This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ **Make non-commercial use of the files** We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ **Refrain from automated querying** Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ **Maintain attribution** The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ **Keep it legal** Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
The Tragedie

of

CYMBELINE.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.

WITH COLLOCCIONS OF THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH FOLIOS,

BY

W. J. CRAIG, M.A.,

FELLOW COLLEGE OXFORD.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1880.
The following Publications of the New Shakspere Society have been issued

For 1874:

Series I. Transactions. 1. Part I., containing 4 Papers, editions of the genuine parts of Titon and Pirettes, and details of that of Henry VIII, &c.


Series IV. Shakspere Allusion-Books. 1. Part I. 1592-8 A.D. (Greene’s Groatsworth of Wit, 1592; Chettle’s ‘Kind-Harts Dreame,’ 1593; five sections from Meres’s Palladia Talmia, 1598, &c.); ed. C. M. Ingleby, LL.D.

For 1875:

Series I. Transactions. 2, 3. 1874, Part II; 1875-6, Part I, Containing Papers by the late Messrs. Simpson and Speed, and by Prof. Ingram and Delius, &c., with Reports of Discussions.

Series II. Plays. a. A revised Edition of the second, or 1599, Quarto of Romeo and Juliet, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq., with Notes, &c. b. Henry VIII, a. Reprints of the Quarto and Folio, edited by Dr Brinsley Nicholson.


For 1876:

Series II. Plays. 7, 8. The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspere and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1634; b. a revised Edition, with Notes, by Harold Littledale, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin. (The latter presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.)

Series VI. 2. a. Tell-Trothes New-yeares GIFT, 1593, with The passionate Morrice. b. John Lane’s Tom Tel-Trothes message, and his Pens Complaint, 1600. c. Thomas Powell’s Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Pathway to Preferment, 1631. d. The Glass of Godly Loue, [1589]. (Presented by 3 Members of the Society.) Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

3. William Stafford’s Examination of certayne Complaints in these our Days, 1581; ed. F. D. Matthew and F. J. Furnivall. (Presented by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby.)

4. Phillip Stubbe’s Anatomic of Abuses, 1 May, 1583; Part I, § 1; ed. F. J. Furnivall.

Series VIII. Miscellanies. 1. Prof. Spalding on The Two Noble Kinsmen, and the Characteristics of Shakspere’s style (1833). With Memoir by Dr Hill Burton, and Forewords by F. J. Furnivall.

For 1877:

Series I. Transactions. 4. Part II. for 1875-6, containing Papers by Prof. Delius, Miss J. Lee, &c., Time-Analyses of the Merchant of Venice, Othello, &c., Brutus’s and Antony’s speeches over Caesar’s corpse, from the Englishman’s Chronicle, &c.


For 1878:

Series I. Transactions. 5. Part I. for 1877-9, containing Papers by Mr Speeding, Mr Rose, &c.


Series VIII. Miscellanies. 2. Robert Chester’s Love’s Martyr, 1601, in which Shakspere’s lines on the ‘Phoinix and Turtle’ were first publish’d, edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D.

For 1879:

Series I. Transactions. 6. Part II. for 1877-9, Mr Daniel’s Time-Analyses of Shakspere’s Plots.

Series IV. Allusion-Books. 2. Shakspere’s Centuries of Praise, the 2nd edition, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., and Miss L. Toumin Smith. (Presented mainly by Dr Ingleby.)

Series VI. 6. Stubbe’s Anatomic of Abuses (in Dress & Manners), Part I, Section 2, with extracts from his Life of his Wife, 1591, and other Works, with many woodcuts: ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

For 1880:

Series I. Transactions. 7. Part III. for 1877-9, Papers by Miss Phipson, Mr Ruskin, &c.


Series VI. Shakspere’s England. 7. The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakspere’s Youth, ed. by E. Viles and F. J. Furnivall. (Presented by Mr Furnivall.)
THE TRAGEDIE

OF

C Y M B E L I N E.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.
The Tragedie
of
Cymbeline.

Reprinted from the first folio, 1623,
with collations of the second, third, and fourth folios,

by
W. J. Craig, M.A.,
Trinity College, Dublin.

Published for
The New Shakspeare Society
by N. Trübner & Co., 57, 59, Ludgate Hill,
London, 1883.
CORRECTION.

Digby Mysteries.—Correction for p. 239, col. 2.

3af 122/1799 is ‘port Jaffa or Joppa’. Compare in F. J. F.’s edition of Andrew Boorde, E. E. Text Soc. p. 220: “when you come to porte Iaffe, you shall go a foot to Jerusalem, except you be sycke, for at port Iaffe you enter in to the Holy Land;” and p. 348, from Sir Richard Torkington’s Diary, 1517: “At Jaffe begynneth the holy londe... In Jaff, Seynt Petir reysid from deth, Tabitam, the servaunt of the Appostolis.”
NOTICE.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

1 Folio 1623.

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

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

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

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

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

2 February, 1883.

W. J. CRAIG.

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

1. Gent.

Ou do not meet a man but Frownes.

Our bloods no more obey the Heauens

Then our Courtiers:

Still see, as do the Kings.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdom (whom

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

8 That late he married hath refer'red her selfe

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

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

12 Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King

2 None but the King?

4. seemer, seer seeme as F3; seem

5. whys[e] F3, 4; what's F3.

6. daughter] F4, 3; Daughter

7. wives] wives F4, 3; Wives F4.

8. sonne] sonne F4; son F3; Som

9. ess[e] F3; Self F3, 4.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [I. 1]

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

2 And why so?

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

2 You speake him farre.

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

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicillius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenanius, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admite'd Surceffe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (befides this Gentleman in question)

20. Princesse] Fs, 3; Princess F4.
24. earth] Fs, 3.
25. his that] he like F3, 3; he
likes F4.
26. do] Fs, 4; doe Fa. thinks.
31. them] Fs, 3; than F4.
32. duteous] dully F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 369] Two other Sonsnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Then old, and fond of yffeue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him Posihamus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
As we do syre, fast as 'twas minisftred,
And in's Spring, became a Harueft: Liud in Court
Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A fample to the yongeft: to th'more Mature,
Glaffe that fested them: and to the grauer,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Miftris,
(For whom he now is banifi'd) her owne price
Proclames how the eftem'd him; and his Vertue
Her elecfti may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole child to'th'King?
1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
the eldest of them, at three years old
I'th'iwathing cloathes, the other from their Nursey
Were flone, and to this hour, no gheffe in knowledge
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Which way they went.
2 How long is this ago?
1 Some twenty yeares.
2 That a Kings Children should be so coney’d,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.
1 Howfoere, ’tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh’d at:
Yet is it true Sir.
2 I do well beleeeue you.
1 We must forbear.
Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeffe.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Poflihumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be affir’d you shall not finde me(Daughter)
After the flander of moft Step-Mothers,
Euill-ed y’do into you. You’re my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Poflihumus,
So soone as I can win th’offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and ’twere good
You lean’d y’do into his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

SCENE II.

Enter the Queene, Poflihumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be affir’d you shall not finde me(Daughter)
After the flander of moft Step-Mothers,
Euill-ed y’do into you. You’re my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Poflihumus,
So soone as I can win th’offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and ’twere good
You lean’d y’do into his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

68. age F4; agoe F5, 3.
69. yeares] yeares F5; years F3, 4.
70. coney’d] coney’d F3, 4, 5.
71. slackly] slackly F3, 4.
73. Howfoere] Howfoere F5; Howfoere, tis F3; Howfoere tis F3, 4.
74. laugh’d at] laugh’d at F3, 4; run into one word F5.
75. true Sir] true Sir F5.
76. deo F3, 4; doe F5.
77. forbear] forbear F5, 3.
78. Queene] Queene F5; Queen F3, 4.
79. Poflihumus] Poflihumus F5; Posey F3, 4.
80. wisdome] wisdome F5; informs F3, 4.
81. deliver] deliver F5, 3.
82. locke] lock F3, 4, 5.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 370, col. 1] I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:

   Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittyng
   The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King

Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing

(Always refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me.
You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,

But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Poet. My Queene, my Miftris:

O Lady, weep no more, least I giue cause

To be suspeeted of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'f husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,

Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me

Knewne but by Letter; theither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be brieffe, I pray you:

[Image 18x37 to 450x699]
6

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

Poq't. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to syre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Lowe)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Poq't. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And scare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While fenfe can keepe it on: And sweeteft, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your fo infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my fake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreft Prifoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poet. Alacke, the King.

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

68 Poet. The Gods protect you,

And bleffe the good Remainders of the Court:

I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

72 More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,

That shoul'dt repyre my youth, thou heap'lt

A yeres age on mee.

76 Imo. I befeech you Sir,

Harme not your selfe with your vexation,

I am feneleffe of your Wrath ; a Touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all feares.

80 Cym. Paft Grace ! Obedience?

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

Cym. That might'lt haue had

The sole Sonne of my Queene.

84 Imo. O bleffed, that I might not : I chose an Eagle,

And did aunoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'lt a Begger, would'lt haue made my

Throne, a Seate for bafenefe.

88 Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

63. Alacke] F5; Alack F3, 4.
64. aunoyd] avoyd F3; avoid F3, 4.
66. vnworthinesse] unworthiness F5; unwor- 
   thiness F4.
67. begger] F5; poison F3, 4.
   blood] F5; blood F3, 4.
72. sharpe] F5; sharp F3, 4. then]
   F3, 3; than F4.
73. disloyall] F3; dialoyal F3, 4.
74. should] should F3, 4; shouldat F3.
   repayre] F5; repair F3, 4.
75. yeres] yeres F3, 4. mea] 
   F5; yeres F3, 4. mea]
   me, F3, 3; yeres F3, 4.
76. you Sir] F3; you Sir F3; you, 
   Sir F4.
   selfe] F5; self F3, 4.
78. senseless] F5; senseless F4.
   Wrath] F5; wrath F3, 4.
   Touch] F3; touch F3, 4.
79. feares] F3; fears F3, 4.
81. dispaire] F3; discrayre F3, 4.
82. might] might F3, 4; mightist F3.
83. Sonne] F5; Son F3, 4.
   Queene] F5; Queen F3, 4.
84. blessed, that] F5; blessed that 
   F3, 4.
85. aunoyd] avoyd F3; avoid F5.
   Puttocke] F3, 4; Puttocke F5.
86. Begger] F3, 4; Beggar F3, 4. 
   would] would F3, 4; wouldat F3.
   basseness] basseness F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Cym. O thou wilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou’d Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoost the summe he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepheardes Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thow foolish thing;
They were againe together : you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.
Qu. Befeech your patience : Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leauve vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your bext aduice.
Cym. Nay, let her languih
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pif. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Mafter.
Qu. Hah?
No harme I truif is done?

8. wilde] Fa; vild F3; vile F4.
92. meel] me Fa, 3, 4.
93. summe] Fa; sum F3; summ F4.
94. heaven] heaven Fa, 3; Heau-
ven Fa.
95. Neat-heards] Fa, 3; Neat-
heards Fa.
96. Neighbour-Shepherd] Fa, 3; Neigh-
bour-Shepherd Fa.
99. Queene] Fa; enter Queen
F3, 4.
100. againe] Fa; again F3, 4.
101. I haue Fa, 3.
102. a day] Fa; one word Fa, 3.
103. (Que. Fa, Fye] Fa; Fis
F3, 4; given] give Fa, way] Fa;
away Fa, 3.
110. Neere] Fa; Here Fa, 3.
111. Seruant] Servant Fa, 3, 4.
112. news] Fa; news Fa, 3.
114. harme] Fa, 3; harm F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 370, col. 2] Pifa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

120 Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
124 The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pifa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiected too,
128 When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine fo.


Qu. Pray walke a-while.

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

Exeunt.

[II. 3]

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Vio-

[Text continues with Shakespearean lines, with punctuation and spelling as in the original text.]
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[1. 3]

tence of A ction hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where [p. 371, ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so col. 1] wholesome as that you vent.

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

Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkeffe if he bee 8 not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

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

Clo. The Villaine would not stand me.

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

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

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

Clo. I would they had not come betweene vs.

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

Clo. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re- 20 fufe mee.

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

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene 24 small reflection of her wit.

2 She fhines not vpon Fooles, leaff the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clo. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had 28 beene some hurt done.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

2 I with not so, vnleffe it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

32 Clot. You'll go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Eveunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ft unto the shores o' th' Haven, And questioned'ft euer Saile: if he should write, And I not hate him, 'twere a Paper loft

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

That he spake to thee?

Pifia. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchief?

8 Pifia. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:

And that was all?

Pifia. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,

Distinguiish him from others, he did keepe

The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,

Still waiving, as the fits and fitris of's mind

16 Could best expresse how flow his Soule sayld' on, How swift his Ship.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Pifà. Madam, so I did.

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

Pifà. Be affur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

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

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Defires your Highnffe Company.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Imo. Thofe things I bid you do, get them dispatch’d,
I will attend the Queene.

48 Pifa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creffent note, expected to proye so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look’d on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his fide, and I to perufe him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was leffe furnifh’d, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as 12 hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her vaelue, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the 16 matter.

French. And then his banifhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thofe that wepe this
lamentable divorce vnnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which [p. 372, else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger col. 1] without leffe quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to 24 whom I haue bin often bound for no leffe then my life.

Enter Pothamus.

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

French. Sir, we haue knowne togethre in Orleance.

Poft. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courte-

fies, which I will be euere to pay, and yet pay full.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindneffe, I was 36 glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you should haue beeene put together, with so mortall a purpofe, as then each bore, vpon importanc of so flight and triuiall a nature.

Poft. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shun'd to go euene with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but

19. colours, are] F3, 4: colours, are F3.
22. less] F3, 3: less F3, se-

25. bin] F3, 3: been F3, less

them] F3, 3: less them F3.
26. Here] F3: Here F3, 4. Bri-
27. amongst] amongst F3, 3, 4.

suit] suits F3, 4.
36. when I F3, 3: when I F3, 4.
38. o're-rate] o're-rate F3, 3, 4.

nese'] F3: kindesse F3: kind-

ness F3.
41. you] you F3, 3, 4.
42. bin] F3: bin F3, 4.
47. when I F3, 3: when I F3, 4.
49. then] F3, 3: then F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 372, vpon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is men-
col. 1) de d] my Quarrell was not altogether light.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood 48 have confounded one the other, or haue faile both.

Iack. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

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

60 Iack. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlem-
ans opinion by this, worn out.

Pofi. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

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

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

68 Iack. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand 
comparision, had beeene something too faire, and too 
good for any Lady in Britannie; if she went before others 
I haue feene as that Diamond of yours out-lufers many
I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: [p. 372, but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, col. 1] nor you the Lady.

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

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Poet. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your vp Paragon'd Missirs is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poet. You are mistaken: the one may be 'solde or gi' 80 yen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the gulf. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the gulf of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue gien you? 84

Poet. Which by their Graces I will keepe. [col. 2]

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be staine too, so your brace of vn prise. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Poet. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Missirs: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theues, notwithstanding 96 I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue here, Gentlemen?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[. 5]

Pso. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I col. 3] thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much contentation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, even to the yeelding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Pso. No, no.

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

Pso. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you suffaine what ye'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

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

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

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

Pso. What Lady would you chuse to affail?

Iach. Yours, whom in confiance you thynke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your

[110. thanke] F3; thanke F3. 4.
104. yeilding] F2; yeilding F3. opportunity F2. 3. 4.
108. o're-values] ore-values F4.
3. o're-values F4.
110. then] F3; then F4. barre] Fs; bar F3.
111. hower] hoc; hoor F3. 4; hoor F4. 3. 4.
112. deale] F2; deal F3. 4.
114. suffaine] F2; sustain F3. 4.
118. deserve] deserve F3. 4. des- serve F3.
119. 120. suddenly] F2; suddenly Fs. 4. barre] Fs; born F3. 4.
122. Neighbours] F2; Neighbours F3. 4.
123. spoke, Post] spoke. Post.
124. choose to assault] F2; choose to assault F3. 4.
125. constancie] constance F3. 4.
126. thousand] F3; thousand F3. 4.
Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refer'd.

_Pythiarmus._ I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of 132 it.

_Iach._ You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-feure it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare.

_Pythiarmus._ This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpuse I hope.

_Iach._ I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn. 140 der-go what's spoken, I sware.

_Pythiarmus._ Will you? I shall but lend your Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Misfris exceedes in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

_Phil._ I will haue it no lay.

_Iach._ By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficiency to haue enjoy'd the dearer bodily part of your Misfris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, [p. 373, fo] is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in _col. 1_ such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Jewell, this 152 your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Poet. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and give me directly to understand, you haue preuaied, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vneseuc'd, you not making it appeare otherwife: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answere me with your Sword.

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

Poet. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scene Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whileys yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather thofe Flowers,
Make haufe. Who ha's the note of them?

4 Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Matter Doctor, haue you brought thofe drugges?

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

after speeches in this scene Que.
F3, 3, 4.
1. drew[i] F3; drew's F3, 4.
3. haste[i] F3, 3; hast F4. Au's]
has F3, 4.
Exit Ladies Exeunt Ladies F3, 4.
5. drugges! Cor.] drugges: Cor.
F3; drugs: Cor. F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me ask.) Wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poiyonous Compounds,
Which are the mouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

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

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

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pijanio.

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

Doctor, your servuce for this time is ended,
[I. 6]

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspeft you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.
Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugg of fuch damn'd Nature. Tho' she ha's,
Will stupefie and dull the Senfe a-while,
Which firft (perchance) she'el prowe on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what thew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more freth, renewing. She is fool'd
With a most falfę effect: and I, the truer,
So to be falfę with her.

Qu. No further service, Doctor,
Vntill I fend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leaue.
Qu. Weepes the still (faift thou?)

Doft thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now potifles? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loyes my Sonne,

Ile tell thee on the infant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at laft gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor

36. owne] Fs; own F₃, 4.
37. Madam, But] Fs; Madam.
But F₃, 4.
38. de] Fs, 4; doe F₄.
39. harm] Fs, 4; harm F₄.
40. Hearke] Fs; Hark F₄.
41. thou, a] thee a Fs, 4.
42. de] Fs, 4; doe F₄. think
Fs; think F₃, 4. aha] has Fs, 4.
43. de] Fs, 4; doe F₄.
44. drugge] Fs; drug F₃, 4.

45. shee] she'll F₃, 4.
46. thero, a] thee a F₄, 3.
51. unto] Fs; Untill F₃, 3.
52. Weepes] Fs; Weepes F₃, 4.
53. Doart] Fs; Do'at F₃, 4. thinks]
Fs; think F₃, 4.
54. Folly] Fs; folly F₄, 3.
55. doe F₃, 4; doe Fs. worke] Fs;
work F₄, 4.
56. Sonne] Fs; Son F₄.
57. doe] Fs, 4; doe F₄.
58. ile] Fs; Ile F₃.
59. ile, a] ile F₄.
60. ile] Fs, 3; ile F₄.
61. speech] Fs, 3; speechless F₄.
62. speech] Fs, 3; speechless F₄.
63. gaspe] Fs, 3; gasp F₄.
64. Return.] Fs; Return F₄.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
What cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ft vp
Thou know'ft not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fieue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I praythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meant to thee. Tell thy Misfiris how
The cafe stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou haft thy Misfiris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt define: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That fet thee on to this delft, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pifa.

Think on my words. A flye, and constant knaue,
Not to be flak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue guien him that,
Which if he take, hall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, the after
Except the bend her humor, shall be affur'd
To taste of too.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowlippes, and the Prime-Rofes
Bear to my Clofet: Fare thee well, Pisanio.
96 Thinke on my words. Exit Qu. and Ladies.

Pifa. And shall do:

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

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

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

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pifa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Comes from my Lord with Letters.

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

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

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

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindness I am most in-24
finately tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
trust.

Leonatus.

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

Iach. 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 firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious

40 Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye : for Ape's, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and

44 Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i' th'judgment :
For Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely defin'd : Nor i' th'Appetite.
Sluttery to such neat Excellence, oppos'd

48 Should make defire vomit emptineffe,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow ?

Iach. The Cloyed will :

52 That satiate yet vn satisfy'd defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Rauening firft the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir, 

56 Thus rap's you ? Are you well ?

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

60 Pifa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord ?
His health beseech you ?

64 Iach. Well, Madam.

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

40. Twixt] Fs ; 'Twixt F3, 4; faire, and fowle Fs ; fair, and
foul F3, 4.
42. th' eye Fs ; th' eye F4 ; i' th' 
Eye Fs, Monkeys F4.
43. 'Twixt] F3, 4; 'Twixt Fs, She's Fs.
44. Contemne] Fs ; Contemn F3, 4.
46. i' th'judgment] i th'judgment

56. Fs ; 'Twixt F4, 4; faire, and fowle Fs ; fair, and
foul F4.
48. pisa] Fs, 'Twixt Fs, She's Fs.
44. Contemne] Fs ; Contemn F3, 4.

57. Fs ; dear Fs, 4.
58. Thanks Madam, well Fs ; Thanks
Madam, well F4 ; 'Thanks, Madam
well Fs ; thanks, Madam well F4 ; 
Beseech you Sir,] Fs ; 
Beseech you sir, Fs ; Beseech you 
Sir, F4.
58. Fs ; 'Twixt Fs, She's Fs.
59. Fs, 4; 'Twixt Fs.
60. Fs ; 'Twixt Fs, she's Fs.
61. Fs, 4; 'Twixt Fs, 4 ; 'Twixt Fs.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to fadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Imo. I neuer saw him sad.

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

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

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

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.

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

[Page 374]

To pity too.

Col. 2

Imo. What do you pity Sir?

96 Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me

Defyres your pity?

100 Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and folace

I' th' Dungeon by a Smurfe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,

104 Delier with more opennesse your answeres

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

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

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

Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you

112 Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Then to be sure they do. For Certainties

Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,

The remedy then borne. Discouer to me

116 What both you spurre and stop.

Iach' Had I this cheeke

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

(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule

120 To the oaths of loyalty. This obieç, which

95. de] F3, 4; doe Fa. [pity Sir?] Fa; pitty, sir? F3; pitty, Sir? F3.

96. heartily] heartily Fa, 3, 4.

97. one Sir] Fa; one, sir! F3; once, Sir! Fa.

98. looke] Fa; look F3, 4; wrack] F3, 4; wracke Fa; disconcer F3, 4.

100. heartly] heartly Fa, 3, 4.

101. do] doe Fa; doe (I F3, do (I F3, 4.


106. speake] Fa; speake F3, 4.

107. seeming] Fa; seem F3, 4; do] F3, 4; doe Fa.

111. concerning] Fa; concerns F3, 4.

112. resolv] Fa; resolue Fa.

113. then] Fa; than F3, 4.

115. borne] Fa; borne Fa, 4.

117. Iach'] Iach. Fa, 3; Iach.

118. ches] ches Fa; check Fa; check F3.

119. every] every Fa; very Fa, 4.

120. To'] To th' Oath Fa, 3; To th' Oath F4, loyalty.

Loyalty Fa, 3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauwer with lippes as common as the flyres
That mount the Capitoll : Ioyne griptes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour: ) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illuistruous as the smookie light
That's fed with flinking Tallow : it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell shoude at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Britaine.

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

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deerest Soule : your Caufe doth strike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me fikke. A Lady
So faire, and fatten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ft King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hy'red, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld : with difeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmitis for Gold,
Which rottenneffe can lend Nature. Such boyld stuffe
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[. 7]

[p. 375. As well might poynon Poyfon. Be reueng'd,
cot. 1.] Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

_Imo._ Reueng'd:

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

_Imo._ Should he make me
156 Line like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your despight, vpon your purfe: reuenge it.
I dedicate my felle to your sweet pleasure,
160 More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faft to your Affection,
Still close, as fure.

_Imo._ What hoa, _Pisianio_?

_Imo._ Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou wouldst haue told this tale for Vertue, not
163 For such an end thou feek'st, as bafe, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
172 Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, _Pisianio_?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted

---

152. Heart] heart Fa, 4.
154. should] Fa: shall F3, 4.
155-5. sheets, While] sheets Whiles Fa, 3, 4.
158. purse] Fa, 3; Purse F4.
159. selfe] Fa; self F3, 4.
160. There] Fa, 3; than F4, bed
F4, 3; Bed F4.
163. Ao] Fa, 3; ao Fa.
165. doe] Fa, 4.
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A fawne Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beaftly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hon, Pijanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferves thy truft, and thy moft perfect goodneffe
Her affir'd credit. Blessed line you long,
A Lady to the worthieft Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miftris, onely
For the moft worthieft fit. Give me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truett manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongft men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princeffe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a faffe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

204  Imo. All's well Sir:
     Take my powre i'th Court for yours.
     Iach. My humble thanks : I had almost forgot
     T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,

208  And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
     Your Lord, my felse, and other Noble Friends
     Are partners in the businesse.
     Imo. Pray what is't?

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

216  In France: 'tis Plate of rare duice, and Jewels
     Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
     And I am something curious, being strange
     To haue them in safe flowage: May it please you

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

224  In my Bed-chamber.
     Iach. They are in a Trunke
     Attended by my men: I will make bold
     To send them to you, onely for this night:

228  I must aboard to morrow.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Ino. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech : or I shall short my word

By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,

I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise

To see your Grace.

Ino. I thank you for your paines:

But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, do'nt to night,

I haue out-flood my time, which is material

To' th'tender of our Present.

Ino. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,

And truely yelded you : you're very welcome. 

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such lucke? when I kist

the Iacke ypon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-

dred pound on't : and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes, col. 1

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine 4

oathes of him,and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate

with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would 8

haue run all out.

232. By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,

232. p. 372, col. 2

236. Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

240. To' th'tender of our Present.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any stander by to curtall his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

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

2. To have smelt like a Foose.

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

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

24 Clot. Sayest thou ?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake evryy Companion, that you gie offence too.

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

2 I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

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

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

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

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

36 Leonatus Friends.

10. swear[e] F2; swear F3, 4.
11. curtall F2; curtal F3, curtail F4; oathes F2; oaths F3; Oaths F4.
12. No my Lord F2, 3; No, my Lord F4; earres F2; ears F3; Ear F4.
13. give F2, 3; being F2, 3; been F4, Rank F2; Rank F3, 4.
15. smelt[ed] F2; smelt F3, 4.
17. smelt[ed] F2; fool F3; Fool F4.
18. earth F2; the earth F3; the Earth F4.
25. only F2; only F3, 4.
31. here F2; hear F2, hear F3, 4.
32. Court night F2; Court to night F3, 4; Court to Night F4.
34. Fellow F2; Fellow F3, 4.
36. Friends F2; Friends F3, 4; Friens F4; friends F3.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline

Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, [p. 376, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger? col. 1]
1. One of your Lordships Pages.
Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?
2. You cannot derogate my Lord.
Clot. Not easiely I thinke.
3. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.
Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I have loft to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.
4. Ile attend your Lordship.
Exit. 48

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeld the world this Affe: A woman, that Bears all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, Aud leave eightene. Alas poore Princeffe, Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd, Ay Mother hourlye coyning plots: A Wooer, More hauetfull then the foule expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Aft Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Kepe vnshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stond T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. Exeunt.
Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

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

La. Plead you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

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

8 Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock,
I prysthe call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,

12 From Fayries, and the Temters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd shefe

Reipaires it selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus

16 Did sofly preffe the Rufhes, ere he waken'd

The Chaftitie he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'th thy Bed; freth Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

20 But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deeerly they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
36

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o’th’Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-ppeepe her lids.
To see th’inclofed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder thefe windowes, White and Azure lac’d
With Blew of Haueens owne tinck. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and fuch pictures: There the window, fuch
Th’adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why fuch, and fuch: and the Contents o’th’Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meurer Moueables
Would teftifie, t’enrich mine Inventorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, yye dull ypon her,
And be her Senfe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
’Tis mine, and this will wittneffe outwardly,
As strongly as the Confciencie do’s within :
To’th’ madding of her Lord. On her left breft
A mole Cinque-spotted; Like the Crimfon drops
I’th’botome of a Cowslippe. Here’s a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick’d the lock, and t’ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why shoold I write this downe, that’s riueted,
Screw’d to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 370. The Tale of Teres, heere the leaffes turn'd downe
col. 2] Where Philomela gaue vp. I hane enough,
To'th Trunckke againe, and shut the spring of it.
51 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heavenny Angel : hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

54 One, two, three : time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1 1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the
most coldeft that ever turn’d vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to losse.

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

Clot.

[p. 377; Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get
col. 1] this foolifh Imogen, I should have Gold enough: it’s al-
most morning, is’t not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muficke would come: I am admis-
se to give her Muficke a mornings, they say it will pen-
trate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-

50. Tw’th Trunckke] To th Trunckke F3; To th’ Trunck F3, 4. againe] F3; again F3, 4.
53. heavenly] heavenly F3, 3; Heavenly F4 (some copies). 
Angell] F2; Angel F3, 4.

10. morning] F3, 3; Morning F4.

I am advised to] I am advised to F3, 4. I am advised to F3.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[II. 3]

gerine, so: wee'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let [p. 377, her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excel. col. 1] lent good concetyd thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consid-der.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Lark at Heauens gate sing s, and Phoebus gins arife,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arife:

Arife, arife.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Musick the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares 28 which Horfe-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaue Eugun to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reafon 32 I was vp fo earely: he cannot choofe but take this Ser-vice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-iefty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will the not forth?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Clot. I have assay’d her with Musickes, but the vouch-col. I fails no notice.

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

44 Qu. You are most bound to’th King,
Who let’s go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter : Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended

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

52 Saue when command to your disposition tends,
And therein you are fenelleffe.

Clot. Senelhoffe? Not so.

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

56 The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that’s no fault of his : we must receyue him

60 According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice : Our deere Sonne,
When you have gien good morning to your Mistris

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

58, assay’d F4; assay’d Fb F3, 3, 4.
40-1. worn, She new, She F3, F3, 3, 4.
44. mens. wear Fb, wear F4, 3.
44. Qu. F4; Que. Fb, 3. to’t King F3, 4.
45. left I let F3, 3, 4, 40 F3, 4.
46. Preferre Fb, 3; Prefer Fb, 3; Daughter F3, 3.

47. solicity solicits F3, 3, 4.
48. aptnesse Fb, 3; aptness Fb, 3.
49. Servises[ Services F4, Services F3; services F3, 4, seem] Fb, seem F3, 4.
50. do! F3, 4; doe Fb.
52. her, Same, her. Save Fb, 3, 4.
53. senseless Fb, 3; senseless Fb, 3.
54. Senseless Fb, 3; Senseless Fb, 3.
55. Ambassadors Fb, 3, 4; Ambassadors F3, 4; from F3, 4; fr from Fb.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Come our Queene.

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

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlemans Sonne.

La. That's more

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

Clot. Your Ladies perfon, is the ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

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

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

67. [de] Fa.; Ple Fa.; I'll Fa.  
speake] Fa. 3. 4. not
Let] not; Let Fa. 3. 4. not.
Let Fa.; 4. not. Let Fa.;
68. dreame] Fa.; dream Fa. 4.
Ana] Fa.; bo Fa. 3. 4.
70. doe] Fa. 3. 4. doe Fa. hande] hande; Fa.; hande; tis Fa. 3. 4.
Gold] gold Fa. 3. 4.
71. buyet] Fa. 3. 4. buyet Fa.; yea,
and] yea and Fa. 3. 4.
72. yeeld] Fa.; yield Fa. 3. 4.
73. Deere] Fa.; Deere Fa. 4.
Stealer] Fa. 4. o'th Stealer Fa. 3.  
tis Gold] tis gold Fa.; tis gold Fa. 3. 4.
74. 75. Thref] Fa.; Thief Fa. 4.
76. doe] Fa. 3. 4. doe Fa. vndoo] vndoo Fa. 3. 4. undo Fa. 3. 4.
78. selfe] Fa.; self Fa. 3. 4.
3. 4.
81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92.  
3. 4.  
93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99.  
3. 3. 4.  
92.  
93.  
94.
Ere Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sir, yeer your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines

For purchasing but trouble : the thankes I give,

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

Clot. Still I sweare I lose you.

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

100 If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,

104 I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall unfold equall discourtesse
To your beft kinduesse : one of your great knowing
Should learene (being taught) forbearance.

108 Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my fin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

112 Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much forry (Sir)'
You put me to forget a Ladies manners

116 By being fo verball : and learene now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

And am so near the lacke of Chariche
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

CLOT. You finne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contraet you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dilies,
With scraps o'th Court: It is no Contrat, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependance)
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figurd knot,
Yet you are curbd from that enlargement, by
The confecution o'th Crown, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slawe,
AHilding for a Liurie, a Squires Cloth,
A. Pantler; not so eminent.

IMO. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert too base,
To be his Groome: thou wert dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be fil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingsdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

CLOT. The South-Fog rot him.

IMO. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'ft Garment
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 378, col. 1] That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer

In my respect, then all the Heires above thee,

Were they all made such men: How now Pijanio?

Enter Pijanio,

Clot. His Garments: Now the diuell.

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am squired with a Fools,

Frighted, and angred worne: Go bid my woman

Search for a Jewell, that too causally

Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me

If I would loose it for a Reuenew,

Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: Confident I am.

Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kis'd it,

That I kifie aught but he.

Pif. 'Twill not be loft.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

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

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

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

But the worst of me. So I leane your Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

Clo. Ile bereueng'd:

His meanit Garment? Well.

Enter Pothumus, and Philario

Poth. Fear it not Sir: I would I were so sure

To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour

Will remain her's.

Phil. What means ye do you make to him?

Poth. Not any: but abide the change of Time,

Quake in the present wintres state, and with

That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope

I barely gratifie your loue; they sayling,

I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,

Ore-pays all I can do. By this your King,

Hath heard of Great Augustus: Caius Lucius,

Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,

Or looke vpon our Romanes, whose remembrance

Is yet freth in their grieue.

Poth. I do beleue

(Statif though I am none, nor like to be)

That this will prove a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order’d, then when Julius Cæsar
24 Smil’d at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
( Now wing-led with their courages ) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, fuch
28 That mend vpon the world. Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See Iachimo.

Poft. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kifs’d your Sahles,
32 To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

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

36 Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayreft that I haue look’d vpon
Poft. And therewithall the beft, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Cafement to allure false hearts,
40 And be fale with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.

Poft. Their tenure good I truft.

Iach. "Tis very like.

44 Poft. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Iach. He was expected then, But not approach'd.

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

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

Pofi. The Stones too hard to come by.

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

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

Iach. Good Sir, we must If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought The knowledge of your Mifris home, I grant We were to question farther; but I now Proseffe my selfe the winner of her Honor, Together with your Ring; and not the wronger Of her, or you having proceeded but By both your willes. 

Pofi. If you can mak't apparant That you haue tafted her in Bed; my hand, And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion You had of her pure Honour; gainses, or looses,
[II 4]  

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.  

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

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances  
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,  
78 Must first induce you to beleue; whose strenth  
I will confirme with h oath, which I doubt not  

[p. 380] You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde  
col. 1] You neede it not.  

Poft. Proceed.  

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber  
84 (Where I confesse I slept not, but profease  
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang’d  
With Tapisry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
88 And Sidus swell’d above the Bankes, or for  
The preffe of Boates, or Pride. A pcece of Worke  
So brauely done, so rich, that it did strieue  
In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder’d  
92 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought  
Since the true life on’t was ——  

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

Iach. More particulars  
Muft iustifie my knowledge.  

Poft. So they muft,  
100 Or doe your Honour inury.  

Iach. The Chimney

74. Sword, or] F3; Sword or F3;  
4. Masterlesse] F3; 3; Master- 
4. lesse F3;  
75. And] Fs: find F3, 4.  
77. near] F3, 3; near F4. Truth]  
truth F3, 3, 4.  
78. believe; whose] beleue;  
whose F3, 3, 4.  
79. confess] F3, 3; confirm F4- 
earth] F3, 3; Oath F4.  
80. You'll You'll] F3, 3, 4. find]  
F3, F4.  
81. need] F3; need F3, 4.  
83. Bed-chamber] F3, 3; Ped- 
chamber F4.  
84. confess] F3, 3; confess F4.  
professe] F3, 3; profess F4.  
86. Sidus] F3; Silk F3, 4.  
Bankes] F3; Banks F3, 4.  
89. press] F3, 3; press F3, Boate-  
press F3, Boates]  
F3; Boats F3, 4.  

Pride; A F3, 3, 4.  

Aerce] F3; piece F3, 4. Worke] F3; Work-  
F3, 4.  
92. Workemanship] F3; Work-  
manship F3, 4.  
94. iustifie] iustifie F3, 3; justify F4.  
knowledge; Past] F3; knowl- 
edge Past F3, 4.  
100. doe] F3; do F3, 4. Honour]  
F3, 4; Honor F3.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

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

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

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

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

Paft. Iowe——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-fell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Poft. May be, the pluck'd it off
To fend it me.

Iach. She writes fo to you? doth shee?

Poft. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,

It is a Baflisake into mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Louse,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable the loft it: or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolen it from her.

Poft. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolen.

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

Poft. Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not looie it: her Attendants are

All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steele it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

The Cognisance of her incontinencie
Is this : the hath bought the name of Whore, thus deely
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselfes betweene you.

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

Poet. Neuer talke on’t :
She hath bin colt by him.

Iach. If you seeke
For further satisfying, under her Breast
(Worthy her preffing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kift it, and it gave me preffent hunger
To fede againe, though full. You do remember

This faine upon her?

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

Iach. Will you heare more ?

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

Iach. Ile be sworne.

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

Iach. Ile deny nothing.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[II. 4]

Paft. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-mele:

Phil. Quite beseides


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

Her Father. Ile do something.

Exeunt.

The govenment of Patience. You have wonne:

Lach. With all my heart.

Enter Posthumus.

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

Must be half-workes? We are all Bastsirs,

And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my Father, was, I know not where

When I was stampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles

Made me a counterfeite: yet my Mother feem'd

The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife

The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!

Me of my lawfull pleasure she refraint'd,

And pray'd me oft forbearance: did i t with

A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;

That I thought her

As Chafe, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!

This yellow Iachimo in an hour, was't not?

Or leffe; at firft? Perchance he spoke not, but

Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a I armen on,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, shou'd oppo'se, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Luft, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For enuen to Vice
They are not conftant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

Exit. 228

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cesar with vs?
Luc. When Julius Cesar (whose remembrance yet
Lines in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues

[214. there?] F2, 4: there F3.

[II. 4] [p. 380 col. 1]
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 380, Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
col. 1] And Conquer'd it, Cæsivlan thine Vnkle
(Famous in Cæsars prayses, no whit leffe
Then in his Feats deferring it) for him,
8 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeereely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.
Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
12 Shall be fo euer.

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

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to refume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
20 The Kings your Ancesters, together with
The naturall braueny of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskalable, and roaring Waters,
24 With Sands that will not bære your Enemies Boates,
But fùcke them vp to th' Top-maft. A kinde of Conquest
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with flame
28 (The firstt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shels mou’d vpon their Surges, crack’d
As easil’y gainft our Rockes. For joy whereof,
The fam’d Caffibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to mafter Cefars Sword,
Made Luds-Towne with reioying-Fires bright,
And Britaines frut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there’s no more Tribute to be paid : our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time : and (as I
said) there is no mo such Cefars, other of them may have
crook’d Nofes, but to owe such ftraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

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

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Cefars Ambition,
Which swell’d so much, that it did almost fretch
The fides o’th’World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoke vpon’s; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our felues to be, we do. Say then to Cefar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain’d our Lawes, whose vfe the Sword of Cefar

31. Eggeshels] mou’d] Egge-
shels mou’d F3; Eggeshels,
mov’d F3, 4. Surges, crack’d
Surges crack’d F3, 4, 32. [gainst] F3, 4; gainst F3.
Rockes] F3; Rocks F3, 4.
35. Luds-Towne] F3; Luds-Town
F3; Lud’s-Town F4.
36. Britaines] Britaines F3; Brita-
tains F3, 4.
37. [there’s] F3, 4; theres F3;
paid: our] paid: our F3;
paid. Our F3, 4.
38. Kingdome] F3, 3; Kingdom
F4. than] F3, 3; than F4.
39. we] more F3, 3, 4.
40. strait] F3; strait F3, 4.
Armes] F3, 3; Arms F3.
42. Cassibelain] Cassibelain F3, 3.
44. doe] F3; do F3, 4.
45. Moon] F3, 4; Moone F2.
46. else Sir] F3; else sir F3; else,
Sir F4. pocket, we] F3; pocket:
we F3, 4.
49. Romans, did] F3, 3; Romans
did F4.
50. Cauers] F3, 3; Cauar’s F4.
here] F3; here F3, 4.
53. yoke] F3; yoke F3, 4.
54. vpon’s, which] Upon’s, which
F3, 4.
55. doe] F3.
Sword] F3; sword F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmiutius made our laws
Who was the firft of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call’d
Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Cezar, that hath moe Kings his Servants, then
Thy selfe Domestificke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In Cezars name pronounce I ’gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be refisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather’d Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooves me keepe at vterrance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prove fo speake.
Clot. His Maiesty bides you welcome. Make pa-
ftime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[III. 2]

terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt- [p. 380,
water-Girdle : if you beate vs out of it, it is yours : if you col. 2]
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you : and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine :
All the Remaine, is welcome. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pijunio reading of a Letter.

Pij. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus :
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed ) hast prevail'd
She's punifh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; fuch Assualts
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Faqt comes to? Doo't: The Letter.

Enter Pijunio F4; Pisanio F3, 3; terms F4.

8. [learned] F4 ; final F5, 4.
86. [Crowes] F4 ; Crowes F3, 4.
87. therec F4, 4; theree F4.
88. [Scarr] F4; Scarr F3. 7; Sir F4.
90. Remaine] F4 ; Remain F3, 4.
[welcome] F4, 4; welcom F4.

Scena Secunda F4, 4; Scena Se-
cunda F4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 381, That I have sent her, by her owne command, col. 1] Shall give thee opportunity. Oh damn’d paper, Blacke as the Inke that’s on thee: seneleffe bauble, Art thou a Fredarie for this Aet; and look’st So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

24. *Imo.* How now *Pifando*?

*Pif.* Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

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

Oh, learn’d indeed were that Atronomer

28. That knew the Starres, as I his Charactors,

Heel’d lay the Future open. You good Gods,

Let what is heere contain’d, reliff of Loun, Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not

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

Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,

For it doth physicke Loun, of his content,

All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: bleft be

36 You Bees that make these Lockeys of counsaile. Louers,

And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,

Though Forseytourys you caft in prisone, yet

You clape young *Capids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

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

rest of Creatures] would even renew me with your eyes. Take [p. 381, notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your col. I] owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wisheth you all happysef, that remaines loyalle to his Vow, and your encrea-

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horfe with wings: Hear'ft thou Pijanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane afferes
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pijanio,
Who long'ft like me, to see thy Lord; who long'ft
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ft
But in a fainer kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this fame blest Milford. And by' th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T'inerite such a Hauen. But firft of all,
How we may fleale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but firft, how ger hence.
Why should excuse be borne or e're begot?
Weele talke of that hereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?

[COL. 2]
Pij'. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,

54. (thick') Fa; thick Fa. 4.
55. (thick') Fa; thick Fa. 4.
56. (Loues) Fa; Loues Fa. 4.
57. (smothering) Fa; smothering Fa. 4.
58. (hence) Fa; hence Fa. 4.
59. (hence) Fa; hence Fa. 4.
60. (Twixt) Fa; Twixt Fa. 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 381, col. 2]  

Imo. Why, one that rode to’s Excursion Man, 

Could neuer go so slowe: I haue heard of Riding wagers, 

72 Where Horfes haue bin nimbler then the Sands 

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

Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say 

She’le home to her Father; and prouide me presently 

76 A Riding Suit: No coftlier then would fit 

A Franklins Huswife.

Piya. Madam, if your beft consider. 

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

80 Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them 

That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee, 

Do as I bid thee: There’s no more to say: 

83 Accessible is none but Milford way. 

Exit.

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

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

Whose Roofe’s as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate 

Infructis you how t’adore the Heauen; and bowes you 

4 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches 

Are Arch’d so high, that Giants may iet through 

And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without 

Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,

---

70. Excursion Man.] Execution, 

Man, F2 (some copies); Execution, 

Man, F5, 3, 4. 

72. bin [F2; been F3, 4, 5, 6. 

F2, 3, 4; than F4. 

73. behalfe [F2; behalf F3, 4. 

74. faigne [F2; feigne F3, 4. 

75. She’le [F2; She’ll F3, 4. 

Father; and F2, and F5, 3, 4. 

76. there] F2, 3; than F4. 

77. huswife [F2, 3; Houswife 

F4. 

78. Piya] Pia F2, 3, 4. 

79. nor heere, nor heere; Nor] nor heere, nor heere, Nor F2; nor 

here, nor here, Nor F3, 4. 

80. them That] F2; them, That 

F3, 4. 

81. looke] F2; look F4, 4. prythe 

F4. 

82. There’s] F2; there’s F4, 4. 

83. Scena Tertia] F3, 4; Scena Ter 

tica F2. 

1. haile] F2; keep F3, 4. 

2. Roof(e’s) F2, 3; Roof’s F2, 

lone] lowe F3, 3, 4. Sleepe Boyes] 

F2; Sleepe Boys F3; Sleep, 

Boys F4. 

3. borne] F2; bows F3, 4. 

4. Monarches] F2; Monarchs F 

5, 6. best] F2; keep F3, 4. Tur 

bonds] Turbonds F2, 3, 4. 

7. Haile thou] F2; Hail thou F3; 

Hail, thou F4, faire] F2; fair 

F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

We house i’th’ Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Gud. Haile Heauen.

Arur. Haile Heauen.

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

Gui. Out of your prooue you speake: we poore vnsheld’d
Haue neuer wing’d from view o’th’neft; nor knowes not
What Ayre’s from home. Hap’ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding

8. Rocke [F2; Rock F5 4.
9. hardly] [Ar]; Fa; hardly, As
11. Mountaine] Fa; mountaine F
12. young] F5 3; F4; hill, Your F6.
13. yee] Fa; legs F3; legs F4
14. our] young Fa, 3 4; Ile] Fs; Ile F5, 4.
15. your, and] lesson’s and Fa, F5 4; sets off, And] sets off And
18. This Service is not Service] This service, is not Service Fa.
19. legges] F5 3; Fa; legs F4; legs F5 4; legs F4.
23. Then] F5 3; than F4.
24. Nobler, then] F4 3; Nobler
25. then] F4; than F4.
26. then] F4; than F4.
27. gain] Fa; gain F4.
28. Booke] Fa; Book F3 4; uncross’d no F3 4; uncross’d no F3 4.
30. Ayre’s] Fa; Air’s F5, 4.
31. knowne] Fa; know not F5 3 4.
32. knowne] Fa; known.
33. Well] Fa; known.

[III. 3] [p. 381, col. 2]
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travaulling a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

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

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

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose fals Oathes preuayl’d
Before my perfect Honor, iwor to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demeines, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu’d at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to th’Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison firft, shall be the Lord o’th’Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poyfon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleys.

*Exeunt.*

How hard it is to hide the sparker of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to th’King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alie.
They thinke they are mine,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

And though train'd vp thus meanely
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trickey of others. This Paladour,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Guiderius. Ioue,
When on my three-foote footle I fit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I fet my footle on's necke, even then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou did'st vniustly banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole those Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refits me of my Lands. Euripile,
Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graine:
My felle Belarius, that am Mergan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.
Enter Pifanio and Imogen.

IMO. Thou told'st me when we came fro' horse, ye place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To fee me first, as I haue now. Pifanio, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From thi'ward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explanation. Put thy selfe
Into a hauier of leisfe feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senes. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vrntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'rance sile. My Hersbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extreamitie, which to reade
Would be eu'n mortal to me.

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

Imogen reade.

Thy Mistris (Pifanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my
*Bed*: the Testimonies whereof, Iyes bleeding in me. I speake

---

Scena Quarta

---

1. *feal* F; from F3, 4. *y place* the place F3, 4.
2. *near* F; near F3, 4. *cry* F
6. *self-explication* F; self-expli-
8. *leer* F; less F3, 4.
9. *lesse* F; less F3, 4.
14. *Husbands* F.
15. *Rechanger* F.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 382, not out of weake Surmise, but from prooue as strong as my col. 2] gréece, and as certaine as I expecct my Revenge. That part, thou (Pifano) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of her’s; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall 28 give thou opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpoze; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall.

32 Pif. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, tis Slander, Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath 36 Rides on the poynting winde, and doth belye All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States, Maides, Matrons, may the Secrets of the Graue This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

40 Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him? To wepe twixt clock and clock? If sheeple charge Nature, To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him, 44 And cry my false awake? Thats false tos bed? Is it? Pifa. Alas good Lady. Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witnisse: Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of Incontinence, 48 Thou then lookst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

[p. 383] Thy fauours good enough. Some lay of Italy

[III. 4]
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore, I am abused, a garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peece with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are women's Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growses,
But worn a Baite for Ladies.

Pif. Good Madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Synons seeing
Did scandally many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From moft true wretchedness. So thou, Psflhumus
Wilt lay the Leaue on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou feedest him,
A little withesse my obedience. Look or
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
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't a Coward.

Pif. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:

50. mother] Fs: Mother F3, 4.
52. then] Fs: then F4, 4.
56. where't] Fs: where't F4.
57. worn] Fs: worn F4, 4.
59. hear'] Fs: hear F4.
60. scandal] Fs: scandal F4.
64. perjur'd] Fs: perjur'd F4.
71. indeed] Fs: indeed F4, 4.
72. may] Fs: mayst F4.
76. Since] Fs: since F4, 4.
77. dye] Fs: dye F4, 4.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition fo Divine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,
All turn'd to Hereafter? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fools
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betrusted
Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
That didst fet vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, thatl hereafter finde
It is no use of common passage, but
A straine of Rareesse: and I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be died'd by her,
That now thou tyreff on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too low to do thy Masters bidding
When I defire it too.
Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

[III. 4]  

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.
Pif. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

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

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

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

Pif. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Moft like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pif. Not fo neither:
But if I were as wife, as honest, then
My purpose would prowe well: it cannot be,
But that my Matter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed miurie.

[III. 4]

[p. 383, col. 1]

108

112

116

120

124

128

132

111. Time] time F2, b, 4.
112. whereunto] Fs, 3, 4.
113. returne] Fs; return F3, 4.

farre] Fs, 3; far F4.
un-bent] Fs, 3; un bent F4.
Deer] Fs, 3.
looke] Fs, 3; lose F4.
Lady Heare] Lady Heare F3, 4.
Tale] Fs; Tale F3, 4.
speake] Fs; speak F3, 4.
[III. 4]  

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.  

[p. 382, 136]  

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?  

Col. 2 Pif. No, on my life:  

136 Ille glue but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody figne of it. For 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be misf at Court,  
And that will well conforme it.  

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

144 Pif. If you'll backe to th'Court.  
Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe  
With that harfb, noble, simple nothing:  
That Clotten, whose Loue-suit hath bene to me  

148 As fearefull as a Siege.  
Pif. If not at Court,  
Then not in Britaine must you bide.  
Imo. Wherethen?  

152 Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?  
Are they not but in Britaine? I th'worlds Volume  
Our Britaine feemes as of it, but not in't:  
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neft, pithyee thinke  

156 There's liuers out of Britaine.  
Pif. I am most glad  
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,  
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen  

160 To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguife
That which t’appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yes, happily, neere
The residence of Po[th]imus; so nigh (at least)
That though his Actions were not viable, yet
Report should render him hourly to your eare,
As truely as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though peril to my modeffe, not death on’t
I would adventure.

Pif. Well then, here’s the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceness
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty felpe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anwer’d, fawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rareft Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your labourfome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Pf. First, make your selfe but like one,
For thinking this. I have already fit
(‘Tis in my Clowke-bagge) Doublt, Hat, Hoof, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a feason) ‘fore Noble Lucius
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you’re happy; which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in Muficke, doubltlesse
With ioy he will embrace you: for he’s Honourable,
And doubltling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suplement.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There’s more to be consider’d: but we’ll even
All the good time will glue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

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

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.
Enter Cymbeline, Queenie, Clotern, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right forry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.
Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Conduckt ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he haue croft the Seuern. Happines. Exit Lucius, &c
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honour vs
That we have gien him caufe.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Scena Quinta, F4 4; Scena Quinta F3.
1. farre? Fa 3, 3; for Fa 4. farewell Fa.
2. Thanks Fa; Thanks Fa 3, 4.
3. Emperour Fa 3, 3; Emperour Fa.
7. yoake Fa 3, 3; yoak F4, self Fa.
8. lesse Fa 3; less Fa 4, than]
11. befall Fa 3, 3; befall Fa 4.
14. honor Fa 3, 4.
15. farewell Noble Fa 3, 4; farewell, Noble Fa.
18. weare Fa; wear Fa 3, 4.
25. bell if Fa 4; bell it Fa.
25. Tell Fa 3, 4; Tell Fa.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Col. 2.] Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
28 How it goes here. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemens be in readiness:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he mouses
32 His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
36 Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
40 A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too flight in sufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
44 Since the exile of Pnofhampus, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muft do. Befeech your Maiety,
Forbear sharpe speches to her. She's a Lady
48 So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.
Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

36. Britaines] Fa: Britains F3 4
37. wrote] F3 4: wrot F2: Emperor F3 4
38. here] F3 4: here F3 4
39. readiness] Fa: readiness F4
40. Powres] Powers Fa 3 4
so. looke] Fa: drawn F3 4
41. Quee F4 (and all after speeches in this scene)] F3 4: Fa:busi-
42. bussiness] F3 3: business F4
43. too] to F3 4
44. that it would be thus] that it should be thus F3 4
45. But my] Fa 3: But, my F4
46. Queene] Fa: Queen F3 4
47. lookes vs like] she looks as like
48. F3 3: Duty F4
49. too] to F3 4
50. she] Fa: She, Sir F3 4
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Frear, prove false.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.
Clo. That man of hers, Pifanio, her old Servant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pifanio, thou that stand'st it for Pothhumus,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he belieues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Happy dispose hath feiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feroour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd Pothhumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Britifh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline

[III. 5]

[p. 384. col. 2] Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may

84 This night fore-stall him of the comming day. Exit Qu.

Clo. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

[p. 385. col. 1] The biff the hath, and the of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgement,
92 That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be renegd'pon her. For, when Fooles shall——

Enter Pforio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?

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

Pif. Oh, good my Lord.

100 Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloce Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Posthumus?

104 From whose so many weights of base-nesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,

81. cheere] Fa; cheer F3, 4.
84. coming] Fa, 3; coming Fa.
85. love] Fa: love Fa, 3, 4. (faire) Fa; faire Fa, 4. Repolf Fa, 3.
Royal Fa.
87. Then] Fa, 3, 4; than Fa; Lady. [ladies] Woman] Fa, 3; Lady.
92. will] Fa, 3, 4; wil Fa, indeed] Fa; indeed Fa, 3, 4.
94. Fools shall—] J Fa; Fools—— Fa, 4.
95. here] Fa; here Fa, 4. pkack-
ing Sirrah[Fa, 3, 4. (sirrah) Fa; packing, sirrah Fa; packing, Sirrah Fa.
96. Pandar] Pandar Fa, 3, 4. (Villaine) Fa; Villain Fa, 3, 4.
98. straightway] Fa; straight way Fa, 4.
99. (and all speeche except the

three last] F3, 4; Pius, F3, 4.
101. ask] Fa, 3; ask F3, again F3, 4. (Villaine] Fa; F2; again F3, 4.
102. secret] secret Fa, 3, 4.
103. And] Fa; and Fa, 4.
104. weight] F3; weights Fa, 3, 4. (baseness] Fa, 3; baseness Fa.
105. dram] Fa, 3, 4; dramme F3, dramme] Fa, 4; drawn F3, 4.
106. Alas] Fa, 3, 4; Alas Fa.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

Clo. Where is the Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satisfies me home,
What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discover where thy Miftris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the infant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

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

Pif. Or this, or perih.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May prone his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

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

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder- go thoe Imployments wherein I should have caufe to vie thee with a serious indufly, that is, what villainy foere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly, I would

---

209. she Sir Fa; she, Sir F3, 4. neerer] nearer F3, 4.
311. of her] of her: F3, 3, 4.
115. Speake] Fa; Speak F3, 4.
Then, sir F3; Then, Sir F4.
121. see'] see Fa.
124. farre] F3, 3; far F4, learned.
learnes F3, 3, 4.
125. trail] travel F3; travel F4.
127. the] F3; the F4, she.
128. mayst] Fa; mayst F3, 4.
returnes return F3, 3, 4.
129. Sirra] Fa; Sirrah F3, 4.
130. think] Fa; think F3, 4.
131. Posthumus] Fa; Posthumus's F3; Posthumus's F4.
133. where] wherein F3, 3, 4.
134. serve] Fa; serve F3, 4.
perform F3, 4, truly F3; truly F3, 4.
thynke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pijf. Well, my good Lord.

140 Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patientely and constantly thou hast strucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger Poshumus, thou cant not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue mee?

Pijf. Sir, I will.

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

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

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite [col. 2] hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pijf. I shall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauens: (I forgot to him ask one thing, Ile remember it anon:) even there, thou villain Poshumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of Poshumus, in more respect then my Noble and natural person; together with the adornment of my Qualityes. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall shee see my valour, which wil then be a torment to her contempt.

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

Enter Pisianio.

Be thoes the Garments?
Pis. 1, my Noble Lord.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be 176 but dutious, and true prefferment shall tender it selfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pis. Thou bidst me to my losse: for true to thee,

Were to proove false, which I will never bee

To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow

You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede

Be crost with withowneffe; Labour be his meede.

Exit

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,

I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together

---

78 The Tragedie of Cymbeline. [III. 5]

---

165. bodie] Fs; body Fa, 4; Luft Fa, 3, 4.
166. Cloathes] Fa, 3; Clorith Fa, 2.
167. &c] Fa; 'twas Fa, 4. knock

---

176. voluntarie] voluntary Fa, 3, 4.
177. ser[et] Fa; self Fa, 4.
178. wings] Fa, 3; Wings Fa.
180. bid[st] Fa; bid'dst Fa, 3, 4. lost

---

184. Fool's Fa, 3, 4. Heavenly blessings Fa, heavenly blessings Fa 3; Heavenly Blessings Fa.
185. showes] Fa, 3; showess Fa.
186. tyr'd] Fa; tired Fa, 4. ser[et] Fa; self Fa, 4.
[p. 385, col. 2] Have made the ground my bed. I should be sicke, But that my resolution helps me: Milford, When from the Mountaine top, Pifanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane, 8 Where they should be releue'd. Two Beggers told me, I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder, 12 When Rich-ones scarfe tell true. To lapse in Fulneffe Is ferrer, then to lye for Neede: and Falhhood Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My decer Lord, Thou art one o'th'Falke Ones: Now I thinke on thee, 16 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to finke, for Food. But what is this? Heere is a path too't: 'tis some fauage hold: I were beft not call; I dare not call: yet Famine 20 Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant. Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneffe euer Of Hardineffe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere? If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if fauage, [p. 386, col. 1] Take, or lend. Hoa? No answere? Then Ile enter. 22. Butt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy But fear the Sword like me, hee'LL scarcely looke on't. Such a Foe, good Heauens. Exit.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prou'd beft Woodman, and
Are Matter of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The fweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, faourey: Weariness
Can sgnore upon the Flint, when reftie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'lt thy felse.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

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

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Cauce, we'll brouz on that

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

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

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneffe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good matters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth

3. Cooke] F4; Cook F3, 4. 'tis F3, 4; 'tis F3.
4. dyre] F3, 4; die F4.
5. worke] F4; works F3, 4. 'too' to F4, 3, 4; 'stomachers' F4; stomachs F3; stomachs F4.
12. f'th' Cauce] f'th' Cave F3, 3, we'll F3, 3, 4. brouz] F3, 3.
15. Whate'er F4, 4; what F4.
18. thorn] F3, 3; than F4.
19. master harmes] master harms F4; master harm F3, 3; master harm F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 386, I have stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found]

I Gold strewd 'th'Floore. Here's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meate; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reck'n'd, but of those

Who worship dutty Gods.

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

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele SIR: I haue a Kinman, who

Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Think vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we line in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:

Boyes, bid him welcome.

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

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

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leffe, and so more equall ballafting
To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some difeffe.

Gui. Would I could free't.

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

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cauce,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Confince feal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differning Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus falte.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boyes weel go dreffe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Difcourfe is heavy, fastening: when we haue supp'd
Weel mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

55. [Id] F3; Ile F5; I'll F4.
56. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
57. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
58. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
59. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
60. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
61. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
62. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
63. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
64. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
65. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
66. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
67. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
68. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
69. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
70. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
71. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
72. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
73. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
74. [Id] F3; I'll F4.
Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to th'Owle,
    And Morne to th'Lark leave welcome.

Imo. Thaikes Sir.

84 Arui. I pray draw neere.

Execut.

---

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britains, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
8 Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abolute Commission. Long live Caesar.
Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?
12 2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1. Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your luyie
16 Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will yee to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Execut.
Enter Cloten alone.

Clot I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pthanio have map'd it truly. How fit his Garments ferue me! Why should his Mithria who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (fauning reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike confuerant in generall seruices, and more markeable in sngle oppositions; yet this imperfeuerant Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortaltie is? Pithhumus, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mithris in 16 forced, thy Garments cut to pceces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough viage: but my Mother hauing power of his tefineffe, shall turne all in 20 to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

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

Bel. You are not well: Remain heere in the Cauce,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

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

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

Imo. So ficke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not fo Citizen a wanton, as
To feeme to dye, ere ficke: So passe you, leave me,

Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Cufome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not fociable: I am not very ficke,

Since I can reaon of it: pray you truft me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,

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

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be finne to say fo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why  
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,  
And a demand who isn't shall dye, I'd say  
My Father, not this youth.  

Bel. Oh noble striving!  
O wortinest of Nature, breed of Greatness!  
"Cowards father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bace;  
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.  
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,  
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.  
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morn.  

Arui. Brother, farewell.  

Imo. I wish ye sport.  

Arui. You health.——So please you Sir.  

Imo. These are kind Creatures.  

Gods, what Iyes I have heard:  
Our Courtiers say, all's savyage, but at Court;  
Experience, oh thou disprov'd Report.  
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dirh,  
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Phth:  
I am sicke still, heart-sick; Pifianio,  
Ile now taste of thy Drugg.  

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

[IV. 2]

[p. 387. Arui. Thus did he auwer me: yet said hereafer, col. 2] I might know more.

52 Bel. To' th' Field, to' th' Field:

Wee'le leave you for this time, go in, and reft.

Arui. Wee'le not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fiche,

56 For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you. Exit.

Bel. And shal't be euer.

60 This youth, how ere diftreft, appeares he hath had Good Aneftors.

Arui. How Angell-like he fings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

64 Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charrafteris,

And fa'we'lt our Brothes, as Imo had bin fiche,

And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yokes

68 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 flye

From fo diuine a Temple, to commix

72 With windes, that Saylors raile at.

Gui. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,

Mingle their fpures together.

76 Arui. Grow patient,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

88

And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwne
His perishing roote, with the encroasing Vine.

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

Enter Cloten.

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

Bel. Those Runnegates?

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

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

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villeaine-Mountaineers?
I haue heard of such. What Slawe art thou?

Gui. A thing
More flawish did I ne're, than aunwering
A Slawe without a knocke.

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

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yeeld to thee?

77. stinking-Elder (Greefe) stinking
Elder (Greife) Fs; stinking Elder (Griefe) F3, 4.
79. morning] Fs, 3; Morning F4.
80. Enter Cloten] F3, 4; Enter Cloten Fs; finde) Fs: finde; find F3, 4.
82. Runnegates] Fs; Runnegates F3, 4.
84. Cloten] F3; Cloten F3, 4.
85. Sonne o'th'Queene] Sonne oth' Queene; Son oth Queen F3, 4.
88. thing] Fs; thing F3, 4.
89. to whom] Fs; to whom F3, 4.
90. arms as bigge] Fs; Arme as big F3, 4.
91. yeeld] Fs; yield F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline

Clot. Thou Villaine bafe,

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascal:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,

Which (as it seemes) maketh thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank thee.

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

I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine.

Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,

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

'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know

I am Sonne to the Queene.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wife:

At Fool's I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ie follow thee that even now fled hence:

105. Rascal] F3; Rascal F4.
106. Grandfather? He] Grandfather: He Fa, 3; the se cloathes F2; those Cloathes F3; those Cloaths F4.
107. seemes] F2; seems F3, 4.
108. thankes] F2; thank F3, 4.
112. loath] F2; loth F3, 4.
115. the name] Fa, 3; thy Name F4.
119. Twould] F3, 4; Twould Fa.
120. fearre] F2; fear F3, 4.
121. meer] F3; meer F3, 4.
122. Sonne to th' Queene] F3; Son to th' Queen F4.
123. fearre] F3; fear F3, 4; the Wise: A'the Wise: At Fa, 3; 4.
124. Fool's] Fa, 3; Fool F4.
125. Twould] F3, 4; Twould Fa.
126. fearre] F3; fear F3, 4.
127. Dye the death] Fa, 3; Die the Death F4.
129. Ie] F2; Ie F3; Itt F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

And on the Gates of Lud's Towne set your heads:
Yeeld Rustick and Mountainer.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arur. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made vp,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of Fears.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,

Yeeld Rustichke Mountaineer. Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arur. 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 burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Enter Guidenius.

But see thy Brother.

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

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Sonne to the Queen (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountainer, and swore

90

[IV. 2]

[p. 388,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 388] With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in,

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow

And set them on Ludo-Toume.

160 Bel. We are all vsdone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law

Proteests not vs, then why should we be tender,

164 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat vs?

Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

[Col. 2] For we do feare the Law. What company

Discover you abroad?

168 Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason

He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor

Was nothing but mutation, I, and that

172 From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,

Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rau'd

To bring him heere alone: although perhaps

It may be heard at Court, that fitch as wee

176 Cause heere, hunt heere, are Out-laws, and in time

May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,

(As it is like him) might brake out, and sweare

Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable

180 To come alone, either he fo undertaking,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,

If we do feare this Body hath a taile
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

More perillous then the head.

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

Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles sickenc’sse
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did wawe against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw’t into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fithes, hee’s the Queenes Soune, Clothen,
That’s all I reake.

Exit.

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

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

Bel. Well, ’tis done:
Wee’l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there’s no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and Fidele play the Cooke’s: Ile stay
Till hafty Polidore returne, and bring him
To dinner prefently.

Arui. Poore fickle Fidele.

[1V. 2]

[IV. 2] [p. 388, col. 2]

183. perillous Fa; perillous Fb. 4. 187. hadst’t Fa; hadst Fb. 4. 190. feare Fa; fere twill Fa; 193. seeke] Fa; seek Fb. 4. 205. brotherly] Fa; brother Fa. 185. howsoere Fa; howsoere Fb. 4. 190. Fideles Fa; a Fidele’s Fa. 200. Polidore] Fa; Polidore, I 203. returne] Fa; return Fb. 4. 206. Wee’l Fa; Wee’ll Fb. 4. 209. returne] Fa; return Fb. 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 388, Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour, 
coL. 2] I'd let a parif of such Clotens blood,
And praife my selfe for charity. 

Exit.

Bel. Oh thou Godiffe,

216 Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'ft
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough

220 (Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rudd'ft winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him floope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuible instinct should frame them

224 To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not feene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beeene fow'd: yet still it's strange

228 What Clotens being here to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

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

Solemn Myrck.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Heare Polidore) it founds: but what occasion

236 Hath Cadwal now to giue it motion? Hearke.

Gui. Is he at home?

---

217 [-] Fa; Th F3; I'll F4.
218 [I'll] Fa; gain Fa, 4.
219 [I'll] Fa, 3; I'd F4, parish.
F3; Parish F3, 4.
219 sel/ie Fa; self Fa, 4. charity.
F3, 3; Charity F4.
220 Goddesses] Fa, 3; Goddess Fa.
220 thou thy self] thou thy selfe
F3, 3; thou (first thou omitted) F4.
221 Mountain] Fa; Mountain.
220 stoope to th'Vale] stoope to
th'Vale F3; stoope to th'Vale F4, 'Tis.
220 stoope to th'Vale F3; stoope to th'Vale F4. 'Tis.
221, 4. Honour F3, 4.
221, seen] Fa; seen F3, 4. valour.
F3; Valour F3, 4.
222, 3. 4. wildly] wildly Fa, 3. 4.
222, yields] Fa; yields F3, 4.
222, here] Fa; here F3, 4.
222, EnterGui| Enter Gui Guiderus.
223, down] Fa; down F3. 4.
231, streame] Fa; streame in F3, 4.
232, Bodie's hostage] Fa; Bodie's
232, hostage F3, 4.
233, hie] Fa, 4; h s (I dropped out) F3, returns.
233, return] Fa; return
F4, 4.
234, Solemn Musicke] Fa, 4; Solemn
234, Musicke Fa.
235, Cadwal] Fa; Cadwal F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline. [IV. 2]

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean?

Since death of my sweet Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should anfwer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is sillity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwaff mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.

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

Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from friteene yeares of Age, to fixy:
To haue turn’d my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this.

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

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

239. [meane] F3; mean F3, 4.
241. speaks] F3; speak F3, 4.
244. grief] F3; grief F3, 4.
245. in his Armes] F3, 3; in his Armes F3.
246. Looke, here] F3; Look here

248. sixteene] F3; sixteen F3, 4.
249. yeares] F3, 3; years F4.
250. Then] F3, 3; Than F4.
251. seen] F3; seen FF, 4.
255. to show what Coast] to show that Coast F3, 3.
257. easelieft] F3, 3; easelieft F4.
259. a most rare Boy] F3; a more rare Boy F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 389. Arui. Starke, as you fee:
col. 1] Thus smilling, as some Fly had tickled dumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

268 Gui. Where?

Arui. O'th'floor:
His armes thus leagued, I thought he slept, and put
My clowned Brogues from off my feete, whose rudeneffe

272 Answ'er'd my steps too lowd.

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

276 And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With fairest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lafts, and I live heere, Fidele,
Ile sweeten thy fad graue: thou shalt not lacke

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

284 With Charitabe bill (Oh bill fore shaming
Those rich-left-beyres, th at let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and fur'd Moss befides. When Flowres are none

288 To winter-ground thy Coarse——

Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Which is so serius. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To’th’graeue.

Arui. Say, where shall’s lay him?
Gui. By good Euripheile, our Mother.

Arui. Bee’to f:o:

And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannh’th crack ke, sing him to’th’ground
As once to our Mother: write like note, and words,
Saue that Euripheile, must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: Ie weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worfe
Then Priefts, and Phanes that lye.

Arui. Wee’ll speake it then.

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

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as Aias,
When neyther are alive.

[IV. 2]

[p. 389, col. 1]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]

[IV. 2]
[IV. 2]

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 389, Arui. If you'll go fetch him,
col. 2.] We'll say our Song the whil'mst: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay Cadwail, we must lay his head to th'Eaft,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

324 Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

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

Arui. Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,
Thou art paid the Tirants stroke,
Care no more to cloth and eate,
To thee the Reed is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightnings flash.
Arui. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.
Gui. Fear not Slander, Censures rafh.

340 Arui. Thou hast finish'd Joy and more.
Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
Confine to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcifor harme thee,

318. you'll] Fa. ; you'll'] F3. 4.
319. We'll] Fa. ; We'll'] F3. 4.
320. Head] F3. 3 ; Head F4.
321. F4. 4 ; Tin F5.
324. Fear no more the heat] Fa. ; Fear no more the
frown F3. 4, of th' Sun] F3. 4 ; oth' Sun F4.
325. worldly] F3. 3 ; Worlidy F4.
326. gone] done F3. 4.
328. take F3. 4.
332. F4. ; Fear no more the
frown] Fa. ; Fear no more the
frown F3. 4, oth' Great] F3. 4.
336. Reed] Fa. ; Reed F3. 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.
Guid. Ghost un laid forbeare thee.
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.
Both. Quiet confusion have,
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are firewings fi'tt for Graues : vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd : eu'en fo
Thefe Herbelets shall, which we vpon you firew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firft, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, fo are their paine. Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

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

344. charmes] Fs, 3; charm Fs, 4; fobear (r dropped out) Fs, 4.
346. meere] Fs; near Fs, 4.
348. grand] Fs, 3; Grave Fs, 4.
Enter Belarius] Fs, 3; Enter Belarius F's: of Cloten.] of Cloten, Fs, 3, 4.
350. aume] Fs; down Fs, 4.
354. Here's a few Flowres] Fs; Here's a few flowers (e omitted) Fs, 4.
Flowers] Fs; Flowers Fs, 4.

358. paint] Fs; pain Fs, 4.
361. sthether] stibies Fs, 3, 4.
362. sters] Fs; sters Fs, 4.
363. 'Faith, Ile] Fs; faith, Ile Fs, 4.
364. sleep] Fs; sleep Fs, 4.
365. Cooke] Fs; Cooke Fs, 4.
368. 'Twas] Fs, 4; Twas Fs.
[IV. 2] The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 399. Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes, col. 1] Are sometimes like our Iud gements, blinde. Good faith I tremble still with fear: but if there be
372 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie As a Wrens eye; feard Gods, a part of it. The Dreame's heere fill: euen when I wake it is Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
376 A headlesse man? The Garments of Poethmus?
I know the shape of s Legge: this is his Hand: His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face
380 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. Pifanio,
All Curves madded Hecuba guae the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell Cloten,
384 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read, Be henceforth tre acherous. Damn'd Pifanio,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifanio)
From this moift brauert vesfell of the world
388 Strooke the maine top! Oh Poethmus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that? Pifanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifanio?
392 'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugg he gave me, which hee said was precious
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to th'Senrs? That confirmes it home:
This is Pifanio's deede, and Cloten: Oh!
Gieue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to thofe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

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

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirrd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promife Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenn's Brother.

Luc. When expext you them?

Cap. With the next benefite o'th'winde.

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

Sooth. Laft night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I faft, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(col. 1) (Vnleffe my finnes abufe my Diuination)
(col. 2) Success to th' Roman hoarf.

424  Luc. Dreame often so,
And neuer fal fe. Soft hoa, what truncke is here?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
428 Or dead, or sleepeing on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the deffunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

432  Cap. He's alie my Lord.

Luc. Hee'赶 then inuct vs of this body: Young one,
Inform vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
436 Thou mak'raft thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interef
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?

440 What art thou?

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

Finde such another Matter.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'ft no leffe with thy complaining, then
Thy Matter in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

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

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'ft approye thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not fay
Thou shalt be so well mäster'd, but be fure
No leffe belou'd. The Romane Emperor Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, shoul not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Matter from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' threwo'd his graue
And on it fai'd a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile wepe, and sigbe,
And leaung fo his scruice, follow you,
So please you entertain me mee.

Luc. I good youth,
[IV. 3]  

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.  

[p. 390. And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,  
col. 2] The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs  
Finde out the prettie Dazzied-Poit we can,  
476 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans  
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd  
By thee, to vs, and he shall be inter'd  
As Soldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,  
480 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arife.  

*Exeunt*

---

Scena Tertia.

---

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piyanio.

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

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

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

---

476. and] Fa. 3; than Fa. 4.  
476. Finde] F3; Find Fa. 4.  
477. hee's] he is Fa. 3. 4.  
479. cheerefull; wipe] cheerefull, wipe Fa. 4; cheerefull, wipe F3;  
cheereful, wipe F4.  
480. some] Fa. 3; falls Fa. 4; meanes] Fa. 34.  
Scena Tertia] Fa. 34; Scena Tertia Fa.  

---

1. Againe] Fa. 3; Again F3 4.  
*bring me word]* Fa. 4; bring we word F3 4.  
3. Feauour] Feauour Fa. 4; Feauer  
F3. 4.  
5. madenes] Fa. 4; madness F3 4.  
7. fearfull] Fa. 4; fearfull  
Warrres Fa. 4; fearfull  
Warrres F3 4.  
8. needfull] Fa. 4; needful Fa.  
me, past] ms, ms, past Fa. 3 4.  
13. Si, my] Fa. 34; Sir my Fa.  
15. remains] Fa. 4; remains F3 4.
Nor when the purposés returne.  Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Servant.

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

Cym.  The time is troublesome:
We'll flipp you for a seafon, but our iealousie
Do's yet depend.

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

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

Nor heare I from my Mitris, who did promis

To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I

What is betide to Cloten, but remaine

Perplex in all. The Heauens still must worke:

Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.

These present warres shall finde I love my Country,

Even to the note o'th King, or Ile fall in them:

All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,

Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyfe is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to Locke it

From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope

Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines

Muff, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs

For barbarous and vnnatural Reuolts

During their vie, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,

Wec'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v.

To the King's party there's no going: newnesse

Of Cloten's death (we being not knowne, not musteer'd

[Col. 2]

44. hear I from my Mistres [F3, 4; F2: hear I from my Mistress F3, 4]
45. yeeld me often tydings] F3, 4; yield me often tidings F3, 4
46. Cloten] F3, 4; Cloten F4, remains] F3, 4; remain F3, 4
47. workes] F2: work F4, 4
49. warre] F3, 3; wars F4, 4
3. pleasure Sir] F2: pleasure, Sir
3. slay us or] slay us or F2: slay us, or F4, 4
8. unnaturall] F2: unnatural
10. Sonnes] F2, 3; Sons F2
11. We'll] F3, 4; We'll F3, 4
11. Mountaines] F2; Mountains F3, 4; secure v.; secure us F3, 4, 4
12. King's] F2: King's F3, 4
3. known] F2; known F3, 4
3. Britanies] F2; Britains F3, 4
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Among the Bands) may drive vs to a render
Where we haue liu’d; and so extort from’s that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

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

Arts. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter’d Fires; have both their eyes
Aud eares so cl ifyd importantly as now,
That they will waite their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

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

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to th’ Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-grown,
Cannot be question’d.
[IV. 4]  

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.  

Arui. By this Sunne that shines  

Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer  

Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,  

But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venifer?  

Neuer bestrid a Horfe faue one, that had  

A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,  

Nor Iron on his heele? I am aham'd  

To looke upon the holy Sunne, to haue  

The benefite of his blest Beames, remaining  

So long a poore unknoune.  

52  

Gui. By heauens Ile go,  

If you will bleffe me Sir, and glue me leave,  

Ile take the better care: but if you will not,  

The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  

50  

The hands of Romaines.  

Arui. So say I, Amen.  

Bel. No reason I (fince of your liues you set  

So flight a vale wation) should referre  

My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:  

If in your Country warres you chance to dye,  

That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.  

Lead,lead; the time seemes long, their blood thinke's scorn  

Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne.  

Exeunt.  

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.  

Enter Posthumus alone.  

Pofl. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wieth  

Thou should'lt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wius much better then themselfes
For wryting but a little? Oh 
Psalio,
Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do luft ones. Gods, if you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you sauèd
The noble Imogen, to repent, and stroke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's lone
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worfe,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But Imogen is your owne, do your best willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miftris: Peace,
Ile gie no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile difrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suite my selfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pitted, nor hated, to the face of perill -
My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.

4. them F4, 3; than F4.
5. Servants F4, 3; servants F4.
does F3, 4; does F3, 4.
8. tane F3, 4; tanke F3, 4.
10. strooke F4; strooke F3, 4.
11. alacke F4; alacke F3, 4.
12. snatch some hence F3, 3; snatch from hence F3, 3; F3, 3; F3, 4.
14. illes with illes F3; illes with illes F3, 4; elder F3, 3; F3, 4.
15. owne F3; own F3, 4; willer F3, 4; willer F3, 4.
18. th'Italian F4, 4; th Italian F3, 4.
19. Kingdom F4, 4; Tyde F3, 4; Tyde F3, 4; F3, 4.
20. Britaine F4; Britain F3, 4; Britaine F4.
21. Ille F4; ille F3, 4; ille F3, 4.
22. Heare F4; Hear F3, 4; Ille F4; ille F3, 4.
23. weeds, and suite my selfe F4; weeds, and suite my self F3, 4; weeds, and suite my self F3, 4.
24. Britaine F3, 4; Britain F3, 4; Penant F3, 3; Peasant F4, Ille F4; F4; the F3, 4; F4.
25. Ille F4; ille F3, 4; F4; F4; the F3, 4.
27. thus, unknowen; thus unknown F4; thus unknown F3, 4.
28. Pitted F4; Pissed F3, 4; perill F4; peril F4.
29. self F3, 4; self F3, 4; self F3, 4; F3, 4; F4.
30. them F3, 4; than F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me:
To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,
The fashion lese without, and more within.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

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

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

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

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th'advantage of the ground,

33. lesser] Fs; less F3, 4.
Secuna [Secunda] F3, 4; Secuna Secunda Fs.
Romane] Fs; Roman F3, 4. dooro]
F3; door F3, 4. Britaine] Fs; Britain F3, 4. doore] Fs; poor
F3, 4. march] F3, 4; march
Fs: gw[ Fs; go F3, 4. againer]
F3; again F3, 4.
1. heaviness] heaviness Fs;
heaviness Fs, 4. become] F3, 3;
heaviness Fs, 4. become] Fs, 4;
become Fs, 4.
3. Princess of this Country] Fs,
4. Princess of this Country Fs.
ayre] Fs; air F3, 4.
5. subdu'de] Fs; subdue F3, 4.
7. wear] Fs; wear F3, 4. scarce]
F3; scorn F3, 4.
9. oddes] Fs; odds F3, 4.
10. scarce] Fs; scarce F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Abru. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaine. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and faue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Jac. 'Ts their freth supplies.

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

Exeunt 20

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

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

Post. I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lo, I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loft,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings defittute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke

110

[V. 2]

[p. 392, col. 1]

[cols. 2]

[cols. 2]

[cols. 2]
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

More plentiful, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through feare, that the strait pass[e] was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards lying
To dye with length'ned flame.

16 Lo. Where was this Lane?

Poft. Clofe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gane advantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who selon'd

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two friplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for preferation cas'd, or flame)
Made good the passagge, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneffe fleete foules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand.

Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
A Ditsaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward

11. plentiful, then] Fa, 3; plentiful than Fa, 4. Tooles] Fa, 3; tools Fa, 4. dont] Fa, 4. strooke] Fa, 5. stroke downe Fa, 5. stroke down Fa, 4.
17. battell] Fa, 4. battel Fa, 3.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damm'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A flop i'th'Chafer ; a Retyre : Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke : forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way whi ch they fopt Eagles : Slaves
The frides the Victors made : and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need : hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts : heauens, how they wound,
Some flaine before some dying ; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those that would dye, or ere refit, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lor d. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

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

Potl. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'd do, as he is made to doo,
[p. 393] I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.  Exit.

Pofi. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'Field, and ask what newes of me:

72 To day, how many would have guen their Honours
To have sau'd their Carakyes; Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,

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

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

84 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anfwer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;

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

Enter two Capitaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his fonnaes, were Angels.

67. heele; he'll Fa, 3, 4. 71. [th'Field] th'Field Fa; [th'Field] Fa, 4; ask] Fa; ask Fa 3, 4.
68. news] Fa, 3; news Fa.
73. Tooke heele; Fa; took heel Fa, 4. don't] Fa, don't Fa, 4.
74. own] Fa; own Fa, 4.
75. [find] find Fa, 4; hear Fe, 4. hear Fa.
76. [his] his Fa, 4; (his) he Fa.
87. eyther] Fa; either Fa, 4.
88. neyther heere [he keep] neither heere he keep Fa; neither here he keep Fa, 4; nor heere agen Fa; nor bear agen Fa, 4.
89. meanes] Fa; means Fa, 4.
91. 'Tis] Fa, 4; Tu Fa. meanes Fa; mean Fa, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

2 There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,
That gaueth Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Poet. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his feruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captives. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliuers him owre to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.
Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You have lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pature.
2 Gao. I, or a stomacke.

Poet. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather
Groane fo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'fure Phyfitian, Death; who is the key

Romane Captives] Romane Captives F2; Roman Captives F3, 4.
Cymbelines] F4; Captains F3, 4.
Scena Quarta] F2, 3, 4; Scena
Quarta F2.
1. stoole] F2; stoln F3, 4.
2. loc her] F2; locks F3; Locks F4.
3. find] F2; find F3, 4.
stomache] F2; stomach F3; stomach F4.
5. bondage; for] bondage: for
F2; Bondage: for F3, 4.
6. thing] F2; think F3, 4.
7. then] F2, 3; than F4, that's
sick] that is sick: F2; that's
sick F3, 4; o'th'Gowt] F2; o'th'Gowt F3, 4.
9. By'th'fure] F2; By th'fure F3,
Physitian] F2, 3; Physitian F4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[. 12] The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is’t enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaue;
Gods are more full of mercy. Mutil I repent,
16 I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Devis’d, more then confrain’d, to satisfie
If of my Freedome is the main part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
20 I know you are more clement then wilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that’s not my defire.
24 For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
‘Tis not so deere, yet is a life; you covyn’d it,
’Tweene man, and man, they weigh not euery flampe:
Though light, take pieces for the figures fake.
28 (You rather) mine being yours; and fo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Myfieke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Pothehumus, an old man, attyred like a war-

10. Tumbarr] Tumbarr Fa. 3; Tumbar Fa. 4; Locks F 3,4. Conscience Fa. 4; Conscience F 3.
11. them] Fa. 3; than Fa. 4; shanks; or writhe] shanks and wrists Fa. 3; 4. good Gods] good gods Fa. 3; 4.
16. doe] Fa. 3; 4; doe Fa. these] Fa. 3; than Fa. 4.
18. Freedom] Fs; freedom F 3; freedom Fa. ‘tho] Fa. F 3, 4; till Fa. the maine Fa. the main
19. them] Fa. 3; than Fa. Fa. 4; then wilde] then wilde Fa. 3; than wilde Fa.
23. that] Fa. 4; that Fa.
25. Tis] F 3, 4; Tis Fa. 4. 4; doo] to doo] Fa. doo] 4; doo] Fa. 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

rivur, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, &c. [p. 393, Mother to Polifhumus] with Muficke before them. Then. col. 2] after other Muficke, fowles the two young Leonati (Brothers to Polifhumus) with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Polifhumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Mater
flew thy sight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with Ino chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well
whose face I neuer saw:
I dy'de whilf'st in the Wombe he slaide, attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou shoul'dst haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was Polifhumus ript,
came crying 'mongf'st his Foes.

A thing of pitty.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe fo faire:

3. a Warriour Fa, wife, &c. Fa; wife and Fa; Wife and Fa. &c. Mother] and Mother Fa, 3, 4. Muficke] Fa; Muficke Fa, 4. Then, after] Then after Fa, 3, 4. Than after Fa. Muficke, fol-

lowes] Fa; Muficke, follows Fa, 4. as they died] as they dyed Fa, 3, 4. in the wares. They] in the wares, They Fa, 3; in the Wares, they Fa, 3, 4. he lie] as he lies Fa, 3.
32. Thunder-Master] Fa; Thunder-
master Fa, 4.
33. sight] Fa; spite Fa, 4. Mort-

tall Flies] Mortal flies Fa; Mort-
tal flies Fa, 4.
34. out with Ino] out, with Ino Fa, 3, 4.
36. poore Boy] Fa; poor Boy Fa, 4.
37. face] Fa, 3; Face Fa, 4. never

saw] never saw; Fa, 3; never

saw? Fa, 4.
38. I dy'de] Fa; I dy'd Fa, 4. while] whilst Fa, 4. whils Fa, 4. whilst Fa, the Wombe) Fa; the Wombe Fa, 4.
39. Orphanes Father] Fa; Or-

phanes Father Fa, 4.
40. should'st have bin] should'st

have bin Fa; should'st have bin

Fa; shouldlest have been Fa. shied] shied Fa, 4. shied] shied Fa, 4.
43. earth-vexing] Fa, 3; Earth-
vexing Fa, 3.
44. her ayde] Fa; her aid Fa, 3, 4.
45. but tooke] Fa; but took Fa, 4. my Throwes] Fa; my Throwes Fa, 3, 4.
47. crying 'mongst] crying mongst Fa, 4. crying 'mongst Fa, 4.
48. of pitty] Fa; of pitty Fa, 4.
50. stuffe so faire] Fa; stuff so fair Fa, 4.
That he did bear the praise of his word
He would have been a great Solomon's key.

1. Bro. What were my days so sad
That could find 7? his paris?

56 For my soul did eat and die:
In eye of hate, yet best could become
His dignities.

M. With marriage, whereas we should be made
To be end, and therefore
From Leuca's sense, and end from her.

To be end, and therefore

Our Poesy and Tenetius right, with Honor to maintain.

51. That he d 7 made; that he
deserv'd Fa; that he deserv'd
F3, 4, 6th World Fa; oth' World Fa.

52. Siciliana heir Fa; Siciliana
heir Fa; Siciliana heir Fa.


54. in Britan] F3; in Britain
Fa; he Fa; he Fa; he Fa; he Fa; his parallel Fa.

55. fruitfull object be Fa, 3; fruitful object
be Fa.

57. Eve of] Fa, 3; Eye of Fa;
that best could deserve best of line 57; could deserve his digi-
tine line Fa, 3, 4 (deem Fa, 4).

58. descend] dignity Fa, 3, 4.

59. and throw] Fa; and thrown
F3, 4.

60. Scarc, and cast from her;
Seants and cast end of line;
from her commencing line 60
F3, 4, 6th F3, 4.

61. descend] one Fa; nearest one
F3, 4.

62. Sweet Imogen] Sweet Imogen
F3, 4.

63. Jachina, sight thing of Italy]
F3, 4.

64. Hart & brake] hart and brake
Fa; heart & brake Fa; heart
and brake Fa; brake, with, 8.

65. sense and score] Fa; geck and
score F3, 4; score other others,

66. F3, 4; score other others Fa;
line end of F3, 4, oth' others
villany forming the next line.

67. Sister Seats] Fa; stiller seats
F3, 4.

68. in Britain] Fa; untrin Fa; 4.

69. were make] Fa; were slain
F3, 4.

70. F3, 4, 6th F3, 4.

71. F3, 4, 6th F3, 4.

72. Fa, like hardiment Poesy was hath
to Cymeline perform'd:
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Then Jupiter, King of Gods, why hast thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christfall window ope; looke, looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harf, and potent injuries:

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

Sicil. Pepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th'shining Synod of the reft, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale, and from thy Juflice flye.

Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning Sitting upon an
Eagle: he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on
their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huff. How dare you Ghoftes
Accufe the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and ref't
Vpon your neuer-withering banke of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreft,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beft I love, I crosse; to make my giff
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Fa. 3. 3. line 74 ends at Gods in
Fa. 3. 4. why hast thou thus ad-
journ'd forming the next line, hast thou thus Fa. 3. 4.
75. Graces for his Merits due] Graces for her Merits due Fa.,
3. 4. due, being. &c.] Fa. 3. 3. line 75 ends at due in Fa. 3. 4. being all to dolours turn'd forming the next line.
76-77. ope; looke, looke out] ope; look out Fa. 3. 4. looke out, no longer exercise] line 77 ends at
out (no longer exercise forming the next line) Fa. 3. 4.
78. harsh, and, &c.] Fa. 3. 3. line 78 ends at harsh in Fa. 3. 4. (and pot-
tent injuries forming the next line).
81. Peope through] Fa; Peep through F. 3. 4. Mansion, helpe] Fa; Mansion help Fa. 3. 4.
82, we poore] Fa; we poore Fa. 3. 4.
83. To'th'shining] Fa; To'th' shining Fa; To'th' shining Fa; To' th' shining Fa; To th'shining Fa, rest, against. &c.] Fa. 3. 3. line 83 ends at rest in Fa. 4. (against thy Deity forming the next line).
84. we appeale] Fa; we appeal Fa. 3. 4.
85. justice flye] Fa. 3. 4. justice lie Fa. Fa, 3. 4. he throwes Fa. 3. 4.
87. Ghosts] the Ghosts Fa, 3. 4.
89. banke of Flowres] Fa; banks of Flowres Fa. 3. 4. banks of Flowers Fa. 4.
90. with mortall] Fa; with mort-
al Fa. 3. 4.
93. 'tis ours] Fa. 3. 4. 'tis ours Fa. 94. crosse; to] crosse; to Fa. 3. 4.
95. to make my giff] Fa; to make my gift Fa. 3. 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[. 4]

[p. 394. You low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:

\textit{col. 1} His Comforts thrie, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rife, and fade,

100 He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

104 And so away: no farther with your dinne

Expreffe Impatience, leaft you firre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

\textit{Ascends}

\textit{Sicil.} He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath

108 Was fulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is

More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,

112 As when his God is pleas'd.

\textit{All.} Thankes Iupiter.

\textit{Sic.} The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant Rooffe: Away, and to be blest

116 Let vs with care performe his great beheft.

\textit{Vanish.}

\textit{Pofi.} Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandfire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh forrne)

120 Gone, they went hence so soon as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Reades.

W

Hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a fately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuive, bee joyned to the old Stocke, and freely grow, then shall Porphyrus end his 136 miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

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

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

120. The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [V. 4] 132. Hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre.

133. 'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing.

134. The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [V. 4] 135. 'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing.


138. Enter Gaoler.


143. The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [V. 4] 144. The Tragedy of Cymbeline. [V. 4]
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.


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

148 Poet. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnes of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: forrie that you have payed too much, and forry that you are payed too much: Purfe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the headier, for being too light; the Purfe too light, being drawne of heauiness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes vp thousands in a trice: you have no true Debtor, and Creditor but it: of what's paife, is, and to come, the discharge: your necke(Si)sia Pen, Booke, and Counters; so the Acquittance followes.

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

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepeas, feeleas not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change 168 places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

145. ready long ago ready long agoes Fs, 3, 4. 146. [if you bee readie] Fs; if you be ready Fs, 3, 4. 147. pays the shot Fs, 3, 4: pays the shot Fs. 150-1. comfort is you shall Fs; comfort is, you shall Fs, 4. 151. [fear no more] Fs, 4: fear no more Fs. 152. Tauerne Bills Fs; Tavern Bills Fs, 4. the sadness of Fs; the sadness of Fs, 4. 153-4. want of meat Fs, 4. 154. much drinkes Fs; much drink Fs, 4. sorry that Fs, 3, 4. 156. Purse and Braine) Fs; Purse and Brain Fs, 3, 4, the Brain the) the braine the Fs; the brain the Fs, 3, 4. 157. too light; the) F, 3, 4: too light, the Fs. 158. drawne of heauiness) drawne of heauiness Fs; drawn of heauiness Fs, 3, 4. 159-60. it summes up Fs, 3, 4. 160. true Debtor Fs; true Debtor Fs, 4: true Debtor Fs, 4. 161. what's past Fs, 3, 4: what's past Fs. 162. necke(Si)sia Pen, Booke, and Fs; necke Sir is Fs, 3, 4. Book, and Fs, 4. 163. Acquittance followes Fs; acquittance followes Fs, 3, 4. 164. merrier to dye Fs; merrier to die Fs, 4: then thou Fs, 3, 4: than thou Fs. 165. Indeed Sir, he Fs; Indeed, Sir, he Fs, 4. 166. sleepe your sleepe Fs; sleepe your sleepe Fs, 3, 4. 167. to helpe him Fs; to help him Fs, 3, 4. 168. for, look you Sir) Fs; for look you Sir, you Fs, 3, 4. 169. you shall go Fs, 4: you shall goe Fs.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Pofl. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in’s head then: I haue not seen him.[2] you must either bee directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: nor jump the after-enquiry on your owne peril: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you’ll never returne to tell one.

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

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man hold haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I am sure hanging’s the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Gao. Ile be hang’d then.

Pofl. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & begget yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
The Tragedie of Cymbeline. 123

[p. 395] against their will, so should I, if I were one. I would not.

We were all of one mind, and one minde good: O there
were defolation of Gaolers and Galowies: I speake a-
gainst my present profit, but my with hath a preferment
in't. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made
Preserver of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poor Souldier that so richly fought,
4 Whose ragges, tham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.
8 Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promisf nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.
12 Cym. No tidings of him?
Pifia. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my greefe, I am
16 The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde

19. against their will: so Fs; against their wills: so Fs.
19. of one mind and one mind Fs; of one mind and one mind
19. of Gaolers and Galowies Fs.
19. I spake Fs: I spake Fs.
19. a preferment int Fs.
Scena Quinta Fs.
1. the Gods Fs; the gods Fs.
2. woe is my] Fs; woe is my Fs.
4. Whose ragges] Fs; whose raggs
4. gilded Armes] Fs; gilded Armes
4. whose naked brest] Fs; whose naked brest
5. Targes of proofe] Fs; Targes
5. of proofe Fs.
6. that can finde him] Fs; that
6. can find him Fs.
9. in so poore Fs; in so poor
9. that promisf nought Fs; that
9. promist nought Fs.
11. poor looks Fs.
12. No tidings of him] Fs; no tidings of him Fs.
13. he hath been search'd Fs; he hath been search'd
13. dead, & liuing] Fs; dead, & liiving Fs.
15. my greefe] Fs; my grieve Fs.
16. The heyre] Fs; The heir Fs.
16. of his Reward] Fs; of his
16. reward Fs.
16. will adde] Fs; would adde Fs.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

To you (the Luer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the lies. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnleffe I adde, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arisse my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's bufinnefe in thefe faces: why fo fadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.
Corn. Hayle great King,
To fowre your happineffe, I must report
The Queene is dead.
Cym. Who worfe then a Phyfitian
Would this report become? But I confider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will feize the Doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Moft cruel to her felfe. What the confed,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Were present when she finish'd.

44 Cym. Pry thee say.
Cor. First, the confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatestnesse got by you: not you;
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

[Col. 2] Abhor'd your perfon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but the spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

52 Corn. Your daughter, whom the borie in hand to loue
With such integrity, the did confess
W as as a Scorpion to her fight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had

56 Tane off by poyson.

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

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

60 For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waffe you. In which time, the purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiffing, to

64 Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When the had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:

42. [If I erre] Fa, 3; if I err Fa, 4; with wet cheeks Fa, 3; with wet cheeks Fa, 4.
43. Were present Fa, 4; were present Fa, 4.
44. Prythee say] Prythee say Fa; Prythee Fa, 4.
46. [Affected Greatnesse] Fa, 3; Affected Greatnesse Fa, 4.
47. was wife to] Fa, 3: was Wife to Fa, 4.
49. Corn. Your daughter] Corn. Your daughter Fa; Corn Your daughter Fa, 4.
50. she did confess] Fa, 4: she did confess Fa, 4.
51. by poison] Fa, 4: by poison Fa, 4.
52. delicate Fiend] Fa, 4: delicate Fiend Fa, 4.
53. Who is't Fa, 4; Who is't Fa, 4. can read] Fa, 4; can read Fa, 4.
55. confesse she had] Fa, 3: confesse she had Fa, 4.
56. a mortall Minerall] Fa, 4: a mortall Minerall Fa, 4.
57. being tooke] Fa, 4: being tooke Fa, 4.
58. feede on life] Fa, 4: feed on life Fa, 4.
59. and ling'ring] Fa, 4: and ling'ring Fa, 4.
60. Orecome you] Fa, 4: Orecome you Fa, 4.
61. shew: yes and in time Fa, 3: shew: yes and in time Fa, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

But sayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in delight
Of Heaven and Men) her purposes: repented
The evils the hatch'd, were not effect'd: so
Dyspairing, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
La. We did, so please your Highnesse.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for the was beautifull:
Mine ears that hearre her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicius
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Eater Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prifoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.
Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the loffe
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with flaggher
Of you their Captuies, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend

[V. 5]
[p. 395, col. 2]

67. But sayling of] Fs: But fail-
ing of F3, 4.
68. shamelesse desperate] Fs, 3; shamless desperate F4.
69. [of Heaven] of heaven F3, 4; of Heaven F4, 3; of Men F3, 4; and men F5, 4.
71. Despairing, dyed] Fs: Des-
pairing, died F3; Despairing, died F4.
73. [We did] Lad. We did
Fs, 3; 4 your Highnesse your Highness F3, 4: your Highness F4.
74. Mine eyes] Fs, 3; Mine Eyes F4.
75. beautiful] Fs, 3; beautiful F4.
76. Mine ears that hearre her] Fs: Mine ears that heard her
F3: Mine Ears that heard her F4.
76-77. nor my heart, That] F3, 4; nor my heart. That F5, 4.
77. It had beene vicius] Fs: It
had beene vicius F3, 4.
79. thou mayest say] Fs: thou
mayest say F3, 4.
81. Thou comm'st not] Fs: Thou
comm'st not F5, 4.
82. The Britaines have] The Brit-
taines have F5, 4: The Britains
have F3, 4. with the trosse] Fs,
3: with the loss F4.
83. made suit] Fs: made suit
F3, 4.
84. good soules] Fs: good so-
ule F3, 4.
85. which our self] Fs; which
our self F3, 4.
86. So thinke of] Fs: So think of
Fs, 4.
87. Warre, the day] Fs: War
the day F3, 4.
88. blood was cool] Fs; blood was
cool F3, 4.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 395. Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
col. 2] Will have it thus, that nothing but our lies
92 May be call’d ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Auglius lies to thynke on’t: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
96 I will entreatre, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom’d: Neuer Mafter had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
100 So feate, so Nurfe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requent, which Ile make bold, your Highneffe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he have feru’d a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
104 And spare no blood befide.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look’d thy selfe into my grace,
108 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne’er thanke thy Mafter, liue;
And ask of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy flate, Ile giue it:

[p. 396, Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
col. 1] The Nobleft tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneffe.

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

90. the Gods] the gods Fa, 3, 4.
91. to think] Fa; to think F5, 4.
92. one thing] one thing only Fa; one thing only F3, 4.
93. entreat] Fa; I will entreat F3, 4, a Britaine borne F2, 3, 4.
94. A Page] Fa, 3; a Page F4, no kind F2, 3, 4.
95. So feate] Fa; So feate F3, 4, his vertue ioyne Fa, 3; his vertue join Fa, 3.
96. Ile make] Fa; Ile make F3, 4.
97. I will make] Fa, 3. your Highness] your highness Fa, 3; your Highness F4.
98. no Britaine harme] F2; no Britaine harme Fa, 4.
99. no blood beside] Fa; no blood beside F3, 4.
100. see him] Fa; seen him F3, 4.
101. thy selfe] Fa; thy self F2, 3, 4, thy selfe F3, 4.
102. mine owne] Fa; mine own F3, 4.
103. And ask] Fa; and ask of F3, 4. what Boone?] Fa; what Boone F3, 4.
104. Ile give] Ile give it Fa; Ile give it F3, 4.
105. thou do] Fa, 3; thou doe Fa, 3.
106. humbly thanke] Fa; humbly thank Fa, 3, 4. your Highness] Fa, 3; your Highness F4.
107. do not] Fa; bid thee beg Fa, 3, 4. I do not Fa, 3; bid thee beg Fa, 3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: think more and more
What's best to aske. Know'lt he thou look'lt on? speak
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

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

Cym. Wherefore ey'lt him so?

Io. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

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

Io. Fidele Sir.

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

Bel. Is not this Boy ruin'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another

117. no, alacke] Fs; no slack Fb.
118. There's other worke] There's other work Fs; There's other work Fb.
125. as death] Fs, 3; as Death Fb, 4
126. your life] Fs, 3; your Life Fb
129. for it self(e)] Fs; for it self Fb.
131. Boy disdaines me] Fs; Boy disdaines me Fb.
132. scornes me] Fs; scornes me Fb.
133. briefly] Fs
137. perplexed] Fs, 4; perplexed Fb.
125. What wouldst] Fs, 4; What wouldst Fb.
126. think more and more] Fs; think more and more Fb.
133. a Roman] Fs; a Roman Fb.
136. your vassaille] Fs; your vassail Fb.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 396. Not more resemblest that sweet Rosie Lad:
col. 1] Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?

144 Gui. The same dead thing alike.

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

148 Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pifà. It is my Mistris:
Since she is lying, let the time run on,

152 To good, or bad.

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

156 Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winneth the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render

160 Of whom he had this Ring.

Pofl. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

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

Cym. How? me?

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

168 Which tormenteth me to conceal. By Villany

I got this Ring: was Leonatus Iewell,

143, what thinke you] Fs; what thinke you F3, 4;
145, further: he] further; he F3, 4;
146, he eyes us not; he eyes us not F3, 4;
forbeare] F3; forbear F3, 4;
150, were't he] F3; were't he F3, 4;
155, this Boy] F4; this boy F3, 4;
156, by our Greatness] Fs; by your Greatnesse F3; by your Greatness F4,
157, our Honor] our honor F3; our honour F3, 4;
158, One speaks to him] F3; On, speak to him F3, 4;
159, My boon is] F3; My boon is F4; this
161, What's that] Fs, 4; What's that F3.
162, your Finger] F4; your finger F3, 3;
164, to conceal] Fs; to conceal F3, 4;
165, twas Leonatus] F3, 4; twas Leonatus F3.
Whom thou didst banish: and which more may greeue [p. 396, As it doth me, a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee, col. 1)]
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord? 172

Cym. All that belongs to this.

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

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

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the hour: it was in Rome, accrft
The Mansions where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Tho' which I heau'd to head:) the good Pothamus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'ft the rar'ft of good ones) fitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boaste
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-light Minerva,
Poultures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Faireness, which strikes the eye.

170. didst banish] F3, 4: didst banish F3. which more may
greeue] which more may greeve F5; which more may greeve 4:
which . . . thee] a separate line F4.
171. Sir, ne're] F3, 4; Sir ne're F4
ne're liu'd] her liu'd F3, 4; ne're liu'd F3, 4.
172. hear more] F3; hear more F4.
173. thy daughter] F3, 4; thy daughter F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Valeffe thou would'st greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Moit like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miftris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minute put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trull's, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspaking sottes.

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

Iach. Your daughters Chaffity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreames,
And the alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praiife, and wager'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, flakes this Ring,
And would fo, had it beeene a Carbuncle
Of Phebus Wheele; and mighte so safely, had it

107. All too soon' F3; All too soon' F4; All too
soon F3, 4.
108. wouldst greeue quickly' F2; wouldst greeue quickly F3, 4.
109. a Royal Louer' F3; a Royal Lover F2; a Royal Lover F3, 4.
110. tooke his' F3; took his F3, 4.
111. calme as vertue' F3; calm as vertue F4.
112. a minute put in't' F3, 4; a mind put int F3, either our
bragg'd F3; either our brags F3, 4.
113. Were crack'd' F3, 4; of Kitchen-
Trull's F3, 4. 'his description' F3, 4;
114. post's F3; unspeaking post's F3; unspeaking
post's F3.
115. to th'purpose' F3; to th'purpose F3, 4.
116. Your daughters' F3, 4; Your
Daughters F4, it begins' it
begins F3, 3, 4.
117. hot dreames' F3; hot dreams
F3; hot Dreams F4.
118. she alone, were cold' she
alone were cold F3, 3, 4.
119. and wager'd with him' and
wag'd with him F3, 3, 4.
120. Pieces of Gold' F3, 4; Pieces
of Gold F3, 4. 'against this' F3, 4;
'gainst this F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Bin all the worth of’s Carre. Away to Britaine
Poffe I in this designde: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
’Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench’d
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be briefe, my praifie so preuayl’d
That I return’d with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: suerring notes
Of Chamber-hangings, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of Chaftity quite crack’d,
I hauing ‘tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.

Poft. I so thou don’t,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Eregious mourtherer, Theefe, any thing
That’s due to all the Villaines part, in being
To come. O give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[p. 397] Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out

col. I For Torturers in genious: it is I

That all th'abhorred things o' th'earth amend

By being worie then they. I am Pofthamus,

248 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,

That caus'd a leffer villaine then my selfe,

A sacrilegious Theefe to doot. The Temple

Of Vertue was the; yea, and the her selfe.

252 Spit, and throw stones, caft myre vpon me, set

The dogges o'th'street to bay me: euery villaine

Be call'd Pofthamus Leonatus, and

Be villany leffe then 'twas. Oh Imogen |

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

Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Psfl. Shall's haue a play of this?

260 Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pi$. Oh Gentleman, helpe,

Mine and your Misfris: Oh my Lord Pofthamus,

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

264 Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pofth. How comes thee flaggers on mee?

Pi$. Wake my Misfris.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

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

Pifæ. How fares my Miftris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gau't me poyson : dangerous Fellow hence,

Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imagen.

Pifæ. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gau'ed you, was not thought by mee

A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyfon'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods !

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,

Which must approue thee honest. If Pafanio

Haue (said the ) given his Miftris that Confequion

Which I gau'ed him for Cordiall, the is feru'd,

As I would ferue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Corn. The Queene (Sir )very oft importun'd me

To temper poyfons for her, still pretending

The satisfacion of her knowledge, onely

In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogges

Of no eseeeme. I dreading, that her purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certaine stuf[e], which being tane, would cease

\[V. 5\]

[. 397, col. 1]
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

[V. 3]

[p. 397] The present powre of life, but in short time,
col. 1 All Offices of Nature, should againe
296 Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

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

300 Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you? 
Think you that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.
Pofl. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
304 Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Fleshe? my Childe?
What, mak'ft thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

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

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

Cym. My teares that fall
312 Proute holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead.

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

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

Pif. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ie speake troth. Lord Clooten

194. present powre] present powre
F3, 3; 3. should againe] Fa; should again F3, 4.
305. Do their] F3, 4; Do their Fa.
306. our error] Fa, 3; our error F3.
307. Thinkes that you are upon a Rocke] Fa; Think you that you are
upon a Rock F3, 4.
308. Throw me againe] Fa; Throw me again F3, 4.
309. like fruite, my soule] Fa; like Fruit
my Soule F3, 4; the Tree F3, 3; the Tree
my Child F3, 4; my Child Fa, 3; the Tree
.
310. not speak to me] Fa; not speak to me F3, 4.
311. motiue for't] Fa; motiue for F3, 4.
312. teares that fall] Fa; tears that fall F3, 4.
318. holy-water on thee] Fa, 3; Holy-water on thee Fa.
319. Mothers dead] Fa; Mother's dead F3, 4.
320. she was naught] Fa; she was
naught F3, 4.
321. meet here so] Fa; meet here so F3, 4.
322. her Sonne] Fa; her Son F3, 4.
323. fear is from me] Fa; fear is from me F3, 4. Ie speaks troth] Fa; Ie speake troth F3.
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my infant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountains neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he infor'd from me) away he pothes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

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

Cym. Marry, the Gods forendc.
I would not thy good deeds, shou'd from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

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

Cym. He was a Prince.

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

Cym. I am forrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

324. his Sword drawn] Fs: his Sword drawn F4.
326. To seeke her on the Mountains] Fs: To seeke her on the Mountains F5, 4. near to Milford] Fs: near to Milford F3; near to Milford F4.
338. away he pothes] Fs: away he pothes F3, 4.
333. the Gods forendc] the Gods forendcFs, F3, 4.
334. From my lips] Fs, 3; from my lips F4.
339. most incivil] most incivill Fs: most incivill F3, 4. he did Fs, 3, 4. he did Fs, 3, 4.
341. spurne the Sea] Fs: spurn the Sea F3, 4.
343. could so roare] Fs: could so roare F3, 4. cut off's head] Fs, 3, 4. cut off's head F3; cut off's head F4.
344. standing here] standing here Fs, 3, 4.
345. I am forrow for thee] I am sorry for thee Fs; I am sorry for thee F3, 4.

[p. 397]

Col. 2] Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.

352 This man is better then the man he flew,
As well defended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Cloetens
Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
356 They were not borne for bondage.
Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By taunting of our wrath? How of decet
360 As good as we?
Arui. In that he spake too farre.
Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.
Bel. We will dye all three,
364 But I will prove that two one's are as good
As I haue gien out him. My Sonnes, I muft
For mine owne part, vndoo a dangerous speeche,
Though haply well for you.
368 Arui. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good his.
Bel. Haue it then, by leane
Thou hadst it (great King) a Subiect, who
372 Was call'd Belarius.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish’d Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Afflum’d this age: indeed a banish’d man,
I know not how, a Traitor.

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

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nurfing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue recey’d it.

Cym. Nurfing of my Sonnes?

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


Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish’d:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer’d,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For fuch, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train’d vp; those Arts they haue, as I

372. a banish’d Traitor F4; a banish’d Traitor F4.
375. this age F4; this Age F4.
376. a Traitor F4; a Traitor F4.
380. of thy Sonnes] F4; of thy Sons F4.
382. As I have recey’d it] as I have receiv’d it F4.
382. of my Sonnes] F4; of my Sons F3.
384. heere’s my knee] heere’s my knee F4; here’s my knee F3.
387. me Father] me Father] F4; me father F4.
388. And thinke they are my Sonnes] F4; and think they are my Sons F4.
389. the yffe of your Loynes] F4; the issue of your Loynes F4.
390. And blood of] F4; and blood of F4.
392. your Fathers] F4; your fathers F4.
393. that Belarius] F4; that Belarius F4.
394. was my neere offence] F4; was my near offence F4.
395. all my Treason that I] all my Treason that I F4.
396. all the harme F4; all the harme F4; all the harme F4.
397. these twenty yeares] these twenty yeares F4; these twenty years F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[p. 398. Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
col. 1] As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse Euriphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I knew'd her too't,
Having receyv'd the punishment before
404 For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their worse loose,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of sealing them. But gracious Sir,
408 Here are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'ft Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
412 To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Serviece that you three haue done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
416 If these be they, I know not how to with
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

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

400. Highness [F4, 3; Highness
F4. knows: Their] knows., Their F3, 4.
400. her too't] F3, 3; her too't
F4.
404. Beaten for Loyality] Beaten
for Loyalty F4, 3, 4.
408. to Treason] F4, 4; to treason
F3. Their dear loose F3: Their dear loss
F4.
409. you 'twas felt] F3, 4; you
twas felt F3.
408. Sonnes againe] F3; Sons
again F3, 4. must loose [F3, 3; must loose F4.
409. Two of the] F3, 3; Two of
the F4. sweet'ft Companions F4.
410. couering Heauen] F4; couering
Heavens F3, 3.
411. on their heads] F3, 3; on
their Heads F4, for they are worthie
F3, 3, 4.
413. Thou weep'st, and speak'st] F4, 4; Thou weep'st and speak'st F9.
415. then this thou tell'st] F3; then this thou tell'st F4; than
this thou tell'st F4. my Chil-
dren F4; my children F3, 3.
424. Queene Mother] F3; Queen
Mother F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

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

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

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reiocy'd delierance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbis,
You may reign in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou haft loft by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh never say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sifer: I you Brothers,
When we were fo indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord.

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

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,

[p. 358. Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which
col. 2.] Difficultion should be rich in. Where? how li’d you? And when came you to serve our Romane Captive? How parted with your Brother? How first met them? 455 Why fled you from the Court? And whether these? And your three motines to the Battaile? with I know not how much more should be demanded, And all the other by-dependences 460 From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place Will serve our long Interrogatories. See, Posthumus Anchors upon Imogen; And she (like harmless Lightning) throws her eye 464 On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting Each obiece with a joy: the Counter-change Is feuerally in all. Let’s quit this ground, And snoake the Temple with our Sacrifices. 468 Thou art my Brother, so wee’ll hold thee euer. Imo. You are my Father too, and did releeue me: To see this gracious feason. Cym. All ore-joy’d 472 Saue these in bonds, let them be joyfull too, For they shall taste our Comfort. Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice. Luc. Happy be you. 476 Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought He would haue well becom’d this place, and grac’d The thankings of a King.

452. Circumstantial branches: F3; Circumstantial branches F3, 4.
454. her Romanes] F3; our Roman F3, 4.
457. to the Battaile] F3; to the Battle F3, 4.
460. But nor the Time, nor Place] But nor the time, nor place F3, 4.
466. her Brothers;] F4; her brothers F4, 3.
466. Let’s quit] F3, 4; Lets quite F4.
467. And snoake] F3; and smoak F3, 4.
469. You are my Father too] You are my Mother too F3, 3, 4; and did releeue me] and did releeue me F3, 4.
470. gracious season.] F3, 3; gracious season! F4.
472. shall taste our] F3, 3; shall taste our F4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[V. 5]

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beleeving: ‘twas a fitment for
The purpoe I then follow’d. That I was he,
Speake Iachimo, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finishe.

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

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

Cym. Nobly done’d:
Weel learn we our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon’s the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy’d are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant Princes.Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back’d
Appear’d to me, with other sprightly thewes

487. I am Sir[ F3; Fs: I am Es F3; I am Sir F4.]
488. The Souldier[ The souldier F3, 3, 4; that did company] F3, 3; that did Company F4.
490. I had you downe[ I had you downe] F3; I had you downe F3, 4.
491. made you finishe[ made your finish] F3, 3, 4.
492. I am done against[ I am downe againe] F3; I am done against F3, 4.
494. that life[ that Life] F3, 3; that Life F3.
495. And here the Bracelet of[ And here the Bracelet of] F3; And here your Bracelet of F3, 4; truest Princeesse F3, 4; trust Princess F3, 4.
496. swore her Faith[ swore her Faith] F3; swore her faith F3, 3.
498. you did meane[ you did mean] F3; you did mean F3, 4.
500. sprightly thewes[ sprightly thewes] F3; sprightly thewes F3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

[V. 5]

[p. 398. Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
col. 2] This Label on my bosome; whome containing
Is so from sene in hardnesse, that I can

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

Luc. Philarchonos.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

512 Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelp shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be left branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after revive, bee ioyned to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Paphimus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelp,

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

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

528 With this moist tender Aire.

508. This Label] Fa 3; this Label Fa 4, 507. in hardness] Fa 3; in hardnes Fa 4, 508. Philarchonos] Philarchon Fa 3, 4, 511. Heere, my] Fa; Here my Fa 2, 4, Reader] Fa; Reads Fa 2, 4, 513. a Lyons whelp] Fa; a Lyons whelp Fa 4, 4, shall to himself] Fa; shall to himself Fa 4, 4, seeking finding, and bee] seeking finding and be Fa 3, 4, a piece] a piece Fa 3, 4, 514-15. of tender Ayre] Fa; of tender Air Fa 3, 4, 516. many yeares] Fa 3; many years Fa 4, bee ioyned] be ionyzed Fa 3, 4, 516-17. to the old Stocke] Fa; to the old Stock Fa 3, 4, 518. Britaine be] Fa; Britaine be Fa 3, 4, and Plentie] and Plenty Fa 3, 4, 519. Thou Leonatus] Fa 3; Thou, Leonatus Fa 4, the Lyons Whelp] Fa; the Lyons Whelp Fa 3, 4, 520. The piece of tender Ayre] Fa; The piece of tender Air Fa 3, 4, thy vertuous Daughter] thy vertuous daughter Fa 2; thy vertuous daughter Fa 3, 4, We terme it] Fa; We term it Fa 3, 4, 527. Vnknowne to you] Fa; Unknown to you Fa 3, 4, tender Air] Fa 3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Perfonates thee: And thy loft Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius flolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reui'd
To the Maietfick Cedar ioyn'd; whose Iflue
Promifes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iuftice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid moft heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vifion
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarfe-cold-Battale, at this infant
Is full accomplifh'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Leffen'd her felle, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vanih'd; which fore-flew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Caesar, shoul'd againe vnite
His Favour, with the Radiant Cymbeline,

[530. Royall[Cymbeline] Fa; Royal Cymbeline F3, 4.
531. Thy two Sonnes] Fa, 3; Thy two Sons F4, Belarius stoln]
Fa; Belarius stoln F3; Belarius stoln F4.
533. many years] Fa, 3; many years F4.
534. the Maietfick Cedar ioyn'd] the Majestick Cedar joiyn'd Fa;
the Majestick Cedar joiyn'd Fa; the Majestick Cedar joiyn'd Fa.
539. the Romane Empire] Fa; the Roman Empire F3, 4.
Empire; promising] Empire; promising Fa.
541. our wicked Queens] Fa; our wicked Queen F3, 4.
544. Whom heauens in Justice] Whom heauens in Justice Fa;
Whom Heavens in Justice F3, 4.
546. the Roman Eagle] the Roman Eagle Fa; the Roman Eagle F3, 4.
548. on wing] Fa; on Wing F4.
552. 'The Imperiall Caesar'] Fa; The Imperial Caesar F3, 4.
553. His Favour, with] His favour with Fa, 3, 4.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

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

Friendly together: so through Luds-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee'1 ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease

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

Exeunt.

FINIS.
CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS, SUNGAY.
For 1881:
Series VI. Shakespear's England. 9. A Cromo-foto-Lithograp of Old London Bridge, ab. 1600 a.d. as Shakespear saw it, from the unique original (the earliest full Western view extant) in Pepys's Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge.

For 1882:
Series VI. Shakespear's England, 10. A Platinotype of the Stratford Bust of Shakespear.
Series VII. 1. Mysteries, &c. Four 15th-century Mysteries, with a Morality, re-edited from the unique Digby MS. 138, &c., by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

For 1883:
Series II. Plays. 11. Cymbeline: a Reprint of the Folio, 1623, with collations by W. J. Craig, M.A.
Series II. 12, 13, 14, The Old-Spelling Shakespear, Vols. 1, 2, 3, The Comedies, ed. by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone. [To be ready in October.]

Publications of the New Shakespear Society now at Press:
Series II. Plays. The Two Noble Kinsmen, publisht 1634; c. Introduction and Glossarial Index, by Harold Littledale, B.A.
Series II. Plays. A Four-Text Hamlet: Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, and a Revised Text: edited by Miss Teena Rochfort-Smith. (Presented by the Editoress.)

The following Works are in preparation for the Society:
Series V. Contemporary Drama. Edward III: a. a Reprint of the first Quarto, 1596, with a collation of the 2nd Quarto, 1599; b. a revised edition; c. the Sources of the Play, from Froissart, and Painter's Palace of Pleasure; edited by W. G. Stone and F. J. Furnivall.

Publications Suggested:
Series II. Plays. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q1. Of Othello, 4 Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text. Of the Merchant of Venice, the two earliest Quartos.
Series V. The Contemporary Drama (suggested by the late Mr Richard Simpson).

a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
b. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
c. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in Shakespear's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets, &c., &c.
d. Dr Wm. Gager's Meleager, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592.
Edward II, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1894.
Series VI. Dekker's Gulls Horn-Book, with its original, The Schoole of Slovenerie, edited by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.
Edward Hale's Touchstone, 1574; edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
You are invited to join

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

"Socite (with the text) is the happiness of life." — Lovel Labour's Lost, iv. 2.

Meeting at University College, Gower St., London, W.C., on the 2nd Friday of every month (except at Easter and during July, August, and September) at 3 p.m. Subscription, which constitutes Membership, One Guinea a year, due on 1st January, payable to the Hon. Sec., KENNETH GRAEME, Esq., care of Trübner & Co., 57, Ludgate Hill, London, K.C., or to the Society’s account with the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

President:

ROBERT BROWNING, Esq., M.A., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents:


Honorary Member: MRS. LUCILLA HARFORD ( Widow of the late President Harford).

Committee:


JESSI R. KNIGHT, Esq.


Banqueting House: THE ALLIANCE BANK, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.


Agent for South Germany, etc.: KARL J. TRUBNER & Co., Minimaur Platz, Strasbourg.
You are invited to join

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

*Societas (with the text) in the happiness of 1606.;—Ezra Stiles's Hist., v. 2.*

Meeting at University College, Gower St., London W.C., on the 2nd Friday of every month (except in January and during July, August, and September), at 2 p.m. Subscriptions, which constitute Membership, the minimum a year, due on 1st January, and payable to the Hon. Secy., KENSHIER GRANAH, Esq., 16 Old Trubner & Co., 57, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. or to the Society's account with the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

President: ROBERT BROWNING, Esq., M.A., L.L.D.

Vice-President:

THE MARQUIS OF BATH.
THE LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.
THE EARL OF HARDWICK.
WILLIAM HINCK, Esq.
H. I. H. PRINCE LOUIS-LUDOVICUS HRBAPURTE.
SIGURD CARSTEN, M.D.
Professor F. M. CHILDS, Ph.D., Harvard College, U.S.A.
Professor HIRAM CORNELL, LL.D., Cornell Univ., Ithaca, U.S.A.
Monsieur JEAN HARMENSTEIN, Dr. Sc. Letters, Paris.
THE EARL OF DARTFORD.
LORD DUBLIN.
Professor DOWDON, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY AND CLANDESTYNE.
THE EARL OF KILMAINHAM.
ALEXANDER J. EDWARDS, Esq., F.R.A.
HORACE HOWARD PLUMMER, Esq., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
MRS. HORACE HOWARD PLUMMER.
MADAME GERMAIN, Heidelberg.
HENRY HICKS GIBBS, Esq., M.A.
THE EARL OF CORNWALL.
Monsieur GUILLAUME GUICHET, Paris.
N. E. S., HAMilton, Esq.
The Rev. R. W. HODGSON, Cambridge, U.S.A.
Professor T. H. HUXLEY, ESQ.
Professor J. K. INGRAM, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
LORD LESTERFIELD.
SIR FREDERICK LAWTON, P.R.A.
THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.
THE HON. J. HENRY SLOAN, D.C.L., U.S.A.
U.S.A.

Honorary Members: Mrs. LUCYETTE OHARNE ( Widow of the late President HARTFORD.)

Council:—

P. J. FURSTENAU, Esq. (M.A.), Director, 8, 81 George Square, Princes Street, London, N.W.
PETER BARNS, Esq., M.A., LL.D.
The Rev. W. A. HARRISON, M.A.
JOSEPH KNOTT, Esq.


Bankers:—the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.


Agents for South Germany, etc.:—KARL J. TRUBNER, 4, Münster Platz, Stralsund.