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OXBERRY'S

NEW

English Drama.

CYMBELINE,

A TRAGEDY ;

By W. Shakspeare.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET,
A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK.

1823.

Plays

CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION, AS FAR AS YET PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

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Oxberry's Edition.

CYMBELINE, 125
1819

A TRAGEDY ;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET
A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

1823.

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Remarks.

CYMBELINE.

TO the reader, Cymbeline is a beautiful production, but to the spectator, it is far from interesting : in the rapid action of the scene, all the more delicate features of poetry are lost : and Cymbeline has none of those stronger features which, though seen for a moment, leave a lasting impression. The jealousy of Posthumus is, perhaps, as natural as that of Othello ; but it wants that tumult of feeling which characterizes the passion of the Moor, and which alone can produce any effect in representation. The same may be said of Iachimo, who is, besides, a bad Iago, and of the queen, who is at best an indifferent Lady Macbeth. Shakspeare's greatest defect was in fable, as his greatest excellence was in passion and character ; but here, by an unlucky chance, or a bad election, the interest is made to depend on the plot, which is feeble, because it is disjointed ; and tedious, because it improbable. The incident of the chest is a mean contrivance, only fit for comedy, and altogether repugnant to the dignity of the tragic muse. It is, perhaps, true, that tragedy ought not to walk on stilts ; but it is no less true, that she ought not to crawl upon her knees.

But though Cymbeline is not calculated to produce much effect upon the stage, it has many scenes of unquestionable

beauty to delight in the perusal, and some passages that are not surpassed by the best efforts of Shakspeare's best plays. These scenes will be generally found where the character of Imogen is brought forward, one of those lovely creations in which Shakspeare seems to have delighted, and which is imperfect only from its perfection. Imogen, indeed, is all sweetness, the very essence of all that is beautiful in woman ; but the essence of the flower is sweeter than the flower itself ; if she were less perfect, she would be more natural. After all, it may be doubted, notwithstanding the cant of criticism, whether nature should be the primary object of the poet ; the painter produces general effects by individual falsehood ; and why should not the poet be allowed the same license ? or, indeed, is it not a necessity, rather than an allowance ?

Cloten, as an individual portrait, is admirably drawn, but he does not harmonize sufficiently with those around him. It may, indeed, be said that, in common life, contrarieties are blended ; the king and the collier, the highest and the lowest men, meet together ; but, unfortunately, the drama is a work of art, and therefore is a selection, not a mere mirror, that transcribes any form, and every form that passes before it : nor is the mind capable of more than one feeling only at the same time ; we cannot laugh and cry at the same moment ; a scene of murder, and the exhibitions of Punch, might take place in the same spot, and in the same point of time, but the spectator would not be divided in his feelings ; he would give himself up to one or other of the scenes before him ; and if personal fear did not intervene, the comedy of Punch would certainly gain the day. If we only refer to the sister art of painting, the point will be still more evident : the tricks of a mountebank would not be admitted on the same canvass where the painter wished us to weep over the agonies of a Jesus.

The plot of *Cymbeline* is more intricate than interesting ; and when the knot is at last to be untied, the process is infinitely too tedious ; explanation follows explanation, when all excitement is over, and the impatient spectator feels himself in the painful state of a well-fed guest who is obliged to listen to a long grace after a long dinner. What is still worse, these explanations, however requisite to the character of the play, are by no means requisite to the auditor, and he feels therefore, little pleasure in listening to the detail of that which he already understands. He knows that the page is Imogen ; that the soldier is Posthumus ; and that Polydore and Cadwal are the king's sons : with what pleasure then can he listen to the development of their relationship ?

The dirge on the death of Imogen is not the least beautiful of Shakspeare's beautiful minor poems ; nor is it easy to conceive how a writer of Collin's exquisite feeling could have ventured to compose a substitute for what he was so well calculated to appreciate. He could not but have known the value of the original, and with this knowledge he could not have hoped to equal, much less to surpass that excellence. As the acting copy, from which we print, does not contain the dirge written by the immortal bard, we hold it "parcel of our duty" to give a copy of it here, that our readers may be enabled to form a judgment for themselves.

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

! *

Arr. 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, physick, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave !

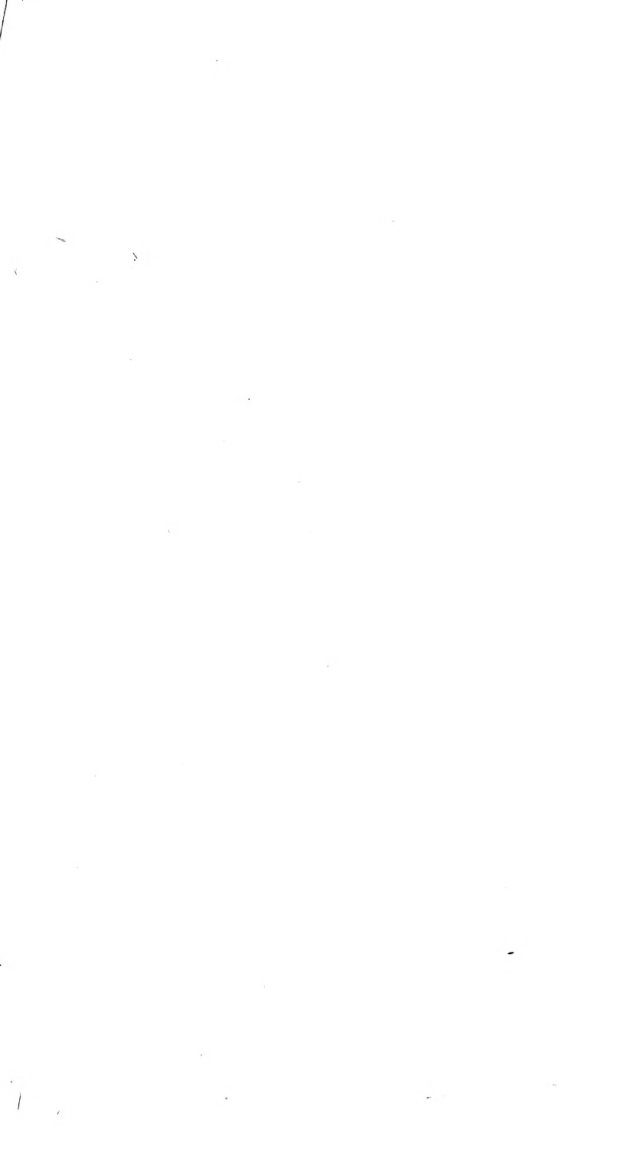
In comparing this with the more modern poems, the first thing that strikes us is the air of reality in Shakspeare's mother's dirge. Shakspeare speaks *to* the dead ; Collins, *of* the dead : Shakspeare *realizes* ; Collins *describes* ; Shakspeare is natural and simple ; Collins pretty and elaborate. In the whole circle of poetry there is no finer study for the scholar than these two poems ; no example from which we can better learn to estimate the value of the ancient as opposed to the modern school of poetry. The old critic has taught us that, "ars est celare artem ;" but there is something beyond this, an unconsciousness of art, which is always right, without knowing why it is right, an instinctive feeling of propriety, which belongs only to genius, and which indeed can be distinguished by no other name than genius.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours and ten minutes. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - Left Hand Door.



Costume.

POSTHUMUS.—First dress.—A grey old English doublet, and white pantaloons, trimmed with black; russet boots; grey old English hat — Second dress.—A Roman shape, richly trimmed.—Third dress.—An old English tunic, of dark drab cloth, plain.

CYMBELINE.—An old English robe, richly embroidered and trimmed with ermine; black velvet trunks, and jacket stuffed with white satin, richly embroidered.

CLOTEN—A pea-green old English jacket, breeches, and cloak, lined, and puffed with pink satin, and richly embroidered.—Second dress.—The same as Posthumus's first dress.

IACHIMO.—A Roman general's dress.

LUCIUS.—Ibid.

GUIDERIUS & POLYDORE.—Green tunics, and flesh coloured pantaloons; sandals; and green caps

BELARIUS.—Drab tunic; flesh legs; sandals; drab cap.

Roman Officers in generals' dresses richly embroidered.

PISANIO.—A brown old English dress, trimmed with yellow lace.

QUEEN.—Muslin dress, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with gold.

IMOGEN—First dress.—White cloth dress, and robe trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Grey cloth mantle.—Third dress.—Brown tunic, trimmed with buff; brown pantaloons.

Officers of the Court, and Attendants in rich old English dresses.

Old English Soldiers,

Roman Soldiers.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Cymbeline</i> -	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Guiderius</i> -	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Arviragus</i> -	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Cloten</i> -	Mr. Farley.
<i>Belarius</i> -	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Posthumus</i> -	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Lochrine</i> -	Mr. Hunt.
<i>Madan</i> -	Mr. Comer.
<i>Cornelius</i> -	Mr. Horne.
<i>Pisanio</i> -	Mr. Colnor.
<i>Iachimo</i> -	Mr. Macready.
<i>Lucius</i> -	Mr. Yates.
<i>Varus</i> -	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Philario</i> -	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Lewis</i> -	Mr. Mears.
<i>Queen</i> -	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Imogen</i> -	Miss Foote.
<i>Helien</i> -	Miss Shaw.

British and Roman Officers and Soldiers.—Masquers and Singers.

Scene—sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain.*

The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter PISANIO and MADAN, L.H.

Pis. You do not meet a man, but frowns : our
bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king's.

Mad. But what's the matter ?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that ?
His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman : she's wed-
ded ;

Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Mad. None but the king ?

Pis. 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.

Mad. And why so ?

[thing

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a
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
For one his like, there would be something fail-
In him that should compare.

[ing

Mad. His name, and birth ?

Pis. His father

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

So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus* :

He 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, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection: calls him Posthumus ;
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 't was minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest: liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd.

A sample to the youngest: to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them; (1) and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards.

Mad. I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell
 Is she sole child to the king? [me,

Pis. 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 [knowledge

Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in
 Which way they went.

Mad. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years. [vey'd!

Mad. That a king's children should be so con-
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

Pis. Howsoe'er 't is strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.— —

We must forbear: (*Madan crosses to R.H.*) Here
 comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [*Exit Madan, R.H.*

Enter the QUEEN, IMOGEN, and POSTHUMUS, L.H.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
 daughter,

(1) A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing
 which their form became more elegant, and their manners
 more polished.

After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you, the keys [mus,
 That lock up your restraint. For you Posthu-
 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 't were good
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what pa-
 Your wisdom may inform you. [tience,

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

Queen. You know the peril :—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
 [Exit, R.H.

Imo. O,
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest hus-
 You must be gone ; [band,
 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.

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
 Though ink be made of gall. [send

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. (*Posthumus and
Imogen converse apart.*)

Yet I'll move him (*Aside.*)
To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit, R.H.*]

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 :
Look here, love :
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
(*Gives him a ring.*)

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 (1) up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou
here (*Putting on the ring.*)
While sense can keep it on ! (2) And sweetest,
fairest,

(1) In the spelling of the last age, no distinction was made between *cere* cloth and *sear* cloth. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, explains the word *cerdt* by *sear* cloth. Shakspeare, no doubt, had that practice in his thoughts.

(2) The poet (if *it* refers to the *ring*) ought to have written—can keep *thee* on. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies.

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you: for my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; (1) I'll place it
 (*Ties a bracelet on her arm.*)

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Ino. O, the gods!—

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and LOCRINE, R.H.

Post. Alack, the king! [my sight!

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

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Ino. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.—

Pisanio, go, and see your lord on board.

[*Exit Pisanio, L.H.*

Cym. O disloyal thing, [est many
 That should'st repair (2) my youth; thou heap-
 A year's age on me!—

Ino. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

(1) A *manacle* properly means what we now call a hand-cuff.

(2) Renovate.

Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more
Subdues all pangs, all fears. [rare (1)]

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of
my queen!—

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not!

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have
A seat of baseness. [made my throne

Imo. No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays. (2)

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 !

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !
They were again together : you have done

(1) A more exquisite feeling ; a superior sensation.

(2) So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made, (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up. (Crosses R.H.)

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. (1)

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

[*Exeunt Cymbeline, Lochrine, and Madan, R.H.*]

Queen. Fie !—you must give way.

Enter PISANIO, L.H.

Here is your servant,
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Imo. Well, good Pisanio, [*last*]
Thou saw'st thy lord on board :—what was the
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless I nen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me, with this eye,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

(1) Reflection.

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
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then [*sans*],
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pis*—
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage. (1)

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 have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, (2) for then
I am in heaven for him; (3) 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.—See the
Queen.—

Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd,

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exit*, L.H.S.E.]

(1) Opportunity.

(2) Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

(3) My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.

Enter QUEEN, L.H.S.E. *meeting* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay:

(Gives the Queen a phial in a case.)

But, I beseech your grace,—without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous com-
pounds.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long?

I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds,

And apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.—

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him *(Aside.)*

Will I first work; he's for his master,

An enemy to my son.

Enter PISANIO, L.H. *and going to* R.H.

How now, Pisanio? *(Stops him.)* Hark thee, a
word.—

Doctor, your service for this time is ended.

(Talks privately with Pisanio.)

Cor. *(Aside.)* I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

I 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;

But there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fre-h, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her. [Exit, R.H.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
 thou think, in time
 She will not quench; (1) 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
 As great as is thy master: greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp:

What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans? (2)
 Who cannot be new built: nor has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him?

(The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.)

Thou tak'st up [Sour:]
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy la-
 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, ; pr'ythee, take it:
 It is an earnest of a further good
 I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly.

(1) Grow cool.

(2) That *inclines* towards its fall.

'That set thee on to this desert, am bound
'To load thy merit richly.

Fare thee well, Pisanio ;

Think on my words.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

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.
By this he's at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son,
Old Leonatus in young Posthumus :
Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,
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—heaven keep unshaken
'That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
'To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Philario's
House.—(Music.)*

PHILARIO. (*in the Centre,*) *with a Letter*, IACHIMO,
R.H. and LEWIS, L.H. *discovered at a Banquet.*

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 allow'd the name of : but I could then have look'd 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 furnish'd than now he is.

Lewis. 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 weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.(1)

Lewis. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,(2) are wonderfully to extend(3) him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. 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 entertain'd amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS, L.H.

—I (*Philario crosses to Posthumus and embraces*

(1) Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

(2) Under her banner; by her influence.

(3) Exalt.

him.) 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.

Lewis. Sir, we have known together in Orleans. (*Crosses to Posthumus.*)

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

Lewis. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone(1) my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance(2) of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir.—I was then a young traveller; but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Lewis. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the abatement of swords.

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

Lewis. Safely, I think; 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction,(3) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us

(1) Reconcile.

(2) *Importance* is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation.

(3) Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told.

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 attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

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.

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 Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres 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 out-priz'd by a trifle.

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, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or that way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince(1) 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.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values 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.

Post. You are a great deal abused(2) in too

(1) Overcome.

(2) Deceived.

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.

Phil. 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 (1) of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

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 ; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser (2) 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.

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

(1) Proof.

(2) *You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard ; and that you fear is a proof of your religious fidelity.*

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; (1) and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—Let there be covenants drawn between us : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

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 uneducated (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.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt.* R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

(1) *i. e.* I know what I have said ; I said no more than I meant.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—Imogen's Apartment.**Enter IMOGEN, L.H.*

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-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. (1)—Who may this be ?
 Fye !

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO, L.H.

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

Iach. Change you, madam ?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

*(Kneels and presents a letter, and kisses her
 hand as she raises him.)*

(1) "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort ; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*.

Imo. Thanks, good sir ;
You are kindly welcome. (*Reads the letter.*)

Iach. 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 ! (*Aside.*)

Imo. (*Reads aloud*)—*He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
truest*

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.— [*eyes*
What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them
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 (1) beach,—and can we not
Partition make
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ? [*keys*

Iach. 't cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and men

(1) Number'd is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand.—*Twinn'd shells*, or *pair of shells*, are very common. For twinn'd we might read to be that is *twisted, convolved* ; but this sense is more applicable to shells than stones.

’Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfied desire,
Ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,

Thus raps you ? Are you well ? [sir,

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well :—’beseech you,
Desire my man’s abode where I did leave him ;
He’s strange, and peevish. (1) (To *Pisano*.)

Pis. I was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [Exit, I.II.

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

Iach. Well, madam.

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

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome : he is call’d
The Briton reveller.

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

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman, his companion,
That, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton

(1) *Strange* signifies *shy* or *backward*.—*Peevish* anciently meant weak, silly.

(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
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, hea-
vens know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty to-
wards him might [much;(1)
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 't is
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
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?

(1) If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.

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
 It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
 Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know [you,—
 Something of me, or what concerns me; 'pray
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do,)—

Discover to me
 What both you spur and stop. (1)

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 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, as with labour;
 It were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 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

(1) This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop at the poet means.

That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. A lady,

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, (1) [ner'd
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—(2)

Be reveng'd;

Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? 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 reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure. (*Takes her hand.*)

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

(*Struggling to get loose.*)

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! (*Throws him from her.*) I do con-
demn mine ears, that have

(1) *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command, now obsolete.

(2) *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st 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
 Thee and the devil alike. (*Crosses to L.H.*) What
 ho, Pisanio !—

The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, (1)

He hath a court

He little cares for, and a daughter, whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee, [ness
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect good-
 Her assur'd 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.
 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 unto him ;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Ino. You make amends.

(1) Romish was, in the time of Shakspeare, used instead of *Roman*.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off, [god :
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking a false report ;
 The love I bear him [you,
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made
 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
 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, (1)
 To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
 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

(1) Being a stranger.

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 length'ning my return. From Gallia
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 out-stood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me , it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you : you are very welcome.

[*Exeunt, Imogen, R.H. Iachimo, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCKINE, and MADAN, R.H.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck !
when I kissed the jack upon an up cast, to be
hit away ! (1) I had an hundred pound on't :
and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me

(1) He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

up for swearing; as if I borrowed my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

Loc. (L.H.) What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Mad. (*Aside*, R.H.) If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: ha?

Mad. No, my lord; (*Aside*.)—nor crop the ears of them.

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

A plague 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 belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down, like a cock that nobody can match.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Loc. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion(1) that you give offence to.

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

(*Crosses to Centre.*)

Mad. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

Mad. Here comes the king.

(*Lochrine crosses to L.H.*)

(1) The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN, L.H.

Clot. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother. [daughter?

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

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cym. The Exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter an OFFICER, and whispers LOCRINE, L.H.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

Loc. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow;
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now:
But that's no fault of his.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear the embassy.

[*Exit the officer, L.H.*

Come, madam. [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Queen, R.H.*

Loc. Did you hear of another stranger that's
come to court to-night?

Clot. Another stranger and I not know on't?

Mad. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows
it not

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

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

Lac. One of your lordship's pages. [there

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is no derogation in it?

Mad. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

Come I'll go see this Italian; and, if he'll play, I'll game with him; and to-morrow, with our Father, we'll hear the ambassador—Come, let's go.

Loc. I'll attend your lordship. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Imogen's Bedchamber.—In one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMÓGEN *reading in her bed*; HELEN *attending, seated.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Hel. Please you, madam,—

Imo. What hour is it?

Hel. 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 pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Helen, R.H.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night.
Guard me, 'beseech you! (*Sleeps.*)

IACHIMO comes out of 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 becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss !—
'Tis her breathing that [per
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o'the ta-
Bows towards her ; and would under-peep her
lids,
To see the enclosed lights now canopied
Under these windows : (1) white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my de-
sign ;—
To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
(Takes out his Tablets.)
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 moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
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.)

(1) Her eyelids,

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly 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: (1) here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make.—

To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been read-
ing late

[down,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

(*Goes into the Trunk.*)

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! (2) that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: (3) I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

(*Clock strikes.*)

One, two, three:—time, time! (4)

(*The scene closes.*)

(1) Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow.

(2) The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. The whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.

(3) The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven. It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark.

(4) Just before Imogen went to sleep, her attendant informs her it is *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes, yet we are now told that it is three o'clock.

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, and MADAN, L.H. and
cross behind to R.H.

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

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

Loc. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship : you are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. 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 ?

Mad. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would the masquers and musicians were come ; I am advised to give her music o'mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

(A Flourish of Music in the Orchestra.)

Loc. Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come, let's join them. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, MADAN, with Singers, L.H.

Clot. Come on, tune 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
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ; (1)
 With every thing that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet arise ;
 Arise, arise.*

Clot. So, get you gone :—(*Gives them a purse.*)
 —if this penetrate, I will consider your music
 the better. (2) [*Exeunt Singers, L.H.*]

If it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-
 hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to
 boot, can never amend. Leave us to ourselves.

[*Exeunt Locrine and Madan, L.H.*]

If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—
 (*Knocks, R.H.*)

I know her women are about her : what,
 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 of the stealer : and 'tis
 gold [thief ;
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the

(1) The *marygold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset.

(2) I will pay you more amply.

Nay, sometime, 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.

By your leave. (*Knocks*, R.H.D.)

Enter HELEN, R.H.D.

Hel. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clot. A gentleman.

Hel. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Hel. That's more

Than some, whose tailor's are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure ?

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

Hel. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you ; sell me your good
 report. [you

Hel. How ? my good name ? or to report of
 What I shall think is good ?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN, R.H.D.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister : your sweet
 hand [*Exit Helen*, R.H.D.]

Imo. Good-morrow, sir : you lay out too much
 pains

For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you. [me :

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

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

Clot. This is no answer. [silent,

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy [ing
To your best kindness : one of your great know-
Should learn, being taught, forbearance. (1)

Clot To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin :

I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

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 ;
But I, which know my heart, do here pro-
nounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. 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.

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. (Crosses to L.H.)

Clot. The south-fog rot him ! [come

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,

(1) A man who is taught forbearance should learn it.

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. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Clot. How now ?

Imo. Pisanio ! (*Misses her bracelet.*)

Clot. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Enter PISANIO, R.H.

Imo. To Helena my woman hie thee presently :—

Clot. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ; (1) [man
 Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my wo-
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm ; (2) it was thy master's :
 'shrew me,

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 then.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search.

[*Exit Pisanio, R.H.D.*

Clot. You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

(1) I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Sprighted* is a word that occurs in law tricks.

(2) *Accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence.

She's my good lady ; (1) and will conceive, I
hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit, R.H.D.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :—
His meanest garment ?—Well. [Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO, L.H.

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

Phil. 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.

(1) This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to my good friend.

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

Post. I do believe
(Statist (1) though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their cour-
age
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make
known
To their approvers, (2) they are people, such
That mend upon the world:—and more than
that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask, and have, their treasures, and their
blood. (Crosses to L.H.)

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO, R.H.

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

(1) Statesman.

(2) To those who try them.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

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

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.

(*Crosses to Centre, and gives Post. letters.*)

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

(*Posthumus reads the letters.*)

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was, my lord:—but I
Left, ere I saw him.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have 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
The knowledge (1) of your mistress home, }
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 it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, 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
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;) (2)—It was
hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,

(1) The word is here used in its scriptural acceptance:
“And Adam *knew* Eve his wife.”

(2) That which was well worth watching, or lying awake
for.

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman ;
 A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value.

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
 Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian bathing : never saw figures
 So likely to report themselves : (1) the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb ; (2) 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.

Post. This is her honour ! [praise
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
 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,

(1) So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

(2) The *sculptor was as nature dumb* ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

Be pale :—(1) *(Pulling out the bracelet.)*
 I beg but leave to air this jewel : see !—
 And now 'tis up again.

Post. Jove !—

Once more let me behold it :—*(He shows it again.)*—Is it that
 Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that :
 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 priz'd it once.

(Gives Posthumus the bracelet.)

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 ;

(Crosses to centre, and gives Iachimo 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
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
 Than they are to their virtues ; which is noth-
 ing :—

O, above measure false ! *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Phil. Have patience, sir, *(Crosses to Centre.)*
 And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :

(1) If you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;

And so, I hope, he came by't : (*Crosses to Centre.*)
Back my ring ;—

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

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

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

'Tis true ; nay, keep the ring ;—'tis true : I am
She could not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—they induc'd to
steal it !

And by a stranger ?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her ;
The cognizance (1) of her incontinency
Is this, — she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.— (*Gives Iachimo the bracelet.*)

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you ! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well o'—

Post. Never talk on't :

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek (*Crosses to Centre.*)

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life
I kissed it.

(1) The badge, the token, the visible proof,

You do remember
This stain upon her?

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the
Once, and a million! [turns;

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing:—
If thou wilt swear thou hast not done't, thou liest;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit, L.H.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself. [(1)

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt, L.H.

SCENE II.—*Britain.—A Room of State.—*
(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

*Six British Officers in the back ground, LOCBINE
and MAVAN in the front, R.H. CYMBELINE and
the QUEEN in the centre, on the throne; six*

(1) Turn his wrath to another course.

Roman Officers in the back ground, CLOTEN, VARUS, and LUCIUS, in the front, L.H.

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

Luc. When Julius Cæsar
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
Is left untendered. [lately

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

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

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free:
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.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
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.

(*Cymbeline and Queen rise.*)

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two 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
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exit* :

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets* : &c.)

[*Exeunt, Britons R.H. Romans L.H.*

SCENE III.—*In Antichamber to Imogen's
Apartment.*

Enter PISANIO, L.H. with Two Letters in his Hand.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you
What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus ! [not
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thine ear ? What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd, 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. (1)—O, my master !
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 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 the Let-
 Do't : the letter* [ter.]
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity :—O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee !—
 Lo, here she comes.— (*Puts up his letter.*)
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded. (2)

Enter IMOGEN, L.H.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here's a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leon-
 atus ? (*Takes the letter.*)

You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content !
 Good wax, thy leave :—bless'd be
 You, bees, that make these locks of counsel '
 Good news, gods !

(1) To *take in* a town is to *conquer* it.

(2) I am unpractised in the art of murder.

(*Reading.*)—Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you. O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in *Cambricæ*, 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 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true *Pisanio*. How far is it To this same blessed *Milford*? How may we steal from hence? I pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'T'wixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, is enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow:— But this is foolery:— Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say, She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre- A riding suit; no costlier than would fit [sently. A franklin's (1) housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider,—

(1) A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder* with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*.

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 pr'ythee;
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt; Imo. R.H. Pis. L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

*Enter BELA IUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS,
from the Cave, L H.S.E.*

Bel. (in Centre.) A goodly day not to keep
house, with such
Whose roofs as low as ours! See, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens: and
bows you
To morang's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet (1)
through,
And keep their impious turbands on, (2) without
Good-morrow to the sun.--Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house it the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. (L.H.) & Arv. (R.H.) Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: up to yon
hill. [*sister,*
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-

(1) Strut, walk proudly.

(2) The id-a 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.

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 : (1) to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see :
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle (2) in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfledg'd,
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,
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. (3)

Arr. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

(1) In war it is not sufficient to do duty well, the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.

(2) The beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or shards. The cases which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry.

(3) To overpass his bound.

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.

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 of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
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'sey 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 lov'd me;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
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.

Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft,)

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'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 :

Where I have liv'd 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 hunters' 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
vallies.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus, R.H.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine : and, though train'd
up thus meanly [do hit

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. 'Tis his Polydore,—

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !

When on my three foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*

And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture [wal

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cad-

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much
 His own conceiving.— [more

(*A Horn sounds at a distance, R.H.*)

Hark! the game is rous'd!

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes:
 Thinking to bar thee of succession as
 Thou resist me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse: they took thee for their
 mother,

And every day do honour to thy grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father

(*The Horn sounds again, R.H.*)

The game is up.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)

Enter MADAN, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
 LUCIUS VARUS, and LOCRINE, L.H.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

I am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

I desire of you

A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lord, you are appointed for that office; (To *Lochrine*.)

The due of honour in no point omit:

So, farewell, noble *Lucius*

Luc. Your hand, my lord. (To *Cloten*.)

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time I wear it as your enemy. [forth

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Lochrine, Lucius, and Varus, L.H.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it ho- That we have given him cause. [nours us,

Clot. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

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 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 Madan, R.H.D.*

Queen. Royal sir, Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her.

Enter MADAN, R.H.D.

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

Mad. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer [make.

That will be given to the loud'st of noise we

Queen. My lord, when 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
Made me to biame in memory. [court

Cym. Her doors lock'd? [I fear,
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which
Prove false! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Madan, R.H.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. (*Crosses to R.H.*) That man of hers, Pi-
sanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Wood.*

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN, poorly dressed, R.H.S.E.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
Was near at hand.— [horse, the place

Pisanio! Man!—

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,

'That makes thee stare thus?

What's the matter?—

(Pisanio offers her a letter.)

Why tender'st thou that paper to me?

If it be summer news,

Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st

But keep that countenance still.

(Imogen takes the letter.)

My husband's hand!—

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 disdain'd of fortune.

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 opportunities 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.

(Imogen sinks overpowered to the earth.)

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

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world.—(*Pisanio raises her.*)
 What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What! is it, to be false,
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 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 his bed,—
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false!

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. Come, fellow, be thou honest; [him,
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest
 A little witness my obedience: look!—

(*Imogen draws his sword.*)

I draw the sword myself:—

(*She gives him the sword.*)

Take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

(*He throws away his sword.*)

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Come, here's my heart:—

Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no de-
 fence;— (*Taking letters from her bosom.*)
 What is here?

'The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus?—
 All turn'd to heresy:—Away, away.
(Throws away the letters, which Pisanio picks up.)
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart:—
 'Pr'ythee, despatch:—*(She kneels to him.)*
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.— *(Takes up his sword.)*
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
 I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

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

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father.

Pis. If not at court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide.—Where then?

Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
 Pr'ythee, think,
 There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
 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,
 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.

Imo. O, for such means!—

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure. (1)

Pis. Well, then here 's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
 Command into obedience :—

Forethinking this, I have already fit

(T is in my cloakbag,) doublet, hat, hose, all

That answer to them : would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow

From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him

Wherein you are happy, (2) (which you'll make
 him know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you ; for he 's ho-

nourable,

[abroad

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means

You have me, rich : (3) and I will never fail

Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

(1) I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

(2) Accomplished.

(3) As for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me.

The gods will diet me with.—

This attempt

I am soldier to, (1) and will abide it with

A prince's courage. [well;

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
Lest, being miss d, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

My noble mistress,

Here is a phial; 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

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, R.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and

I love her; but [royal,

Disdaining me, and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,

_(1) I have enlisted and bound myself too.

I will conclude to hate her ; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her.—

Enter PISANIO, R.H. and Crosses to L.H.

Who is here ?— (*Cloten draws his sword.*)—

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 !

Clot. 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 ?

Pis. Alas ! my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?

Clot. Where is she, sir ?

Satisfy me home,—

What is become of her ?

Pis. O ! my all-worthy lord !

Clot. All-worthy villain !

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. (*Presents a letter.*)

Clot. Let 's see't :—I will pursue her
(*Crosses to L.H.*)
Even to Augustus' throne. (*Reads the letter.*)

Pis. (*Aside.*) Or this, or perish.—

She 's far enough ; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord?

Clot. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. 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.

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

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit, R.H.]

Clot. (*Reads.*) *Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—* Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back will I first kill him, and in her eyes: he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my appetite hath dined, to the court I'll foot her home again.—

My revenge is now at Milford:—'Would I had wings to follow it!
 [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes, R.H.S.E.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
 I have tir'd 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;—two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them?—What is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.—
 Ho!—who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak.—
 Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy [on't.
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
 Such a foe, good heavens!
 (*Imogen draws her sword and goes into the Cave.*)

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, R.H.
 (*The two last carrying a Buck on their Spears,
 which they lay down at the side of the Cave.*)

Bel. (*In the centre.*) You, Polydore, have
 prov'd best woodman, (1) and

(1) Hunter.

Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant :
 Come : our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury : weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive (1) sooth
 Finds the down pillow hard. - Now peace be here,
 Poor house that keep'st thyself!

(*Goes towards the Cave.*)

Guid. (L.H.) I am throughly weary

Arr. (R.H.) I am weak with toil, yet strong
 in appetite. [browse on that,

Guid. There's cold meat i' the cave ; we'll
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

(*They go towards the Cave.*)

Bel. Stay : come not in :—

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir ?

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

Enter IMOGEN, from the Cave.

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, [had found
 I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
 meat ;

(1) Restive in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting its posture, like a restive horse.

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Arv. Money, youth?

Guid. 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 are 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, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

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 fallen in this offence. (1)

Bel. 'Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Arv. I'll love him as my brother.

(*Crosses to Imogen.*)

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome! (*Crosses to Imogen.*)
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. (*Bel-
larius, Guiderius, and Arviragus whisper to-
gether, R.H.*)

(1) *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of *into*.

Imo. (*Aside.*) 'Mongst friends!
 If 'rothers?—'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. (1)

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

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

Bel. Hark, boys! (*They retire a little together.*)

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. [gods!
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus, false—

Bel. It shall be so.—

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt —

(*Belarius advances to Imogen.*)

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

Guid. Pr'y, draw near.

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

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

(*Guid. and Arv. take up the Buck on their spears.*)

[*Exeunt into the Cave, L.H.S.E.*

(1) Writhes with anguish.

SCENE III.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN, dressed as Posthumus, L.H.

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly,—how fit his garments serve me!—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, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

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

Bel. 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.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :
Pray you, trust me here.

Guid. Brother, farewell.

(*Crosses to Arviragus.*)

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir. (*Bela-
rius, Guiderius, and Arviragus confer apart, R.H.*)

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

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court.—

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisano,

I'll now taste of thy drug. (*Drinks out of the phial.*)

Guid. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, here-
I might know more. [after

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

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

(*Crosses to Imogen.*)

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. 'Pray, be not sick ;

For you must be our house-wife.

(*Leads Imogen to the Cave.*)

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you. [*Exit into the Cave.*

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

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he looks !

Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs (1) together

Bel. it is great morning. Come; away.

Clot. (*Without, R.H.*) What, shall I never find
this place?

Bel. Who's there?

(*Belarius Guiderius and Arviragus retire.*)

Enter CLOTEN, R.H.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Bel. Those runagates!— (*They advance.*)
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

Guid. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: 'pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.— (*Guiderius retires.*)

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus, R.H.*]

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—(*Guiderius advances, R.H.*)
Thou art a robber,

A law breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? 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

(1) *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

My dagger in my mouth. (1) Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

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

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

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

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder,
spider,

'T would move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for it : not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid ?

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

Clot. 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 :
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting, L.H.*]

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, R.H.

Bel. No company's abroad.

(1) I fight not with my tongue

Arv. None in the world ; you did mistake him,
sure. [of favour

Bel. No ; time hath nothing blurr'd those lines
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am abso-
'I was very Cloten. [lute,

Arv. In this place we left them.—
But see, my brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Sword, L.H.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool ; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains ; for he had

Bel. What hast thou done ? [none.

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in, (1)
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone. [lose,

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to
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
Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,

(1) Conquer, subdue us.

He must have some attendants ;
 It is not probable he would come alone.—
 I had no mind
 To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth. (1)

Guid. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
 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, L.H.]

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd :
 'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though
 Becomes thee well enough. [valour

Arv. 'Would I had done't !

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—
 We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit.—
 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, (2)
 I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood, (3)
 And praise myself for charity.

[Exit into the Cave.]

Bel. O ! thou goddess,

(1) Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*.

(2) Restore him to the bloom of health, to recal the colour of it to his cheeks.

(3) I would let blood (or bleed,) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten.

Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 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 enchas'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 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
 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.

Enter GUIDERIUS, L.H.

Guid. 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 in the Cave, L.H.*)

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

Guid. Since death of my dear'st mother,
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS from the Cave.

Bel. Look,—here he comes.

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,
'Than have seen this.

Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily !

And art thou gone, my poor Fidele ?--

Bel. What ! is he dead ? How found you him ?

Arr. Stark : (1)--smiling, as some fly had
tickled slumber ;

Not as death's dart, being laughed at : his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

Guid. Where ?

Arr. O' the floor ;

His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept.

(*The Boys weep.*)

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 :

Our foe was princely :

And though you took his life, as being our foe,

Yet bury him as a prince. Go, bring your lily.--

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arr. into the Cave.*

O, melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find

The coze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crare (2)

Might easiliest harbour in ? (*Music again, L.H.*)

'Thou blessed thing ! [but,--ah!--

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;

'Thou died'st, a most rare boy of melancholy.--

(1) Stiff.

(2) *A crare* is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin
of the middle ages *crayera*.

Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS from the Cave, bearing Imogen's body.

Come, let us lay the bodies each by each,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

And strew them o'er with flowers; and on the
 Shall the earth receive them. [*morrow*]

Arv. Sweet Fidele!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's blast;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants, must
 Follow thee, and come to dust.

[*Exeunt Bel. and the Boys, L.H. bearing the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and PISANIO, in the custody of Officers, R.H.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how the
 queen does.— [*Exit an officer, R.H.*]
 A fever with the absence of her son! [*ens,*]
 A madness, of which her life's in danger!—Heav-
 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,
(*To Pisanio, L.H.*)

Who needs must know of her departure, and
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.

Mad. 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;
He will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:—
We'll slip you for a season! but our jealousy
Does yet depend. (1) (*Pisanio retires a little.*)

Enter LOCRINE, L.H.

Loc. So please your majesty,
The Romans' legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and
Let's withdraw; [queen!
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 Cym. Mad. Loc. and Officers, L.H.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: (2) 'tis strange:

(1) My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is depending.

(2) This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time. We yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him.

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tidings : neither know I
 What is betid to Cloten : but remain
 Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
 Wherein I'm false, I'm honest ; not true, to be
 true. (1)

These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note o' the king, (2) 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, L.H.]

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.*

IMOGEN and CLOTEN discovered, laying on a Bank
 strewn with Flowers.

Imo. (*Awakes.*) Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven :
 which is the way ? [thither ?]
 I thank you.—By yon bush ?—'Pray, how far
 'Ods pittikins ! (3)—can it be six miles yet ?—
 I have gone all night :—'faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep.— (*Seeing the body.*)
 But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;

(1) *To be*, are an interpolation, which to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure.

(2) I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

(3) *'Ods pittikins*.---This phrase is derived from God's my pity.

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures.

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 dreams here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.—
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!—
O, he is murder'd!—

Pisanio,—

'Tis thou, conspiring with that devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—'Tis he;— [ous
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was preci-
And cordial to me, have I not found it [home:
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it
'This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on them!—
O! my lord! my lord!—(*Sinks on the body.*)
(*A March.*)

Enter LUCIUS, VARUS, *Six Roman Officers, Stan-*
dard, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Var. 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 bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Var. With the next benefit o' the wind

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair.—

Soft, ho! what trunk is here

(*Varus crosses behind to L.H.*)

Without his top?—The ruin speaks, that some-
time

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.—

(*Varus takes Imogen's hand.*)

Let's see the boy's face.

Var. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—

(*Varus raises Imogen.*)

Young one,

(*Lucius leads her forward.*)

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,

They crave to be demanded: who is this

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow?

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!

There are no more such masters.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

Thy master in bleeding: say,—thy name, good

Imo. Fidele, sir.

[boy?

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith:—

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

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

No less belov'd.—

Go with me.

[the gods,

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, 'an't please
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes (1) can dig: and, when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

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.

(*She hangs over the body.*)

Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave.—Come, arm him.—(2)

(*Soldiers go to the body.*)

Boy, he is preferr'd

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.

(*A March in the Orchestra.*)

Lucius and Varus lead off Imogen, L.H. Officers following—Standard in front of the body—the other Soldiers surround it, and the front drop closes them in.

(1) Meaning her hands.

(2) Take him in your arms.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Wales.*—*A Forest near the Cave.*

(*Drums and Trumpets heard at a distance.*)

Enter GUIDERIUS, BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, L.H.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

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, nor
muster'd

Among the bands,) may drive us to a render (1)
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we have done, whose answer (2)
would be death,

Drawn on with torture.

Guid. 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, (3) have both their
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, [eyes

(1) An account of our place of abode.

(2) The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten, would be death.

(3) Fires regularly disposed.

That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army:
And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves

Guid. '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?
I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. 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 on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve [boys:
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll be.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
 heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose ; I have conceal'd
My Italian weeds, under this semblance of
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.—

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.)

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !—
Let me make men know

More valour in me, than my habits show.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.)

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The field of Battle.*

*(Alarums, R.H. and L.H.—An engagement between
the Britons and the Romans.—The Britons are
repulsed.)*

*Enter IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS fighting.—Iachimo
is disarmed.—R.H.U.E.*

Post. Or yield thee, Roman, or thou diest.

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No : take thy life, and mend it.

[Exit, R.H.]

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, (1)

A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours,
 borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

With heaven against me, what is sword or
 shield ?

My guilt, my guilt o'erpowers me, and I yield.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Forest.*

Enter PISANIO, and MADAN, L.H.

Mad. This is a day turn'd strangely.
 Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Pis. I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Mad. I did.

Pis. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
 But that the heaven's fought : the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a straight lane : the enemy full hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, struck
 down [ing
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some fall-

(1) Clown, or husbandman.

Merely thro' fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Mad. Where was this lane? [with turf;

Pis. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier;—
(An honest one, I warrant;)—athwart the lane,
He with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country base (1), than to commit such
slaughter,) [“Stand;

Made good the passage; cry'd to the fliers,
“Or we are Romans, and will give you that
“Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
“But to look back and frown: stand, stand.”—

These three—

Mad. Were there but three? [habit,

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic
That stood the front with them. The matchless
four,

Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks:
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward

But by example, '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,
A rout, confusion thick; and the event
A victory for us.

Mad. This was strange chance.—

(1) A rustic game, called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic! [see
Pis. Nay, do not wonder:—go with me, and
 These wonders, sir, and join the general joy.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *disguised as a Roman*, L.H.

Post. To day, how many would have given
 their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too?—I, in my own woe charm'd, (1)
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck.—

Well, I will find him:

No more a Briton, I have resum'd 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
 On either side. For me, my ransom's death:
 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 MADAN, LOCRINE, *and two British Sol-*
diers, L.H.

Loc. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were an-
 gels.

(1) Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle.

Mad. There was a fourth man, in a peasant's
That gave the affront with them. (1) [habit,

Loc. Stand! Who is there?

Post. A Roman;

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

Mad. 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, (Crosses to R.H.)

As if he were of note;—bring him to the king.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

[Exeunt leading away Posthumus, R.H.]

SCENE VI.—*Cymbeline's Tent.*

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
PISANIO, *British Officers, and Soldiers, discovered.*

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 sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

(1) Came face to face.

Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

Cym. (To *Pisano*) No tidings of him?

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

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain:
(To *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*.)

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: (They kneel.)
Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
(Touches their shoulders with his sword.)

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

Enter *MADAN*, *LOCRINE*—then in chains, *IACHIMO*,
LUCIUS, *MOGEN*, *VARUS*, Roman Officers, and
POSTHUMUS behind, guarded by British Soldiers,
R.H.U.E.—The Prisoners advance, R.H.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit, [slaughter
That their good souls may be appeas'd with
O' you their captives, which ourself have grant-
So think of your estate. [ed:

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

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

Cym. Ay, with all my heart :
Walk with me ; speak freely.

(*Cymbeline and Imogen retire a little.*)

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

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

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further.

Pis. (*Aside.*) It is my mistress :
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

(*Retires a little . Cymbeline and Imogen Advance.*)

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ;
(*To Iachimo.*)

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him. (*To Imogen.*)

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may ren-
Of whom he had this ring. [*der*

(*Pointing to a ring on Iachimo's finger.*)

Post. (*Aside.*) What's that to him ?

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

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

Cym. How ! me ? [*which*

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

'Torments me to conceal. By villainy
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 liv'd [my lord?
'Twi'x sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,— [spirits
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
Quail (1) to remember,—give me leave; I faint.
(*Madam and Locrine support him.*)

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Pos-
thumus—

Cym. Come to the matter. [gins.—

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it be-
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams.
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 his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery.

(1) Sink into dejection.

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 villainous:—

To be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus;
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. Ay, so thou dost, (*Rushing forward.*)
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
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! (1) 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:—villian like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. (2)
Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

(1) The most ancient law books have justicers of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace.

(2) She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but virtue herself.

Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Thou scornful page, there is no peace
 for me.

(Striking her; she falls into Pisanio's arms.)

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my Lord Posthu-
 mus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now;—help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Post. How come these staggers (1) on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

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

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
 Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
 Throw me again. *(Runs into his arms.)*

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

Cym. My child, my child! my dearest Imogen!

Imo. Your blessing, sir. *(Kneeling.)*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
 you not;

You had a motive for't.

(To Guiderius and Arviragus.)

Cym. Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

(1) This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horses apoplexy.

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

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. (*Pisanio
and Inogen retire with Posthumus:—an Of-
ficer takes off his chains.*)

Guid. Let me end his story:

'Twas I that slew him.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: 'pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince. [me

Guid. A most uncivil one: the wrongs he did
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: [must
By thine own tongue, thou art condemn'd, and
Endure our law.--Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

(*Officers advance, L.H.*)

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. Let his arms alone;

(*To the Officers who are seizing him.*)

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? [knee :

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my
 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,
 And blood of your begetting (*Posthumus, Imo-
 gen, and Pisanio advance.—The Officers
 retire.*)

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's.--(*Rises.*)--
 I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
 Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
 Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd, [ment
 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.--But, gracious sir, (*Goes
 between the Princes, and takes one in each hand.*)
 Here are your sons again :--

(*He presents them to the King--they kneel.*)

And I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :--
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.--(1)

(1) Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy rela-
 tion.

I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.--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. Bless'd may you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now !---(*The Boys rise.*)

—O, Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Ino. No, my lord ; (*Crosses between them.*)
 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 you were so indeed.

(*Crosses back to Post.*)

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?---

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ?-- (*To Guid. and
 Arv.*) How liv'd you ? where ? --

And---(*To Imogen.*) when came you to serve our
 Roman captive ? [them ?

How parted with your brothers ? how first met
 Why fled you from the court ? and whither ?---
 But nor the time, nor place,

Will serve our long intergatories.---See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him ---All o'erjoy'd,
 Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.---

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Enter Roman Standard and twelve Soldiers R.H.U.E.

Twelve Roman Soldiers. Twelve British Soldiers.

Roman Standard. British Standard.

Roman Officers. British Officers.

Varus, Lucius. Locrine, Madan.

IACHIMO, POST. IMOGEN, CYM. GUID. ARV. BEL.

R.H.

L.H.

(*British Officers take off the chains of the Romans.*)

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and
 The thankings of a king. [grac'd

Post. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd :---that I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. (*Kneels.*) I am down again :

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did.---

But, your ring first ;

And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
 That ever swore her faith :--- (*Giving them.*)

Now take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe.

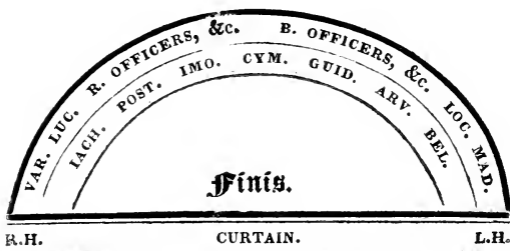
Post. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you :---live,
And deal with others better. (*Iachimo rises.*)

Cym. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.---Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars !---Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
Set on there :---never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



OXBERRY'S EDITION

OF

The New English Drama.

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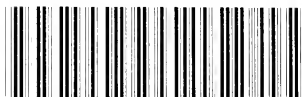
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