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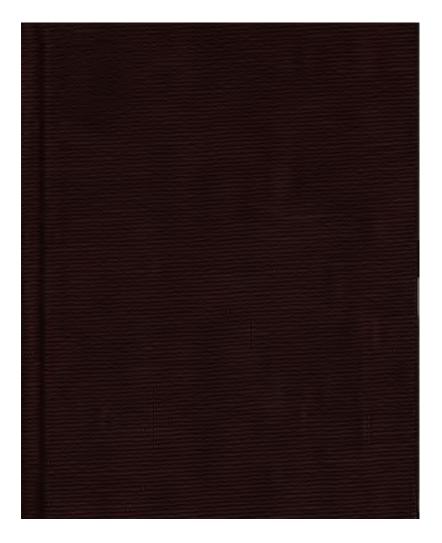
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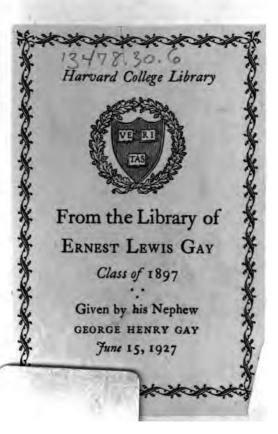
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#### THE

## TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



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SEETHED in mists of Penmanmawr, Taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power, England's genius filled all measure Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure, Gave to the mind its emperor, And life was larger than before; Nor sequent centuries could hit Orbit and son of Shakespeare's wit. The men who lived with him became Poets, for the air was fame.

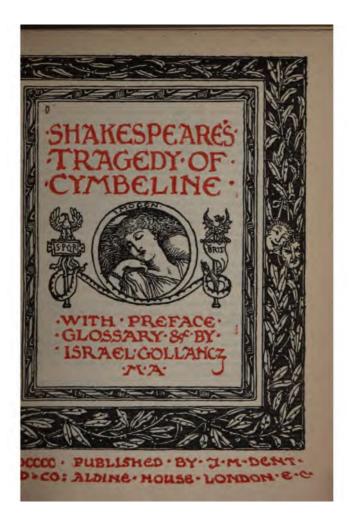
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"IMOGEN, like Juliet, conveys to our mind the impression of extreme simplicity in the midst of the most wonderful complexity. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia-combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other. But Imogen is less imaginative than Juliet. less spirited and intellectual than Portia, less serious than Helen and Isabel ; her dignity is not so imposing as that of Hermione-it stands more on the defensive ; her submission, though unbounded, is not so passive as that of Desdemona; and thus, while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all. . . .

On the whole, Imogen is a lovely compound of goodness, truth, and affection, with just so much of passion and intellect and poetry as serve to lend to the picture that power and glowing richness of effect which it would otherwise have wanted; and of her it might be said, if we could condescend to quote from any other poet with Shakspeare open before us, that 'her person was a paradise and her soul the chervé to guard it.''

MRS JAMESON.

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The First Edition. "The Tragedie of Cymbeline" was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369-399 (misprinted 993).

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

Doubtful Passage6. The Vision in Act V. Scene iv. was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of the *Tempest*; in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV., Sc. ii.) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> "Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

preferring no doubt Collins's more elegant rendering :-

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## 🖛 Cymbeline

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb Soft maids and village kinds shall bring Each opening sweet of earliest bloom, And ryle all the breathing spring !"

The "Tragedy" of Cymbeline. The editors of the First Folio erred in describing Cymbeline as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; "all is subward servers" at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearian "Tragi - Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of Cymbeline; the probabilities are in favour of 1609-10.

This limit may be fixed from a rotice in the MS. Diary of Dr Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie"\* shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearian representations at the Globe Theatre in 1610-11; Macheth is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); The Winter's Tale was witnessed on the 15th of May, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; Cymbeline unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,--

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

\* Among the Ashmolean MSS. (so8) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips.

## Cymbeline 🗪

Cymboline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster (cp. the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia \*) is noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to circs 1610-11; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "White Devil, or Fitteria Corombona," printed in 1612, and written circa 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in Cymbeline.

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (e.g., Act II, ii., compared with *Macbeth*, Act II,  $\dagger$ ), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606-7, the whole being completed in 1609-10; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II., Sc. i., and Act V., Sc. ii.-v. $\ddagger$  Another scholar § calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (e.g. I. iii., II. i.); in the later "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV. Sc. i.," He finds in Act III. Sc. v. corroboration of his view,

• As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted :--

" The gods take part against me; could this boor

Have held me thus else ?" (Philaster, IV. i.).

Co. Cymbeline, V. il. 2-6.

† Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (IL 12-14) recalls "Tarquin's ravishing strides" (Macb., II. i. 55, 50); "lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct" (IL 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's "silver skin laced with his golden blood" (Macb., II. ii. 18), 6%.

G. M. Ingleby (cs. his edition of "Cymbeline," 1886). F. G. Fleay.

pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, &c., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.<sup> $\circ$ </sup>

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakeable links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearian fragment of *Perides*, with *The Tempest*, and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the poet's literary life; what the present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "on all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful :—

"O wonder ! How many goodly creatures are there here ! How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world That has such people in '! !"

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with 'the divine comedy' of 'Posthumous and Imogen.'

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the \* Cp. "A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare." famous 'wager-weif' and the 'chest intrigue,' is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. The Historical Element. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and step-son, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III.; ch. xiii.-xviii.); some few meagre incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus' account of the battle, and of his description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in "a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys." The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scaland*, near the chapters dealing with the story of Macheth.

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Muck Ado About Nothing*; in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. The Story of Imogen. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the Decamerone of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories, "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiuolo, losth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in e man's habit. Here she lightsth upon the desciver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alenandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich."

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone*, but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet*," by Gerbert de Montruil, *circa* 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife." Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; e.g. the introduction in Act I. Sc. iv. of the representatives of the four nationalities,<sup>\*</sup> but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "Westward for Smelts," which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.<sup>+</sup>

It is interesting to note that not only was the story of "The Four-Merchasts" well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

† Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake, the book may have existed in manuscript years before its publication.

## Cymbeline 🗪

Preface.

III, Imogen and Snow-white, Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for :---e.g. (i) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cavehome: (iii) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source, -to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,-the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of " Childe Rowland " and " Mr Fox " (wide King Lear, 111. iv. 188, and Much Ado About Nothing, I. i. 218-220). These latter fairy-tales are happily still preserved among the treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added ; one would. however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel stepmother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter is

described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave uninvited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" "By Jupiter, an Angel!" quoth Belarius,

> "or if not, An earthly paragon !" . . .

(iv) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

> "But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots In characters, And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick And he her distor."...

(v) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'"... The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked step-mother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple narrative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary

# lymbeline 🐢

on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead -"the bird is dead that we have made to much on "-and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge, "Snowwhite was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said ' we cannot bury her in the dark ground,' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it, And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove," Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected ; in the play the homely robin. "the ruddock," does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story, The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, "the severest, fairest lily," and Fidele, "that reveat rosy lad," owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines. transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

> "Dang there like Fruit, my Soul, Uill the Tree Die."

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMERLINE, king of Britain. CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband. POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen. BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan. GUIDERIUS, ) sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydere ARVIRAGUS, and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan. PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, ] Italians. IACHIMO, friend to Philario. CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman forces. PIBANIO, servant to Posthumus. CORNELIUS, a physician. A Roman Captain. Two British Captains. A Frenchman, friend to Philario, Two Lords of Cymbeline's court. Two Gentlemen of the same. Two Gaolers,

Queen, wite to Cymbeline. IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen. HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

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

Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain : Rome.

# Cymbeline.

#### Act First.

#### Scene I.

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods No more obey the heavens than our courtiers Still seem as does the king. Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter ? First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom He purposed to his wife's sole son-a widow That late he married-hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she 's wedded ; Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow; though I think the king Be touch'd at very heart. ø a 8

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Sec. Gent. None but the king ? 10 First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen, That most desired the match : but not a courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at. Sec. Gent. And why so? First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her. I mean, that married her, -alack, good man !---And therefore banish'd, is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20 For one his like, there would be something failing In him that should compare. I do not think So fair an outward and such stuff within Endows a man but he. Sec. Gent. You speak him far. First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself, Crush him together rather than unfold His measure duly. What 's his name and birth ? Sec. Gent. First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

## Cymbeline 🗪

He served with glory and admired success, So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus : And had, besides this gentleman in question, Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time Died with their swords in hand; for which their father. Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow That he quit being, and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus, Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber : Puts to him all the learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of ; which he took. As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, And in 's spring became a harvest : lived in court-Which rare it is to do-most praised, most loved : A sample to the youngest, to the more mature A glass that feated them, and to the graver A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ; By her election may be truly read What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent.

I honour him

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Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me, Is she sole child to the king? First Gent. His only child. He had two sons,---if this be worth your hearing. Mark it,-the eldest of them at three years old, I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge Which way they went. Sec. Gent. How long is this ago? 61 First Gent. Some twenty years. Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'dl So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow, That could not trace them ! First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true. sir. Sec. Gent. I do well believe you. First Gent. We must forbear : here comes the gentl man, The queen and princess. Ener Enter the Queen, Postbumus and Imogen. Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter. After the slander of most stepmothers, Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but

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## .ymbeline 🗪

Act I. Sc. i.

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win the offended king. I will be known your advocate : marry, yet The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience Your wisdom may inform you. Please your highness, ost. I will from hence to-day. You know the peril. 80 ween. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit. n 0. Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing-Always reserved my holy duty-what His rage can do on me : you must be gone, And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90 But that there is this jewel in the world 'hat I may see again. My queen ! my mistress !

lady, weep no more, lest I give cause

# 🖛 Cymbeline

To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man! I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth : My residence in Rome at one Philario's, Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter : thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

#### Re-enter Queen.

Be brief, I pray you: 101 Queen. If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him To walk this way: I never do him wrong But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ; Pays dear for my offences. [Exit. Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little : Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife,

Act I. Sc. i.

When Imogen is dead.

wt. How, how ! another ? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! [Putting on the ring.] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles I20 I still win of you : for my sake wear this ; It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm. O the gods !

When shall we see again ?

10.

#### Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

 ust.
 Alack, the king !

 m.
 Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !

 If after this command thou fraught the court

 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !

 Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

 ust.
 The gods protect you,

 And bless the good remainders of the court !

 I am gone.
 [Essit.

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Act I. Sc. i.

# 🖛 Cymbeline

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130 More sharp than this is. Cym. O disloval thing. That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st A year's age on me! Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation : I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears. Cym. Past grace ? obedience ? Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace. Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen ! Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a puttock. 140 Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne A seat for baseness. Imo. No; I rather added A lustre to it. O thou vile one! Cym, Sir, Imo. It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus : You bred him as my playfellow, and he is A man worth any woman, overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

# Cymbeline 🗪

Act I. Sc. i.

What, art thou mad !

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

Cym.

Cym.

Thou foolish thing ! 150

### Re-enter Queen.

They were again together : you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up. Beseech your patience. Peace, Queen. Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice. Nay, let her languish Cym. A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly! [Excunt Cymbeline and Lords. Fie! you must give way. Queen.

### Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ? Pis. My lord your son drew on my master. Queen. Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

Act I. Sr. i.

Pir. There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentlemen at hand. I am very glad on 't. Queen. Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part. To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir ! I would they were in Afric both together: Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer-back. Why came you from your master? Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me 170 To bring him to the haven : left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to When 't pleased you to employ me. Oucen. This hath been Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour He will remain so. Pis. I humbly thank your highness. Queen. Pray, walk awhile. Imo. About some half-hour hence. I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me. [Excunt.

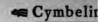
Act I. Sc. ii.

#### Scene II.

#### The same. A public place.

### Enter Cloten and two Lords.

- irst Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.
- 6. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?
- c. Lord. [Aside] No, faith; not so much as his patience.
- irst Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable 10 carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.
- c. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.
- b. The villain would not stand me.
- c. Lord. [Aside] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.
- irst Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of



your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

- Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!
- Clo. I would they had not come between us.
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.
- Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.
- First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.
- Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done !
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

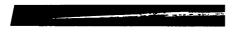
Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

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

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

[ Exem



Scene III. A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter Imogen and Pisanio. Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven. And question'dst every sail : if he should write And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost, As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee? Pir. It was, his queen, his queen ! Imo. Then waved his handkerchief? And kiss'd it, madam. Pis. Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I ! And that was all? Pis. No, madam; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on, How swift his ship. Thou shouldst have made him Imo. As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him.

Act I. Sc. iii.

🛥 Cymbe

Pis.

#### Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd 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 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis.

Be assured, mas

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell hir How I would think on him at certain hours, Such thoughts and such; or I could make him The shes of Italy should not betray Mine interest and his honour; or have charged At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnigl To encounter me with orisons, for then I am in heaven for him; or ere I could Give him that parting kiss which I had set Betwixt two charming words, comes in my fat And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north Shakes all our buds from growing.

Act I. Sc. iv.

# Enter a Lady.

Lady.

The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

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

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Excunt. 40

#### Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's bouse.

### Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

- *lacb.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.
- Pbi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

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French. I have seen him in France : we had very

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many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

- Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.
- French. And then his banishment.
- Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?
- Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

### Enter Postbumus.

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

## Cymbeline 🗪

And and the second

Act I. Sc iv.

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- French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.
- Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.
- French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.
- Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement-if I offend not to say it is mended-my 50 quarrel was not altogether slight.
- French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.
- lach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference ?
- ۰. French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer î the report. It was much like an argument that 60 26 3 37

Act I. Sc. iv.

🖛 Cymbe

fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

- *lacb.* 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.
- lach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.
- Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, 1 would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.
- Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hanc comparison—had been something too fair anc too good for any lady in Britany. If she wen before others I have seen, as that diamond o yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, not you the lady.
- Post. I praised her as I rated her : so do I my stone.
- Iach. What do you esteem it at?

## Cymbeline 🗪

- Post. More than the world enjoys.
- Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.
- Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the 90 purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.
- Iach. Which the gods have given you?
- Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.
- Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or 100 a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.
- Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.
- Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.
- Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, 110

Act I. Sc. iv.

🛥 Cymbeli

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 thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.
- Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

- Post. A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more ; a punishment too.
- Pbi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.
- Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

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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 140 than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.
- Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.
- Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.
- Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you 150 bear a graver purpose, I hope.
- Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.
- Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return : let there be covenants drawn between's : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Pbi. I will have it no lay.

lach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no 160

sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thossand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

- Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, 170 and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, 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 180 have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Ensunt Postbumus and Iachime, French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

## Cymbeline 🗪

#### Scene V.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

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

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady. I, madam. Queen. Dispatch. [Excent Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [Presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, without offence,— My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death, But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10 Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,---Unless thou think'st me devilish----is't not meet That I did amplify my judgement in Act I. Sc. v.

# 🖛 Cymbeline

Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human, To try the vigour of them and apply 21 Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their several virtues and effects. Your highness

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

Queen.

Cor.

O, content thee.

#### Enter Pisanio.

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

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

Queen. [To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word. Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has

# Cymbeline 🖛

. . . .

Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ; Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs, Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what show of death it makes. 40 More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her. No further service, doctor, Queen. Until I send for thee. I humbly take my leave. [Enit.] Cor. Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time She will not quench and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50 As great as is thy master; greater, for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, To be depender on a thing that leans,



Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, So much as but to prop him? [The Queen drope the bon : Pisanio takes it up. ] Thou takest up 60 Thou know'st not what : but take it for thy labour : It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know What is more cordial : nay, I prithee, take it ; It is an earnest of a further good 1 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her : do't as from thyself. Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment, such 71 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women: Think on my words. [Exit Pisanie. A sly and constant knave; Not to be shaked : the agent for his master ; And the remembrancer of her to hold The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80

### Cymbeline 🗪

Act I. Sc. vi.

Except she bend her humour, shall be assured To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [Excunt Queen and Ladies. Pis. And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blest be those,

# 🛥 Cymbelia

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How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills, Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? F.

### Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, mada The worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a lett Imo. Thanks, good si You're kindly welcome.
Iach. [Aside] All of her that is out of door most rich If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone the Arabian bird, and I

Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend ! Arm me, audacity, from head to foot ! Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— 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 30 In all that I can do. zb. Thanks, fairest lady What, are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones Upon the number'd beach, and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious 'Twixt fair and foul? What makes your admiration ? ю. ch. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys, 'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgement: 41 For idiots, in this case of favour, would Be wisely definite : nor i' the appetite ; Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed, Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allured to feed. 10. What is the matter, trow? The cloyed will, cb. That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,

Act I. Sc. vi.

Longs after for the garbage. What, dear sir. Imo. 5 Thus raps you? Are you well? Iach. Thanks, madam : wel [To Pisanio] Beseech you, sir, Desire my man's abode where I did leave him : He's strange and peevish. Pis. I was going, sir, To give him welcome. [Emi Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you Iach. Well, madam. Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is. Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd 6 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, one An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton Your lord, I mean, laughs from's free lungt cries 'O.

## Cymbeline 🗪

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows By history, report, or his own proof, 70 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose But must be, will his free hours languish for Assured bondage ?' Will my lord say so ? Imo. Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter It is a recreation to be by And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know. Some men are much to blame. Not he, 1 hope Imo. Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much ; In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pity too. What do you pity, sir? Imo. Iach. Two creatures heartily. Am I one, sir? Imo. You look on me : what wreck discern you in me **Deserves** your pity? Lamentable! What, Jach. To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace

Act I. Sc. vi.

I' the dungeon by a snuff? Imo. I pray you, sir, Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands. Why do you pity me? Iach. That others do, 9 I was about to say, enjoy your-But It is an office of the gods to venge it, Not mine to speak on 't. You do seem to know Imo. Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,-Since doubting things go ill often hurts more Than to be sure they do; for certainties Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing, The remedy then born,—discover to me What both you spur and stop. Had I this cheek Iach. To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch, 10 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-falsehood, as With labour; then by-peeping in an eye

# Cymbeline 🗪

Act I. Sc. vi.

Base and unlustrous as the smoky light That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110 That all the plagues of hell should at one time Encounter such revolt. Imo. My lord, I fear, Has forgot Britain. And himself. Inch. Not T Inclined to this intelligence pronounce The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces That from my mutest conscience to my tongue Charms this report out. Let me hear no more. Imo. lach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart With pity, that doth make me sick ! A lady So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd With tomboys hired with that self exhibition Which your own coffers yield ! with diseased ventures That play with all infirmities for gold Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff As well might poison poison ! Be revenged, Or she that bore you was no queen and you Recoil from your great stock. Revenged! Imo. How should I be revenged? If this be true, ---36 C 33

Act I. Sc. vi.

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As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130 Must not in haste abuse,---if it be true, How should I be revenged ? Iach. Should he make me Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets, Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps, In your despite, upon your purse ? 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. What ho, Pisanio! Imo. Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips. 140 Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable, Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange. Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far From thy report as thou from honour, and Solicit'st here a lady that disdains Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio ! The king my father shall be made acquainted Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit 150 A saucy stranger in his court to mart As in a Romish stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us, he hath a court He little cares for, and a daughter who He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio ! ch. O happy Leonatus! I may say: The credit that thy lady hath of thee Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness Her assured credit. Blessed live you long ! A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160 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 into him ; Half all men's hearts are his. You make amenda. 10. ch. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god : He hath a kind of honour sets him off. 170 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventured

To try your taking of a false report, which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made yo Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon. Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court 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 dozent Romans of us, and your lord— The best feather of our wing—have mingled su To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France : 'tis plate of rare device and jewels Of rich and exquisite form, their values great; And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage : may it please y 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

# ymbeline 🗯

Act I. Sc. vi.

To send them to you, only for this night; I must aboard to-morrow. O, no, no. 10. cb. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word 200 By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise To see your grace. I thank you for your pains: 10. But not away to-morrow! O. I must, madam : cb. Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have outstood my time, which is material To the tender of our present. I will write. ю. Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept .

And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. 210 [Excent.

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Act II. Sc i.

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### Act Second.

#### Scene I.

### Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

### Enter Cloten and two Lords.

- Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
- First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.
- Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?
- Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the ears of them.
- Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool.
- Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth :

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

- Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.
- Ch. Sayest thou ?
- Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.
- Ch. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.
- Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.
- Cla. Why, so I say.
- First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night ?
- Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.
- First Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis 40 thought, one of Leonatus' friends.
- Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

Act II. Sc. i.

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

- Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?
- Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.
- Clo. Not easily, I think.
- Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are a fool granted; there- 50 fore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.
- Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.
- Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

**FExernt** Cloten and First Lord.

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

Act II. Sc. 1

That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou mayst stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! 70 [Exit.

Scene II.

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

Imogen in bed, reading ; a Lady attending. Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen? Lady. Please you, madam. Imo. What hour is it? Lady. Almost midnight, madam. Ino. 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 prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. FErit Lady. To your protection I commend me, gods ! From fairies and the tempters of the night Guard me, beseech ye! 10 [Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk. lach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily! And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids 2c To see the unclosed lights, now canopied Under those windows, white and azure, laced With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design, To note the chamber : I will write all down : Such and such pictures; there the window; such The adornment of her bed ; the arras, figures, Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story. Ah, but some natural notes about her body Above ten thousand meaner moveables Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her ! And be her sense but as a monument, Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off: [Taking off ber bracelet. 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

## ymbeline 🐢

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law could make : this secret 40 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end? Why should I write this down, that 's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turned down Where Philomel gave up. I have enough : To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. ٢0 [ Clock strikes. One, two, three: time, time !

Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

#### Scene III.

## An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments. Enter Cloten and Lords.

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

🖛 Cymbelia

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

- First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.
- Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is 't not ?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

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

### Enter Musicians.

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

#### Song.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

30

## ymbeline 🗪

And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes; With every thing that pretty is, My lady sweet, arise: Arise, arise!

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

- c. Lord. Here comes the king.
- b. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen. Good morrow to your majesty and to my 40

gracious mother.

- nm. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?
- b. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

rm. 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. Act II. Sc. iii.

🖛 Cymbeli

Queen.

n. You are most bound to the kin Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly soliciting, and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem as if You were inspired to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless ! not so.

### Enter a Messenger.

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

Cym.

#### A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent on u We must extend our notice. Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistry Attend the queen and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman. Come, queen. [Excunt all but Clow

## Cymbeline 🗪

Act II. Sc. iii.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho! 70 Knocks. 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 o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief: 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. 80 [Knocks. By your leave. Enter a Lady. Lady. Who's there that knocks? Clo. A gentleman. No more? Lady. Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son. That's more Lady. Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure? Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready? Ay, Lady. To keep her chamber.

47

Act II. Sc. iii.

🖛 Cymbeline

Clo. There is gold for you; Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you [Exit Lady.

### Enter Imogen.

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

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

Clo. Still I swear I love vou. Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not. Clo.

This is no answer.

- Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy IOI To your best kindness : one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
- Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin: I will not.
- Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

ymbeline 🗪

Act II. Sc. .11.

'lo. Do you call me fool? mo. 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, 110 By being so verbal: and learn now for all That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce, By the very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so near the lack of charity-To accuse myself-I hate you; which I had rather You felt than make 't my boast. You sin against Clo. Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none: And though it be allow'd in meaner parties \_\_\_\_\_ 121 Yet who than he more mean ?--- to knit their souls On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot ; Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave,

A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,

A pantler, not so eminent. 36 d

Act II. Sc. iii.

🖛 Cymbeline

Imo.

### Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more 130 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues to be styled The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated For being preferr'd so well.

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Clo. The south-fog rot him! Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come To be but named of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

### Enter Pisanio.

Clo. • His garment !' Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—
Clo. • His garment !'
Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse : go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe! I do think

### ymbeline 🗪

Act II. Sc. iv.

I saw't this morning : confident I am 150 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it : I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss aught but he. 'Twill not be lost. is. no. I hope so: go and search. [Enit Pisanio. You have abused me: 6. 'His meanest garment!' Ay, I said so, sir: w. If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't. b. I will inform your father. Your mother too: 20. She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. Exit. 'o. . I'll be revenged: 160 'His meanest garment !' Well. [Exit.

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's bouse.

Enter Postbumus and Philario.

2st. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure To win the king as I am bold her honour Will remain hers. Act II. Sc. iv.

## 🖛 Cymbeline

Phi. What means do you make to him? Post. Not any; but abide the change of time; Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes, I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor. Pbi. Your very goodness and your company O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius Will do's commission throughly: and I think He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief. I do believe, Part Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20 Are men more order'd than when Julius Czesar Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at : their discipline, Now mingled with their courages, will make known To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo. Phi See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land, And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble. Phi. Welcome, sir. Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30 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. Here are letters for you. Iach. Post. Their tenour good, I trust. 'Tis very like. Iach. Pbi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court When you were there ? Iach. He was expected then, But not approach'd. All is well yet. Part. Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40 Too dull for your good wearing? If I had lost it, Inch. I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

Act II. Sc. iv.

## 🖛 Cymbeline

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy A second night of such sweet shortness which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. Post. The stone 's too hard to come by. Iach. Not a whit. Your lady being so easy. Post. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we Must not continue friends. Iach. Good sir, we must, If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant We were to question farther: but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour, Together with your ring, and not the wronger Of her or you, having proceeded but By both your wills. Post. If you can make 't apparent 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 60 To who shall find them. Iach. Sir, my circumstances,

Being so near the truth as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe : whose strength I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not. Proceed. st. First, her bedchamber.--cb. Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess Had that was well worth watching, --- it was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats or pride : a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on 't was-This is true ; nst. And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other. More particulars zb. Must justify my knowledge. So they must, ost. Or do your honour injury. The chimney zb. Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, 55

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## 🛥 Cymbeline

Chaste Dian bathing ; never saw I figures So likely to report themselves : the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out. Post. This is a thing Which you might from relation likewise reap, Being, as it is, much spake of. Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons-I had forgot them-were two winking Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely **QO** Depending on their brands. Post. This is her honour! Let it be granted you have seen all this, --- and praise Be given to your remembrance—the description Of what is in her chamber nothing saves The wager you have laid. Iach. Then, if you can, Showing the bracelet. Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see ! And now 'tis up again : it must be married To that your diamond; I'll keep them. Post. Jove 1 Once more let me behold it : is it that Which I left with her?

cb. Sir,—I thank her—that: 100 She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet; Her pretty action did outsell her gift, And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me And said she prized it once. May be she pluck'd it off sst. To send it me. cb. She writes so to you, doth she? st. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too ; **Gives** the ring. It is a basilisk unto mine eye. Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love, Where there's another man: the vows of women Of no more bondage be to where they are made 111 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing. O, above measure false ! 5i Have patience, sir, And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won : It may be probable she lost it, or Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted, Hath stol'n it from her? Very true; st. And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring : Render to me some corporal sign about her \$7

Act II. Sc. iv.

## 🛥 Cymbeline

More evident than this : for this was stol'n. 120 Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm. Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 'Tis true :---nay, keep the ring---'tis true : I am sure She would not lose it : her attendants are All sworn and honourable :--- they induced to steal it! And by a stranger !--- No, he hath enjoy'd her : The cognizance of her incontinency Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly. There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell Divide themselves between you ! Pbi. Sir, be patient: 130 This is not strong enough to be believed Ot one persuaded well of-Post. Never talk on 't; She hath been colted by him. Iach. If you seek For further satisfying, under her breast----Worthy the pressing-lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging : by my life, I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her? Post. Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140

Were there no more but it. Will you hear more ? ach. *"ost.* Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns; Once, and a million ! I'll be sworn-Iach. Post. No swearing. If you will swear you have not done't you lie, And I will kill thee if thou dost deny Thou'st made me cuckold. I'll deny nothing. Inch. 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. Pbi. **Ouite besides** The government of patience ! You have won : 150 Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself. With all my heart. [Encunt. Iach.

Scene V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

## 🖛 Cymbeline

And that most venerable man which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd The Dian of that time: so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance ! Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils ! This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was't not ?— Or less, —at first ?—perchance he spoke not, but Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, Cried 'O !' and mounted ; found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose and she Should from encounter guard. Could I find out The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion 20 That tends to vice in man but I affirm It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it, The woman's; flattering, here; deceiving, here; Lust and rank thoughts, here, here; revenges, here; Ambitions, covetinge, change of prides, disdain, Nice longing, slanders, mutability,

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All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows, Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all; For even to vice They are not constant, but are changing still 30 One vice, but of a minute old, for one Not half so old as that. I'll write against them, Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better [*Exit*.

### Act Third.

Seene I.

Britain. A ball in Cymbeline's palace.

nter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

 ym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?
 wc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,— Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less

Than in his feats deserving it-for him And his succession granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd. And, to kill the marvel, Queen. 10 Shall be so ever. Cb. There be many Cæsars Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself, and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses. Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from 's, to resume We have again. Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your isle, which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame :' with shame-The first that ever touch'd him-he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping-Poor ignorant baubles !---on our terrible seas.

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30 O giglot fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright And Britons strut with courage.

- Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.
- Cym. Son, let your mother end.
- Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard 40 as Cassibelan : I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.
- Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition, Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50 The sides o' the world, against all colour here Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. Clo. and Lords. We do. Say then to Cæsar, Cym. Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws. Who was the first of Britain which did put 60 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king. Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar-Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy: Receive it from me, then: war and confusion In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied, I thank thee for myself. Cym. Thou art welcome. Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70 Much under him : of him I gather'd honour : Which he to seek of me again, perforce,

### Cymbeline 🗪

Act III. Sc. ii.

Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect That the Panponians and Dalmatians for Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent Which not to read would show the Britons cold: So Casar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak. Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us 80 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.

all's a sublimited and a set

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine : All the remain is 'Welcome.' Excunt.

#### Scene II.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master ! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian. 36 0

As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No: She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. O my master! Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10 Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do't: the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper ! Black as the ink that's on thee ! Senseless bauble, Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st 21 So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes. I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

### Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

- Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
- Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!

### ymbeline 🗪

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer That knew the stars as I his characters : He'ld lay the future open. You good gods, Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not That we two are asunder; let that grieve him: Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them, For it doth physic love: of his content, All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike : Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods ! [Reads] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, 40 should he take me in his dominion. could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

#### LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pisanio ? He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me 51

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

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, 7' Madam,'s enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of ridi wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery: Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say She 'll home to her father : and provide me presently A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

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

#### Scene III.

Wales : a mountainous country with a cave. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

". A goodly day not to keep house with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate

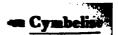
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you

To a morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven ! And Lin Sellar

We house ? the rock, yet use thes not so hard As provider Trees de. Gui Hal, heaven! Hail, herven Are. Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to yead hill ! Your legs are voung : I'll tread these flats. Consi 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 YOU Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see; And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler than attending for a check, Richer than doing nothing for a bauble, Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk : Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours. Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor k not

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What air's from home. Haply this life is best If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30 That have a sharper known, well corresponding With your stiff age : but unto us it is A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed, A prison for a debtor that not dares To stride a limit. What should we speak of rD. When we are old as you? when we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how In this our pinching cave shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing : We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey, 40 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat: Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird, And sing our bondage freely. eL. 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 c' the war, A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50



I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,

And bath as oft a slanderous epitaph As record of fair act; may, many times, Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse, Must court'sy at the censure :--O boys, this story The world may read in me : my body 's mark'd With Roman swords, and my report was once First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved me; And when a soldier was the theme, my name Was not far off : then was I as a tree fo Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night, A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, may, my leaves, And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

L

Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft, But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline I was confederate with the Romans; so Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years This rock and these demesnes have been my world: 70 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid More pious debts to heaven than in all

### ymbeline 🗫

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

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

# 🛥 Cymbeling

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

Scene IV.

Country near Milford-Haven. Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man! Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind, That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh ymbeline 🗪

: Frim the inward of thee ? One but painted thus Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd Beyond self-explication : put thyself Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter? Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with 11 A look untender? If 't be summer news, Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand ! That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him, And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue May take of some extremity, which to read Would be even mortal to me. Pir. Please vou, read: And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers.

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73 🛥 Cymbelli

Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

- 'is. 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 tong Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world : kings, queens, and stat Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madar
- mo. 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 chan nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake ? that 's false to 's bed, is Pis. Alas, good lady !

mo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy, Pis.

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripp'd :----to pieces with me !----O, Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming, By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought Put on for villany; not born where 't grows, But worn a bait for ladies. Good madam, hear me. Ino. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60 Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus, Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ; Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest: Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him. A little witness my obedience. Look! I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief: Thy master is not there, who was indeed The riches of it. Do his bidding ; strike.



Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause, But now thou seem'st a coward. Pis. Hence, vile instru Thou shalt not damn my hand. Why, I must d Imo. And if I do not by thy hand, thou art No servant of thy master's. Against self-alau There is a prohibition so divine That cravens my weak hand. Come, here' heart :---Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no fence :---Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ? The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, All turn'd to heresy? Away, away, Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor i Believe false teachers: though those that are be Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up My disobedience 'gainst the king my father, And make me put into contempt the suits Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find It is no act of common passage, but

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A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her That now thou tirest on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch : The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife? Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100 When I desire it too. Pis. O gracious lady. Since I received command to do this business I have not slept one wink. Imo. Do't, and to bed then. Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first. Wherefore then Imo. Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused So many miles with a pretence? this place? Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour? The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, For my being absent? whereunto I never Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand, The elected deer before thee? Pis. But to win time To lose so bad employment; in the which I have consider'd of a course. Good lady, Hear me with patience.

Act III. Sc. iv.

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Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; sp I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear, Therein false struck, can take no greater wound Nor tent to bottom that. But speak. Pir. Then, ma I thought you would not back again. Most like. Imo. Bringing me here to kill me. Pis. Not so, neither : But if I were as wise as honest, then My purpose would prove well. It cannot be But that my master is abused : some villain, Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both This cursed injury. Imo. Some Roman courtezan. Pis. No, on my life. I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court, And that will well confirm it. Why, good fellow, Imo. What shall I do the while ? where abide ? how ] Or in my life what comfort, when I am Dead to my husband? Pis. If you'll back to the cour 80

## ymbeline 🐢

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10. No court, no father; nor no more ado With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me As fearful as a siege. is. If not at court. Then not in Britain must you bide. Where then? ø. Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night, Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume 140 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't; In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee, think There's livers out of Britain. <u>ن</u>و. 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, and but disguise That which, to appear itself, must not yet be But by self-danger, you should tread a course Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150 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. 36 f 8.

Act III. Sc. iv.

# 🛥 Cymbelir

1mo. O, for such means, Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't. I would adventure ! Pir. Well then, here's the point: You must forget to be a woman; change Command into obedience; fear and niceness-The handmaids of all women, or, more truly, Woman it pretty self-into a waggish courage; I Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, Exposing it-but, O, the harder heart! Of common-kissing Titan, and forget Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein You made great Juno angry. Nay, be brief : Imo. I see into thy end, and am almost A man already. Pis. First, make yourself but like one. I Fore-thinking this, I have already fit-'Tis in my cloak-bag-doublet, hat, hose, all That answer to them : would you, in their servir And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius

# Cymbeline 🗪

Act III. Sc. iv.

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him Wherein you're happy,-which you'll make him know, If that his head have ear in music, --- doubtless With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable, And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad. 180 You have me, rich; and I will never fail Beginning nor supplyment. Tmo. Thou art all the comfort The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away: There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even All that good time will give us: this attempt I am soldier to, and will abide it with A prince's courage. Away, I prithee. Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell, Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress, Here is a box; I had it from the queen : 191 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. [Encunt severally.

Act III. Sc. v.

### Scene V.

Cymbeline 🖛

A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter Cymboline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords. Cym. Thus far; and so farewell. Thanks, royal sir. Luc. My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ; And am right sorry that I must report ye My master's enemy. Our subjects, sir, Cym. Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself To show less sovereignty than they, must needs Appear unkinglike. So, sir : I desire of you Luc. A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven. Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you ! Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office : 10 The due of honour in no point omit. So farewell, noble Lucius. Your hand, my lord. I.uc. Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy. Luc. Sir, the event Is yet to name the winner: fare you well. Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Royal sir,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness ! [Excunt Lucius and Lords. Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us That we have given him cause. 'Tis all the better ; CL. Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20 Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness : The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain. 'Tis not sleepy business, Queen. 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 31 The duty of the day : she looks us like A thing more made of malice than of duty: We have noted it. Call her before us, for We have been too slight in sufferance. [Exit an Attendant.

Queen.

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired

Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her : she 's a lady So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40 And strokes death to her.

## Re-enter Attendant.

Where is she, sir ? How Cym. Can her contempt be answer'd ? Atten. Please you, sir. Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make 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 grea court 5( Made me to blame in memory. Cym, Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I fea Prove false! [Exit Queen. Son, I say, follow the king. Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

# ymbeline 🐢

## Act III. Sc. v.

I have not seen these two days. ucen. Go, look after.

Exit Cloten.

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

### Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son !

6. 'Tis certain she is fled. Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none Dare come about him.

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

I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal, 70
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one

The best she hath, and she, of all compounded. Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but Disdaining me and throwing favours on The low Posthumus alanders so her judgement. That what's else rare is choked; and in that year I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be revenged upon her. For when fools 7 Shall--

## Enter Pisanio.

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

Pis. O, good my lord
Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,—

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

Pis. Alas, my lord,
Use an also hear with him? When more all

How can she be with him? When was sh miss'd? 94 He is in Rome.

## ymbeline 🗪

Act III. Sc. v.

Where is she, sir? Come nearer; 6 No farther halting : satisfy me home What is become of her. is. O, my all-worthy lord ! All-worthy villain ! 6. Discover where thy mistress is at once, At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!' Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death. ù. Then, air. This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter. Let's see't. I will pursue her 100 10. Even to Augustus' throne. [Aside] Or this, or perish. is. She's far enough; and what he learns by this May prove his travel, not her danger. 6. Hum! is. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again ! 6. Sirrah, is this letter true? is. Sir. as I think. lo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah. if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true

e employments wherein I 110 o use thee with a serious at villany soe'er I bid thee lirectly and truly, I would t man : thou shouldst neither r thy relief, nor my voice for me? for since patiently and ord. hast stuck to the bare fortune Posthumus, thou canst not, in the 120 T 21 ude, but be a diligent follower of to SO PI hou serve me? foot hand; here's my purse. Hast rejoicin late master's garments in thy Re lord, at my lodging the same suit Be those hen he took leave of my lady and Ay, my nob How long service thou dost me, fetch that suit 130 Haven? She can aca et it be thy first service ; go. TExit. Bring this an second thing thee at Milford-Haven !- I forgot to 

## ymbeline 🗪

even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time----the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart-that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment 140 of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined-which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised-to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

#### Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

- is. Ay, my noble lord.
- b. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
- is. She can scarce be there yet.
- b. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the

III. Sc. vi.

third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is 160 now at Milford : would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

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

Exit.

#### Scene VI.

Wales : before the cave of Belarius

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one : I have tired myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be si But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd t Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10 A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder. When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord ! Thou art one o' the false ones : now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food. But what is this? Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20 Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardiness is mother. Ho ! who 's here ? If any thing that 's civil, speak ; if savage, Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't. Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.

## Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

el. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I Act III. Sc. vi.

# 🛥 Cymbeline

Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: 30 The sweat and industry would dry and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely savoury: weariness Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary. Aro. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [Looking into the cave] Stay; come not in. But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

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

## Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,

## Cymbeline 🗫

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I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat: 50 I would have left it on the board so soon As I had made my meal, and parted With prayers for the provider. Gui. Money, youth? Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt! As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods. Imo. I see you're angry: Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have died had I not made it. Bel. Whither bound ? Imo. To Milford-Haven. Bel. What's your name? 60 Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fall'n in this offence. Bel. Prithee, fair youth, Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd ! "Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

Act III. Sc. vi.

🛥 Cymbeline

Ere you depart : and thanks to stay and eat it. Boys, bid him welcome. Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty, I bid for you as I 'ld buy. Aro. I'll make't my comfort 71 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: And such a welcome as I'ld give to him After long absence, such is yours : most welcome ! Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. Imo. 'Mongst friends, If brothers. [Aside] Would it had been so, that they Had been my father's sons! then had my prize Been less, and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus. Bel He wrings at some distress. Gui. Would I could free 't! Or I; whate'er it be. Arv. 80 What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods ! Bel. Hark, boys. **W**bispering. Imo. Great men, That had a court no bigger that this cave, That did attend themselves and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them-laying by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes-Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods! I'ld change my sex to be companion with them, Since Leonatus' false. Bel It shall be so. Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in : 90 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, So far as thou wilt speak it. Gui. Pray, draw near. Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome. Ino. Thanks, sir. Arv. I pray, draw near. TExeunt.

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### Scene VII.

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ: That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians, And that the legions now in Gallia are  $3^{6}g$  97

Full weak to undertake our wars against The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite The gentry to this business. He creates Lucius proconsul : and to you the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commends His absolute commission. Long live Casar ! 10 First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? Sec. Sen. Ay. First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia? First Sen. With those legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy Must be supplyant : the words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers and the time Of their dispatch. First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Encent.



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Act IV. Sc. i.

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Act Fourth.

Scene I.

Wales : near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

6. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather-saving reverence of the word-for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. Ι dare speak it to myself-for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber-I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy ne II.

ve of Belarius.

Enter, from the ca

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us, Guiderius, Arviragus, ogen.

Cymbe

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

We'll come to you after hunting.

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

Imo. So man and man should be But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

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

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## ymbeline 🗪

Act IV. Sc. ii.

10. So sick I am not, yet I am not well: But not so citizen a wanton as To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me; Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me 11 Cannot amend me : society is no comfort To one not sociable : I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here : I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly. ni. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father. Ł What! how! how! ro. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say, Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door And a demand who is't shall die, I'ld say 'My father, not this youth.' [Aside] O noble strain ! 1. O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness ! Cowards father cowards and base things sire base : Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace. I'm not their father; yet who this should be,



Doth miracle itself, loved before me.---'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn. Aro. Brother, farew Imo. I wish ye sport. Arv. You health. So please you. Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods lies I have heard! Our courtiers say all's savage but at court: Experience, O, thou disprovest report ! The imperious seas breed monsters; for the d Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio. I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallow Gui. I could not stir hin He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter I might know more. Bel. To the field, to the field ! We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest Aro. We'll not be long away. Bel. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife. Well or ill, Imo. I am bound to you.

# Cymbeline 🗪

Act IV. Sc ii.

Bd.

Gui.

#### And shalt be ever.

[Exit Imogen, to the cave.

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

Are. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots

In characters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50 And he her dieter.

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

I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs togetner.

Are. Grow, patience ! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away !---Who's there ? Enter Cloten.

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

# 🛥 Cymbeline

Bel. ". Those runagates ! ' Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence ! Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search What companies are near : pray you, away; Let me alone with him. [Excunt Belarius and Arviragu-Clo. Soft! What are you 70 That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou? Gui. A thing More slavish did I ne'er than answering A slave without a knock. Clo. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief. Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ? Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art, Why I should yield to thee. Thou villain base. Cb. 80 Know'st me not by my clothes? No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Gui.

# Cymbeline 🗯

#### Act IV. Sc. ii.

Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee. Cb. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not. Hence then, and thank Gui. The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee. Clo. Thou injurious thief. Hear but my name, and tremble. Gui. What's thy name? Clo. Cloten, thou villain. Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider. 90 'Twould move me sooner. Clo. To thy further fear, Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know I am son to the queen. Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming So worthy as thy birth. Clo. Art not afeard ? Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise : At fools I laugh, not fear them. Clo. Die the death : When I have slain thee with my proper hand, 105

I'll follow those that even now fied hence, And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads: Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Encunt, fighting. 100

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad ?

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

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

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

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

Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's bead.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse; There was no money in 't: not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none: Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head as I do his. Bel. What hast thou done ? Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head, Son to the queen, after his own report : Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore, With his own single hand he 'ld take us in, 121 Displace our heads where-thank the gods !- they grow, And set them on Lud's town. **Bel** We are all undone. Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law Protects not us: then why should we be tender To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us, Play judge and executioner, all himself, For we do fear the law? What company Discover you abroad? Bel. No single soul 130 Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason He must have some attendants. Though his humour Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not Absolute madness could so far have raved. To bring him here alone : although perhaps It may be heard at court that such as we Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time

May make some stronger head; the which he hearing----As it is like him-might break out, and swear 140 He'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking. Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear. If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head. Aro. Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er, My brother hath done well. Rel. I had no mind To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth. Gui. With his own sword, 140 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en His head from him : I'll throw't it into the creek Behind our rock, and let it to the sea, And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten : That's all I reck. *[Exit.*] Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged : Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour Becomes thee well enough. Would I had done 't. Aro.

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Act IV. Sc. ii.

So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore, I love thee brotherly, but envy much Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, That possible strength might meet, would seek us through 160 And put us to our answer. ·1. Well, 'tis done: We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock; You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently. Poor sick Fidele! 70. I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour I'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood, And praise myself for charity. FExit. ı. O thou goddess, Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As zephyrs blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough, Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind That by the top doth take the mountain pine And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder

#### Re-enter Guiderius.

Where's my brother? Gui. G I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream, In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage For his return. [Solemn music. Be My ingenious instrument ! Bel. Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark! Gui. Is he at home ? He went hence even now. Bel. Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother 190 It did not speak before. All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. Is Cadwal mad? 110

Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing ber in bis arms. Look, here he comes, Bel. And brings the dire occasion in his arms Of what we blame him for ! The bird is dead Arp. That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty, To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200 Than have seen this. O sweetest, fairest lily ! Gui My brother wears thee not the one half so well As when thou grew'st thyself. Bel. O melancholy ! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing ! Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I. Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy. How found you him? Aro. Stark, as you see : Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek Reposing on a cushion. Gui. Where?

Aro.

His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, a My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose ru Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui.

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

Aro.

With fairest flor

O> the floor :

Why, he but sleep

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele, I 'll sweeten thy and grave : thou shalt not lack The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander, Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock v With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie Without a monument !---bring thee all this ; Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers a To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui.

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Prithee, have

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

# ymbeline 🗪

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Say, where shall's lay him ? vi. By good Euriphile, our mother. Be't so : rw. And let us, Polydore, though now our voices Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground, As once our mother; use like note and words, Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.' wi. Cadwal. I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee; For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 24 I Than priests and fanes that lie. We'll speak it then. ۳D. 1. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys : And though he came our enemy, remember He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, · rotting Together, have one dust, yet reverence, That angel of the world, doth make distinction Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely: And though you took his life as being our foe, 250 Yet bury him as a prince. ni. Pray you, fetch him hither, Thersites' body is as good as Ajax', When neither are alive. 36 h IIS

We'll say our song the whilst. Br

 Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head

 My father hath a reason for 't.

 Aro.

 'Tis tr

 Gui. Come on then and remove him.

 Aro.

 So.

## Song.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages ; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone and ta'en thy 1 Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to d

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the gi Thou art past the tyrant's strol Care no more to clothe and eat; To there the reed is as the oak The sceptre, learning, physic, mu All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-st

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# Cymbeline 🛸

Gui.	Fear not slander, censure rash;
Aro.	Thou hast finish'd joy and m
Both.	All lovers young, all lovers mu
	Consign to thee and come to du
Gui.	No exorciser harm thee !
Arv.	Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui.	Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Aro.	Nothing ill come near thee !
Both.	Quiet consummation have ;
	And renowned be thy grave !

#### Re-enter Belarius with the body

Gui. We have done our obsequies : con Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout m The herbs that have on them cold Are strewings fit'st for graves. U You were as flowers, now wither'd These herblets shall, which we up Come on, away : apart upon our k The ground that gave them first h Their pleasures here are past, so is [Excunt Belarius, Guiderius] Imo. [Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milfordthe way ?—

f you'll go fetch in whilst. Brother, a ay his head to the for't. Tis true ve him. So. Ber NG. eat o' the sun, inter's rages ; hast done, ta'en thy wages: Il must, ne to dust. che great ; troke ; De 1

I thank you.-By youd bush ?-Pray, thither ?

'Ods pittikins ! can it be six mile yet ?---I have gone all night :---faith, I 'll lie down But, soft ! no bedfellow ! O gods and go [Seeing the body

These flowers are like the pleasures of the This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope For so I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis no 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothi Which the brain makes of fumes : our ver Are sometimes like our judgements, blind

faith,

I tremble still with fear : but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it ! The dream 's here still : even when I wal Without me, as within me ; not imagined, A headless man ! The garments of PostI I know the shape of 's leg : this is his han His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ; The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial fa Murder in heaven ?—How !—'Tis gone. All curses madded Hecuba gave the Gree And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters-damn'd Pisanio-From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320 Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where's that? Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio? "Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant! The drug he gave me, which he said was precious And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home : This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330 That we the horrider may seem to those Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord ! [Falls on the body.

r Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia After your will have cross'd the sea, attending Act IV. Sc. ii.

You here at Milford-Haven with your shi They are in readintes.

Luc.

But what from Rom

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirit That promise noble service : and they com Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,

Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them? Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind. Luc. This for

Makes our hopes fair. Command ou numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. What have you dream'd of late of the purpose ?

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

Luc. Dream often sc And never false. Soft, ho ! what trunk is

# ymbeline 🗪

Act IV. Sc. i

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime It was a worthy building. How ! a page ! Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather ; For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. Let's see the boy's face. He's alive, my lord. sp. sc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one, 360 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems They crave to be demanded. Who is this Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interes In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou? I am nothing: or if not, 10. Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 37 There is no more such masters : I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master. 'Lack, good youth ! NC. Thou movest no less with thy complaining than

Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aride] If I do lie, No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hop They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

- Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy r Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure, No less beloved. The Roman emperor's le Sent by a consul to me should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with
- Imo. I'll follow, eir. But first, an 't please the I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' str

#### grave

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sig And leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee. My friends,

180

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

Scene III.

# A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

ym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her. [Exit an Attendant.

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

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I nothing know where she remains, why go I humbly set it at your will : Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-Good my liege, Hold me your loyal servant. 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, First Lord. 10 There wants no diligence in seeking him, The time is troublesome. And will, no doubt, be found. [To Piranio] We'll slip you for a season ; but out Cym. So please your majesty, jealousy The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, Does yet depend. Are landed on your coast, with a supply First Lord. Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent-Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen ! I am amazed with matter. 29 Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're Your preparation can affront no less First Lord.

Act IV. Sc. iv.

The want is but to put those powers in motion That long to move. I thank you. Let's withdraw; ym. And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not What can from Italy annoy us, but We grieve at chances here. Away! [Encunt all but Pisanio. is. I heard no letter from my master since I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange : Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40 Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work. Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true. These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them. All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd : Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. FExit.

Scene IV.

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus. ui. The noise is round about us. el. Let us from it. Act IV. Sc. iv.

# 🖛 Cymbeline

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure ? Gui. Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans Must or for Britons slay us or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after. Sons, Bel. We'll higher to the mountains : there secure us. To the king's party there's no going : newness Of Cloten's death-we being not known, not muster'd Among the bands-may drive us to a render 11 Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture. Gui. This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us. It is not likely Aro. That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now. That they will waste their time upon our note, 2( To know from whence we are. O. I am known Rel

seline

)f many in the army : many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him From my remembrance. And besides, the king Hath not deserved my service nor your loves ; Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life ; ave hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promised, But to be still hot summer's tanlings and The shrinking slaves of winter. i. Than be so 30 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army : I and my brother are not known; yourself So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd. tro. By this sun that shines, I'll thither: what thing is it that I never Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood. But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ! Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40 To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his blest beams, remaining So long a poor unknown. ini.

By heavens, I'll go :

#### Act IV. Sc. iv.

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

Arv. So say I: amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys !
If in your country wars you chance to die, 51
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out and show them princes born. [Enemat.



ymbeline 🖚

Act V. Sc. i.

Act Fifth.

Scene I.

#### Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Postbumus, with a bloody bandkerchief.

ist. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones. If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio ! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had lived to put on this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10 Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack, You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love, To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift. But Imogen is your own : do your best wills, And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry, and to fight Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough

🛥 Cymbeline

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace ! 20 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown, Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me than my habits show. 30 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me ! To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

#### Scene 11.

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

- Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus : he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.
- *lacb.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Enis. 10 battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then ter, to bis rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Aroiragus. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the ground; The lane is guarded : nothing routs us but The villany of our fears.

Stand, stand, and fight !

ter Postbumus, and seconds the Britons : they rescue Symboline and excunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, ud Imogen.

\way, boy, from the troops, and save thyself; r friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such war were hoodwink'd.

'Tis their fresh supplies. is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes 's re-inforce, or fly. Act V. Sc. iii.

#### Scene III.

= Cymbeline

#### Another part of the field.

### Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand? Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers. Lord. I did.

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

Lord. Where was this lane? Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf; Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, An honest one, I warrant; who deserved So long a breeding as his white beard came to, In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane He, with two striplings—lads more like to run The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cased, or shame— Made good the passage; cried to those that fled, 'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand; Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,— For three performers are the file when all 30 The rest do nothing,—with this word 'Stand, stand,' Accommodated by the place, more charming With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks, Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example,—O, a sin in war, Damn'd in the first beginners !—'gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon A rout, confusion thick : forthwith they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves, The strides they victors made: and now our cowards.

- Like fragments in hard voyages, became
- The life o' the need: having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound ! Some slain before, some dying, some their friends O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50 The mortal bugs o' the field.

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

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

Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane." Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir. Post.

'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ; 60 For if he'll do as he is made to do.

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

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

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster, 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton, No more a Briton, I have resumed again The part I came in: fight I will no more, But yield me to the veriest hind that shall Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is Here made by the Roman; great the answer be Britons must take. For me, my ransom's der On either side I come to spend my breath,

### 🛥 Cymbeline

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

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

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

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

Post. A Roman;

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

Sec. Cap. A leg of Rome shall not return to tell What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service

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

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : then execut omnes.

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#### Scene IV.

#### A British prison.

### Enter Postbumus and two Gaolers.

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

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gad.

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cured By the sure physician, death, who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists : you good gods, give me The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry ? So children temporal fathers do appease ;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desired more than constrain'd : to satisfy,

Ay, or a stomach. *Excunt Gaolers*.

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me than my all. I know you are more clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third. A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20 On their abatement : that's not my desire : For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it : 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake : You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers, If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen ! I'll speak to thee in silence. *□Sleeps*.

- Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his band an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them : then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.
- Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:

30

Act V. Sc iv.

beline 🇪 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, That thy adulteries Hath my poor boy done aught but well, Rates and revenges. Whose face I never saw? I died whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending nature's law : Whose father then-as men report 40 Thou orphans' father art— Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him From this earth-vexing smart. Ioth. Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes; That from me was Posthumus ript, Came crying 'mongst his foes, A thing of pity ! Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair, That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50 As great Sicilius' heir. First Bro. When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he That could stand up his parallel, Or fruitful object be 137

### 🛥 Cymbeline

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

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

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

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

70

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First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd: Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

### mbeline 🗪

The graces for his merits due; Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

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

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

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

. 90

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

iter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

b. No more, you petty spirits of region low, Offend our hearing; hush ! How dare you ghosts Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

**49 C** 

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest Upon your never-withering banks of flo Be not with mortal accidents opprest;

No care of yours it is; you know 'tis o Whom best I love I cross; to make my g The more delay'd, delighted. Be cont Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift: His comforts thrive, his trials well are s Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in Our temple was he married. Rise, and He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction mad This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein Our pleasure his full fortune doth confin And so away: no farther with your din Express impatience, lest you stir up min Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is More sweet than our blest fields: his roya Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his be: As when his god is pleased.

**A**11,

Thanks, Jupite

### ymbeline 🗩

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- ci. The marble pavement closes, he is enter<sup>2</sup>d 120 His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest, Let us with care perform his great behest. [The Ghosts vanish.
- ust. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn ! Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born : And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend On greatness' favour dream as I have done; Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve : Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I, That have this golden chance, and know not why. What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare one !

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

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from 140 a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

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

#### Re-enter Gaolers.

- First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
- Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
- First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.
- Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.
- First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no 1 more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want

# ymbeline 🗪

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of mest, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums 170 up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

- of. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.
- irst Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; 180 for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.
- st. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
- rst Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-



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inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll 19 never return to tell one.

- Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.
- First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

### Enter a Messenger

- Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.
- Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.
- First Gaol. I'll be hanged then.
- Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Excunt all but First Gash
- First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against 2: their wills; so should I, if I were one. I

would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [Exit.

#### Scene V.

Cymbeline's tent.

### Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

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

Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10 Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him. 26 J 145 Act V. Sc. v.

# 🛥 Cymbeline

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward ; [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus] which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain. By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are : report it. Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add we are honest. Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o' the battle : I create you 20 Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

### Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

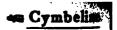
Cor.

To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become ? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death

Hail, great king !

Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30 Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confeas'd I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd. Prithee, say. Cym. Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only Affected greatness got by you, not you : Married your royalty, was wife to your place, . Abhorr'd your person. She alone knew this : Cym. 40 And, but she spoke in dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life. But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison. O most delicate fiend ! Cym. Who is't can read a woman? Is there more? Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50 Should by the minute feed on life and lingering



By inches waste you: in which time she purposed, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show, and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work Her son into the adoption of the crown: But, failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so fo Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women? Ladies. We did, so please your highness. Cym. Mine eyes

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

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsman have made suit

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### Cymbeline 🗪

That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted : So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

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

I have surely seen him : His favour is familiar to me. Boy, Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, Act V. Sc. v.

# 🛥 Cymbeline

And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore, To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live : And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en. I humbly thank your highness. 100 Imo. Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad, And yet I know thou wilt. Imo. No. no: alack. There's other work in hand: I see a thing Bitter to me as death : your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself. Luc. The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys That place them on the truth of girls and boys. Why stands he so perplex'd? Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ? I love thee more and more : think more and more What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak. 110 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend? Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me Than I to your highness; who, being born your

vassal.

Am something nearer. Cym. Wherefore eyest him so? -Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please To give me hearing. Cym. Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name? Imo. Fidele, sir. Thou'rt my good youth, my page; Cym. I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely. [Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart. Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ? Aro. One sand another 120 Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad Who died, and was Fidele. What think you ? Gui. The same dead thing alive. Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear : Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure He would have spoke to us. Gui. But we saw him dead. Bel. Be silent : let's see further. Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress : Since she is living, let the time run on To good or bad. [Cymbeline and Imogen come forward. Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;

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## 🖛 Cymbeline

Make thy demand aloud. [To Jachimo] Sir, step you forth; 130 Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ; Or, by our greatness and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him. Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render Of whom he had this ring. [Aside] What's that to him ? Past. Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say How came it yours? Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that Which, to be spoke, would torture thee. How! me? 140 Cym. Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that Which torments me to conceal. By villany I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ; Whom thou didst banish; and-which more may grieve thee, As it doth me, -a nobler sir ne'er lived 'Twixtsky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ? Cym. All that belongs to this. That paragon, thy daughter. Iach. For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits Quail to remember-Give me leave ; I faint.

## ymbeline 🗪

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m. My daughter ? what of her ? Renew thy strength : I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will I 5 I Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak. kb. Upon a time-unhappy was the clock That struck the hour !--- it was in Rome,--- accurst The mansion where !---'twas at a feast,---O, would Our viands had been poison'd, or at least Those which I heaved to head !--- the good Pos-thumus,----What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were : and was the best of all Amongst the rarest of good ones-sitting sadly, 160 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva, Postures beyond brief nature; for condition, A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving. Fairness which strikes the eye-I stand on fire : m.

Come to the matter.

 All too soon I shall, Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, Most like a noble lord in love and one 171

That had a royal lover, took his hint, And not dispraising whom we praised, --- therein He was as calm as virtue-he began His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made, And then a mind put in 't, either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description Proved us unspeaking sots. Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose. Iach. Your daughter's chastity-there it begins. He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180 And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch, Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore Upon his honour'd finger, to attain In suit the place of's bed and win this ring By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight, No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ; • And would so. had it been a carbuncle Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 100 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain Post I in this design : well may you, sir, Remember me at court ; where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

Act V. Sc. v.

# Iymbeline 🗪 "Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, That I return'd with simular proof enough 200 To make the noble Leonatus mad. By wounding his belief in her renown With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,-O cunning, how I got it !---nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon-Methinks I see him now-

[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost, Post. Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing That's due to all the villains past, in being, To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison, Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out For torturers ingenious: it is I That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend By being worse than they. I am Posthumus, That kill'd thy daughter : villain-like, I lie ;

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That caused a lesser villain than myself, A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple 220 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself. Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen! My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen! Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear-Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page. There lie thy part. [Striking ber: she falls. Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 220 Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus! You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help! Mine honour'd lady ! Does the world go round? Cym. Post. How come these staggers on me? Pis. Wake, my mistress! Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy. Pis. How fares my mistress? Imo. O, get thee from my sight; Thou gavest me poison : dangerous fellow, hence ! Breathe not where princes are.

## ymbeline 🗪

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The tune of Imogen! 1988. is. Lady, The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240 That box I gave you was not thought by me A precious thing: I had it from the queen. m. New matter still? It poison'd me. 10. O gods! 20. I left out one thing which the queen confess'd, Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio Have,' said she, ' given his mistress that confection Which I gave him for cordial, she is served As I would serve a rat." What's this, Cornelius? 1771. *r*. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250 The satisfaction of her knowledge only In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs, Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease The present power of life, but in short time All offices of nature should again Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it? 10. Most like I did, for I was dead.

🛥 Cymbeline Aet V. Sc. v. My boys, ReL There was our error. This is, sure, Fidele. 260 Gui Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you? Think that you are upon a rock, and now Throw me again. [Embracing bim. Hang there like fruit, my soul, Post. Till the tree die ! How now, my flesh, my child ! Cym. What, makest thou me a dullard in this act? Wilt thou not speak to me? Imo. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir. Bel. [To Gui. and Arv.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not; You had a motive for 't. My tears that fall Cym. Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, Thy mother's dead. Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270 Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely : but her son Is gone, we know not how nor where. Pis. My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten. Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death. By accident, I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket; which directed him 280 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford; Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he enforced from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate My lady's honour: what became of him I further know not.

Gut.

Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

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

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290 Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me With language that would make me spurn the sea, If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head; And am right glad he is not standing here o tell this tale of mine. I am sorry for thee: By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our law : thou'rt dead. That headless man I thought had been my lord. Bind the offender, 300 And take him from our presence. Bel. Stay, sir king: This man is better than the man he slew, As well descended as thyself, and hath More of thee merited than a band of Clotens Com. Had ever scar for. [To the Guard] Let his arms Rel-They were not born for bondage. Why, old soldier, Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for, Cym By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent Cym. Ber As good as we? In that he spake too far. We will die all three: 310 Cym. And thou shalt die for't. Aro. But I will prove that two on's are as good As I have given out him. My sons, I must Bel. For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,

Act V. Sc. v.

Though haply well for you. Aro. Your danger's ours. Gui. And our good his. Bd. Have at it then, by leave. Thou hadst, great king, a subject who Was call'd Belarius. What of him? he is Cym. A banish'd traitor. He it is that hath Bel. Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man : I know not how a traitor. Take him hence: Cym. 320 The whole world shall not save him. Bd. Not too hot : First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ; And let it be confiscate all, so soon As I have received it. Nursing of my sons ! Cym. Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my knee : Ere I arise I will prefer my sons; Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen, that call me father And think they are my sons, are none of mine ; They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330 And blood of your begetting. 16 / 161

If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons. Bel Be pleased awhile. This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd 360 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand Of his queen mother, which for more probation I can with ease produce. Guiderius had Cym. Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; It is a mark of wonder. id. 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. O, what am I? ш. A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370 That, after this strange starting from your orbs, You may reign in them now! O Imogen, Thou hast lost by this a kingdom. No, my lord; I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers, 163

Act V. Sc. v.

## 🛥 Cymbeline

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When ye were so indeed. Cym. Did you e'er meet ? Arv. Ay, my good lord. And at first meeting loved. Gui. Continued so, until we thought he died. 380 Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd. Cym. O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgement Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how lived you ? And when came you to serve our Roman captive? How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ? Why fled you from the court? and whither? These, And your three motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded; And all the other by-dependances, 300 From chance to chance : but nor the time nor place Will serve our long inter'gatories. See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ; And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

## ymbeline 🗪

Act V. Sc. v.

And and a state

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting Each object with a joy: the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. [To Belarius] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever. no. You are my father too; and did relieve me. 400 To see this gracious season. All o'erjoy'd, 728. Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too, For they shall taste our comfort. My good master, NO. I will yet do you service. Happy be you! uc. ym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought, He would have well becomed this place and graced The thankings of a king. I am, sir. ost. The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410 Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might Have made you finish. [Kneeling] I am down again : vh. But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,

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Act V. Sc. v.

As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you, Which I so often owe : but your ring first : And here the bracelet of the truest princess That ever swore her faith. Post. Kneel not to me : The power that I have on you is to spare you ; The malice towards you to forgive you : live, And deal with others better. Nobly doom'd! Cym. 420 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law: Pardon's the word to all. Aro. You holp us, sir, As you did mean indeed to be our brother : Joy'd are we that you are. Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome, Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found This label on my bosom; whose containing 430 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can Make no collection of it : let him show His skill in the construction. Philarmonus ! Luc.

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

ymbeline 🗩

Act V. Sc. v.

Read, and declare the meaning. WC. oth. [Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, 440 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.' Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; The fit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leo-natus, doth import so much. [To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter. Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer' We term it ' mulier : ' which ' mulier ' I divine Is this most constant wife; who even now, Answering the letter of the oracle, 450 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about With this most tender air. This hath some seeming. y 122. with. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline, Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point Thy two sons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n, For many years thought dead, are now revived,

⇐ Cymbeline

Act -

most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue s Britain peace and plenty. I FOIL Well: Cym. My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius, Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar 160 And to the Roman empire, promising from the which To pay ~ Wew wicked queen ; Whon\_ th on her and hers Have law Sooth. The f above do tune The hat The vision. A LINE PCM Which I maue known to ucius ere the stroke Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle, 470 From south to west on wing soaring aloft, Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle, The imperial Cæsar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the west. Cym. Laud we the gods; And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils From our blest altars. Publish we this peace

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To all our subjects. Set we forward : let

Act V. Sc. v.

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A Roman and a British ensign wave 480 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march: And in the temple of great Jupiter Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. Set on there ! Never was a war did cease, Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [Ensunt.]

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ABODE ; "desire my man's a.", i.s. bid ( AMEND, make better ; V. v. 216. ANCIENT, old, aged ; V. iii. 15. my servant to stay; I. vi. 53. ABSOLUTE, absolutely certain, posi-tive; IV. ii. 106. ANDIRONS, irons at the side of the fireplace; II. iv. 88. ABUSE, deceive ; I. vi. 131 ; IV. ii. 351. ANNOY, harm ; IV. iii. 34. ANSWER, punishment ; IV. iv. 13. ABUSED, deceived ; I. iv. 124; III. iv. -, return, retaliation ; V. iii, 79. 105. Act, action, operation; I. v. 22. ANSWER, correspond to ; IV. ii. 10 ACTION, state, course; V. iv. 150. ANSWER'D HIM, done like him : V. iii ADJOURN'D, deferred ; V. iv. 78. or. ADMIRATION, wonder, astonishment; APE, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31. I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38. APPARENT, plain, evident ; II. iv. co. -, veneration and wonder : IV. ii. APPREHENSION, conception: IV. il. 932. 110. ADORER, idolator ; I. iv. 74. APPROBATION, attestation ; I. iv. 124 APPROVE, prove ; IV. ii. 380 ; V. v. 245. ADVENTURE, run the risk ; III. iv. 156. APPROVERS; "their a.", those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. ADVENTURED, dared, ventured : I. vi. 173. ADVICE; "best a.", deliberate consideration; I. i. 156. 25. ARABIAN BIRD, the phoenix ; I. vi. 17. AFEARD, afraid ; IV. il. 94. ARM, take up into the arms: IV. AFFECTED, loved ; V. v. 38. ii. 400. AFFIRMATION; 'bloody a.", "scaling the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 64. ARRAS, hangings of tapestry; II. il. 26. As, for ; 1. vi. 130. AFFRONT ; "gave the a.", confronted -, like; II. iv. 84. the enemy; V. iii. 87. -, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. -, confront; IV. iii. 29. 116. AFRIC, Africa ; I. L 167. Assumed, put on; V. v. 319. AT, on; III. iv. 193. ATONE, reconcile; I. iv. 42. AFTER, afterwards ; I. v. 80 ; I. vi. 50 ; II. iii. 10. -, according to; IV. ii. 334. ATTEMPTABLE, open to temptation; AFTER-EYE, look after ; I. iii. 16. I. iv. 65. ATTENDED, listened to; I. vi. 149. AIR'S FROM, air there is away from; III. iii. 20. ATTENDING, doing service ; III, iii. ss. ALBEIT, although ; II, iii. 61. ----, awaiting, V. iv. 38. AVERRING, alleging; V. v. 203. ALLOW'D, acknowledged; III. iii. 17. AMAZED, confused; IV. iii. s8. Avoid i, begone ! away 1; I. L ISL 170

### Cymbeline 🗪

BACK'D, seated upon the back of; V.
V. 437. BASE, a game in which the quickest
runner is the winner ; V. iii. 20.
BASILISE, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the be-
holder with death; II. iv. 107.
BATE. beat down, deduct : III. ii. s6.
BAY, bark at ; V. v. 223. BEASTLY, like beasts ; III. iii. 40 ; V.
iii. s7.
BECOMED, become : V. v. 406.
BEHALF; " in the clock's b.", i.e. doing the service of a clock ; III. ii. 75.
BELCH FROM, vomit from ; III. v. 137.
BENT, cast, look ; I. i. 13. BESEECH, I beseech ; I. i. 153.
BESEECH, 1 beseech; 1. t. 153. BESEEMING, appearance; V. v. 409.
BETID, happened; (Ff., "betide"); IV.
<b>iii.</b> 40.
BE WHAT IT IS; let it be what it may; V. iv. 149.
BEYOND NATURE, which are immortal;
V. v. 165.
BLOODS, temperaments; I. i. z. BOLD, sure, confident; II. iv. s.
BONDAGE, obligation: II. iv. III.
Boox, tablet ; V. iv. 133. Boor; "to b.", in addition; I. v. 69;
BOOT; "to b.", in addition; I. v. 09; II. fil. 35.
ROPE IN NAND, falsely pretended.
abused with false hopes; V. v. 43. Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
BRAIN NOT, do not understand ; v. iv.
147. BRANDS, torches; II. iv. 91.
BRAVELY, well ; II. ii. 15.
BRAVERY, "state of denance"; 111. 1.
18. BRAWNS, arms ; IV. il. 311.
BREEDING, life; V. iii. 17.
BRING, accompany, escort; I. I. 171.
BROGUES, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214. BUGS, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
Bur, except, without ; V. v. 311.

By, from ; II. iv. 77, 78 ; III. v. 58.

- BY-DEPENDANCES, accessory circumstances; V. v. 300.
- By-PEEPING, looking aside, side-long giances; (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, "ive peeping"; Col-lier MS., "bo-peeping"; Keightley, "bide peeping"; &c., &c.); L vi. 108.
- CALVES'-GUTS, fiddle-strings ; II. iii.
- CAPON, perhaps used quibblingly for "cap on," i.e. "with a coxcomb"; II. L 25.
- CARL, churl, peasant; V. il. 4. CARRIAGE; "your c.", carrying you off; III.iv. 190.
- CASED, covered; V. iii. 22.
- CAVE, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
- CAVE-KEEPER, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.
- CENTURY, hundred ; IV. il. 301.
- CERTAINTY, certain results ; IV. iv. 27. CHAFFLESS, without chaff ; I. vi. 178.
- CHANCE, event, circumstance; V. v. 301.
- CHANGE YOU, do you change colour : I. vi. 11.
- CHARACTERS, handwriting ; III. ii. 28. -, letters ; IV. ii. 49.
- CHARGE, burden, take hold of: III.
- iv. 44. CHARM'D, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.
- CHARMING, having magical, protect-
- ing power; I. iii. 35. —; "more c.", *i.e.* charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32. CHECK, reproof; III. iii. 22.
- CINQUE-SPOTTED, with five spots ; II.
- ii. 38.
- CIRCUMSTANCES, details, particulars ; II. iv. 62.
- CITIZEN, cockney · bred, effeminate IV. 8. 8.

CIVIL, civilized ; III. vi. sz. CLEAN, altogether ; III. ví. so. CLIPP'D, surrounded, encircled ; II. iii. 139. CLIPP'D ABOUT, embraced ; V. v. 451. CLOSE, secret ; III. v. 84. CLOSET, private chamber ; I. v. 84. CLOTH, dress, livery ; II. iii. 198. CLOTPOLL, head ; IV. ii. 184. CLOUTED BROGUES, hob-nailed boots ; IV. I. 214. CLOVS, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 718. COGNIZANCE, visible token; II. iv. 127. COLLECTION OF, inference from : V. v. 432. COLOUR : "against all c.", contrary to all appearance of right ; III. i. 51. OLOURS ; "under her c.", i.e. "under COLOURS; "under her c. her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 90. COMFORT, happiness, joy ; V. v. 403. COMMON-KISSING, kissing anything and everything ; III. iv. 166. COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); II. i. 20. COMPANY, accompany ; V. v. 408. COMPARATIVE FOR, comparing with; II. iii. 134. . CONCLUSIONS, experiments: I. v. 18. CONDITION, character; V. v. 165. CONDUCT, escort, safe-conduct : III. v. 8. CONFECTIONS, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246. CONFIDENT; "three thousand c.", with the confidence of three thousand ; V. iii. 29 CONFINERS, borderers ; IV. ii. 337. CONFOUNDED, destroyed; I. iv. 54 CONSEQUENCE, SUCCESSION; II. iii. 126. CONSIDER, pay, reward ; II. iii. 38. -, take into consideration : V. 

CONSTANT-OUALIFIED. faithful : L iv. 6s. CONSTRUCTION, interpretation; V. v. 433. CONSUMMATION, end. death : IV. il. **s8**o. CONTAINING; "whose c.", the contents of which ; V. v. 430. CONTENT THEE, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. so. CONVEY'D, stolen ; I. i. 62. CONVINCE, overcome : I. iv. 104. CORDIAL, reviving to the spirits ; I. v. 64. COUNTERCHANGE, exchange; V. v. 396. COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 174. CRACK'D, blustered, bragged ; V. v. 177 -----, broken; V. v. soy. CRARE, skiff, a small vessel; (Sympson's conj., adopted by Steevens : FL. "care"; Warburton, adopted by Theobald. "carrack"; Hanmer, "carack"); IV. ii. 205. CRESCENT, increasing, growing : L. iv. s. CROP, harvest, produce ; I. vi. 33. CURB'D, restrained ; II. iii. 125. CURIOUS, careful ; I. vi. 101. CUTTER, sculptor; II. iv. 83. CYDNUS, a river in Cilicia ; II. iv. 71. CYTHEREA, VODUS; II. il. 14. DAMM'D, stopped up; V. iii. II. DARK, mean, obscure ; III. iv. 147. DEAR, deeply felt; V. v. 345. DEBITOR AND CREDITOR. account book ; V. iv. 171. DECAY, destroy; I. v. 56. DEFECT; "d. of judgement", i.e. "the defective use of judgement (Ingleby); IV. 1. 111. DEFINITE, resolute ; I. vi. 43.

### Cymbeline 🗯

Glossary.

DELICATE, alluring; (?) ingenious, art-EVEN, keep pace with, profit by; III. ful ; V. v. 47. iv. 184. DELIGHTED, delightful ; V. iv. 109. -, just; III. vl. 16. DEPEND, impend, remain in suspense; EVENT, issue, result ; III. v. 14. EVER, ever ready; I. iv. 30. EXHIBITION, allowance; I. vi. rss. EXORCISER, conjure; IV. ii. sy6. EXTEND; "to e. him", is. to increase IV. iii. 23. DEPENDING, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91. DESPERATE: "upon a d. bed", dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6. his reputation ; I. iv. sr. -; "I do e. him within himself", DESPITE; "in my d.", in defiance of me; IV. L 16. i.e. I praise him not more, but even DIE THE DEATH. die a violent death : less, than he deserves ; I. i. st. EXTREMITY, cruelty : III. iv. 17. IV. il. of. DIFFERING MULTITUDES, Wavering multitudes, fickle mobs ; III. vi. 86. FAIL, fault, offence; (Upton conj. "fall"); III. iv. 66. DISCOVER, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; FAIRIES, evil fairies; II. ii. o III. v. 95. DISEDGED, surfeited ; III. iv. of. FALL'N-OFF, revolted; III. vii. 6. DISMISSION, rejection, dismissal; II. FALSE, turn false; II. iii. 74. FAN, winnow, test; I. vi. 177. iii. 57. DOOM'D, decided ; V. v. 420. FANGLED, gaudily ornamented ; V. iv. FAR; "speak him f.", praise him highly; (Ff. 3, 4, "fair"); I. i. 24. FAST, fasted; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "frare"; Hanmer, "fasting"; dc.); IV. ii. DOUBTING, suspecting that ; I. vi. 95. DRAWN, tapped, emptied ; V. iv. 108. DRAWN TO HEAD, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25. DEUG-DAMN'D, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15. 347. FATHERLY, in a fatherly way : II. iii. EARNEST, money paid beforehand as a 39pledge; I. v. 6s. FAVOUR, beauty, charm; I. vi. 49. ELDER, elder tree ; IV. il. 53 ----- external appearance, IV. ii. 104. ELDER, i.e. later, of more recent date ; -, countenance; V. v. 02. FEAR, fear for ; I. iv. 107. V. i. 14. FEARD, mixed with fear; (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, "seard"; Hudson, "sers"; Elze, conj. ELECTED, chosen ; III. iv. 118. ELECTION, choice; I. ii. 30-EMPERY, empire ; I. vi. 120. ENCHAFED, enraged ; IV. ii. 174. ENCOUNTER, meet ; I. iii. 32. "dear"; &c., &c.); II. iv. 6. FEARFUL, full of fear; III. iv. 45. -----. meet with ; I. vi. 119. FEAT, dexterous, neat ; V. v. 88. ENDED, died; V. v. 30. FEATED, fashioned : (Rowe. "featurd"); Johnson, "feared"); ENFORCE, force, compel; IV. iii. II. ENFORCED, forced; IV. i. 19. I. i. 49. FEATURE, shape, exterior ; V. v. 163. FELL, cruel ; IV. ii. 109. ENLARGEMENT, liberty; II. iii. 125. ENTERTAIN, take into service ; IV. ii. FELLOWS, equals in rank; III. iv. 394-ESTATE, state, condition ; V. v. 74. 93. 173

### Cymbeline Cymbeline

FRODARY, accomplice: III. H. 21. FETCH, take; I. i. Sr. FETCH IN, take, capture ; IV. ii. 141. FIT, ready ; III. iv. 171. FITMENT, equipment ; V. v. 400. FITS, befits ; III. v. 22. FITTED, prepared ; V. v. 55. FITTING, befitting, becoming ; V. v. 08. FOOT, kick ; III. v. 149. For, as for ; 11. iii. 117 ; V. iii. 80. -, fit for, only worthy of ; 11. iii. 128. -, because ; 111. iv. 54 ; IV. ii. 129 \_\_\_\_, for want of ; III. vi. 17. FOR ALL, once for all; II. iii. III. FORE-END, earlier part ; III. iii. 73. FORESPENT, previously bestowed; 11. 111. 64. FORESTALL, deprive ; III. v. 69. FORE-THINKING, fore-seeing, anticipating ; III. iv. 171. FORFEITERS, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38. FORFEND, forbid ; V. v. 287. FORLORN, lost, not to be found ; V. v. 405. FOUNDATIONS, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7. FRAGMENTS, scraps, remnants of food ; V. 111. 44. FRAME TO, conform ; II. iii. 51. FRANCHISE, free exercise ; III. i. 57. FRANKLIN, yeoman; III. ii. 79. FRAUGHT, burden; I. i. 126. FREENESS, generosity ; V. v. 421. FRETTED, ornamented, embossed ; II. iv. 88. FRIEND, lover ; I. iv. 74. -; "to fr.", for my friend ; I. iv. 116. FRIENDLY, in a friendly manner; V. V. 481. FRIGHTED, affrighted, frightened; II. 111. 145. FROM, away from : I. iv. 17.

FROM, far from ; V. v. 431. FULL-HEARTED, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7. FUMES, delusions; IV. ii. 301. FURNACES, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66. GAIN ; "g. his colour," i.e. " to restore him to health "; IV. ii. 167. GALLOWSES, gallows; V. iv. 114. GAN, began ; V. iii. 37. GECK, dupe ; V. iv. 67. GENTLE, of gentle birth ; IV. ii. 39. GIGLOT, false, wanton ; III. i. at. 'GINS, begins ; 11. iii. 23. GIVE ME LEAVE, pardon me; V. w. 149. GIVEN OUT, reported, made out; V. V. 312. Go BACK, succumb, give way; I. iv. 115. GO BEFORE, excel ; V. ii. 8. GO EVEN, accord ; I. iv. 47. GORDIAN KNOT, the celebrated knot, untied by Alexander ; II. ii. 34. GREAT COURT, important court business ; III. v. 50. GREAT MORNING, broad day; IV. ii. 61. GUISE, practice ; V. i. 32. GYVES, fetters; V. iv. 14. HABITS, garments; V. i. 30. HAND-FAST, marriage engagement; I. v. 78. HANGINGS, hanging fruit ; III. iii. 63. HAFLY, perhaps; III. iii. 20; IV. L 21, HAPPY, skilful, gifted ; III. iv. 177. HARDER, too hard ; III, iv. 164. HARDIMENT, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75. HARDINESS, hardihood, bravery; III. VI. 22. HARDNESS, hardship, want; III. vi.

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### Cymbeline 🗪

- HAVE AT IT, I'll tell my story ; V. v. 315.
- HAVE WITH YOU !, Take me with you ! ; IV. iv. 50.
- HAVING, possessions; I. ii. 10.
- HAVIOUR, behaviour; III. iv. o.
- HEAD, armed force; IV. ii. 130.
- HEAVED TO HEAD, raised to my lips ; V. v. 157.
- HECUBA, the wife of Priam ; IV. ii. 313.
- HERBLETS, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
- HIE THEE, hasten; II. iii. 143.
- HILDING, mean wretch ; II. üi. 128.
- HIND, boor, serf ; V. iii. 77. HOLD, fastness ; III. vi. 18.

- HOLP, did help; V. v. 422. HOME, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
- HORSE-HAIRS, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 33.
- How MUCH, however much; IV. ii. I HUNT, game taken in the chase; III.
- vi. 00.
- IGNORANT, silly, inexperienced : III. 1. 27.
- IMPERCEIVERANT, dull of perception ; (Ff., "impersenerant" (probably the correct reading); Hanmer, "ill-perseverant)"; IV. i. 15.
- IMPERIOUS, imperial; IV. ii. 35.
- IMPORTANCE, import, occasion ; I. iv. 45-
- IMPORTANTLY, with matters of such importance ; IV. iv. 10.
- In, into; III. vi. 64. INCIVIL, uncivil; V. v. 202.
- INJURIOUS, malicious, unjust; III. L. 48.
- -, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.
- INSTRUCT, inform; IV. ii. 360.
- INSULTMENT, insult ; III. v. 145.
- INTO, unto; I. vi. 167.
- IRREGULOUS, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.
- Is, is in existence; I. iv. 81.
- Issues, deeds, actions : II. i. sr.
- IT, its; III. iv. 160.

- JACK, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. e.
- JACK-SLAVE, lowborn fellow: (a term of contempt); II. i. sz.
- JAV, a loose woman; a term of reproach; III. iv. 51.
- JEALOUSY, suspicion ; IV. iii. 22.
- JET, strut; III. iii. 5. JOIN; "j. his honour", i.s. "gave his noble aid "; I. i. 20
- JOURNAL, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.
- JOVIAL ; "our J. star"; (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfullest star, and of the happiest augury of all", hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.
- JOVIAL, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311. JOV'D, rejoiced; V. v. 424.
- TUMP. risk : V. iv. 188.
- JUSTICER, judge; V. v. 214.
- KEEP HOUSE, stay at home ; III. iii. z.
- KEN; "within a k.", within sight: III. vi. 6.
- KITCHEN-TRULLS, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.
- KNOWING, knowledge; I. iv. 30; II. iii. 102.
- KNOWN TOGETHER, been acquainted with each other ; 1. iv. 36.
- LABEL, tablet ; V. v. 430.
- LABOURSOME, elaborate; III. iv. 167. LADY; "my good l.", (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 158.
- LAMING, crippling ; V. v. 163.
- LAPP'D, wrapped, enfolded: V. v.
- 360. LATE, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.
- LAUD we, let us praise ; V. v. 476.
- LAV, wager; I. iv. 150.
- LAY THE LEAVEN ON, CORRUPT and deprave; III. iv. 64.
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MERE, only; V. v. 334. MINERAL, poison; V. v. 50. LEAN'D UNTO, bowed to, submitted to ; I. i. 78. LEANS, is about to fall ; I, v. 58. MINION, darling, favourite; II. iii. 46. MISERY; "noble m.", miserable no-bility; V. iii. 64. LEARN'D, taught; I. v. 19. LEAVE; "by I.", with your permission; Moz, more; III. L 36. V. v. 315. LEAVE, leave off, cease ; I.iv. 109. MOIETY, half; I. iv. 118. LEFT, left off; I. iii. 15 MORTAL, deadly, fatal ; I. iv. 44. LESS; "without I.", without MOTION, impulse; II. v. 20. MOTIVES; "your three m." ", without more. . the with less (probably to be explained motives of you three : V. v. 288. as a double negative); I.i v. 23 Move, induce; I. i. 103. MOVED, incited, instigated ; V. v. 342. LET BLOOD, let suffer, perish ; IV. ii. Mows, grimaces, wry faces ; I. vi. 41. 168. MULIER (fancifully derived from "mollis aer"); V. v. 447. Ff., " Leid. LIEGERS, ambassadors gers "); I. v. 80. LIKE, equal; I. i. sr; V. v. 75. MUTEST, most silent ; I. vi. zz6. NAUGHT, wicked ; V. v. 271. NEAT-HERD, keeper of cattle ; I. L 140. LIMB-MEAL, limb from limb; II. iv. 147. NICE, capricious ; II. v. 26. LINE, fill with gold ; II. iii. 72. NICENESS, COYNESS; III. iv. 158. LONG OF, through, owing to ; V. v. 271. NONPAREIL, paragon; II. v. 8. NORTH, north-wind ; 1. iii. 26. LOOKS US, seems to us; III. v. 32. LUCINA, the goddess of childbirth ; V. NOTE, reputation ; I. iv. s. -, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; iv. 43. I. v. s. LUD'S TOWN, the old name of London ; III. i. 39. -----, eminence ; II. iii. 197. ---, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44. ---, "our n.", taking notice of us; MADDED, maddened; IV. ii. 313. IV. iv. so. MADDING, maddening, making mad; –, take note, notice; II. ii. 24. II. ü. 37. NOTHING, not at all; I. iv. rof. MADE FINISH, put an end to ; V. v. 412. MAKES, produces, causes; I. vi. 38. NOTHING-GIFT, gift of no value : III. MARTIAL, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310. MARY-BUDS, marigolds; II. iii. 26. vi. 86. Now, just now ; V. iii. 74. MATCH, arrangement ; III. vi. 30. NUMBER'D, abundantly provided; I. MATTER, business; IV. iii. 28. vi. 36. MEAN AFFAIRS, ordinary affairs; III. OCCASIONS; "over his o.", (?)="in ii. 52. MEANS: "your m.", as to your regard to what was required": according to some, "beyond what means; III. iv. 180. MERCURIAL; "foot m.", i.e. "light was required "; V. v. 87. and nimble like that of Mercury' 'ODS PITTIKINS, a pettyoath ; IV. il. sos IV. ü. 310. O'ERGROWN, overgrown with hair and MERE, utter; IV. L OS beard; IV. iv. 33. 176

Or, with; I. vi. 130. Or, on; II. iii. 119; IV. iv. 48. -, by; II. iii. 138; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. sz; V. v. 346. —, over; IV. L. s3. —, about, in praise of; V. v. 277. OFFER'D; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4. ON, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198. Ou's, of us; (F. 1, "one's"; Steevens, "of ss"; Vaughan conj. "o' ss"); V. v. 311. Ow'r, of it ; I. i. 164 ; V. ii. 3. OPEN'D, disclosed ; V. v. 58. OPERATE, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197. On, before ; II. iv. 14. ORBS, orbits ; V. v. 372. RDER'D; "more o.", better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. sz. ORDER'D; "more o. ORDERLY, proper; II. iii. 59. ORDINANCE, what is ordained ; IV. ii. 145 OR ERE, before; III. ii. 67. OUT-PEER, excel; III. vi. 87. OUTSELL, exceed in value ; II. iv. 108. OUTSELLS, outvalues, is superior to ; III. v. 74. OUTSTOOD, overstayed ; I. vi. so7. OUTWARD, external appearance ; I. i. 23. OVERBUYS, pays too dear a price ; I. i. 146. Owie, own ; III. i. 38. PACKING, running off; (7) plotting; III. v. 80 PAID, punished ; IV. ii. s46. PALED IN, surrounded ; III. i. 19. PANDAR, accomplice ; III. iv. 38. PANG'D, pained : III. iv. o8. PANTLER, keeper of the pantry ; II. HL 190. PARAGON, Dattern, model ; III. vi. 44.

PART ; " for mine own p.", for myself ; V. v. 313. PARTED, departed ; III. vi. 52. PARTISAN, halberd; IV. ii. 300. PARTS, endowments; III. v. 71 PASSABLE, affording free passage; I. ii. 10. PASSAGE, occurrence; III. iv. 94. PECULIAR, own particular, private : V. v. 83. PEEVISH, foolish ; I. vi. 54. PENETRATE, touch ; II. iii. 15. PENITENT, repentant; V. iv. 10. PERFECT; "I am p.", I am perfectly well aware, I well know ; 111. i. 73. -, perfectly well aware ; IV. ii. 118. PERFORCE, by force ; III. i. 72. PERVERT, averted ; II. iv. 151. PINCH, pain, pang; I. i. 130. PLEASETH, if it please ; I. v. 5. POINT ; "at p.", on the point of ; III i. 30 ; III. vi. 17. POINT FORTH, indicate ; V. v. 454. Post, hasten ; V. v. 10 POSTING, hurrying; III. iv. 38. POSTURES, shapes, forms ; V. v. 165. Powers, armed forces ; III. v. s4. PRACTICE, plot, stratagem; V. v. 100, PREFER, recommend; II. iii. 51; IV ii. 386. PREFERMENT, promotion ; V. iv. szs. PREGNANT, evident ; IV. il. 385 PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 143. PRETTY, fair, advantageous: III. iv. 150. PRIDES. (7) ostentatious attire ; IL v. PRIMENT, priestens ; I. vi. 133. PRINCE, play the prince ; III. iii. 85. PRIZE, value ; (Hanmer, "frice" Vaughan, "fries"); III. vi. 77. PROBATION, proof; V. v. 36a. ': PROFESS MYSELF, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 73.

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PRONE, eager, ready ; V. iv. sol. PROOF, experience ; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 87. PROPER, handsome ; III. iv. 64. PRUNES, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118. PUDENCY, modesty; II. v. 11. PUT ON, incite to, instigate ; V. i. o. PUTTOCE, kite ; 1. i. 140. QUARRELOUS, guarrelsome; III. iv. 162. OUARTER'D FIRES, CAMD fires; IV. iv. 18. OURNCH. become cool : I. v. 47. QUESTION, put to the trial, i.e. fight a duel: II. iv. se. RAMPS, leaps; I. vi. 134. RANGERS, nymphs; 11. iii. 74. RANK, rankness; (used quibblingly); II. i. 17. RAPS, transports; I. vi. 51. RARE, overpowering, exquisite : I. i. 135 RAVENING, devouring greedily ; I. vi. 49. RAZED OUT, erased ; (FL, "rac'd out"); V. v. 70. RIGHT, truly; III. v. 3. RIPELY, speedily; III. v. ss. READY, i.e. dressed for going out, ready dressed ; (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 86. REASON OF, argue about. talk about : IV. ii. 14. RECK, care; IV. il. 154. RECOIL, degenerate; I. vi. 188. REFT'ST, didst deprive; (Ff., refts"); III. iii. 103. RELATION, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86. REMAIN, remainder, rest; III. i. 87. REMAINDERS; "the good r. of the court " i.e. "the court which now

gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 199. REMEMBRANCER OF HER, he who reminds her; I. v. 77. RENDER, rendering an account : IV. iv. 11. -----, surrender ; V. iv. 17. -, relate, tell ; V. v. 135, REFENTED, regretted ; V. v. 99. REPORT ; "suffer the r.", may be told ; I. iv. 60. -, fame ; III. iii. 57. RESTY, torpid ; III. vi. 34. RETIRE, retreat ; V. III. 40. REVOLT, inconstancy; I. vi. 128. REVOLTS, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6. ROCK, rocky eminence ("such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck " (Ingleby); V. v. s6a. ROMISH, Roman ; I. vi. 158. RUDDOCK, robin redbreast; (FL, "Raddocks"); IV. Il. 284. RUNAGATE, renegade; I. vl. 137. SAFE, sound ; IV. il. 131. SAMPLE, example ; I. I. 48. SAUCY, insolent : I. vi. 191. SAVING REVERENCE, asking pardon : IV. L. s. SAVEST THOU !. what do you my !: II. i. 27. SCORN, mockery ; V. iv. 195. SCRIPTURES, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning) : III. iv. 83. SEAR UP, prob. due to a blending of (i.) "sear" = dry up, with (ii.) "sear"="cere," i.e. seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud, (cA. " care-ment," "care cloth"); I. L IIG. SHARCH'D. searched for : V. v. II. SEASON, time : IV. iii. ss. SEASONS COMPORT, I.e. " gives happiness its proper sest "; I. vi. e. 178

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SEE, i.s. see each other : I. i. zaa. SEEK THROUGH, pursue ; IV. ii. 160. SEEM; "still s."=ever put on an appearance; I. I. 3. SEEMING, external appearance ; V. v. 6s. some s.", this seems well-founded ; V. v. 458. SELF, same ; I. vi. 189. SELF-FIGURED, self-contracted, formed by themselves; (Theobald conj. adopted by Warburton, "self adopted by Warbur finger'd"); II. iii. 124. " self-SEMERLESS, unconscious : II. iii. 48. SENSELESS OF, insensible to : I. i. 135. SERVING; "in their s.", employing, using them ; III. iv. 173. SET on, forward, march on; V. v. 484. SETS. which sets ; I. vi. 170. SET UP, incite ; III. iv. 90. SEVERALLY, each in his own way ; V. 190. V. 307. SHAKED, shaken ; I. v. 76. SHALL, will ; III. iv. 131. SHAME, shyness, modesty ; V. iii. ss. SHAMELESS-DESPERATE, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58. SHARDED, protected by scaly wingcases; III. iii. so SHES, women ; I. ili. sq. SHOP, store ; V. v. 166. SHORT, take from, impair; I. vi. soo. SHOT, tavern reckoning, score ; V. iv. 158. Show, deceitful appearance ; V. v. 54. Shows, appearances ; V. v. 4s8. 'SHREW ME, i.e. beshrew me ; a mild 498. oath ; II. iii. 147. SHRINE, image ; V. v. 164. SILLY, simple; V. iii. 86. SIMULAR, false, counterfeited ; V. v. \$33. 800. SINGLE OPPOSITIONS, single combats ; (f) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 56. 179

SINKS. makes to sink ; V. v. 413.

SINON, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men ; III. iv. 61.

SIR. man ; I. vi. 160.

- SIRRAH, a form of address to an inferior ; III. v. 80.
- SLIGHT IN SUFFERANCE, careless in permitting it : III. v. ac.
- SLIP YOU, let you go free : IV, iii, sz.

SLUTTERY, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.

- SNUFF, a candle that has been snuffed ; I. vi. 87.
- So, it is well ; II. iii. 16.
- SOLACE, take delight ; I. vi. 86.
- SOLDIER TO, enlisted to ; (?) equal to ; III. iv. 186,

So LIKE YOU, if it please you ; II. iii. 50. SOMETHING, somewhat ; I. i. 86 ; I. iv.

SOMETIME, sometimes ; II. iii. 77.

- -, once; V. v. 333.
- SORER, more grievous, more evil ; III. vi. 13.
- SOUTH-FOG: "the S. rot him": it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapours and diseases ; II. iii. 136.
- SPECTACLES, organs of vision ; I. vi. 37.
- SPEED; "how you shall s.", how you will fare; V. iv. 190.
- SPRIGHTLY, of good cheer, in good spirits ; III. vi. 75. Sparran, haunted ; II. iii. 144.

- SPRITELY, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v.
- SPURS, shoots of the root of a tree ; IV. ii. 58.
- STAGGERS, giddiness, reeling : V. v.
- STAND, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 75. STAND, withstand; V. iii. 60.
- STAND'ST SO, dost stand up so: III. v.

Glossary.

STARVE, die of cold : I. iv. 180. STATES, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 30. STATIST. statesman, politician : II. iv. 16. STILL, continually ; II. v. 30. \_\_\_, always ; V. v. 250. STORY, i.e. the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry ; II. ii. 97. STORY HIM, give an account of him: I. iv. 34. STRAIGHT-PIGHT, straight fixed, erect ; V. v. 164. STRAIN, impulse, motive ; III. iv. os. ----, stock, race ; IV. ii. s4. STRAIT, straight ; V. iii. 7. STRANGE. foreign, a foreigner ; I. vi. 54. STRICTER, more restricted, less exacting : V. iv. 17. STRIDE A LIMIT. overpass the bound : III. iii. 35. STROW, strew; IV. ii. s87. SUIT, clothe ; V. L sz. SUPPLYANT, auxiliary; III. vii. 14. SUPPLYMENT, continuance of supply; (Pope, " swiftly "); III. iv. 18a. SUR-ADDITION, SURNAME ; I. L. 33. SwEET, sweet-heart; (Collier MS., " swite "); I. v. 80. SwERVE, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 190. SYENNA, the ruler of Syenna ; IV, ii. 341. SYNOD, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89. TABLES, tablets ; III. li. 20. TAKE, take pay; III. vi. 24. TAKE IN, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. ģ. -, conquer, overcome ; IV. ii. 181. TAKE ME UP, take me to task ; II. i. 4. TALENTS ; "beyond all t.", exceeding any sum ; I. vi. 80. TANLINGS, those tanned by the sun : IV. iv. so. TARGES, targets ; "L of proof", targets

of tested metal ; (F. 4, " Targets"; Pope, "skields" : Capell, " targe"); V. v. s TASTE, feel, experience; V. v. 403. TASTING OF, experiencing, feeling : V. V. 308. TEMPER, mix ; V. v. 250. TENDER; "t. of our present", tendering of our present gift ; I. vi. sol. TENDER OF, sensitive to; III. v. 40. TENT, probe; III. iv. 118. THAT, for that, because ; III. v. 72. -, since that ; III. vii. 4. -, that which ; IV. ii. reg; V. iv. 135. THICK, fast, quickly; III. ii. gt. THIS, this is ; (S. Walker conj. " this"): II. ii. 50. THREAT, threaten ; IV. ii. 197. THROUGHFARE, thoroughfare, I. ii. II. THROUGHLY, thoroughly; II. iv. 18. ; III. vi. 36. THUNDER-STONE, thunder bolt: IV. ii. \$71. TIME, age; I. I. 43 TINCT, colour ; II. H. sy. TIREST ON, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. oz. TITAN, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 166. TITLE, name ; I. iv. 96. To. as to : I. iv. 104. -, compared to; III. H. ro. -, is to be compared to ; III. iii. s6. -, in addition to; IV. ii. 333. TOMBOYS, hoydens; I. vi. 122. TONGUE, speak ; V. iv. 147. TOUCH, feeling, emotion ; I. i. I. Toys, trifles; IV. ii. 193. TRIMS, dress, apparel; III. iv. 167. TRIP ME, refute me, give me the lie: V. v. 35 TROTH, the truth ; V. v. s74.

#: I. vi. 47. WALE, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119. 11. 11. 76. WANTON, one brought up in luxury ; onest man; I. v. 43. IV. IL 8. V. v. 238. WARRANT, pledge; I. iv. 63. WATCH; "in w.", awake; III. iv. 49. WATCHING, keeping awake for; II. mbling each other like 35be u.", to unbend thy iv. 68. WAY; "this w.", by acting in this . . . . ertake, perform ; I. iv. way; IV. iv. 4. WEEDS, garments ; V. L st. 110. rive satisfaction ; II. i. WELL ENCOUNTER'D, well met : III. vi. 66. WENCH-like, womanish ; IV. il. 230. matchless; I. iv. 87; WENT BEFORE, excelled ; I. iv. 77. rated; II. iii. 34. WHAT, what a thing ; IV. i. 16. nvaluable; I. iv. 99. WHEN AS, when ; (Dyce, " whenes "); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435. sors, blockheads wantspeech ; V. v. 178. WHICH, who; II. iii. IIS. WHILES, while; I. v. I. ie to twine ; IV. ii. so. WHO, whom ; V. v. s7. WHOM, which ; III. i. 53. WINDOWS, cyclids ; II. ii. ss. . iv. oz. ow directed straight up; WINE, shut their eyes ; V. iv. 194. 1.", they use us; IV. WINKING, having the eyes shut : II. "at u.", at all hazards ; iii. 96 -, blind ; II. iv. 80. WINTER-GROUND, protect from the due; IV. iv. 49 inclement weather of the winter; (Collier MS., "wister guard"; Bailey conj. "winter find"; Else, "wind around"); IV. ii. 220. ortunity : I. iii. s4. 1: V. v. 198. vourable opportunity; WITH, by ; II. iii. 144 ; V. iii. 33. ; I. vi. ga. WOODMAN, huntsman ; III. vi. s8. , verbose ; II. iii. III. WORMS, serpents; III. iv. 37. Cloten himself : IV. ii. WOULD SO, would have done so : V. v. 189. WRINGS, writhes; III. vi. 79. if v.", full of promise; WRITE AGAINST, denounce ; II, v. 12. WRYING, swerving : V. L. C. I. iv. 144. ish ; III. iv. 160. You're sest, you had better: III. il. 1: V. v. 490. 70.

# Notes.

I. i. g. 'does the king'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Ff., 'do's the kings'; Hanmer, 'do the king's'.

I. i. 133. 'A year's age'; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, 'a year [i.e. speedy] age'; Hanmer, 'many A year's age'; Nicholson, 'mere than Thy years' age'; '5., '5.

I, iii. 9. 'make me with this eye or ear'; Ff., 'his' for 'this'.

I. iv. 21. 'are wonderfully to'; Warburton conj. 'aide wonderfully to'; Capell conj. 'are wonderful to'; Eccles, 'and wonderfully do'.

I. iv. 79-80. 'could not but'; Malone's emendation of Ff., 'could not'.

L iv. 122. 'herein too'; so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, 'herein to'; Grant White, 'herein-to'; Anon. conj. 'hereunto'; Vaughan conj. 'herein, so'.

I. iv. 146. 'afreid'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff., 'a Friend'; Becket conj. 'affed'; Jackson conj. 'affend'd'; Collier MS., 'afterd'; Ingleby conj. 'her friend'.

I. v. 68, 'chance they changest on'; so Ff.; Rowe reads ' chance they chancest on'; Theobald, ' change they chancest on'.

I. vi. 25. 'trust...'; Boswell's reading ; Ff., 'trust.'; Hanmer, 'trust.'; Rann, 'trust,'; Thirlby conj. 'trusty'.

L vi, g6, 'mmber'd,'(?)='rich in numbers'; Theobald, 'm-

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number'd'; Warburton, 'kumbi'd'; Farmer conj. 'umber'd'; Jackson conj. 'member'd'; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 45. 'duire comit amptimus'; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows :--- "Desire, when it approached slattery, and considered it in comparison with such such seat excellence, would not only be not so allored to find, but seized with a fit of loathing, would comit amptimes, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, 'desire comit co's amptimese'; Capell, 'desire comit to amptimese'; Hudson, 'desire comit from amptimese'.

I. vl. 109. ' undustrous '; Rowe's emendation of Fi., ' illustrious '; Ingleby, ' ill-lastrous '.

II. ii. 49. 'bare the rawa's eye'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Ff., 'bare the Rawas eye'.

II. iii. 28. 'With every thing that pratty is '; Hanmer (unnecesearly, for the sake of the rhyme), 'With all the things that pretty bin'; Warburton, 'With everything that pretty bin'.

II. iii. 33. 'vier'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'weger'.

II. iii. 52. "soliding '; the reading of Collier (ed. 3); F. 1 reads "solidity"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "solidite"; Pope, "solidite".

II. iii. 106. 'Are not'; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, 'cure not'; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. 'recht'; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff., 'Oaker.'

III. i. 54. 'We do,' these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Ff.; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. 'Stoop'; Hanmer's emendation of Ff., 'Sloope'.

III. iii. 6. 'turbane'; F. 1, 'Turbande'; Ff. 2, 3, 4, 'Turbande'

there, on the brow,' &c.

III. iv. 52. 'Whose mother was her painting,' i.e. 'who or beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps 'whose painted f the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade'.

III. iv. 81. 'afore't'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'a-foot'

III. iv. 104. 'I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first'; Hanmer's e tion; Ff. read 'I'll wake mine eye-balles first'; Rowe, 'I'll br eye-balls first'; Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, 'I'll wa eye-balls out first'; Collier MS., 'I'll crack mine eye-balls first

III. iv. 135. Vaughan proposed 'With that harsh mobi simply in nothing'; Spence, 'trash mobile' (i.e. base coin) 'that ignoble,' U'c.

III. iv. 138. 'Where then?' perhaps these words she assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 177. 'Which you'll make him know'; Hanmer's ru Ff. read 'Which will make him know'; Theobald, 'Wh make him so'.

III. v. 44. 'loud'st of noise'; Capell's emendation; Ff. 1. of moise'; Rowe, 'loudest moise'.

III. v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these we to be explained as meaning, ' than any lady, than all

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than all womankind'; Hanmer, 'than any lady, winning from each one'.

III. vi. 71. Perhaps we should read, with Hanmer, ' I'd bid'; i.e. 'I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you'.

III. vii. 9. 'commends'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff., 'sommands', (perhaps='commands to be given').

IV. ii. 1 12. 'Aumour'; Theobald's emendation of Ff., 'Anner',

IV. ii. 168. 'parisk'; Hanmer, 'marisk'; Garrick's version, ' river'; Becket conj. ' parage'.

IV. ii. 224. "The raddock," etc. ; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, e.g.

> Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye. The little redbreast teacheth charitie. Drayton, The Owl.

It is worth while noting that the story of The Babes in the Wood was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "Two Lamentable Tragedies."

IV. iii. 36; 'I heard no letter', i.e. (?) 'I've not had a line'; Hanmer reads 'I've had'; Capell, 'I have had'; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), 'I had'.

V. i. 14. 'dread it, to the doors' thrift'; perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them repent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested 'dreaded . . . thrift'; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. 'that,' i.e. 'that death '.

V. iii. 43. 'they'; Theobald's correction of Ff., 'the'; i.e. 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors'.

V. iii. 53. 'Nay, do not wonder'; Theobald reads ' Nay, in but 36 n 1Å5

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tronder'; Staunton conj. ' Ay, de bet wonder'; " Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for " (Johnson).

V. v. 54. 'and in time'; 80 F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, 'yes and in time'; S. Walker conj. 'and in due time,' &c.

V. v. 263. The stage-direction was first inserted by Hanmer, and explains the meaning of the lines, and gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 305. 'scar'; 'had cour s. for,' i.e. had ever received a scar tor; Ff. 1, 2, 'scarre'; Collier conj. 'scare'; Singer (ed. 2), 'score'; Bailey conj. 'scar'.

V. v. 378. 'When ye'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'When we'; Capell, 'When you'.

V. v. 382. 'force,' disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. forc'd'; Bailey conj. 'brief'.

V. v. 384. 'distinction should be rick in,' i.e " Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative " (Steevens).

V. v. 392. 'our long inter'gatories'; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; Ff., 'our long Interrogatories'.

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