, taking them for different plants, writes, *L'Allegro*, l. 47, "Though the Sweet Briar or the Vine, Or the twisted *Eglantine*": lit. the thorny plant.

223, 4. whom not ... breath, which, without slandering it, I

may say would not excel thy breath in sweetness. For whom, see Abb. § 246 and 264.

224. the ruddock, the robin redbreast. Reed quotes the *Cornucopia*, by T. Johnson, 1596, "The robin redbreast if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also."

223. furr'd moss, of a soft furry texture.

227. To winter-ground. "To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, etc., laid over it;" but he gives no authority for his statement, and no other instance of the word has been discovered. Probably it was one of Shakespeare's coinages: see Abb. § 435.

230. wench-like, such as a girl would use; soft sentimentalities.

232, 3. protract ... debt. Delay, by giving way to wonder and admiration, the rites of burial now due.

233. Shall's, shall we; see Abb. § 215.

236. Have ... crack, the voice is said to 'crack' when, at the time of puberty, it gradually passes from the "childish treble" (*A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 162) to a more manly fulness, having during the process a cracked sound. Cp. *M. V.* iii. 4. 66. sing ... grave, carry him to the grave chanting a requiem.

237. note, air, tune.

240. word ... thee, vie with you in words of praise and regret.

242. Than ... lie. Than the lying panegyrics of priests and monumental inscriptions.

246. He was paid, was fully requited. rotting, when rotting in the grave.

247-9. yet ... low. Yet the spirit of respect for one's betters; that divinely sent messenger from God to men, makes distinction between those of high and low birth.

252. Theristes' ... Ajax', the body of a buffoon and the body of a hero are in death alike: Theristes, son of Agrius, the most deformed man and impudent talker among the Greeks at Troy: Ajax, son of Telamon, King of Salamis, represented in the *Iliad* as second only to Achilles in bravery: for are, see Abb. § 12.

254. say, recite. the whilst, during the time you are away, whilst, properly the genitive case of *while*, with an excrescent *t*, used adverbially, but here a substantive.

255. to the east, i.e. with the head towards the east, according to the popular belief that on the day of resurrection Christ will appear in that quarter of the heavens.

262. Golden lads, wealthy high-born lads, etc.

263. chimney-sweepers, *i.e.* paupers.

267. To thee ... oak, The reed is no more than the oak, the comparative inferiority of the one to the other is a matter of indifference to you, as are all things on earth now that you are dead.

269. come to dust, end in dust, and, also, mix with dust. Staunton remarks, "There is something so strikingly inferior both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *masque* or *vision* that deforms the last act."

271. thunder-stone, thunderbolt; cp. *Oth.* v. 2. 234, "Are there no stones in heaven But what serve for the *thunder*?"

275. Consign to thee, are co-signatories with you to the same terms, or agreement, *i.e.* are parties to the same fate.

276. No exorciser ... thee! May no exorciser disturb your spirit by calling it up from the grave in which we have laid you to rest! Shakespeare always uses the word to mean one who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. The commoner meaning is one who casts an evil spirit out of a person possessed.

278. unlaid, that has not been sent back to its proper abode by prayer and ceremonial, that still walks the earth. forbear thee! forbear to trouble you!

280. Quiet consummation. May you enjoy a peaceful close to your life's troubles. There seems to be the idea of the *quietus*, or formal acquittance of a debt to which Shakespeare refers in *Sonn.* cxxvi. 11, 12, "Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be, And her *quietus* is to render thee:" cp. *Haml.*, iii. 1, 63, "'Tis a *consummation* Devoutly to be wished."

283. more, *i.e.* we will bring more.

285. their faces. Of course as Cloten's head had been "sent down the stream," there could be only one face, Fidele's; but probably nothing more is meant than on the front of their bodies, they being naturally laid on their backs, or, as we say, 'face upward.'

287. These herblets shall, *i.e.* wither.

288. apart ... knees. We will go and offer up prayers for them, each by himself.

289. The ground . again: cp. *Genesis*, iii. 19, "For dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

292. By yond bush? Do you say the road is by yonder bush?

293. 'Ods pittikins! By God's mercy! *pittikins*, a diminutive of pity, as *bodykins*, of body, in the same form of adjuration,

Hamlet. ii. 2. 254. Rolfe adds "'Ods heartlings," *M. W.* iii. 4. 59, and "'Ods lifelings," *T. N.* v. 1. 187. **six mille**. So in *M. A.* ii. 3. 15, "ten mile"; *Macb.* v. 5. 37, "Within this three mile"; *Temp.* i. 2. 53, "twelve year"; i. 3. 296, "fathom five," etc., etc.

294. I .. **night**. I have been journeying all night long.

295. **no bedfellow** ! let me have no bedfellow.

296, 7. **These ... on't**. These flowers (*sc.* on the body) symbolize the pleasures of the world; the body itself the cares and troubles of it.

298. For so, for as. **cave-keeper**, one who dwells in a cave, but also, perhaps, with a recollection of Belarius' words, iii. 2. 45, "For you must be our *housewife*."

300, 1. 'Twas ... **fumes**. But my imagination was but as an arrow made of nothing and aimed at nothing, such as the brain creates out of mere vapours. Cp. *Macb.* i. 7. 66, "That memory, the warder of the brain, shall be a *fume*."

305. **a wren's eye**. "The most diminutive of birds," *Macb.* iv. 2. 9. **fear'd gods**, ye gods whom I fear. **a part of it**, grant me a part of it.

306, 7. It is ... **felt**, not merely an object of the mind, but of the eye also, not a mere creation of imagination, but something operative on my senses.

310. **Mercurial**, light and nimble as that of Mercury : **Martial**, like that of Mars, the god of war.

311. **The brawns**, the muscular arms. Cp. *Cor.* iv. 5. 126; *brawn*, though now used only of boar's flesh, is lit. muscle. **Jovial**, like that of Jove; *jovial*, in the sense of merry, the ordinary modern sense, occurs in *Macb.* iii. 2. 28, *Lear*, iv. 6. 203.

312. **Murder in heaven?** Is murder committed in heaven? I say 'in heaven,' for Posthumus belongs more to heaven than to earth, was godlike in his nature. 'Tis gone, *i.e.* his face.

313. **madd'd**, maddened, *i.e.* by the death of Hector.

314. **to boot**, in addition; **boot**, advantage, profit.

315. **irregulous**, lawless; another form (used here only) of 'irregular,' from *regula*, a rule.

317. **Be ... treacherous**, be accounted an act of treachery.

319. **most bravest**. See Abb. § 11.

320. **The maintop**, lit. the summit of the main, or chief, mast of a vessel.

322. **at the heart**, *i.e.* by stabbing thee to the heart.

323. **this head**, the head which I mourn as missing. **How ... be?** How can this have happened?

324. **malice and lucre**, hatred on the part of Cloten, and hope of reward on the part of Pisanio.

325. **Have ... here**, have placed here this woeful object. **pregnant**, clear, evident, as frequently in Shakespeare.

327. **cordial to me**, would act as a restorative. See above, iii. 4. 192-4.

328. **That ... home**. That makes a certainty of what was before only a matter of probability; cp. the common phrase "to bring a thing home" to anyone.

333. **To them**, in addition to, in support of.

334. **After your will**, as you desired.

337. **confiners**, borderers, next neighbours.

340. **conduct**, leadership.

341. **Syenna's brother**, brother to the Prince of Syenna, though Steevens points out that Syenna was a republic. Syenna, or Sienna, the capital of the state, is between thirty and forty miles due south of Florence.

342. **With ... wind**. When next the winds serve, are fair. Cp. *Haml.* i. 3. 2, "as the winds give benefit." **forwardness**, speedy preparation.

344. **look to 't**, attend to it, i.e. the mustering of our forces.

345. **What ... purpose?** What visions have you had of late that have reference to this war?

346. **the very gods**, the gods themselves, not by any intermediate agency. **fast**, fasted, see Abb. § 341.

347. **their intelligence**, their guidance, inspiration.

349. **spongy south**, that sucks up moisture. See on ii. 3. 136 above, and cp. *R. J.* i. 4. 103.

351. **Unless ... divination**, unless my sins have clouded my prophetic sight.

353. **trunk**, lit. that which is mutilated, thence the stem of a tree, the body of an animal without its head, etc.

354. 5. **The ruin ... building**. What remains shows that the building when entire must have been a noble one.

356. **But ... rather**; but, of the two, dead rather than sleeping.

357. **nature**, natural feeling.

360. **instruct ... body**. Tell us what is the meaning of this body lying here.

362. **They ... demanded**. They are so strange as to seem to ask, invite, question.

363. **Thou ... pillow?** use as your bloodstained pillow.

364. 5. **That ... picture?** Who was he that has made that noble picture something quite different from what nature drew it.

368. **Nothing ... better.** To be nothing at all would be better than to be what I am.

370. **mountaineers.** See on iv. 2. 72 above.

371. **There ... masters.** See on iii. 4. 142 above.

374. **'Lack,** for 'alack,' a corruption, perhaps of 'alas,' or according to Skeat, possibly of the M. E. *lak*, loss, failure = ah ! failure, or ah ! loss.

375. **movest no less,** quite as much.

376. **Richard du Champ,** Richard of the Field.

379. **Say you, sir?** What did you say ? See on ii. 1. 27 above. **Fidele,** i.e. a faithful one.

380. **approve,** prove, as frequent in Shakespeare.

381. **Thy faith.** Cp. *H. V.* iv. 1. 63, as to Pistol's name, "It sorts well with your fierceness."

382. **take ... me?** take what comes as my servant, accept service with me with such chances as it may bring.

383. **so well master'd,** will have so good, noble, a master.

385. **Sent ... me,** if sent with all the formality of a consul for the bearer.

386. **prefer thee,** recommend thee.

389. **these ... pickaxes,** "meaning her fingers" (Johnson).

391. **a century,** a hundred, i.e. many, indefinite : such as I can, such as I know.

393. **follow you,** enter your service.

394. **So please ... me,** if it please you to employ me : **entertain,** in this sense, is freq. in Shakespeare, e.g. *M. A.* i. 3. 60, *T. G.* ii. 4. 104, 110.

397. **manly,** which it becomes us, as men, to perform.

399. **partisans,** a kind of halberd, or long-handled axe ; der. uncertain.

400. **arm him,** take him (i.e. the dead body) up in your arms. Steevens quotes *T. N. K.* v. 3. 135, "Arm your prize, I know you will not lose her." **preferr'd,** as in l. 387, above.

403. **are means ... arise,** are means by which we arise all the happier for the fall.

SCENE III.

1. **Again,** go again.

2. **A fever with,** a fever due to, caused by, etc.

3. **A madness**, delirium, frenzy, which puts her life in danger.

4. **at once**, all the different trials coming together. **touch me**, wound me.

5. **The great ... comfort**, my chief comfort; cp. *W. T.* i. 2. 459, 60, "The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion," though 'part' there = only a portion.

6. **Upon ... bed**, upon a bed of sickness with little hope of recovery.

7. **point at me**, threaten me, a metaphor from a weapon pointed at one.

8. **it strikes me**, the blow, or combination of blows, is so heavy as to be beyond all consolation.

10. **needs**, gen. of *need*, used adverbially. **seem**, put on the appearance of ignorance.

11. **enforce it**, tear it, forcibly drag it, out of you.

13. **set it ... will**, place at your disposal.

18. **shall**, in Mod. Eng. we should say 'will.'

19. **All ... subjection**, all his duties as a servant.

20. **There ... diligence**, no diligence is lacking.

21. **And will**, i.e. and he will. **troublesome**, full of troubles, a stronger sense than the word now has, viz., vexatious, annoying. Cp. ii. *H. IV.* iv. 5, 187, "how *troublesome* it sat upon my head," and the first prayer in the service for the Public Baptism of Infants, "may so pass the waves of this *troublesome* world."

22, 3. **We'll ... depend**. We will let you go free for the present, but our suspicions regarding you are still in suspense, hanging over you. **slip**, a metaphor from coursing, the *slips* being the contrivance by which the dogs held in leash are let go when the quarry is seen. **depend** looks like an allusion to the sword of Damocles.

25. **supply**, an additional force, as again v. 2. 16, and frequent in Shakespeare; cp. 'supplyment,' iii. 4. 182, above.

27. **Now for**, etc., i.e. How I wish for, etc., what a help the, etc., would be to me now?

28. **I am ... matter**. I am quite bewildered by pressure of business; for **amazed**, in this sense, cp. e.g. *Hamlet* i. 2. 235, *J. C.* iii. 1. 96. **matter**, in the sense of that which is material, important.

29. **can affront no less**, is equal to meeting, confronting at least as many of those troops of whose coming we hear; for **affront** in this sense of encountering, cp. *T. C.* iii. 2. 174, though it is there used figuratively; and 'affront,' subs., v. 3. 87, below.

30. **come more**, if more should come.

31. **The want is, all that is needed is.**

33. **And ... us.** And show ourselves equal to the demands the occasion makes upon us; for *seeks*, cp. above, iii. 1. 79, "if you *seek* us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle."

34. **annoy us, molest, trouble, us;** for *annoy*, in the sense of *injure*, cp. *J. C.* i. 3, 22, ii. 1. 160. In modern use the word has a weaker sense, = *vex*; for derivation, see note on *noisome*, i. 5. 26, above. **Chances**, here, misfortunes that come from within.

36. **I heard.** Hammer conjectured and Dyce and Ingleby read, *I've had*. Malone, with whom Schmidt agrees, takes *letter* in the alphabetical sense, as = no jot, though the former points out that we say 'I have not heard a syllable from him,' i.e., not anything at all; which seems to me the meaning here.

37. **I wrote him**, we say 'I wrote him word,' and Scotchmen sometimes, 'I wrote him that,' etc.

39. **often tidings, frequent tidings;** cp. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 19. So, 1 *Timothy* v. 23, "for thine *often* infirmities."

40. **What is betid, what has happened: betid, the part. of 'betide.'**

41. **must work, must do their wills.**

42. **Wherein ... true.** In that in which I seem to be false (i.e. in appearing to serve the king) I am really most honest; not true only in order to be really most true.

44. **Even ... king, even so much that the king shall notice my valour.**

46. **that ... steer'd.** That have no other guidance but hers.

SCENE IV.

2, 3. **to lock ... adventure?** if we shut out from it all action, etc.

4. **hiding us?** 'us' reflexive. **This way**, by acting thus.

5. **or ... or, either, or. receive us, accept us so long as they can make use of us** ("During their use.")

6. **revolts, abstr. for concr., revolters;** cp. *K. J.* v. 2. 151. So in *Lear*, iii. 1. 25, "Which are to France the spies and *speculations* Intelligent of our state."

7. **after, afterwards, adv.**

9. **newness, the fact of Cloten's death being so recent.**

10. 1. **we being ... bands,** since we are not known to any body (i.e. who would be responsible for us, answer for us) and do not belong to any of the troops that have been brought together.

11. **may ... render**, may compel us to give an account of, etc.; the subs., now obsolete, is used again in v. 4. 17. below, = surrender.

13. **whose answer**, the answer (*i.e.* penalty) to which enquiry: so v. 3. 79, below, "great the *answer* be Britons must take," = retaliation.

14. **Drawn ... torture**, caused by torture; with an idea of the lingering nature of such a death.

16. **satisfying us**, *i.e.* of the necessity of retiring "higher to the mountains."

18. **their quarter'd fires**, the fires in their quarters, their camp; "the watchful fires" of *H. V. Chor.* iv. 23.

19. **so cloy'd ... now**, so glutted, so completely filled, with matters of such importance as are now before them. Ingleby says that "*now* is here an adverb of time future," *i.e.* that that is spoken of as being in the present time to them which to the speaker is still in the future: **cloy'd**, lit. stopped up, from *O. F. cloyer, clouer*, to nail up, fasten: **importantly**, pressingly, urgently, as the adj. also is used by Shakespeare, *e.g. C. E.* v. 1. 133, "at your *important* letters."

20. **upon our note**, in noting us.

21. **To know**, to ascertain.

23. 4. **not wore ... remembrance**. Did not cause his appearance to fade from my memory; cp. *A. W.* i. 2. 30, "And *wore* us out of act." See Abb. § 305.

26, 7. **Who find ... life**. To whose exile you owe the poor education you have received, and the constant hardships you have endured; **want** and **certainly** are contrasted, the absence of the one, the certain presence of the other.

27-30. **aye hopeless ... winter**. To whose exile you further owe it that you can never hope for that courteous treatment to which your birth entitled you, but must ever submit to be tanned by the heat of summer and to shiver in the icy grasp of winter. In such words as *tanling, eanling* (*M. V.* i. 3. 80), *darling, gosling*, etc., there is a double diminutive suffix, *-l + -ing*; see Morris, *Hist. Out.* 321, 6a.

33. **So out ... o'ergrown**. So entirely out of their memory, and moreover overgrown with your thick beard: for **thereto**, cp. *W. T.* i. 2. 39, *Oth.* ii. 1. 133.

35. **what thing**, what a disgrace, see Abb. § 86.

37. **coward, timid. venison**, the flesh of the deer *when dead*.

38-40. **save one ... heel!** *i.e.* except one that had never felt the touch of the spur, one that had never been used in war or in any martial exercise: **rowel**, the sharp-pointed revolving wheel

at the extremity of the spur : for **bestrid**, which is now obsolete, we should say 'bestrode.'

43. a **poor unknown**, a poor wretch who has never distinguished himself in any way : **unknown**, used as a subs.

45. **the better care**, all the more care of myself for having been blessed by you.

46, 7. **The hazard ... Romans !** Let the ill consequence which will result from my not having been blessed by you, fall, etc. There is a sort of confusion in **hazard** between the risk incurred and its results.

48. **of = on**, see Abb. § 175.

49, 50. **should reserve ... care**, should be more anxious to preserve my life, which is but as a cracked vessel. **Have with you**, I will go with you.

53, 4. **their blood ... born**. Their impetuous nature disdains itself until it finds an opportunity of breaking out and showing their princely origin : cp. Arviragus' speech just above.

ACT V. SCENE I.

3. **this course**, the course I have pursued.

5. **For ... little !** For going as little astray as Imogen has. *Wrien*, to twist, bend, occurs in Chaucer, C.T. 17211, and 'wry,' adj., and 'awry' adv. are in common use.

7. **No ... ones**. He is not bound by the terms of his service to do any but just ones.

9. **to put on this**, to instigate the commission of this.

11. **more worth**, more deserving of.

12-5. **You snatch ... thrift**. Some you snatch away early in life for petty faults, doing so out of love, to prevent them from further sin, others you permit to heap crime upon crime, each succeeding one being more heinous than its predecessor, and cause them to dread this accumulation, with the result that they, the doers, being driven by this dread to repent, profit thereby, i.e., by repenting. It has been objected that **elder** ought logically to mean the preceding not the succeeding crime ; but it seems probable that Shakespeare here uses **elder** in the same way that Bacon, *Adv. of Learning*, i. v. 1, says *ancient* ought to be used in regard to time : " And to speak truly, *Antiquitas saeculi juvenus mundi*. These times are the ancient times when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves." So, too, Webster of Clitheroe in his *Academiarum Examen* (quoted by Dyce, Preface

to John Webster's *Dram. Works*, p. xxix), says, "In regard of Natural Philosophy ... we preposterously reckon former ages, and the men that lived in them, the Ancients; which in regard of production and generation of the Individuals of their own species are so; but in respect of knowledge and experience this Age is to be accounted the most ancient...."

16, 7. **But ... obey!** The words between *vengeance* and **But Imogen** are of a parenthetical nature, and the connection is, Imogen would have been saved and I should have been struck down: as to her, you have taken her to yourselves; as to me, do what it may seem good to you, and make me blest in learning to acquiesce in your wills. Mr. W. Lloyd would repeat *vengeance*, or introduce *Judgment*, in place of **Imogen** in l. 16. Such a substitution seems to me not only unnecessary, but injurious as destroying the antithesis between the will of the gods in respect to Imogen and himself in ll. 10, 11, and ll. 16, 17.

17-21. **I am ... thee.** Ingleby paraphrases, "I am brought hither to fight against my lady's kingdom, but I will not do so. Let it suffice, O Britain, that I have slain her who is thy mistress also. I say peace:—I'll give no wound to thee."

23. **weeds, garments,** as freq.: **suit myself, dress myself;** cp. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118, "I did *suit* me all points like a man."

24. **Briton,** the adjectival use of *Briton* is obsolete.

25. **the part, the party,** side.

26, 7. **even for ... death,** on whose account, in regret for whom, every moment I live is a new death.

28. **Pitied nor hated,** neither pitied nor hated. **to the face of peril,** to the meeting of peril; that shall be my one object.

30. **habits,** dress.

31. **o' the Leonati,** *i.e.* of the noble family, the Leonati, to which I belong.

33, 34. **To shame ... within.** In order to put to shame the ordinary way of the world, I will set the fashion of proving nobler than my outward appearance would indicate.

SCENE II.

2. **Takes ... manhood.** Paralyzes my courage. Cp. the prophetic admonitions of the ghosts to Richard in *R. III.* v. 3, *e.g.* of the ghost of Clarence, ll. 131, 4, 5, "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! To-morrow in the battle think on me And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!" For the construction, cp. *Macb.* i. 3. 147.

4. **carl, churl;** cp. *carlot*, in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 108, "The cottage That the old *carlot* once was master of."

6. **In my profession?** in that which is my own special occupation, i.e., fighting.

8. **go before, surpass.**

9, 10. **the odds ... gods.** The probability is that we are something less than men, and you, etc. Shakespeare uses *odds* with both sing. and pl. verbs.

13. **The villany ... fears,** our shameful cowardice.

16. **As war were hoodwink'd,** as though war, the genius of war, were blindfolded.

17, 8. **or betimes . fly.** Let us bring up fresh troops before it is too late or else let us save ourselves by flight.

SCENE III.

1. **the stand?** that obstinate resistance which turned the fate of the day.

4. **But ... fought:** if it had not been that the gods fought on our behalf.

5. **Of ... destitute,** deserted by the two wings of his army, which had been driven back. Malone quotes a passage from Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland* from which this incident was evidently derived: "Haie beholding *the King*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle wan, now *destitute of the wings*," etc. And Musgrave gives a further extract from the same History: "There was *neere to the place of the battel a long lane* fenced on the sides with *ditches and walles made of turfe* through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes. Here Haie with his sons supposing they might best stae the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met flying, and spared neither friend nor fo, but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battel," etc.

6. **And but, etc.** And nothing but, etc.

7. **strait, narrow.** full-hearted, exulting with success.

8. **Lolling ... slaughtering,** weary with slaughtering, like animals whose exhaustion is shown by their tongues hanging loosely out of their mouths.

9-11. **struck down ... fear.** struck down some mortally wounded, some only slightly wounded, while others fell from fear, though not wounded at all; merely, entirely. The construction is somewhat irregular, as **struck down** does not properly refer to **some falling ... fear**: that, so that; see Abb. § 283.

12. **With ... behind, i.e. who had fallen flying.**

13. **To die ... shame.** That is, for whom it would have been better to die at once than to prolong a shameful life.

14. **wall'd with turf, with high banks of turf on either side.**

15. **ancient, aged ;** cp. *W. T.* iv. 4. 79, 372, *Temp.* ii. 1. 286.

16-8. **who deserv'd ... country :** who, in so serving his country, well deserved of it the support it had given him during the life which his white beard showed him to have lived. Ingleby strangely explains, "who showed by his valour that he had profited by such long experience (in arms) as his long white beard cited"; and Schmidt scarcely less strangely, "who deserved to live so long as to breed his long white beard."

19. **striplings.** "A double diminutive from *strip*; the sense is 'one who is as thin as a strip,' a growing lad not yet filled out. Cp. 'you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case,' i. *H.* IV. ii. 4. 273" (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*).

19, 20. **lads ... base, lads who looked more fit to take part in boyish games than, etc.** *Prison* (or Prisoner's) *base*, alluded to in *T. G.* i. 2. 97, and frequently mentioned in old writers, is a game still played by boys in England. Two *bases*, in a line with each other, and a certain distance apart, are held, each by one of the two sides engaged in the game. From one of these *bases* a boy starts to run to a point equidistant from them, and is pursued by another boy from the opposite base. If the first starter cannot reach the point, and return to his own base before he is caught by the starter from the opposite base, he is sent to *prison*, a space marked off for the purpose at a certain distance from the bases. It is then the object of the side to which the *prisoner* belongs to rescue him by sending out another boy, who has to reach the prisoner without being himself caught by one of the opposite side. The two sides, A and B, have each a prison; but as the prison belonging to the side A (in which those of the side B are confined) is opposite to the base of A and diagonal to the base of B, and *vice versa*, the would-be rescuer has a greater distance to run than his pursuer, and if he is caught in his endeavour, he too goes to prison. The game continues till all the boys on the one side or the other are caught and sent to prison.

21, 2. **With faces ... shame, with faces so delicate of complexion as to deserve masks to protect them from the sun, or rather I should say, fairer than those by which masks are worn either for that purpose, or to prevent impertinent curiosity : 'masks' were commonly worn by ladies out of doors to preserve their complexions, or for purposes of concealment at balls, theatres, etc.** See *Oth.* iv. 2. 9.

23. **Made ... passage, held the pass.**

24. **Our ... men.** It is only our deer, not our men, that die flying (*i.e.* you are not worthy of the name of men, you have no more spirit than the timid deer).

25. **To darkness ... backwards.** They who, like you, fly backwards, hasten to hell.

26-8. **Or we ... frown :** or you will find us as much your enemies as the Romans, and we "will give you that death like beasts which you shun like beasts, and which you might save yourself from, only by looking back with a bold frown of defiance" (Clarke): **beastly**, *adv.*, cp. iii. 3. 30, above.

29. **Three ... confident,** as confident as though they were three thousand, not three only. **in act as many,** and in deed equal to that number.

30, 1. **For three ... nothing.** For, when the rest do nothing, three who show their prowess, in reality, to all practical purpose, constitute the whole troop.

32-5. **Accommodated ... renew'd;** aided by advantage of position, but exercising more influence by their nobleness, nobleness which would have converted a timid woman into a daring man, gave fresh colour to those now blanched with fear; and some from shame, some from returning courage, became what they were before the panic seized them: **Part ... renew'd,** the construction is 'shame renewed part (*i.e.* some of them); spirit (courage) renewed others.'

35-9. **that some ... hunters.** So that some who, merely from following the lead of others, had given way to cowardice—a sin doubly accursed in those who set the example—began, like the old man and the two striplings, to face the foe with looks as fierce and grim as those of lions at bay against the spears of hunters.

39-43. **Then ... made:** then followed a pause on the part of those who till then had been chasing the runaways; next a retreat; and before long a wild, disorderly flight; in haste they scour as timorous chickens along the ground over which erewhile they had swooped as eagles; as slaves they retrace the steps which but now they had so proudly made as victors. **Stoop'd,** a technical expression for the pouncing of birds of prey. **our cowards,** *i.e.* those of our side who had lately behaved like cowards.

44, 5. **Like ... need :** like the fragments of food in a prolonged voyage (which at another time would have been despised) become the very life and soul of the emergency. For **fragments,** Ingleby compares "As dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," *A. F. L.* ii. 7. 39.

45, 6. **having found ... wound.** Finding the enemy turning their backs upon them, what fearful wounds they deal! These cowards who had not been able to force an entrance by the front door, *i.e.* had not dared to face the foe when attacking, now that the back door is open and unguarded, valorously rush in, *i.e.* pursue him when flying.

47, 8. **Some ... wave.** Some wounding those already slain, some the dying, some their own friends who had before been borne to earth by the wave of the attacking Romans.

48, 9. **ten ... twenty:** those who before had allowed themselves to be chased, ten by one, are now each of them the butchers of twenty; for **slaughter-men**, *cp. H. V. iii. 3. 41*, "Herod's bloody-hunting *slaughtermen*."

50, 1. **Those ... field.** Those that but now would rather die than offer the slightest resistance, have become the deadly terror of the battlefield; **bug** = bugbear, terrifying apparition, hobgoblin, as frequently in Shakespeare.

53. **do not wonder at it.** "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder was all that he was made for" (Johnson).

56. **And ... mockery?** And publish it abroad as a piece of witty ridicule? **one**, *i.e.* a rhyme.

59. **to what end?** What would be the good of my being angry? That is, do you suppose that I would waste my anger on an object like you?

60. **stand, face.**

61. **For if ... do, i.e. fly: as he ... do,** as it is his nature to do.

64. **Still going?** "Running away from me also" (Rolfe). "Said in contemptuous allusion to his having 'come from the fliers,' and to his being one that will 'quickly fly' a poor-looking man's friendship" (Clarke). **This is a lord!** This is a pretty fellow to be a lord!

64, 5. **O noble ... me!** "O miserable piece of nobility" (Ingleby), to think of your being present on the battlefield and yet to have to ask of an insignificant fellow like me what has happened! *i.e.* to have to confess that you yourself have taken no part in the fighting. Compare Hotspur's scornful description of the chattering lord who after the battle of Homeldon came to demand in the king's name the prisoners Hotspur had taken; *i. H. IV. i. 3. 30*, etc.

66-8. **To-day ... too!** How many to-day would gladly have sacrificed their honours to save their lives, nay, even were base enough to take flight in the hopes of doing so, and yet could not escape death!

68-70. **I in ... struck:** I, on the contrary, protected by my

misery, as by a charm, could not find out death though I sought him where I heard him groan (where the groans of the dying were to be heard), nor encounter his stroke even in the thickest of the fight. "Alluding," says Warburton, "to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle."

70-3. **being ... war.** It is strange that such a hideous monster as he is should be found lurking in sparkling cups of wine, in downy beds, in sweet-toned words (i.e. that these should be his instruments); strange that he should have other agents than us that wield his deadly weapon, and therefore might be trusted to effect his purposes. **Sweet words, honied words** that beguile to destruction.

73. **Well ... him**; i.e. if he shuns me in one direction I will find him in another; of that I am determined.

74-6. **For being ... in**: "This," says Capell, "is spoken of *death*, whom the speaker is seeking: but despairing to find him among the Britons, of whom he was '*now a favourer, I, no more a Briton,*' says he, *have resumed the part I came in,* the Roman, and will meet him there." Rolfe explains, "*now is = just now,* and *No more a Briton* is opposed to the preceding clause: Having been on the side of the Briton, but no longer a Briton, I have resumed, etc." Ingleby adopts a very ingenious conjecture of Brae's "*Fortune being now,*" with the meaning "*Fortune being now favourable to the British arms, I resume the part I came in, and am no longer a Briton.*" Hanmer cut the knot of the difficulty by reading *Roman* for *Briton* in l. 74.

76. **fight ... more**, i.e. because there is no further opportunity of serving his country by fighting against the Romans, and against his fellow countrymen he of course cannot fight.

77. **veriest hind, merest boor**; i.e. to any one he meets, without waiting to be taken captive by somebody of rank.

78. **Once ... shoulder**, so much as lay his hand on me, as was the custom with bailiffs. Rolfe compares *shoulder-clapper*, i.e. bailiff, *C. E.* iv. 2. 37.

79. **answer**, retaliation.

80. **my ... death**, the ransom I seek is death.

81. **On either ... breath**. To lose my life either by falling by the hands of the Romans in battle, or by being taken captive and put to death by the Britons as being a Roman.

86. **silly, simple, rustic**; cp. *Lear*, ii. 2. 109, "twenty *silly* ducking observants."

87. **That ... them**. That charged in company with them.

90, 1. **Who ... him**. Who would not now be hanging his head

here if he had been seconded by men whose courage equalled his. Cp. *Cor. i.* 4. 43, "now prove good *seconds*."

93, 4. A leg ... here. Not so much as the limb of a Roman shall return to tell the tale of their defeat: brags his service, boasts of having served with the enemy as though he were some one of great reputation.

SCENE IV.

1. You shall not, etc., there is no fear of your being, etc.

2. So graze ... pasture. Occupy yourself as best you may; so, in such a way. An allusion to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to feed in a meadow.

4. liberty, the ransom spoken of in v. 3. 80, above.

8. To ... locks. Shakespeare here speaks of 'unbarring' a lock, and 'picking' a bolt; in modern language we speak of 'unbarring' a door and of 'picking' a lock.

9. shanks, the lower part of the leg, the part above the ankle-bone.

10. the penitent instrument, the means of doing penance for my sins, i.e. by dying.

11-28. Is't enough ... bonds. This difficult passage is fully and satisfactorily explained by Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, pp. 100-2, "... Posthumus rejoices in his bodily thralldom, because its issue will be death which will set him free; certainly from bodily bondage, and possibly from spiritual bondage—the worse of the twain. So he prays for 'the penitent instrument to pick that bolt,' the bolt that fetters his conscience worse than the cold gyves constrain his shanks and wrists; that is, for means of a repentance which may be efficacious for pardon and absolution. He then enters into these means in detail, following the order of the old churchmen: viz., sorrow for sin, or *attrition*; 'Is't enough I am sorry?' etc.: then penance, which was held to convert *attrition* into *contrition*: 'Must I repent?' etc.: then satisfaction for the wrong done. As to this last he says, if the main condition of his spiritual freedom be that ('To satisfy'), let not the gods *with that object* require a stricter render than his all—his life. These are the three parts of absolution. The third he expands in the last clause. He owns that his debt exceeds his all. He says, in effect, 'Do not call me to a stricter account than the forfeiture of my all towards payment. Take my all, and give me a receipt, not on account, but in full of all demands. Earthly creditors take of their debtors a fraction of their debt and less than their all, letting them thrive again on their abatement: but I do not desire that indulgence of

your clemency. Take life for life—my all : and though it is not worth so much as Imogen's, 'tis a life, and of the same divine origin : a coin from the same mint. Between man and man light pieces are current for the sake of the figure stamped upon them : so much the rather should the gods take my life, which is in their own image, though it is not so dear, or precious as Imogen's.' The old writers compared the hindrances of the body to gyves ; so Walkington in *The Optic Glasse of Humors*, 1607 (fo. 11), 'Our bodies were the prisons and bridewils of our souls, wherein they lay maniced and fettered in gyves,' etc. : and when Posthumus says, 'Cancel these cold bonds,' he means free the soul from the body, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 49, 'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale!' (where Mr. Staunton plausibly reads *paled*) : but the epithet 'cold' has reference to the material gyves, which were of iron : cp. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1. 72, where Palamon says, 'Quit me of these cold gyves'—i.e. knock off my fetters." In his edition of the play, Ingleby takes 'no stricter' to mean 'more restricted, less exacting,' and places a note of interrogation after 'satisfy,' l. 15, but his 'second thoughts' do not seem to me an improvement.

15. **Desired ... constrain'd**, which are desired by me rather than felt as a constraint ; **constrained**=constraining.

17. **render**, cp. above, iv. 4. 11.

19. **broken**, bankrupt.

20, 1. **letting ... abatement**, by thus abating their claims, taking a dividend in part instead of the whole, allowing them an opportunity of prospering again.

24, 5. **every stamp**, every coin with the sovereign's head stamped upon it ; cp. *Macb.* iv. 3. 153 : **take pieces**, accept as current the coin though it be not of the full weight ; cp. *Hero and Leander*, *Sestiad* i. 265, "Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow."

27. **Take ... audit**. "Accept the statement of account I offer" (Ingleby). According to Skeat, **audit** is from the sb. *auditus*, hearing ; Webster regards it as the 3rd per. of the verb, *audit*, he hears, attends : **cancel these cold bonds**, cp. *Macb.* iii. 2. 49, *R. III.* iv. 4. 77.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Solemn music.** In spite of Schlegel's attempt to defend this masque or vision as being of Shakespeare's workmanship, modern editors are almost unanimous in looking upon it as foisted in by some later playwright ; and argument seems scarcely necessary in support of their opinion.

30. **thunder-master**, wielder of the thunderbolt, *Jupiter Tonans*.

31. **mortal flies**, us mortals, who to ye gods are as insignificant as flies are to mortals ; cp. *Lear*, iv. 1. 38, "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport."

- 33, 4. **That ... rates**, who scolds you for.
38. **Attending ... law**. Awaiting the time when by nature's law he should be freed from the womb. Cp. *W. T.* ii. 2. 59-61.
42. **earth-vexing smart**, this pain plaguing to the life of man.
43. **Lucina**, lit. the goddess belonging to the light (*lux, lucis*), i.e. who brings persons to the light, and so the goddess of child-birth; applied as an epithet to Juno, but when used alone, as here, most often meaning Diana.
45. **That**, so that.
46. **Came crying, etc., and came crying**.
52. **mature for man**, cp. iv. 2. 110, above, "Being scarce *made up*, I mean to man."
54. **his parallel, his equal, his like**; so Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, iv. 3. 40, "And but herself admits no *parallel*"; and Louis Theobald, *The Double Falsehood*, "None but himself could be his *parallel*."
55. **fruitful object**, an object worthy the attention of, a fruit worth plucking by, etc.
57. **deem**, estimate, appreciate.
58. **mock'd**, his marriage being little more than a mockery, since he was separated from his wife immediately after it.
60. **Leonati seat**, the home of the Leonati; see Abb. § 22.
64. **Slight ... Italy**, that contemptible Italian.
67. **geck**, dupe; cp. *T. N.* v. 1. 351. "And made the most notorious *geck* and gull;" probably the same word as 'gawk,' a simpleton, from A. G. *geac*, a cuckoo.
69. **stiller seats**, the peaceful realms of Elysium.
70. **us twain**, 'us' is frequently used by Shakespeare in *questions* with 'shall' for 'we.'
73. **Tenantius**, see note on i. 1. 31.
75. **hardiment**, acts of hardihood, valorous exploits.
76. **To Cymbeline**, on behalf of, etc.
78. **adjourn'd**, deferred, delayed giving: **dolours**, is now obsolete, though we still use 'dolorous.'
79. **graces, favours**.
80. **Being all**, which are therefore all, etc.
81. **Thy crystal window**, the bright cope of the sky.
88. **cry ... against**, cry out against, complain of, **Synod**, assembly, usually in Shakespeare, as here, of the gods, but generally used of ecclesiastical assemblies or councils.
92. **And ... fly**, no longer trust to your sense of justice.

98. **never-withering ... flowers**: the amaranths (i.e. flowers that never fade) and asphodels of the poets; cp. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 353; Pope, *St. Cecilia's Day*, 74, "Happy souls who dwell In yellow meads of asphodel Or amaranthine bowers"; Tennyson, *The Lotus Eaters*, 170, 1. "Others in Elysian valleys dwell, Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

99. **accidents, casualties, disasters.**

101. **Whom ... cross.** Cp. the proverb, "Those whom the gods love die young."

102. **The more ... delighted.** The more delighting the more it is delayed, i.e. by being delayed; for **delighted** = delighting, delightful, cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 290, "If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack," and see Abb. § 574.

103. **Your ... uplift**: we, of our majesty, will raise your son who has fallen into misery.

104. **His ... thrive**, that which will prove his comfort is now prospering, going on well.

105. **Jovial**, cp. iv. 2. 312, and see Trench, *Study of words*.

106. **fade**, vanish from view.

110. **Our ... confine.** Wherein is contained a statement of the happy lot which our good pleasure assigns to him. For **full fortune**, cp. *Oth.* i. 1. 66, "What a *full fortune* does the thick lips owe."

116. **as to foot us**, as if to strike us with his claws: cp. iii. 5. 141, "*foot* her home."

116, 7, **his ... fields**, that home to which he (Jupiter) ascends, is more blissful than even our happy shades; *blest fields*, the *arva beata* of the ancients.

118. **Prunes**, smoothes and arranges; cp. i. *H. IV.* i. 1. 98; *plumes* is used in the same sense. **cleys**, = "cleys, clees, claws" (Farmer), as in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, vii. 29, "To save her from the seize Of vulture death, and those relentless *cleys*."

120, 1. **he is enter'd ... roof**, he has ascended through the radiant roof of Elysium and entered into his palace: **to be blest** in order to be blest.

125. **O scorn!** i.e. how the vision treats me with scorn, mockery.

129. **I swerve**, I mistake, go astray.

130. **to find**, of finding.

131. **steep'd**, deeply plunged; more often of sorrow, misfortune. Cp. *Oth.* iv. 2. 50, "*steep'd* me in poverty to the very lips."

133. **A book?** The "tablet" of l. 109, above.

134. **fangled**, fanciful, given to novel fancies. "Halliwell quotes from Guilpin's *Skialetheia*, 1598, 'It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth, Who is new printed to this *fangled* age.' Where 'new' seems to be understood before 'fangled'" (Ingleby).

135-7. **let thy ... promise**, let your behaviour show itself as good as your outside promises, and so be utterly unlike our courtiers whose acts do not correspond with their goodly appearance: for **effects**, cp. *Hamlet*. v. 2. 27, "wilt thou know The *effect* of what I wrote"; and for the sentiment v. 1. 32. 3, above, "To shame the guise of the world, I will begin The fashion, less without and more within."

138. **When as**. See Abb. § 116.

142. **freshly grow**, grow afresh.

146. **Tongue ... not**, utter with the tongue, but not from the brain: **either both ... untie**, either a dream or a madness, or nothing at all; either such meaningless words as madmen use, or a communication as difficult to unravel as those made to us in dreams. Or **senseless ... untie** is explanatory of the two previous lines.

148. **untie**, unravel, make clear. **Be what it is**, let it be whatever it is; see Abb. § 404.

149. **The action ... it**, the course of my life is like it in its mysteriousness, unintelligibility.

152. **Over-roasted rather**, not merely ready, but a good deal more than ready, like a piece of meat that has been too long before the fire.

153, 4. **Hanging ... cooked**, we are not talking of roasting, but of hanging; and if you are ready for that, you are in a proper condition (well cooked); possibly with an allusion to the hanging of meat before cooking it.

155, 6. **the dish ... shot**, the food is worthy of the reckoning paid first, cp. i. *H. IV.* v. 3. 31; **shot**, lit. contribution, that which is 'shot' into the general fund.

159, 60. **are often ... mirth**, the payment of which is as often productive of sadness when the feast is over as of mirth while the feast lasts: **parting**, departing.

162. **are paid too much**, are punished by excess of eating and drinking.

164. **drawn**, emptied, that which was so heavy before now being so light.

165, 6. **O, the ... trice**. O how great is the goodness, virtue, of a penny cord! it sums up the debt due, however large, in a moment; **in a trice**, "from Span. *tris*, noise made by the breaking of a glass; ... an instant ..." (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*)

167. **debitor and creditor**, an account book. Cp. *Oth.* i. 1. 31, "I of whom his eyes had seen the proof ... must be beleed'd and calm'd By *debitor and creditor.*"

168. **your neck ... counters**, your neck, etc., serve as counters for reckoning. Cp. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38, "I cannot do without *counters.*" *Counters* were small pieces of coin (of lead, tin, etc.) used by the uneducated in all but the simplest calculations of money.

169. **the acquittance**, the receipt in full, cp. *Hamlet*. iii. 1. 75, "when he himself might his quietus make By a bare bodkin."

170. **to die**, at the thought of dying.

172. 3. **and a ... bed**, with a hangman to send him to sleep; cp. *H. VI.* iv. 7. 96, "Ye shall have a hempen caudle and the help of hatchet," i.e. the hangman's rope to send you to sleep and the help of the axe (to cut off your head), to ensure the soundness of that sleep. See Abb. §§ 367 and 95.

173. **he would change places**, i.e. if he had the chance; **his officer**, i.e. the hangman.

177. 8. **I have ... pictured**, which is different from the usual representations of death, he being shown as a mere skull with sockets empty of the eyeballs.

178. 9. **directed ... know**, guided, instructed, by some that presume to know.

180. 1. **or jump ... peril**, or risk the account which you will be called upon to give of yourself after death. Cp. *Macb.* i. 7. 7, "But here, upon the bank and shoal of time, We'd *jump* the life to come."

181. 2. **how you ... end**, how you shall prosper, fare, at your, etc. The old sense of to 'speed' is to 'succeed,' and of the substantive 'success,' 'help.'

184. **but such as wink**, i.e. purposely shut their eyes.

186-8. **What an ... winking**. What an exquisite jest it is, if what you say is true, that man should see so clearly the way to darkness, for hanging I am sure, whatever you may say, is the way to darkness.

192. **I'll be hang'd then**, I'll be cursed if you are, i.e. I am sure you are not; **hang'd**, for the sake of the play on his profession; and perhaps with the secondary meaning, I shall be hanged in your stead for letting you go free. Posthumus of course means he is to be liberated by death, but the hangman takes, or pretends to take, his words literally.

193. **then freer**, i.e. if you are hanged, taking the gaoler's words literally. **no bolts ... dead**, there are no bolts that can confine the dead.

195. 6. **Unless ... prone.** I never knew any one so much inclined for hanging (and never should), unless it was one who might desire to marry, etc.

197. **verlier knaves,** greater, lit. truer, more real. **desire to live,** i.e. who desire, etc. **for all ... Roman,** in spite of his being a Roman (and therefore a scoundrel); see Abb. § 154.

198. **some of them too,** "them," emphatic; even of the Romans.

200. 1. **there were ... gallowses!** In that case there would be no employment for gaolers, no use for gibbets; **gallowses,** perhaps, as Rolfe says, intended as a vulgarism; cp. *T. N.* i. 3. 122, "Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?" Beaumont and Fletcher, however, use the same form where no vulgarism is intended, *The Little French Lawyer*, v. 1. 71, "There be a thousand *gallowses*, ye rogues!" and *The Loyal Subject*, v. 6.

201. 2. **I speak ... in't.** In saying this (**I would ... gallows.**) I am speaking against my own trade and the profit I make out of it; but still if we were all of one mind and that mind a good one, I might hope for a more remunerative occupation than my present one.

SCENE V.

2. **Woe ... heart,** to my heart, see Abb. § 230.

3. **richly fought,** with such rich result; in antithesis to **rags,** in the next line, i.e. though so poorly clad.

5. **Stepp'd ... proof,** advanced in front of and so put to shame those of his own side who were armed with shields of proof; shields that had been tested in the manufactory to ascertain their power of resistance; **targes,** here, as in *A. C.* ii. 6. 39, a monosyllable.

7. **grace, favour.**

9, 10. **that promised ... looks.** From whom one would have expected nothing but meanness of action and dejection in look; **beggary** being contrasted with **precious deeds,** and **poor looks** with **noble fury.**

11. **search'd,** sought for; cp. *Oth.* i. 2. 47, "The senate hath sent these several guests *To search you out.*"

13. **The heir ... reward.** The reward I intended to give him, comes back, reverts, to me, **which ... add,** which reward, in addition to other rewards, I will bestow upon you.

15. **By whom ... lives.** Who, I admit, have to her proved yourselves the vital powers, as the liver, etc., are to the body.

16. **To ask ... are.** To ask whence you come, to what part of the country you belong.

17. **and gentlemen,** i.e. and are born gentlemen, are gentlemen by birth.

19. **Bow your knees**, kneel before me as those kneel who are about to be knighted.

20. **my knights ... battle** ; knighted by me for your deeds in battle ; cp. *H. V.* iv. 3. 61-3, "For he to-day that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile, This day shall *gentle his condition*."

22. **estates**, the rank now conferred upon you.

23. **business**, matter of serious importance ; so *R. II.* ii. 2. 75, "O full of careful *business* are his looks."

24. **like Romans**, as gloomy as the defeated Romans might be expected to look.

27. **Who** = whom, as frequently in this play, e. g. ii. 1. 153, iii. 3. 87, iv. 2. 77. See Abb. § 274.

28. **consider**, reflect.

30. **How ended she?** What was the manner of her death ? cp. *T. N.* ii. 1. 20, "both born in an hour ; ... would we had so *ended*."

32, 3. **concluded ... herself**, ended in being most cruel to herself, she dying a death of torture by her own hand.

35. **Can trip me**, take me up, expose my untruth.

36. **finish'd**, like ended, l. 30, died.

38. **Affected ... you** : Did not love you yourself, but only the high position to be gained through you : for **affected**, cp. *T. N.* ii. 5. 28, "Maria once told me she did *affect* me."

41. **but she ... it**, if she had not spoken it ; see Abb. § 120.

42. **in opening**, in her disclosing of it, when she disclosed it.

43. **whom ... love**, whom she beguiled with the pretence of loving her ; cp. *Macb.* iii. 1. 81. Ingleby, who cites several other instances of the phrase, says, "*Whom* is objective to *love* ; and *me* is understood as objective to *bore in hand*" ; but the passages cited do not seem to me to bear out his remark. As a similar expression, he quotes *The Jew of Malta*, iii. 3. 3, "Both *held in hand*, and flatly both beguiled."

46, 47. **she had ... poison**, she would have, she intended to have, put an end to by poison.

47. **delicate fiend** ! fiend in heart with the appearance of an angel ; cp. *R. J.* iii. 2. 73-5, "O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face ! Did ever Dragon keep so fair a cave ? Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !"

50. **For you**, intended to be given to you. **a mortal mineral**, a deadly poison. **took**, see Abb. § 343.

51, 2. **Should .. you** : would consume your life minute by minute, and, by its lingering process, waste you, etc. **in which time**, during which time.

54. O'ercome ... show, completely won your heart by the display of her love and care for you.

55. When ... craft, when with her cunning she had prepared you to accept her proposal.

55, 6. to work ... crown, she intended so to scheme that her son should be adopted by you as heir to the crown.

58. shameless-desperate, see Abb. § 2. opened, disclosed, as above, l. 42. in despite of, in defiance of.

59, 60. repented ... effected; deeply regretted that the evils which she had brought to the birth had not been matured; 'repent' is of course generally used of sins, faults, mistakes, either of commission or of omission.

61. Heard ... women? Did you, her women, all hear this? Cp. *W. T.* i. 2. 27, "Tongue-tied our queen? speak you."

64. Mine ears ... flattery: nor were my ears at fault that listened to her flattery (for who could resist such flattery as hers?).

65. vicious, a sin.

68. in thy feeling, by your experience.

70. raz'd out, effaced, from Lat. *radere*, to scrape.

71. made suit, have petitioned.

74. estate, condition, plight.

80. May.... ransom, will be accepted as ransom.

80, 1. sufficeth ... suffer: it is enough that a Roman knows how to suffer with the fortitude of his race: for sufficeth, see Abb. § 404.

82. Augustus ... on't: Augustus still lives, though we may die, and he will remember our fate, *i.e.* avenge it.

82, 3. and so ... care, that is all I have to say regarding my own self; for peculiar, cp. *Oth.* i. 1. 60, "for my peculiar end," for my personal advantage.

87. So tender ... occasions, "so nicely sensible of his own wants" (Schmidt); *i.e.* his master's wants. This is undoubtedly the true explanation, though Rolfe calls it a strange one. He well compares, "tender o'er his follies," *W. T.* ii. 3. 128.

88. So feat, "so ready, dexterous in waiting" (Johnson); cp. *W. T.* iv. 1. 176, and see note on "feated," i. 1. 49, above.

88, 9. let his ... request, let his merit combine with my request to obtain his freedom.

92. And .. beside, *i.e.* even if you spare the lives of none else. seen him, *i.e.* before.

93. favour, face, appearance, as in iii. 4. 48, above.

94. Thou ... grace, your looks have won my favour,

95. **And ... own.** And I take you as mine own ; you shall henceforth belong to me instead of Lucius.

95, 6. **I know ... boy,** I know no reason why I should bid you to live, give you your life (but still I cannot help doing so), cp. *C. E.*, ii. 243-5, "*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you *why*? *Drom. S.* Ay, sir, and *wherefore*; for they say every *why* hath a *wherefore*." We still use 'I know not *what* to say,' but not 'I know not *why* to say'='I know not '*why I should say*.' Rowe supplied nor, omitted in the Folios.

96. **ne'er ... master,** your gratitude is not due to him, for it is of my own good pleasure, not in consequence of his request, that I spare you.

98. **Fitting ... it,** if it is one that befits my bounty and your condition, I will grant it.

103. **There's ... hand,** I have something else to do than to beg your life. a *thing*, i.e. Leonatus' ring on Iachimo's hand.

105. **Must ... itself,** must take care of itself as best it may, must shift for itself ; *shuffe*, a doublet of *scuffle*, to keep pushing about, and the frequentative of *shove*.

109. **think ... more,** do not ask hastily in a matter of so much importance.

114. **Am ... nearer,** am therefore somewhat more nearly related: of course Cymbeline understands this in one sense only, standing in the relation of subject, whereas Imogen means more than that, viz., the relationship of father and daughter.

119. **walk with me,** i.e. aside, cp. i. l. 176, "*Pray walk awhile*," i.e., leave us for the present.

120-2. **One sand ... Fidele.** One particle of sand does not more closely resemble another than this boy resembles that other one now dead, who in life was called Fidele. Delius and Ingleby put a semi-colon after *resembles*, Johnson having previously put a full stop. Considering the many elliptical passages in this play, it does not seem at all impossible that the text as it stands is right. Ingleby, it is true, remarks, "Fidele, at the period of her visit to the cave, was worn with over-exertion, want of sleep and food; and subsequently sick unto death. Accordingly she could not with any propriety be called 'a sweet rosy lad.'" But this objection would apply in any case, and Shakespeare is elsewhere accountable for worse slips of memory. **What think you?** does it seem to you that this is Fidele?

124. **He ... not,** takes no notice of us.

128, 9. **let the ... bad,** that is, I care not now what happens.

131. **freely,** without any reserve, candidly.

132, 3. Or, ... honour. Or, I swear by my greatness and by that which constitutes its grace, namely, my honour.

134. Winnow. Cp. above, i. 6. 177, "the love I bear him Made me to fan you thus."

135. My boon ... render, my petition is that this gentleman may be made to state; cp. ii. 4. 119, "render to me some corporal sign."

139, 40. Thou 'lt ... thee. You have just said you will torture me if I do not speak out the truth plainly; but, if you were wise, you would use your torture to make me leave unsaid that which, if said, would torture you. to be spoke, see Abb. § 356.

142. Which ... conceal, which it torments me, etc. The accent is on the first syllable, torments.

145. a nobler sir. Cp. i. 6. 162, "a sir so rare."

147. All ... this. Yes, everything that is connected with this matter.

148, 9. For whom ... remember. For whom my heart bleeds, and of whom, conscious of my treachery, I am afraid to think.

151. while ... will, the full term of your natural life.

152. strive, make an effort to recover yourself.

157. Those ... head! those which I lifted to my mouth; heav'd, which to a modern ear has here almost a comical sound, was formerly used without that sense of extreme exertion which it now conveys; cp. e.g. Fletcher, *The Bloody Brother*, iii. 1, "these chaste hands woo you, That never yet were heav'd but to things holy."

160. sitting sadly. Rolfe points out that "this does not exactly agree with the circumstances as they appear in i. 4 above; but such variations are not uncommon in Shakespeare," and it seems unnecessary to suppose that Iachimo's inherent want of truthfulness is hinted at. Amongst ... ones, even among men themselves the most noble where all were noble.

161. our loves, our mistresses, our beloved ones.

162, 3. For beauty ... speak, as possessing beauty which made the most hyperbolic boasts seem poor and feeble.

163-5. for feature ... nature. Staunton explains, "For grace and dignity of form, surpassing those antique statues of Venus and Minerva whose attitudes are unattainable by nature." For feature, Ingleby compares *P. L.* ix. 272, and quotes Cowley, *David's*, ii. 34, 5, "He saw and strait was with Amazement shook, To see the Strength, the Feature, and the grace Of his young limbs." The shrine of Venus seems to mean the image or statue of Venus, that which enshrined her beauty; 'shrine' is from the Lat. *scrinium*, a chest, case, but is specially used of that in which things sacred are deposited. Postures beyond

brief nature, postures to which nature in her creation can give only a fleeting existence, but which art makes durable in marble, stone, bronze, etc. Warburton takes **brief nature** for "hasty, unelaborate, nature;" and for the thought compares *A. C.* ii. 2. 206, "O'er-picturing that Venus where we see The fancy out-work nature," though "outwork" there means excel in *beauty* of execution. **straight-pight**, erect; 'pight,' another form of 'pitched,' fixed, planted. **laming**, making seem lame or deformed.

165. **condition**, disposition, character. Cp. *M. V.* i. 2. 143, "the *condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil;" *R. III.* iv. 4. 157, "I have a touch of your *condition*": and elsewhere in Shakespeare frequently.

166. **A shop**, emporium, storehouse.

167, 8. **besides ... eye**, in addition to that snare by which men are commonly led into marrying, namely, beauty: I **stand on fire**, I am all on fire to hear the rest; not **stand-on**, but **on-fire**.

169. **the matter**, the point. **all**, altogether; see *Abb.* § 28.

170. **Unless ... quickly**. Unless your object is to be put to the pain as quickly as possible.

172. **lover**, mistress; we still speak of a man as a 'lover,' and even of 'lovers,' meaning the man and woman in love, but not of a woman as a 'lover,' though the use was common enough in Elizabethan English, **royal**, right noble.

173, 4. **therein ... virtue**, in that matter (*i.e.* in not attempting to depreciate those whom we had praised) he was as calm and unmoved as **virtue herself**.

175. **His ... picture**, his description of his mistress.

175, 6. **which ... in't**, which having portrayed in his eloquent description so far as outward looks were concerned, and having given animation to it by describing her inward qualities, etc.

176-8. **either ... sots**. It appeared that those of whom we boasted in such loud terms were, as compared with his mistress, no better than mere kitchen-wenches; or that we, compared with him in the matter of description, were no better than dumb fools; for **crack'd**, *i.e.* loudly asserted, cp. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 268, "And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion **crack**"; and *K. J.* ii. 1. 147, "What **cracker** is this same that deafs our ears?"

178. **to the purpose**, keep to the point, do not digress.

179. **there it begins**, it is from that point, the praise or chastity, that my story really begins; it was that which set the dispute on foot.

180. **as ... dreams**, as though Diana's dreams compared to hers were impure.

182. **Made scruple of**, questioned, pretended to doubt.

185. **in suit**, if I had the opportunity of urging my suit.
186. **By hers ... adultery**, see Abb. § 238.
187. **No lesser**, not the less; double comp. used adverbially.
188. **Than I ... her**, than I found her by experience.
- 189, 90. **a carbuncle ... wheel**, are of the carbuncles with which the tyres of Phœbus' wheels are studded; cp. *A. C.* iv. 8. 58, "He has deserv'd it, were it *carbuncl'd* Like *Phœbus' car*;" an allusion to the mythical chariot of the sun.
193. **taught of**, i.e. by.
195. **'Twixt ... villanous**. Between the fondness of a loving wife and immodesty; i.e. in his interview with Imogen.
196. **not longing**, not of desire.
- 196-8. **mine ... vilely**, my subtle brain began to scheme how it might carry out its vile purpose; **in your duller Britain**, in this land of yours whose murky climate communicates itself to the intelligence of its inhabitants, and makes them no match for us subtle Italians.
198. **for my ... excellent**, which helped me greatly towards success; **vantage**, a shortened form of 'advantage,' which is more properly 'avantage,' Fr. *avant*, the *d* being a wrong insertion.
199. **practice**, plot, stratagem; as e.g. *M. A.* iv. 1 190, *H. V.* ii. 2. 90.
200. **simular**, specious, probable; cp. *Lear*, iii. 2. 54.
203. **thus, and thus**: such and such, **averring notes**, avouching in proof of the truth of my statement certain particulars he had noted; Lat. *verus*, true.
204. **chamber-hanging**, tapestry. The 'arras' mentioned in ii. 2. 26, above.
205. **O ... it! O**, how cunningly I obtained it! **marks of secret**, secret marks, known to him only.
206. **that**, so that; see Abb. 283.
207. **crack'd**, broken; cp. i. 3. 17, iii. 1. 28, above.
208. **I ... forfeit**. And that I had enjoyed the forfeiture.
- 210-4. **Ay me, ... justicer! Ah me!** What a credulous fool I have been! Nay, more, an atrocious murderer, thief, aye, anything that you may justly call all the villains of times past, present, and future: would that some righteous judge of the enormity of my crime would furnish me (i.e. by his order of condemnation) with some means of death, whether by cord, etc. For **justicer** = judge, cp. *Lear*, iii. 6. 59, "False *justicer*, why hast thou let her 'scape?"
215. **ingenious**, sc. in applying their various tortures.

215-7. **It is I ... amend.** It is I who make all vile things seem less vile by being myself so much viler than any of them.

220. **sacrilegious**, because of the metaphor immediately following.

220. 1. **the temple ... herself.** She was the very temple in which virtue was enshrined; nay, rather, she was virtue itself, incarnate.

223. **bay me, bark at me;** "corrupted from a fuller form *abay*; ... Fr. *abbayer*, to bark or bay at"—Lat. *ad*, prefix, at; and *baubari*, to yelp (Skeat, *Dict. s. v.*); cp. *J. C.* iv. 3. 27, "I would rather be a dog and *bay* the moon."

225. **Be villany ... 'twas!** Let all other villany (villany in the abstract) be accounted less villainous than it was before my crime.

228. 9. **Shall's ... part.** Are we to have a play enacted here? If so, play your part there; i.e. by lying on the ground. For *shall's*, see note on iv. 2. 234.

232. **Does ... round?** Is the world giddy? Is its brain turned?

233. **these staggers**, this bewilderment; cp. *A. W.*, ii. 3. 170.

235. **mortal joy**, joy which kills by its excess.

238. **tune, accent.**

240. **stones of sulphur, thunderbolts;** cp. above, iv. 2. 271.

244. **I left out**, i.e. in my narrative. **approve, prove;** cp. iv. 2. 386, above.

247. 8. **she is ... rat.** She has been treated as I would treat a rat, i.e. poisoned.

250. **To temper**, to mix; cp. *M. A.* ii. 2. 21. **still ... vile**, she always pretending that she only wished to make experiments upon vile creatures so as to satisfy herself as to the effects of the poisons.

255. 6. **would ... life**, would suspend for the time being the vital powers.

257. **All ... nature**, all the natural organs.

259. **dead**, i.e. to all appearance; insensible.

262. **Think ... rock:** "If we suppose that Imogen here throws her arms about her husband's neck (according to the stage direction first inserted by Hanmer) all is clear enough. Having done this, she says, 'Now imagine yourself on some high rock, and throw me from you again—if you have the heart to do it.' This action is necessary also to explain the reply of Posthumus, *Hang there, etc.*" (Rolfe).

265. **What, ... act?** Am I to have no part in what is going on? Am I to remain a stupidly insensible spectator only? In **act**

Staunton sees a reference to the word in its technical theatrical sense.

268. **You ... for 't.** You were prompted by an instinct which you yourselves did not then understand, *i.e.* the instinct of brotherly love. In the former line there is an allusion to *iv. 1. 22-4.*

271. **naught**, depraved, wholly wicked; so 'naughty' frequently in Shakespeare. **long of her**, owing to her; an expression still to be heard among rustics; cp. *M. N. D. iii. 2. 339*, "all this coil is '*long of you.*'"

275. **Upon ... missing**, just after Imogen was missed from court.

279. **I had ... master's**, a letter written to imitate my master's hand; see above, *iii. 5. 108.*

280. **which ... him**, the reading of which letter induced Cloten to, etc.

283. **enforced**, forced; see above, *iv. 3. 11.*

287. **forfend**, forbid.

288, 9. **I would ... sentence**: I should be sorry that after you have fought so bravely in battle, I should have to pass a hard sentence upon you.

292. **incivil**, discourteous; for the form see *Abb. § 442.*

297. **of mine**, *i.e.* of mine being cut off.

303-5. **and hath ... for**. And has deserved better of you than any number of Clotens ever incurred wounds for doing; a very characteristic expression, as Clarke says, for a veteran to use. Cp. above, *iv. 2. 169*, "I'd let a *parish* of such *Clotens'* blood."

307. **art unpaid for**, for which you have not yet been rewarded.

308. **By .. wrath?** By making experiment of our wrath, finding out by testing what it is like.

309. **spake too far**, said more than he had assurance for.

311. **But ... prove**, if I do not prove: *on's*, *i.e.* of us, as freq. in Shakespeare, especially in rapid speech before a contracted pronoun; see *Abb. 182.*

313. **For ... part**, dangerous as regards myself; since he fears that he may be punished for having carried them off.

315. **Have ... leave**. Let me venture it then, with your permission; cp. *W. T. iv. 4. 302*, "I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; *have at it* with you."

319. **Assumed this age**, wears this garb of age, has become so aged in appearance.

320. **I know ... traitor**. But am ignorant in what he is a traitor.

321. **hot, hasty.** **confiscate**, the accent is on the penultimate; see Abb. § 342.

325. **here's my knee**, *i.e.* I kneel to you.

326. **will ... sons**, will advance those who have gone under the name of my sons by showing that they are in reality yours.

334, 5. **Your ... treason.** My whole offence (*mere, entire*, as generally in Elizabethan English), the punishment which that (*fancied*) offence incurred, and all the treason of which I was (*i.e.* seemed) guilty, had their birth in your caprice; beyond suffering in consequence of that caprice, I did no harm.

338, 9. **those arts ... them**; they possess such accomplishments as I was able to teach them.

339, 40. **my ... knows.** My education was such as your highness well knows.

341. **Whom ... wedded**, whom I wedded in return for her having stolen them.

344, 5. **beaten ... treason**; my being punished for loyalty incited me to the commission of treason.

345-7. **their ... them.** The more keenly you felt the loss of those who were so dear to you, the better was my purpose in stealing them answered.

352. **To inlay ... stars.** Steevens compares *R. J.* iii. 2. 22, "Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night."

352-4. **Thou ... tell'st.** "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relations" (Johnson); but there is no need of any such assurance, for the service which you there are proved to have done would, if related without confirmation, be more difficult to believe than the story you tell me.

356. **Be ... awhile.** Be gracious enough to listen to me a little longer.

360. **lapp'd, wrapped**, cp. *R. III.* ii. 1. 145, "He did *lap* me Even in his garments," where Tawney quotes *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 396, "All thy friends are *lapped* in lead." Skeat says that the old form of the *M. E.* *lappen* was *wlappen*, a later form of *wrappen*.

362. **more probation**, further proof.

365. **a mark of wonder**, a mark regarded with wonder.

367, 8. **It was ... now.** Wise nature when she gave him this mark, did so in order that it might serve as a proof of his identity now.

369, 70. **Ne'er ... more.** Never did a mother rejoice more at deliverance (*i.e.* in childbirth); for **rejoice** = rejoice at, cp. *H.*

V. ii. 2. 159, "which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice." Rolfe takes *deliverance* as the subject, *mother* as the object of the sentence.

370. **Blest, pray you be, I pray that you may be blest, so that, etc.**

371. **orbs, spheres**, an allusion to the Ptolemaic astronomy in which several spheres were supposed to be swung bodily round the earth in twenty-four hours by the top sphere, the *primum mobile*. Allusions to these spheres are frequent in Shakespeare.

376. **But I am, that I am not.**

380. **Continued so, i.e. to love each other.** Clarke points out that Guiderius was so accustomed to think of his sister as a boy that he here inadvertently speaks of her as *he*.

381. **O rare instinct!** referring to Guiderius' words (379) "And at first meeting loved."

382-4. **This fierce ... in.** This hurried abridgment of the story must have belonging to it collateral incidents which a more distinct and detailed statement will be sure to bring out fully. Cymbeline is clearly speaking of what he is sure will be the case, not of what ought to be done.

384. **Where? how lived you?** to the youths; the next line beginning his address to Imogen with the emphatic 'you.'

388. **your ... motives, i.e.,** of Belarius and the two youths.

389. **should be demanded,** are such as we may ask.

390. **by-dependencies,** all other incidents that hang upon, are connected with, the more important circumstances.

392. **Will ... inter'gatories,** are such as our questions require.

393. **anchors ... Imogen.** Cp. *M. M.* ii. 4. 3, "Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, *Anchors on Isabel.*"

396, 7. **the ... all,** each reciprocates the other's joy.

398. **smoke the temple,** cause the temple to smoke.

401. **To see,** with the result that I see.

403. **taste,** experience; as above, l. 308.

406. **becomed,** for the form, Rolfe compares *R. J.* iv. 2. 62, and *A. C.* iii. 7. 26.

409. **In ... beseeeming,** in humble attire. **a fitment,** a suitable garb.

412. **made you finish,** put an end to you. See l. 36 above.

415. **Which ... owe,** which has so often been a debt due by me for my sins.

419. **The malice ... you,** my malice towards you shows itself only in forgiving you.

421. **We'll ... son-in-law** ; we will take a lesson in generosity from, etc.

422. 3. **You ... brother** ; you helped us in the battle as if you meant to show yourself as our brother : for help, see Abb. § 343.

428. **spritely shows**, ghostly apparition.

430. **label**, seal appended to a deed, here for the document itself : literally a small flap or lappet.

430-2. **whose ... of it** : whose contents are in their difficulty so remote from sense, that I can draw no inference from them ; for collection, cp. *Hamlet*. iv. 5. 9, "her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection."

435. **When as**, etc. Grant White considers that the *scroll* and the four following speeches are plainly not from Shakespeare's hand, and Rolfe that this part of the scene has been tinkered to make it fit in with the masque. To me it seems that Cymbeline's speech ending "Pardon's the word to all" (l. 422) should be continued by "And Caius Lucius" (l. 457), the intervening speeches being an interpolation.

448. **divine**, interpret.

450. **clipp'd**, embraced, as in ii. 3. 132, above.

451. **seeming**, likelihood.

453. 4. **point ... forth**, indicate.

458. **My peace ... begin**. We will set about celebrating that peace you speak of.

463. 4. **Whom ... hand**. A confusion of construction between 'Whom the heavens have most heavily punished,' and 'on whom the heavens have laid,' etc.

467. **made known**, see above, iv. 2. 347-53.

471. **herself**, for the feminine eagle, cp. *H. V. i.* 2. 169.

475. **which**, whose star.

476. **crooked**, curling.

480. **Friendly**, in a friendly manner ; see Abb. § 447.

483. **Set on**, march on, set forward. **did cease**, i.e. that did cease ; see Abb. § 244.

484. **Ere ... wash'd**, i.e. before the combatants had time even to wash their hands.

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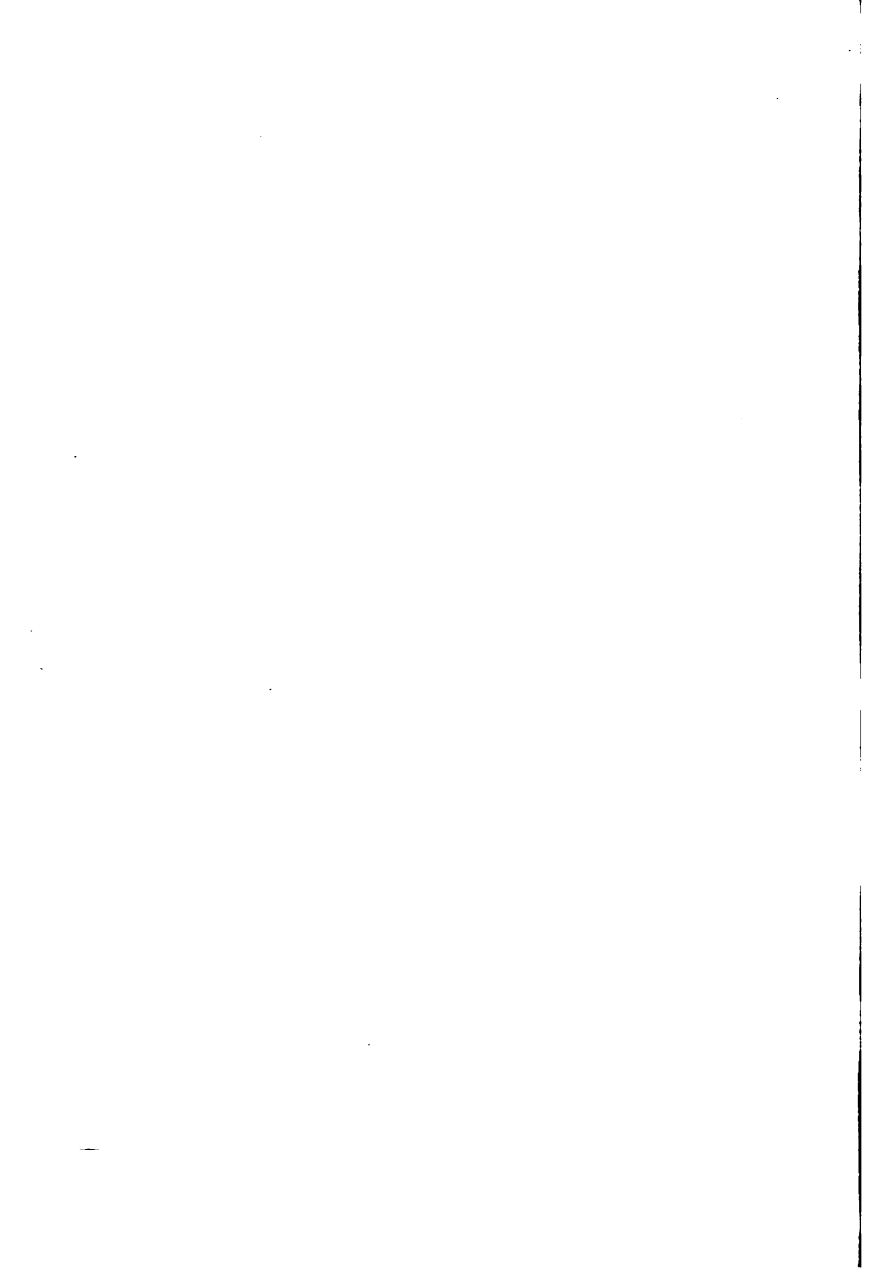
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