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&
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|  |  |
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| p.; fol.</p>   | 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1]  |
| misnumbered 58; p.59   | <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50  |
| misnumbered 151; p.161   | misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153   |
| 165 misnumbered 163; p.  | misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p.  |
| p.250 misnumbered 252; p.  | 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251;   |
| misnumbered 39 in some copies;   | 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37   |
| 3rd count: p.165-166   | p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 --   |
| numbered 218 -- 5th count:   | numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216  |
| 280; p.308 misnumbered 38;   | p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered   |
| 993.</p>   | p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered   |
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| most commonly  | <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the   |
| ( $\pi A1+1$ ) [ $\pi B^2$ ], $^2A-2B^6$   | cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6$  |
| 3[para] <sup>1</sup> aa-ff <sup>6</sup> gg <sup>2</sup> Gg <sup>6</sup>                  | 2C <sup>2</sup> a-g <sup>6</sup> $\chi$ gg <sup>8</sup> h-v <sup>6</sup> x <sup>4</sup> $\chi$ 1.2 [para.]-2[para.] <sup>6</sup> |
| 2B <sup>6</sup> 2C <sup>2</sup> a-g <sup>6</sup> $^2g^8$ h-v <sup>6</sup> x <sup>4</sup> | hh <sup>6</sup> kk-bbb <sup>6</sup> ; 2. West: $\pi A^6$ ( $\pi A1+1$ , $\pi A5+1.2$ ) <sup>2</sup> A-                           |
| 2G <sup>6</sup> 2h <sup>6</sup> 2k-2v <sup>6</sup>                                       | 'gg3.4' ( $\pm$ gg3') [para.]-2[para.] <sup>6</sup> 3[para] <sup>1</sup> 2a-2f <sup>6</sup> 2g <sup>2</sup>                      |
|  | x <sup>6</sup> 2y-3b <sup>6</sup> .</p>  |

signed Gg; nn1-nn2

Oo.</p>

pagination on leaf a1

pagination on leaf aa1

entitled "To the reader".

of the mount

loss of some the

the portrait and the

condition report,

contact Rare

Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I.

Condell.</p>

author signed: "Martin-

states: 1. The earlier

heavier shading,

particularly with the

copies have the plate

<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-

mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed

<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new

recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new

recto.</p>

</collation>

<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section

towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the

Droeckhout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of

central section of an early MS note. For a full

including a full survey of damage and repairs, please

Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2

state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has

especially around the collar, and minor differences

jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving

conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>

</additions>

<bindingDesc>

<p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>

</bindingDesc>

</physDesc>

<history>

<origin>

<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

</p>

</origin>

<acquisition>

sheets. It
   
 Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in
   
 was sent out to [William](#)
  
[Wildgoose](#) on [1624-02-17](#) 17 February 1624 for
   
 binding (see: Library
   
 Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in
   
 Duke Humfrey at
   
 shelfmark S.2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's [1635](#) catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
   
 publication
   
 of the next catalogue in [1674](#), replaced by the
   
 newer [Third Folio](#) ([1664](#))[/bibl](#). There is no explicit reference in Library Records
   
 to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a
   
 sale of
   
 "superfluous library books" to [Richard](#)
  
[Davis](#), a
   
 bookseller in Oxford, in [1664](#) for the sum of [£24](#).  
 After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
   
 the collection of [Richard](#)
  
[Turbutt](#) of Ogston Hall,
   
 Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It
   
 stayed in the
   
 family's possession until [1906](#), when it was
   
 reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of [£3000](#),
   
 raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of
   
 the rediscovery and
   
 purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt
   
 and S. Gibson, The
   
 Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of
   
 Shakespeare (the Turbutt
   
 Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)  
 For a full discussion of this copy and the
   
 digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>
  
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        <persName type="form">Tri.</persName>
    </person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-cym">
    <body>
        <div type="play" n="36">
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0879-0.jpg" n="369"/>
            <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF
                <lb/>CYMBELINE.</head>
            <div type="act" n="1">
                <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Gentlemen.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
                        <l>
                            <c rend="decoratedCapital">Y</c>Ou do not meet a man but
Frownes.</l>
                        <l>Our bloods no more obey the Heauens</l>
                        <l>Then our Courtiers:</l>
                        <l>Still seeme, as do's the Kings.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">
                        <speaker rend="italic">2 Gent.</speaker>
                        <l>But what's the matter?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">
                        <speaker>1.</speaker>
                        <l>His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom</l>
                        <l>He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow</l>
                        <l>That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe</l>
                        <l>Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,</l>
                        <l>Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all</l>
                        <l>Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King</l>
                        <l>Be touch'd at very heart.</l>
                    </sp>

```

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>None but the King?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,</l>  
 <l>That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,</l>  
 <l>Although they weare their faces to the bent</l>  
 <l>Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not</l>  
 <l>Glad at the thing they scowle at.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>And why so?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing</l>  
 <l>Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,</l>  
 <l>(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,</l>  
 <l>And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,</l>  
 <l>As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth</l>  
 <l>For one, his like; there would be something failing</l>  
 <l>In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,</l>  
 <l>So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within</l>  
 <l>Endowes a man, but hee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>You speake him farre.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,</l>  
 <l>Crush him together, rather then vnfold</l>  
 <l>His measure duly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>What's his name, and Birth?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father</l>  
 <l>Was call'd <hi rend="italic">Sicillius</hi>, who did ioyne his  
 Honor</l>  
 <l>Against the Romanes, with <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassibulan</hi>,</l>  
 <l>But had his Titles by <hi rend="italic">Tenantius</hi>,

whom</l>

<l>He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:</l>

<l>So gain'd the Sur-addition, <hi

rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>.</l>

<l>And had (besides this Gentleman in question)</l>

<l>Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time</l>

<l>Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father</l>

<l>Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow</l>

<l>That he quit Be<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="uninkedTYpe"

resp="#ES"/>ng; and his gentle Lady</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast</l>

<l>As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe</l>

<l>To his protection, cals him <hi rend="italic">Posthumus

Leonatus</hi>,</l>

<l>Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,</l>

<l>Puts to him all the Learnings that his time</l>

<l>Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke</l>

<l>As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,</l>

<l>And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court</l>

<l>(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,</l>

<l>A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,</l>

<l>A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,</l>

<l>A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,</l>

<l>(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price</l>

<l>Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue</l>

<l>By her <choice>

<abbr>electiō</abbr>

<expan>election</expan>

</choice> may be truly read, what kind of man he is.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<l>I honor him, euen out of your report.</l>

<l>But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">

<speaker>1</speaker>

<l>His onely childe:</l>

<l>He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,</l>

<l>Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old</l>

<l>I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery</l>

<l>Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge</l>

<l>Which way they went.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>



</l>How long is this ago<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>Some twenty yeares.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,</l>  
 <l>So slackely guarded, and the search so slow</l>  
 <l>That could not trace them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>Howsoere, 'tis strange,</l>  
 <l>Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:</l>  
 <l>Yet is it true Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>I do well beleue you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,</l>  
 <l>The Queene, and Princesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent continuation">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1 cont.]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene,  
 Posthumus, and Imogen.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)</l>  
 <l>After the slander of most Step-Mothers,</l>  
 <l>Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but</l>  
 <l>Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes</l>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">zz3</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0880-0.jpg" n="370"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>That locke vp your restraint. For you <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>So soone as I can win th'offended King,</l>  
 <l>I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet</l>



<l>The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good</l>  
 <l>You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience</l>  
 <l>Your wisdom may informe you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>'Please your Highnesse,</l>  
   <l>I will from hence to day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>You know the perill:</l>  
   <l>Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying</l>  
   <l>The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King</l>  
   <l>Hath charg'd you should not speake together.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant</l>  
   <l>Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,</l>  
   <l>I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing</l>  
   <l>(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what</l>  
   <l>His rage can do on me. You must be gone,</l>  
   <l>And I shall heere abide the houely shot</l>  
   <l>Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,</l>  
   <l>But that there is this Iewell in the world,</l>  
   <l>That I may see againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>My Queene, my Mistris:</l>  
   <l>O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause</l>  
   <l>To be suspected of more tendernesse</l>  
   <l>Then doth become a man. I will remaine</l>  
   <l>The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.</l>  
   <l>My residence in Rome, at one <hi  
 rend="italic">Filorio</hi>'s,</l>  
   <l>Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me</l>  
   <l>Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)</l>  
   <l>And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,</l>  
   <l>Though Inke be made of Gall.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>Be briefe, I pray you:</l>  
   <l>If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not</l>  
   <l>How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him</l>  
   <l>To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,</l>

<l>But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:</l>  
 <l>Payes deere for my offences.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Should we be taking leaue</l>  
   <l>As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,</l>  
   <l>The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay, stay a little:</l>  
   <l>Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,</l>  
   <l>Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)</l>  
   <l>This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)</l>  
   <l>But keepe it till you woo another Wife,</l>  
   <l>When <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi> is dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>How, how? Another?</l>  
   <l>You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,</l>  
   <l>And seare vp my embracements from a next,</l>  
   <l>With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,</l>  
   <l>While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,</l>  
   <l>As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you</l>  
   <l>To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles</l>  
   <l>I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,</l>  
   <l>It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it</l>  
   <l>Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>O the Gods!</l>  
   <l>When shall we see againe<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline, and  
 Lords.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Alacke, the King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:</l>  
   <l>If after this command thou fraught the Court</l>  
   <l>With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,</l>  
   <l>Thou'rt poyson to my blood.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>The Gods protect you,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:</l>  
   <l>I am gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>There cannot be a pinch in death</l>  
   <l>More sharpe then this is.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>O disloyall thing,</l>  
   <l>That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st</l>  
   <l>A yeares age on mee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>I beseech you Sir,</l>  
   <l>Harme not your selfe with your vexation,</l>  
   <l>I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare</l>  
   <l>Subdues all pangs, all feares.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Past Grace<c rend="italic">?</c> Obedience?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>That might'st haue had</l>  
   <l>The sole Sonne of my Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,</l>  
   <l>And did auoyd a Puttocke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my</l>  
   <l>Throne, a Seate for basenesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

<l>No, I rather added a lustre to it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>O thou vilde one!</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir,</l>  
 <l>It is your fault that I haue lou'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>:</l>  
 <l>You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is</l>  
 <l>A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buies mee</l>  
 <l>Almost the summe he payes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>What? art thou mad?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were</l>  
 <l>A Neat-heards Daughter, and my <hi  
 rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou foolish thing;</l>  
 <l>They were againe together: you haue done</l>  
 <l>Not after our command. Away with her,</l>  
 <l>And pen her vp.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Beseech your patience: Peace</l>  
 <l>Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,</l>  
 <l>Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort</l>  
 <l>Out of your best aduice.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay, let her languish</l>  
 <l>A drop of blood a day, and being aged</l>  
 <l>Dye of this Folly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
    <l>Fye, you must giue way:</l>  
    <l>Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
    <l>My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
    <l>Hah?</l>  
    <l>No harme I trust is done?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
    <l>There might haue beene,</l>  
    <l>But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,</l>  
    <l>And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted</l>  
    <l>By Gentlemen, at hand.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
    <l>I am very glad on't.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part</l>  
    <l>To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,</l>  
    <l>I would they were in Affricke both together,</l>  
    <l>My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke</l>  
    <l>The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
    <l>On his command: he would not suffer mee</l>  
    <l>To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes</l>  
    <l>Of what commands I should be subiect too,</l>  
    <l>When't pleas'd you to employ me.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
    <l>This hath beene</l>  
    <l>Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour</l>  
    <l>He will remaine so.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
    <l>I humbly thanke your Highnesse.</l>  
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Qu.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0881-0.jpg" n="371"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>Pray walke a-while.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>About some halfe houre hence,</l>  
   <l>Pray you speake with me;</l>  
   <l>You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.</l>  
   <l>For this time leaue me.</l>  
</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clotten, and  
 two Lords.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
     <speaker>1.</speaker>  
     <p>Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Vio-  
       <lb/>lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where  
       <lb/>ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so  
       <lb/>wholesome as that you vent.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
     <l>If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.</l>  
     <l>Haue I hurt him?</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
     <speaker>2</speaker>  
     <p>No faith: not so much as his patience.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
     <speaker>1</speaker>  
     <p>Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee  
       <lb/>not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not  
 hurt.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
     <speaker>2</speaker>  
     <p>His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the  
       <lb/>Towne.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>The Villaine would not stand me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <p>No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <p>Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:  
 <lb/>But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <p>As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>I would they had not come betweene vs.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <p>So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole  
 <lb/>you were vpon the ground.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re-  
 <lb/>fuse mee.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <p>If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <p>Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine  
 <lb/>go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene  
 <lb/>small reflection of her wit.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection</l>  
 <l>Should hurt her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had  
 <lb/>beene some hurt done.</p>  
 </sp>

```

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <p>I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
    <lb/>which is no great hurt.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
  <p>You'l go with vs?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <p>Ile attend your Lordship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
  <p>Nay come, let's go together.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <p>Well my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>

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<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen and
Pisanio.</stage>

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<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauen,</l>
  <l>And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,</l>
  <l>And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost</l>
  <l>As offer'd mercy is: What was the last</l>
  <l>That he spake to thee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>
  <l>It was his Queene, his Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>
  <l>And kist it, Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

```



<l>Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:</l>  
 <l>And that was all<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>No Madam: for so long</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>As he could make me with his eye, or eare,</l>  
 <l>Distinguish him from others, he did keepe</l>  
 <l>The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,</l>  
 <l>Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind</l>  
 <l>Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,</l>  
 <l>How swift his Ship.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou should'st haue made him</l>  
 <l>As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left</l>  
 <l>To after-eye him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam, so I did.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>I would haue broke mine eye-strings;</l>  
 <l>Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution</l>  
 <l>Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:</l>  
 <l>Nay, followed him, till he had melted from</l>  
 <l>The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then</l>  
 <l>Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>When shall we heare from him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Be assur'd Madam,</l>  
 <l>With his next vantage.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>I did not take my leaue of him, but had</l>  
 <l>Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him</l>  
 <l>How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,</l>  
 <l>Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,</l>  
 <l>The Shees of Italy should not betray</l>  
 <l>Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him</l>  
 <l>At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,</l>

<l>T'encounter me with Orisons; for then</l>  
 <l>I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,</l>  
 <l>Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set</l>  
 <l>Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,</l>  
 <l>And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,</l>  
 <l>Shakes all our buddes from growing.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Lady.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
   <l>The Queene (Madam)</l>  
   <l>Desires your Highnesse Company.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,</l>  
   <l>I will attend the Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
   <l>Madam, I shall.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Philario,

Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-

  <lb/>man, and a Spaniard.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee  
   <lb/>was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-  
   <lb/>thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I  
   <lb/>could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-  
   <lb/>miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had  
   <lb/>bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
   <p>You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,  
   <lb/>then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-  
   <lb/>out, and within.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
   <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
   <p>I haue seene him in France: wee had very ma-  
   <lb/>ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as  
   <lb/>hee.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,  
     <lb/>wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then  
     <lb/>his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the  
     <lb/>matter.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
   <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
   <p>And then his banishment.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>I, and the approbation of those that weepe this  
     <lb/>lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully  
     <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">to</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0882-0.jpg" n="372"/>  
     <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
     <lb/>to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which  
     <lb/>else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger  
     <lb/>without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne  
     <lb/>with you? How creepes acquaintance?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
   <p>His Father and I were Souldiers together, to  
     <lb/>whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my  
 life.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Posthumus.</stage>  
   <p>Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained a-  
     <lb/>mong'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing,  
     <lb/>to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better  
     <lb/>knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you,  
     <lb/>as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will  
     <lb/>leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his  
     <lb/>owne hearing.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
   <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
   <p>Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <p>Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courte-  
     <lb/>sies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">

<speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
 <p>Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was  
     <lb/>glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene  
     <lb/>pitty you should haue beene put together, with so mor-  
     <lb/>tall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so  
     <lb/>slight and triuiall a nature.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <p>By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauel-  
         <lb/>ler, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in  
         <lb/>my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but  
         <lb/>vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is men-  
         <lb/>ded) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
     <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
     <p>Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of  
         <lb/>Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood  
         <lb/>haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <p>Can we with manners, aske what was the dif-  
         <lb/>ference<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
     <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
     <p>Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in pub-  
         <lb/>licke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the re-  
         <lb/>port. It was much like an argument that fell out last  
         <lb/>night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-  
         <lb/>Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and  
         <lb/>vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more  
         <lb/>Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and  
         <lb/>lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in  
         <lb/>Fraunce.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <p>That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentle-  
         <lb/>mans opinion by this, worne out.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <p>She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>

<p>You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of  
 <lb/>Italy.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Posth.</speaker>  
 <p>Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I  
 <lb/>would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her  
 <lb/>Adorer, not her Friend.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand  
 <lb/>comparison, had beene something too faire, and too  
 <lb/>good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others.  
 <lb/>I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many  
 <lb/>I haue beheld, I could not beleeeue she excelled many:  
 <lb/>but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is,  
 <lb/>nor you the Lady.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>What do you esteeme it at?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>More then the world enioyes.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or  
 <lb/>she's out-priz'd by a trifle.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>You are mistaken: the one may be solde or gi-  
 <lb/>uen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or  
 <lb/>merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale,  
 <lb/>and onely the guift of the Gods.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>Which the Gods haue giuen you<c rend="italic">?</c></p>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">

*Post.*  
Which by their Graces I will keepe.

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

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

*Phil.*  
Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

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

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

*Post.*  
No, no.

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

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <p>You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a per-  
     <lb/>swasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy  
     <lb/>of, by your Attempt.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>What's that?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Posth.</speaker>  
   <p>A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call  
     <lb/>it) deserue more; a punishment too.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phi.</speaker>  
   <p>Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so-  
     <lb/>dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be bet-  
     <lb/>ter acquainted.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>Would I had put my <choice>  
   <orig>Fstate</orig>  
   <corr>Estate</corr>  
 </choice>, and my Neighbors  
     <lb/>on th'approbation of what I haue spoke,</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <p>What Lady would you chuse to assaile?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <p>Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands  
     <lb/>so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your  
     <lb/>Ring, that commend me to the Court where your La-  
     <lb/>dy is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a  
     <lb/>second conference, and I will bring from thence, that  
     <lb/>Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Posthmus.</speaker>  
   <p>I will wage against your Gold, Gold to  
     <lb/>it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of  
     <lb/>it.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">

<speaker  
 rend="italic"><choice><orig>Iach</orig><corr>Iach</corr></choice>.</speaker>  
 <p>You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you  
 <lb/>buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-  
 <lb/>seure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion  
 <lb/>in you, that you feare.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Posthu.</speaker>  
 <p>This is but a custome in your tongue: you  
 <lb/>beare a grauer purpose I hope.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>I am the Master of my speeches, and would vn-  
 <lb/>der-go what's spoken, I sweare.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Posthu.</speaker>  
 <p>Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till  
 <lb/>your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's.  
 <lb/>My Mistris exceedes in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your  
 <lb/>vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my  
 <lb/>Ring.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
 <p>I will haue it no lay.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no suffi-  
 <lb/>cient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily  
 <lb/>part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours,  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">so</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0883-0.jpg" n="373"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <lb/>so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in  
 <lb/>such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this  
 <lb/>your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided. I haue  
 <lb/>your commendation, for my more free entertainment.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles  
 <lb/>betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you  
 <lb/>make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vn-  
 <lb/>derstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Ene-  
 <lb/>my, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnse-



<lb/>duc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill  
 <lb/>opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you  
 <lb/>shall answer me with your Sword.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <p>Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these  
 <lb/>things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away  
 <lb/>for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and  
 <lb/>sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers  
 <lb/>recorded.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>Agreed.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-fre">  
 <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>  
 <p>Will this hold, thinke you.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
 <p>Signior <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi> will not from it.  
 <lb/>Pray let vs follow 'em.</p>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

</div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene,  
 Ladies, and Cornelius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,</l>  
 <l>Gather those Flowers,</l>  
 <l>Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>  
 <l>I Madam.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
 <l>Dispatch.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Ladies.</stage>  
 <l>Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:</l>  
 <l>But I beseech your Grace, without offence</l>  
 <l>(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue</l>  
 <l>Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,</l>  
 <l>Which are the mooouers of a languishing death:</l>  
 <l>But though slow, deadly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>I wonder, Doctor,</l>  
   <l>Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene</l>  
   <l>Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how</l>  
   <l>To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,</l>  
   <l>That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft</l>  
   <l>For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,</l>  
   <l>(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete</l>  
   <l>That I did amplifie my iudgement in</l>  
   <l>Other Conclusions? I will try the forces</l>  
   <l>Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as</l>  
   <l>We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)</l>  
   <l>To try the vigour of them, and apply</l>  
   <l>Allayments to their Act, and by them gather</l>  
   <l>Their seuerall vertues, and effects.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Your Highnesse</l>  
   <l>Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:</l>  
   <l>Besides, the seeing these effects will be</l>  
   <l>Both noysome, and infectious.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>O content thee.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio.</stage>  
   <l>Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him</l>  
   <l>Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,</l>  
   <l>And enemy to my Sonne. How now <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
   <l>Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,</l>  
   <l>Take your owne way.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>I do suspect you, Madam,</l>  
   <l>But you shall do no harme.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Hearke thee, a word.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<l>I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's</l>  
<l>Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,</l>  
<l>And will not trust one of her malice, with</l>  
<l>A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,</l>  
<l>Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,</l>  
<l>Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,</l>  
<l>Then afterward vp higher: but there is</l>  
<l>No danger in what shew of death it makes,</l>  
<l>More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,</l>  
<l>To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd</l>  
<l>With a most false effect: and I, the truer,</l>  
<l>So to be false with her.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
<l>No further seruice, Doctor,</l>  
<l>Vntill I send for thee.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<l>I humbly take my leaue.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-cym-que">  
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
<l>Weepes she still (saist thou?)</l>  
<l>Dost thou thinke in time</l>  
<l>She will not quench, and let instructions enter</l>  
<l>Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:</l>  
<l>When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,</l>  
<l>Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then</l>  
<l>As great as is thy Master: Greater, for</l>  
<l>His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name</l>  
<l>Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor</l>  
<l>Continue where he is: To shift his being,</l>  
<l>Is to exchange one misery with another,</l>  
<l>And euery day that comes, comes to decay</l>  
<l>A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect</l>  
<l>To be depender on a thing that leanes?</l>  
<l>Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends</l>  
<l>So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp</l>  
<l>Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,</l>  
<l>It is a thing I made, which hath the King</l>  
<l>Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know</l>  
<l>What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,</l>  
<l>It is an earnest of a farther good</l>

<|>That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how</|>  
 <|>The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;</|>  
 <|>Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke</|>  
 <|>Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,</|>  
 <|>Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King</|>  
 <|>To any shape of thy Preferment, such</|>  
 <|>As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,</|>  
 <|>That set thee on to this desert, am bound</|>  
 <|>To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Pisa.</stage>  
 <|>Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,</|>  
 <|>Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,</|>  
 <|>And the Remembrancer of her, to hold</|>  
 <|>The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,</|>  
 <|>Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her</|>  
 <|>Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after</|>  
 <|>Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd</|>  
 <|>To taste of too.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio, and  
 Ladies.</stage>  
 <|>So, so: Well done, well done:</|>  
 <|>The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses</|>  
 <|>Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>.</|>  
 <|>Thinke on my words.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Qu. and  
 Ladies</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <|>And shall do:</|>  
 <|>But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,</|>  
 <|>Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Scena</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0884-0.jpg" n="374"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 6]</head>  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen  
 alone.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <|>A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,</|>  
 <|>A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,</|>  
 <|>That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,</|>

<|>My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated</|>  
 <|>Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,</|>  
 <|>As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable</|>  
 <|>Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those</|>  
 <|>How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,</|>  
 <|>Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio, and  
 Iachimo.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <|>Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,</|>  
 <|>Comes from my Lord with Letters.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <|>Change you, Madam:</|>  
 <|>The Worthy <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> is in safety,</|>  
 <|>And greetes your Highnesse deerely.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <|>Thanks good Sir,</|>  
 <|>You're kindly welcome.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <|>All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:</|>  
 <|>If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare</|>  
 <|>She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I</|>  
 <|>Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:</|>  
 <|>Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,</|>  
 <|>Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,</|>  
 <|>Rather directly fly.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic center">Imogen</speaker>  
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> reads.</stage>  
 <p rend="italic center">He is one of the Noblest note, to whose  
 kindnesses I am most in-  
 <lb/>finitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value  
 your  
 <lb/>trust.</p>  
 <p rend="rightJustified">Leonatus.</p>  
 <|>So farre I reade aloud.</|>  
 <|>But euen the very middle of my heart</|>  
 <|>Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankfully.</|>  
 <|>You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I</|>  
 <|>Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so</|>  
 <|>In all<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"  
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"  
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"  
 resp="#ES"/>that I can do.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Thankes fairest Lady:</l>  
   <l>What are men mad<c rend="italic">?</c> Hath Nature giuen  
 them eyes</l>  
   <l>To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop</l>  
   <l>Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt</l>  
   <l>The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones</l>  
   <l>Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not</l>  
   <l>Partition make with Spectales so pretious</l>  
   <l>Twixt faire, and foule?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>What makes your admiration?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys</l>  
   <l>'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and</l>  
   <l>Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'iudgment:</l>  
   <l>For Idiots in this case of fauour, would</l>  
   <l>Be wisely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.</l>  
   <l>Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd</l>  
   <l>Should make desire vomit emptinesse,</l>  
   <l>Not so allur<c rend="inverted">'</c>d to feed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>What is the matter trow<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>The Cloyed will:</l>  
   <l>That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub</l>  
   <l>Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,</l>  
   <l>Longs after for the Garbage.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>What, deere Sir,</l>  
   <l>Thus rap's you? Are you well?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <l>Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,</l>  
     <l>Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:</l>  
     <l>He's strange and peeuish.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
     <l>I was going Sir,</l>  
     <l>To giue him welcome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
     <l>Continues well my Lord?</l>  
     <l>His health beseech you?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <l>Well, Madam.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
     <l>Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <l>Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,</l>  
     <l>So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd</l>  
     <l>The Britaine Reueller.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
     <l>When he was heere</l>  
     <l>He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times</l>  
     <l>Not knowi<c rend="inverted">n</c>g why.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
     <l>I neuer saw him sad.</l>  
     <l>There is a Frenchman his Companion, one</l>  
     <l>An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues</l>  
     <l>A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces</l>  
     <l>The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,</l>  
     <l>(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,</l>  
     <l>Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes</l>  
     <l>By History, Report, or his owne prooffe</l>  
     <l>What woman is, yea what she cannot choose</l>  
     <l>But must be: will's free houres languish:</l>  
     <l>For assured bondage?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>Will my Lord say so?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
    <l>I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,</l>  
    <l>It is a Recreation to be by</l>  
    <l>And heare him mocke the Frenchman:</l>  
    <l>But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>Not he I hope.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
    <l>Not he:</l>  
    <l>But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might</l>  
    <l>Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;</l>  
    <l>In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.</l>  
    <l>Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound</l>  
    <l>To pitty too.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>What do you pitty Sir?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
    <l>Two Creatures heartyly.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>Am I one Sir?</l>  
    <l>You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me</l>  
    <l>Deserues your pitty?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
    <l>Lamentable: what</l>  
    <l>To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace</l>  
    <l>I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>I pray you Sir,</l>  
    <l>Deliuer with more opennesse your answeres</l>  
    <l>To my demands. Why do you pitty me?</l>



</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>That others do,</l>  
   <l>(I was about to say) enioy your □but</l>  
   <l>It is an office of the Gods to venge it,</l>  
   <l>Not mine to speake on't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>You do seeme to know</l>  
   <l>Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you</l>  
   <l>Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more</l>  
   <l>Then to be sure they do. For Certainities</l>  
   <l>Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,</l>  
   <l>The remedy then borne. Discouer to me</l>  
   <l>What both you spur and stop.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach'</speaker>  
   <l>Had I this cheeke</l>  
   <l>To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,</l>  
   <l>(Whose euey touch) would force the Feelers soule</l>  
   <l>To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which</l>  
   <l>Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,</l>  
   <l>Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Slauer</hi>  
 </fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0885-0.jpg" n="375"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Slauuer with lippes as common as the stayres</l>  
   <l>That mount the Capitoll: loyne gripes, with hands</l>  
   <l>Made hard with houely falshood (falshood as</l>  
   <l>With labour:) then by peeping in an eye</l>  
   <l>Base and illustrious as the smoakie light</l>  
   <l>That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit</l>  
   <l>That all the plagues of Hell should at one time</l>  
   <l>Encounter such reuolt.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord, I feare</l>  
   <l>Has forgot Brittain.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>And himselfe, not I</l>  
   <l>Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce</l>

<l>The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces</l>  
 <l>That from my mu<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="partiallyInkedType"  
 resp="#ES"/>est Conscience, to my tongue,</l>  
 <l>Charmes this report out.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Let me heare no more.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart</l>  
 <l>With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady</l>  
 <l>So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie</l>  
 <l>Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd</l>  
 <l>With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition</l>  
 <l>Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures</l>  
 <l>That play with all Infirmities for Gold,</l>  
 <l>Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe</l>  
 <l>As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,</l>  
 <l>Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you</l>  
 <l>Recoyle from your great Stocke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Reueng'd:</l>  
 <l>How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,</l>  
 <l>(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares</l>  
 <l>Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,</l>  
 <l>How should I be reueng'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>Should he make me</l>  
 <l>Liue like <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>'s Priest, betwixt cold  
 sheets,</l>  
 <l>Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramples</l>  
 <l>In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it.</l>  
 <l>I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,</l>  
 <l>More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,</l>  
 <l>And will continue fast to your Affection,</l>  
 <l>Still close, as sure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>What hoa, <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue</l>  
   <l>So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable</l>  
   <l>Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not</l>  
   <l>For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:</l>  
   <l>Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre</l>  
   <l>From thy report, as thou from Honor: and</l>  
   <l>Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines</l>  
   <l>Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
   <l>The King my Father shall be made acquainted</l>  
   <l>Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,</l>  
   <l>A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart</l>  
   <l>As in a Romish Stew, and to expound</l>  
   <l>His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court</l>  
   <l>He little cares for, and a Daughter, who</l>  
   <l>He not respects at all. What hoa, <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>O happy <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> I may say,</l>  
   <l>The credit that thy Lady hath of thee</l>  
   <l>Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse</l>  
   <l>Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,</l>  
   <l>A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer</l>  
   <l>Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely</l>  
   <l>For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,</l>  
   <l>I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance</l>  
   <l>Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>That which he is, new o're: And he is one</l>  
   <l>The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,</l>  
   <l>That he enchants Societies into him:</l>  
   <l>Halfe all men hearts are his.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>You make amends.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;</l>  
   <l>He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,</l>  
   <l>More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie</l>

<l>(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd</l>  
<l>To try your taking of a false report, which hath</l>  
<l>Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,</l>  
<l>In the election of a Sir, so rare,</l>  
<l>Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,</l>  
<l>Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you</l>  
<l>(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>All's well Sir:</l>  
<l>Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
<l>My humble thanks: I had almost forgot</l>  
<l>T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,</l>  
<l>And yet of moment too, for it concernes:</l>  
<l>Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends</l>  
<l>Are partners in the businesse.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>Pray what is't?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
<l>Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord</l>  
<l>(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes</l>  
<l>To buy a Present for the Emperor:</l>  
<l>Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done</l>  
<l>In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels</l>  
<l>Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,</l>  
<l>And I am something curious, being strange</l>  
<l>To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you</l>  
<l>To take them in protection.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>Willingly:</l>  
<l>And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since</l>  
<l>My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them</l>  
<l>In my Bed-chamber.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
<l>They are in a Trunke</l>  
<l>Attended by my men: I will make bold</l>  
<l>To send them to you, onely for this night:</l>  
<l>I must aboard to morrow.</l>

```

</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>O no, no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>
  <l>Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word</l>
  <l>By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,</l>
  <l>I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise</l>
  <l>To see your Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>I thanke you for your paines:</l>
  <l>But not away to morrow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-iac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>
  <l>O I must Madam.</l>
  <l>Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please</l>
  <l>To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,</l>
  <l>I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall</l>
  <l>To'th'tender of our Present.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>I will write:</l>
  <l>Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,</l>
  <l>And truely yeilded you: you're very welcome.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
<div type="scene" n="1">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Clotten, and the
two Lords.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cym-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>
    <p>Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist
      <lb/>the lacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
      <lb/>dred pound on't: and then a whorson lacke-an-Apes,
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">must</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0886-0.jpg" n="376"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <lb/>must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine

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pleasure.</p><lb/>oathes of him, and might not spend them at my

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">

<speaker>1.</speaker>

<p>What got he by that? you haue broke his pate

<lb/>with your Bowle.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">

<speaker>2.</speaker>

<p>If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would

<lb/>haue run all out.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>

<p>When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is

<lb/>not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">

<speaker>2.</speaker>

<p>No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>

<p>Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would

<lb/>he had bin one of my Ranke.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">

<speaker>2.</speaker>

<p>To haue smell'd like a Foole.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>

<p>I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a

<lb/>pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare

<lb/>not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-

<lb/>ther: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,

<lb/>and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body

<lb/>can match.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">

<speaker>2.</speaker>

<p>You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow

<lb/>Cock, with your combe on.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>

<p>Sayest thou<c rend="italic">?</c>

</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <p>It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake euey  
 <lb/>Companion, that you giue offence too.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit  
 <lb/>offence to my inferiors.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <p>I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>Why so I say.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <p>Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court  
 <lb/>night?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>A Stranger, and I not know on't?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <p>He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <p>There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of  
 <lb/>  
 <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> Friends.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>? A banisht Rascall; and he's another,  
 <lb/>whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>One of your Lordships Pages.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<p>Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no  
<lb/>der <note type="physical" resp="#ES">This r has slipped  
below the rest of the line.</note>ogation in't?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<p>You cannot derogate my Lord.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<p>Not easily I thinke.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<p>You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues  
<lb/>being foolish do not derogate.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<p>Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost  
<lb/>to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come:

go.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lor.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<p>Ile attend your Lordship.</p>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
<l>That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother</l>  
<l>Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that</l>  
<l>Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,</l>  
<l>Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,</l>  
<l>And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,</l>  
<l>Thou diuine <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, what thou

endur'st,</l>

<l>Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,</l>  
<l>A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,</l>  
<l>More hatefull then the foule expulsion is</l>  
<l>Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act</l>  
<l>Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme</l>  
<l>The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd</l>  
<l>That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand</l>  
<l>T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="2">  
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>  
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen, in her



Bed, and a Lady.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>Who's there? My woman: <hi rend="italic">Helene</hi>?</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
<l>Please you Madam.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>What houre is it?</l>

</sp>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>  
<l>Almost midnight, Madam.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>I haue read three houres then:</l>  
<l>Mine eyes are weake,</l>  
<l>Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.</l>  
<l>Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:</l>  
<l>And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,</l>  
<l>I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.</l>  
<l>To your protection I commend me, Gods,</l>  
<l>From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,</l>  
<l>Guard me beseech yee.</l>

</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified"

type="business">Sleepes.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Iachimo from  
the Trunke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
<l>The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense</l>  
<l>Repaires it selfe by rest: Our <hi rend="italic">Tarquine</hi>

thus</l>

<l>Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd</l>  
<l>The Chastitie he wounded. <hi

rend="italic">Cytherea</hi>,</l>

<l>How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,</l>  
<l>And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,</l>  
<l>But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,</l>  
<l>How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that</l>  
<l>Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper</l>  
<l>Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.</l>  
<l>To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied</l>  
<l>Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd</l>

<l>With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.</l>  
 <l>To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,</l>  
 <l>Such, and such pictures: There the window, such</l>  
 <l>Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,</l>  
 <l>Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.</l>  
 <l>Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,</l>  
 <l>Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables</l>  
 <l>Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.</l>  
 <l>O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,</l>  
 <l>And be her Sense but as a Monument,</l>  
 <l>Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;</l>  
 <l>As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.</l>  
 <l>'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,</l>  
 <l>As strongly as the Conscience do's within:</l>  
 <l>To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest</l>  
 <l>A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops</l>  
 <l>I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,</l>  
 <l>Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret</l>  
 <l>Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane</l>  
 <l>The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?</l>  
 <l>Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,</l>  
 <l>Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,</l>  
 <l>The Tale of <hi rend="italic">Tereus</hi>, heere the leaffe's  
 turn'd downe</l>  
 <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Philomele</hi> gaue vp. I haue  
 enough,</l>  
 <l>To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.</l>  
 <l>Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning</l>  
 <l>May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,</l>  
 <l>Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Clocke  
 strikes</stage>  
 <l>One, two, three: time, time.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Clotten, and  
 Lords.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <p>Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the  
 <lb/>most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>It would make any man cold to loose.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <p>But not euery man patient after the noble temper  
 <lb/>of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when  
 <lb/>you winne.</p>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Clot.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0887-0.jpg" n="377"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <p>Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get  
 <lb/>this foolish <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, I should haue  
 Gold enough: it's al-  
 <lb/>most morning, is't not?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <p>Day, my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>I would this Musicke would come: I am adui-  
 <lb/>sed to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will pene-  
 <lb/>trate.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Musitians.</stage>  
 <p>Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-  
 <lb/>gering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let  
 <lb/>her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excel-  
 <lb/>lent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire,  
 <lb/>with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consi-  
 <lb/>der.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">SONG.</stage>  
 <lg>  
 <l rend="italic">Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate  
 sings,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">and Phoebus gins arise,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">His Steeds to water at those Springs</l>  
 <l rend="italic">on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:</l>  
 <l rend="italic">And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their  
 Golden eyes</l>  
 <l rend="italic">With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet  
 arise:</l>  
 <l rend="italic">Arise, arise.</l>  
 </lg>  
 <p>So, get you gone: if this pen<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="uninkedType"  
 resp="#ES"/>trate, I will consider your  
 <lb/>Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares

which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of  
 vnnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and  
 Queene.

Heere comes the King.

Clot.

I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason  
 I was vp

fo

so

earely: he cannot choose but take this Ser-  
 uice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma-  
 iesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym.

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

Clot.

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

Cym.

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

Qu.

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

Clot.

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>Senselesse? Not so.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-mes">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
 <l>So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;</l>  
 <l>The one is <hi rend="italic">Caius Lucius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>A worthy Fellow,</l>  
 <l>Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;</l>  
 <l>But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him</l>  
 <l>According to the Honor of his Sender,</l>  
 <l>And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs</l>  
 <l>We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,</l>  
 <l>When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,</l>  
 <l>Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede</l>  
 <l>T'employ you towards<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"  
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"  
 resp="#ES"/>this Romane.</l>  
 <l>Come our Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not</l>  
 <l>Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,</l>  
 <l>I know her women are about her: what</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold</l>  
 <l>Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>'s Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp</l>  
 <l>Their Deere to'th'stand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold</l>  
 <l>Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:</l>  
 <l>Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what</l>  
 <l>Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make</l>  
 <l>One of her women Lawyer to me, for</l>  
 <l>I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.</l>  
 <l>By your leaue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"  
 type="business">Knockes.</stage>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter a Lady.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
 <l>Who's there that knockes?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
    <l>A Gentleman.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
    <l>No more.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
    <l>Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
    <l>That's more</l>  
    <l>Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,</l>  
    <l>Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
    <l>Your Ladies person, is she ready?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
    <l>I, to keepe her Chamber.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
    <l>There is Gold for you,</l>  
    <l>Sell me your good report.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
    <l>How, my good name? or to report of you</l>  
    <l>What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
    <l>Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
    <l>Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines</l>  
    <l>For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue,</l>  
    <l>Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,</l>  
    <l>And scarce can spare them.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>Still I sweare I loue you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:</l>  
 <l>If you sweare still, your recompence is still</l>  
 <l>That I regard it not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>This is no answer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,</l>  
 <l>I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith</l>  
 <l>I shall vnfold equall discourtesie</l>  
 <l>To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing</l>  
 <l>Should learne (being taught) forbearance.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,</l>  
 <l>I will not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Fooles are not mad Folkes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>Do you call me Foole?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>As I am mad I do:</l>  
 <l>If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,</l>  
 <l>That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)</l>  
 <l>You put me to forget a Ladies manners</l>  
 <l>By being so verball: and learne now, for all,</l>  
 <l>That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce</l>  
 <l>By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,</l>  
 <l>And am so neere the lacke of Charitie</l>  
 <l>To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather</l>  
 <l>You felt, then make't my boast.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>You sinne against</l>

<l>Obedience, which you owe your Father, for</l>  
 <l>The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,</l>  
 <l>One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,</l>  
 <l>With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;</l>  
 <l>And though it be allowed in meaner parties</l>  
 <l>(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules</l>  
 <l>(On whom there is no more dependencie</l>  
 <l>But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,</l>  
 <l>Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by</l>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aaa</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0888-0.jpg" n="378"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>The consequence o'th'Crowne, and must not foyle</l>  
 <l>The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,</l>  
 <l>A Hilding for a Liurie, a Squires Cloth,</l>  
 <l>A Pantler; not so eminent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Prophane Fellow:</l>  
 <l>Wert thou the Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>, and no  
 more,</l>  
 <l>But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,</l>  
 <l>To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough</l>  
 <l>Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made</l>  
 <l>Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd</l>  
 <l>The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated</l>  
 <l>For being prefer'd so well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>The South-Fog rot him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>He neuer can meete more mischance, then come</l>  
 <l>To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment</l>  
 <l>That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer</l>  
 <l>In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,</l>  
 <l>Were they all made such men: How now <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio,</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>His Garments? Now the diuell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">



presently.</l>  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Dorothy</hi> my woman hie thee

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<l>His Garment?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>I am sprighted with a Foole,</l>  
<l>Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman</l>  
<l>Search for a Iewell, that too casually</l>  
<l>Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me</l>  
<l>If I would loose it for a Reuenew,</l>  
<l>Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,</l>  
<l>I saw't this morning: Confident I am.</l>  
<l>Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,</l>  
<l>I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord</l>  
<l>That I kisse aught but he.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
<speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
<l>'Twill not be lost.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>I hope so: go and search.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<l>You haue abus'd me:</l>  
<l>His meanest Garment?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>I, I said so Sir,</l>  
<l>If you will make't an Action, call wnesse to't.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
<l>I will enforme your Father.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>Your Mother too:</l>  
<l>She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope</l>  
<l>But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,</l>  
<l>To'th'worst of discontent.</l>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile be reueng'd:</l>  
   <l>His mean'st Garment? Well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>  
     <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Posthumus, and  
 Philario.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <l>Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure</l>  
     <l>To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour</l>  
     <l>Will remaine her's.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
     <l>What meanes do you make to him<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <l>Not any: but abide the change of Time,</l>  
     <l>Quake in the present winters state, and wish</l>  
     <l>That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope</l>  
     <l>I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling</l>  
     <l>I must die much your debtor.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
     <l>Your very goodnesse, and your company,</l>  
     <l>Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,</l>  
     <l>Hath heard of Great <hi rend="italic">Augustus</hi>: <hi  
 rend="italic">Caius Lucius</hi>,</l>  
     <l>Will do's Commission throughly. And I think</l>  
     <cb n="2"/>  
     <l>Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,</l>  
     <l>Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance</l>  
     <l>Is yet fresh in their grieffe.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <l>I do beleeeue</l>  
     <l>(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)</l>  
     <l>That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare</l>  
     <l>The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed</l>

<l>In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings</l>  
 <l>Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen</l>  
 <l>Are men more order'd, then when <hi rend="italic">Iulius  
 Cæsar</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage</l>  
 <l>Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,</l>  
 <l>(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne</l>  
 <l>To their Approuers, they are People, such</l>  
 <l>That mend vpon the world.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter  
 Iachimo.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Phi.</speaker>  
 <l>See <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;</l>  
 <l>And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailables,</l>  
 <l>To make your vessell nimble.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
 <l>Welcome Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made</l>  
 <l>The speedinesse of your returne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iachi.</speaker>  
 <l>Your Lady,</l>  
 <l>Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>And therewithall the best, or let her beauty</l>  
 <l>Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,</l>  
 <l>And be false with them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iachi.</speaker>  
 <l>Heere are Letters for you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Their tenure good I trust.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis very like.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Was <hi rend="italic">Caius Lucius</hi> in the Britaine  
 Court,</l>  
 <l>When you were there?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>He was expected then,</l>  
 <l>But not approach'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>All is well yet,</l>  
 <l>Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not</l>  
 <l>Too dull for your good wearing?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>If I haue lost it,</l>  
 <l>I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,</l>  
 <l>Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy</l>  
 <l>A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which</l>  
 <l>Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>The Stones too hard to come by.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>Not a whit,</l>  
 <l>Your Lady being so easy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Make note Sir</l>  
 <l>Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we</l>  
 <l>Must not continue Friends.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Sir, we must</l>

<l>If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought</l>  
<l>The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant</l>  
<l>We were to question farther; but I now</l>  
<l>Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,</l>  
<l>Together with your Ring; and not the wronger</l>  
<l>Of her, or you hauing proceeded but</l>  
<l>By both your willes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>

<l>If you can mak't apparent</l>

<l>That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,</l>

<l>And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion</l>

<l>You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,</l>

<l>Your Sword, or mine<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="inkBlot"

resp="#ES"/>or Masterlesse leaue both</l>

<l>To who shall finde them.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">

<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>

<l>Sir, my Circumstances</l>

<l>Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,</l>

<l>Must first induce you to beleee; whose strength</l>

<l>I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">You'l</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0889-0.jpg" n="389"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde</l>

<l>You neede it not.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>

<l>Proceed.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">

<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>

<l>First, her Bed-chamber</l>

<l>(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe</l>

<l>Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd</l>

<l>With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story</l>

<l>Proud <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, when she met her

Roman,</l>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Sidnus</hi> swell'd aboue the Bankes,

or for</l>

<l>The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke</l>

<l>So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue</l>

<l>In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd</l>  
 <l>Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought</l>  
 <l>Since the true life on't was□</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>This is true:</l>  
   <l>And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,</l>  
   <l>Or by some other.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>More particulars</l>  
   <l>Must iustifie my knowledge.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>So they must,</l>  
   <l>Or doe your Honour iniury.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>The Chimney</l>  
   <l>Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece</l>  
   <l>Chaste <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi>, bathing: neuer saw I  
 figures</l>  
   <l>So likely to report themselues; the Cutter</l>  
   <l>Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,</l>  
   <l>Motion, and Breath left out.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>This is a thing</l>  
   <l>Which you might from Relation likewise reape,</l>  
   <l>Being, as it is, much spoke of.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>The Roofe o'th'Chamber,</l>  
   <l>With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons</l>  
   <l>(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids</l>  
   <l>Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely</l>  
   <l>Depending on their Brands.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>This is her Honor:</l>  
   <l>Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise</l>  
   <l>Be giuen to your remembrance) the description</l>  
   <l>Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues</l>

<l>The wager you haue laid.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Then if you can</l>  
   <l>Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,</l>  
   <l>And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married</l>  
   <l>To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Ioue□</l>  
   <l>Once more let me behold it: Is it that</l>  
   <l>Which I left with her?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir (I thanke her) that</l>  
   <l>She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:</l>  
   <l>Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,</l>  
   <l>And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,</l>  
   <l>And said, she priz'd it once.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>May be, she pluck'd it off</l>  
   <l>To send it me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>She writes so to you? doth shee<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,</l>  
   <l>It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,</l>  
   <l>Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,</l>  
   <l>Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,</l>  
   <l>Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,</l>  
   <l>Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,</l>  
   <l>Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:</l>  
   <l>O, aboue measure false.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
   <l>Haue patience Sir,</l>  
   <l>And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:</l>  
   <l>It may be probable she lost it: or</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>

<l>Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted</l>  
 <l>Hath stolne it from her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Very true,</l>  
   <l>And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,</l>  
   <l>Render to me some corporall signe about her</l>  
   <l>More euident then this: for this was stolne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.</l>  
   <l>'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure</l>  
   <l>She would not loose it: her Attendants are</l>  
   <l>All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?</l>  
   <l>And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,</l>  
   <l>The Cognisance of her incontinencie</l>  
   <l>Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly</l>  
   <l>There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell</l>  
   <l>Diuide themselues betweene you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir, be patient:</l>  
   <l>This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd</l>  
   <l>Of one perswaded well of.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Neuer talke on't:</l>  
   <l>She hath bin colted by him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>If you seeke</l>  
   <l>For further satisfying, vnder her Breast</l>  
   <l>(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud</l>  
   <l>Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life</l>  
   <l>I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger</l>  
   <l>To feede againe, though full. You do remember</l>  
   <l>This staine vpon her?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>I, and it doth confirme</l>



<l>Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,</l>  
 <l>Were there no more but it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Will you heare more<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Spare your Arethmaticke,</l>  
   <l>Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile be sworne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>No swearing:</l>  
   <l>If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,</l>  
   <l>And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny</l>  
   <l>Thou'st made me Cuckold.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile deny nothing.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:</l>  
   <l>I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before</l>  
   <l>Her Father. Ile do something.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-phi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>  
   <l>Quite besides</l>  
   <l>The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:</l>  
   <l>Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath</l>  
   <l>He hath against himselfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>With all my heart.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Posthumus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <|>Is there no way for Men to be, but Women</|>  
 <|>Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,</|>  
 <|>And that most venerable man, which I</|>  
 <|>Did call my Father, was, I know not where</|>  
 <|>When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tool'es</|>  
 <|>Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd</|>  
 <|>The <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi> of that time: so doth my  
 Wife</|>  
 <|>The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!</|>  
 <|>Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,</|>  
 <|>And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with</|>  
 <|>A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't</|>  
 <|>Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;</|>  
 <|>That I thought her</|>  
 <|>As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!</|>  
 <|>This yellow <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi> in an houre, was't  
 not?</|>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aaa2</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Or</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0890-0.jpg" n="380"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <|>Or lesse; at first<c rend="italic">?</c> Perchance he spoke  
 not, but</|>  
 <|>Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,</|>  
 <|>Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition</|>  
 <|>But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she</|>  
 <|>Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out</|>  
 <|>The Womans part in me, for there's no motion</|>  
 <|>That tends to vice in man, but I affirme</|>  
 <|>It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,</|>  
 <|>The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:</|>  
 <|>Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:</|>  
 <|>Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,</|>  
 <|>Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;</|>  
 <|>All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,</|>  
 <|>Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice</|>  
 <|>They are not constant, but are changing still;</|>  
 <|>One Vice, but of a minute old, for one</|>  
 <|>Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,</|>  
 <|>Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill</|>  
 <|>In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:</|>  
 <|>The very Diuels cannot plague them better.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>

</div>  
 <div type="act" n="3">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter in State,  
 Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at  
 <lb/>one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,  
 <lb/>and Attendants.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Now say, what would <hi rend="italic">Augustus Cæsar</hi>  
 with vs?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>When <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi> (whose  
 remembrance yet</l>  
 <l>Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues</l>  
 <l>Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,</l>  
 <l>And Conquer'd it, <hi rend="italic">Cassibulan</hi> thine  
 Vnkle</l>  
 <l>(Famous in Cæsars prayes, no whit lesse</l>  
 <l>Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,</l>  
 <l>And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,</l>  
 <l>Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately</l>  
 <l>Is left vtender'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>And to kill the meruaile,</l>  
 <l>Shall be so euer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>There be many <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Ere such another <hi rend="italic">Iulius</hi>: Britaine's a  
 world</l>  
 <l>By it selfe, and we will nothing pay</l>  
 <l>For wearing our owne Noses.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>That opportunity</l>  
 <l>Which then they had to take from's, to resume</l>  
 <l>We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,</l>  
 <l>The Kings your Ancestors, together with</l>  
 <l>The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands</l>  
 <l>As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in</l>  
 <l>With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,</l>

<l>With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,</l>  
 <l>But sucke them vp to'th'Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> made heere, but made not heere his  
 bragge</l>  
 <l>Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame</l>  
 <l>(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried</l>  
 <l>From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping</l>  
 <l>(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas</l>  
 <l>Like Egge-shels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd</l>  
 <l>As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,</l>  
 <l>The fam'd <hi rend="italic">Cassibulan</hi>, who was once  
 at point</l>  
 <l>(Oh giglet Fortune) to master <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 Sword,</l>  
 <l>Made <hi rend="italic">Luds-Towne</hi> with  
 reioycing-Fires bright,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>And Britaines strut with Courage.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our  
 <lb/>Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
 <lb/>said) there is no mo such <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>,  
 other of them may haue  
 <lb/>crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Son, let your Mother end.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <p>We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard  
 <lb/>as <hi rend="italic">Cassibulan</hi>, I doe not say I am  
 one: but I haue a hand.  
 <lb/>Why Tribute<c rend="italic">?</c> Why should we pay  
 Tribute<c rend="italic">?</c> If <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 <lb/>can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon  
 <lb/>in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,  
 <lb/>no more Tribute, pray you now.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>You must know,</l>  
 <l>Till the iniurious Romans, did extort</l>  
 <l>This Tribute from vs, we were free. <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Ambition,</l>  
 <l>Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch</l>

<l>The sides o'th'World, against all colour heere,</l>  
 <l>Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off</l>  
 <l>Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon</l>  
 <l>Our selues to be, we do. Say then to <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Our Ancestor was that <hi rend="italic">Mulmutius</hi>,  
 which</l>  
 <l>Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,</l>  
 <l>Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,</l>  
 <l>Tho Rome be therfore angry. <hi  
 rend="italic">Mulmutius</hi> made our lawes</l>  
 <l>Who was the first of Britaine, which did put</l>  
 <l>His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd</l>  
 <l>Himselfe a King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>I am sorry <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>,</l>  
 <l>That I am to pronounce <hi rend="italic">Augustus  
 Cæsar</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>(<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, that hath moe Kings his  
 Seruants, then</l>  
 <l>Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:</l>  
 <l>Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion</l>  
 <l>In <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> name pronounce I 'gainst  
 thee: Looke</l>  
 <l>For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,</l>  
 <l>I thanke thee for my selfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou art welcome <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Thy <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> Knighted me; my youth I  
 spent</l>  
 <l>Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,</l>  
 <l>Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,</l>  
 <l>Behoooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,</l>  
 <l>That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for</l>  
 <l>Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President</l>  
 <l>Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:</l>  
 <l>So <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> shall not finde them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Let prooffe speake.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-  
     <lb/>stime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-  
     <lb/>terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-  
     <lb/>water Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you  
     <lb/>fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for  
     <lb/>you: and there's an end.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>So sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:</l>  
   <l>All the Remaine, is welcome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>  
   <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio reading of  
 a Letter.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not</l>  
   <l>What Monsters her accuse? <hi rend="italic">Leonatus:</hi>  
 </l>  
   <l>Oh Master, what a strange infection</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Is</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0891-0.jpg" n="381"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,</l>  
   <l>(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd</l>  
   <l>On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.</l>  
   <l>She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes</l>  
   <l>More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults</l>  
   <l>As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,</l>  
   <l>Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were</l>  
   <l>Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,</l>  
   <l>Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I</l>  
   <l>Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?</l>  
   <l>If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer</l>  
   <l>Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,</l>  
   <l>That I should seeme to lacke humanity,</l>  
   <l>So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.</l>  
   <l rend="italic">That I haue sent her, by her owne command,</l>

</>  
 <hi rend="italic">Shall giue thee opportunitie.</hi> Oh damn'd  
 paper,</>  
 </>Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,</>  
 </>Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'st</>  
 </>So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.</>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Imogen.</stage>  
 </>I am ignorant in what I am commanded.</>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 </>How now <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 </>Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.</>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 </>Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>?</>  
 </>Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer</>  
 </>That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,</>  
 </>Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,</>  
 </>Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,</>  
 </>Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not</>  
 </>That we two are asunder, let that grieue him,</>  
 </>Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,</>  
 </>For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,</>  
 </>All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be</>  
 </>You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,</>  
 </>And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,</>  
 </>Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet</>  
 </>You claspe young <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> Tables:  
 good Newes Gods.</>  
 <p rend="italic">  
 <c rend="droppedCapital">I</c>Vstice and your Fathers wrath  
 (should he take me in his  
 <lb/>Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the  
 dee-  
 <lb/>rest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes.  
 Take  
 <lb/>notice that I am in <hi rend="roman">Cambria</hi> at  
 <hi rend="roman">Milford-Hauen:</hi> what your  
 <lb/>owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he  
 wishes you  
 <lb/>all happinesse, that remains loyall to his Vow, and your  
 encrea-  
 <lb/>sing in Loue.</p>



<p rend="rightJustified">Leonatus Posthumus.</p>  
 <l>Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
 <l>He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me</l>  
 <l>How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires</l>  
 <l>May plod it in a weeke, why may not I</l>  
 <l>Glide thither in a day? Then true <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st</l>  
 <l>(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st</l>  
 <l>But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:</l>  
 <l>For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke</l>  
 <l>(Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,</l>  
 <l>To'th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is</l>  
 <l>To this same blessed Milford. And by'th'way</l>  
 <l>Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 <l>T'inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,</l>  
 <l>How we may steale from hence: and for the gap</l>  
 <l>That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,</l>  
 <l>And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.</l>  
 <l>Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?</l>  
 <l>Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,</l>  
 <l>How many store of Miles may we well rid</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Twixt houre, and houre?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,</l>  
 <l>Madam's enough for you: and too much too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,</l>  
 <l>Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,</l>  
 <l>Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands</l>  
 <l>That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,</l>  
 <l>Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say</l>  
 <l>She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently</l>  
 <l>A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit</l>  
 <l>A Franklins Huswife.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam, you're best consider.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>



<|>I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;</|>  
 <|>Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them</|>  
 <|>That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,</|>  
 <|>Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:</|>  
 <|>Accessible is none but Milford way.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Belarius,  
 Guiderius, and Aruiragus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <|>A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,</|>  
 <|>Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate</|>  
 <|>Instructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you</|>  
 <|>To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches</|>  
 <|>Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through</|>  
 <|>And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without</|>  
 <|>Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,</|>  
 <|>We house i'th'Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly</|>  
 <|>As prouder liuers do.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Guid.</speaker>  
 <|>Haile Heauen.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aruir.</speaker>  
 <|>Haile Heauen.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bela.</speaker>  
 <|>Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill</|>  
 <|>Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,</|>  
 <|>When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,</|>  
 <|>That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,</|>  
 <|>And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,</|>  
 <|>Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.</|>  
 <|>This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,</|>  
 <|>But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,</|>  
 <|>Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:</|>  
 <|>And often to our comfort, shall we finde</|>  
 <|>The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold</|>  
 <|>Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,</|>  
 <|>Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:</|>  
 <|>Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:</|>  
 <|>Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:</|>

<l>Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,</l>  
<l>Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
<l>Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnflgd'd</l>  
<l>Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knowes not</l>  
<l>What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,</l>  
<l>(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you</l>  
<l>That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding</l>  
<l>With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is</l>  
<l>A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,</l>  
<l>A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares</l>  
<l>To stride a limit.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
<l>What should we speake of</l>  
<l>When we are old as you? When we shall heare</l>  
<l>The Raine and winde beate darke December? How</l>  
<l>In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse</l>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aaa3</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0892-0.jpg" n="382"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:</l>  
<l>We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,</l>  
<l>Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:</l>  
<l>Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage</l>  
<l>We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,</l>  
<l>And sing our Bondage freely.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
<l>How you speake.</l>  
<l>Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,</l>  
<l>And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,</l>  
<l>As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe</l>  
<l>Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that</l>  
<l>The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,</l>  
<l>A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger</l>  
<l>I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'search,</l>  
<l>And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,</l>  
<l>As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times</l>  
<l>Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse</l>  
<l>Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie</l>  
<l>The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd</l>  
<l>With Roman Swords; and my report, was once</l>  
<l>First, with the best of Note. <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>

lou'd me,</l>

<l>And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name</l>  
<l>Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree</l>  
<l>Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,</l>  
<l>A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)</l>  
<l>Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,</l>  
<l>And left me bare to weather.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>

<l>Vncertaine fauour.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">

<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)</l>

<l>But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd</l>

<l>Before my perfect Honor, swore to <hi

rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>,</l>

<l>I was Confederate with the Romanes: so</l>

<l>Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,</l>

<l>This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,</l>

<l>Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed</l>

<l>More pious debts to Heauen, then in all</l>

<l>The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,</l>

<l>This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes</l>

<l>The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,</l>

<l>To him the other two shall minister,</l>

<l>And we will feare no poyson, which attends</l>

<l>In place of greater State:</l>

<l>Ile meete you in the Valleyes.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<l>How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?</l>

<l>These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,</l>

<l>Nor <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi> dreames that they are

aliue.</l>

<l>They thinke they are mine,</l>

<l>And though train'd vp thus meanelly</l>

<l>I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,</l>

<l>The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them</l>

<l>In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much</l>

<l>Beyond the tricke of others. This <hi

rend="italic">Paladour</hi>,</l>

<l>The heyre of <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi> and Britaine,

who</l>

<l>The King his Father call'd <hi rend="italic">Guiderius</hi>.

Ioue,</l>

<l>When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell</l>

<l>The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out</l>

<l>Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,</l>

<l>And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then</l>

<l>The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,</l>  
 <l>Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture</l>  
 <l>That acts my words. The yonger Brother <hi  
 rend="italic">Cadwall</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Once <hi rend="italic">Aruiragus</hi>, in as like a figure</l>  
 <l>Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more</l>  
 <l>His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,</l>  
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>, Heauen and my  
 Conscience knowes</l>  
 <l>Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,</l>  
 <l>Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as</l>  
 <l>Thou refts me of my Lands. <hi  
 rend="italic">Euriphile</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,</l>  
 <l>And euery day do honor to her graue:</l>  
 <l>My selfe <hi rend="italic">Belarius</hi>, that am <hi  
 rend="italic">Mergan</hi> call'd</l>  
 <l>They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio and  
 Imogen.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou told'st me when we came <choice>  
 <abbr>frō</abbr>  
 <expan>from</expan>  
 </choice> horse, y<sup>e</sup> place</l>  
 <l>Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so</l>  
 <l>To see me first, as I haue now: <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>, Man:</l>  
 <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Posthumus?</hi> What is in thy  
 mind</l>  
 <l>That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh</l>  
 <l>From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus</l>  
 <l>Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd</l>  
 <l>Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe</l>  
 <l>Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse</l>  
 <l>Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?</l>  
 <l>Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with</l>  
 <l>A looke vtender? If't be Summer Newes</l>  
 <l>Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st</l>  
 <l>But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?</l>  
 <l>That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,</l>

<l>And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue</l>  
 <l>May take off some extremitie, which to reade</l>  
 <l>Would be euen mortall to me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Please you reade,</l>  
 <l>And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing</l>  
 <l>The most disdain'd of Fortune.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imogen</speaker>  
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> reads.</stage>  
 <p rend="italic">  
 <c rend="droppedCapital">T</c>Hy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the  
 Strumpet in my  
 speak  
 my  
 thou  
 the  
 shall  
 Letter  
 mee  
 and  
 <lb/>Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I  
 <lb/>not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as  
 <lb/>greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part,  
 <lb/>(Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with  
 <lb/>breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I  
 <lb/>giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my  
 <lb/>for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make  
 <lb/>certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour,  
 <lb/>equally to me disloyall.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper</l>  
 <l>Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,</l>  
 <l>Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue</l>  
 <l>Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath</l>  
 <l>Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye</l>  
 <l>All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,</l>  
 <l>Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue</l>  
 <l>This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>False to his Bed? What is it to be false<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?</l>

extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="crease"  
 resp="#ES"/>ure,</l>  
 <l>To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,</l>  
 <l>And cry my selfe awake<c rend="italic">?</c> That's false  
 to's bed? Is it?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Alas good Lady.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: <hi  
 rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,</l>  
 <l>Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Thy</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0893-0.jpg" n="383"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy</l>  
 <l>(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:</l>  
 <l>Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,</l>  
 <l>And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,</l>  
 <l>I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!</l>  
 <l>Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming</l>  
 <l>By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought</l>  
 <l>Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,</l>  
 <l>But worne a Baite for Ladies.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Madam, heare me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>True honest men being heard, like false <hi  
 rend="italic">Æneas</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Were in his time thought false: and <hi  
 rend="italic">Synons</hi> weeping</l>  
 <l>Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie</l>  
 <l>From most true wretchednesse. So thou, <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;</l>  
 <l>Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd</l>

<|>From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,</|>  
 <|>Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,</|>  
 <|>A little wisse my obedience. Looke</|>  
 <|>I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit</|>  
 <|>The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:</|>  
 <|>Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:</|>  
 <|>Thy Master is not there, who was indeede</|>  
 <|>The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,</|>  
 <|>Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;</|>  
 <|>But now thou seem'st a Coward.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <|>Hence vile Instrument,</|>  
   <|>Thou shalt not damne my hand.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <|>Why, I must dye:</|>  
   <|>And if I do not by thy hand, thou art</|>  
   <|>No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,</|>  
   <|>There is a prohibition so Diuine,</|>  
   <|>That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:</|>  
   <|>Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,</|>  
   <|>Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,</|>  
   <|>The Scriptures of the Loyall <hi  
 rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>,</|>  
   <|>All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away</|>  
   <|>Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more</|>  
   <|>Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles</|>  
   <|>Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid</|>  
   <|>Do feelee the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor</|>  
   <|>Stands in worse case of woe. And thou <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</|>  
   <|>That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King</|>  
   <|>My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites</|>  
   <|>Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde</|>  
   <|>It is no acte of common passage, but</|>  
   <|>A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,</|>  
   <|>To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,</|>  
   <|>That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory</|>  
   <|>Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,</|>  
   <|>The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?</|>  
   <|>Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding</|>  
   <|>When I desire it too.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <|>Oh gracious Lady:</|>  
   <|>Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,</|>



<l>I haue not slept one winke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Doo't, and to bed then.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile wake mine eye-balles first.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Wherefore then</l>  
   <l>Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd</l>  
   <l>So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?</l>  
   <l>Mine Action? and thine owne<c rend="italic">?</c> Our  
 Horses labour?</l>  
   <l>The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court</l>  
   <l>For my being absent? whereunto I neuer</l>  
   <l>Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre</l>  
   <l>To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Th'elected Deere before thee?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>But to win time</l>  
   <l>To loose so bad employment, in the which</l>  
   <l>I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie</l>  
   <l>Heare me with patience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Talke thy tongue weary, speake:</l>  
   <l>I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare</l>  
   <l>Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,</l>  
   <l>Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>Then Madam,</l>  
   <l>I thought you would not backe againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Most like,</l>  
   <l>Bringing me heere to kill me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>



<l>Not so neither:</l>  
 <l>But if I were as wise, as honest, then</l>  
 <l>My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,</l>  
 <l>But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,</l>  
 <l>I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both</l>  
 <l>This cursed iniurie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Some Roman Curtezan<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>No, on my life:</l>  
 <l>Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him</l>  
 <l>Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded</l>  
 <l>I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,</l>  
 <l>And that will well confirme it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Why good Fellow,</l>  
 <l>What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Or in my life, what comfort, when I am</l>  
 <l>Dead to my Husband?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>If you'l backe to'th'Court.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe</l>  
 <l>With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:</l>  
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Clotten</hi>, whose Loue-suite hath  
 bene to me</l>  
 <l>As fearefull as a Siege.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>If not at Court,</l>  
 <l>Then not in Britaine must you bide.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Where then<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>

Volume</l>
 <l>Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?</l>  
 <l>Are they not but in Britaine<c rend="italic">?</c> I'th'worlds  
 <l>Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:</l>  
 <l>In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke</l>  
 <l>There's liuers out of Britaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>I am most glad</l>  
 <l>You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> the Romane comes to  
 Milford-Hauen</l>  
 <l>To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde</l>  
 <l>Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise</l>  
 <l>That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,</l>  
 <l>But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course</l>  
 <l>Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere</l>  
 <l>The residence of <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>; so nie (at  
 least)</l>  
 <l>That though his Actions were not visible, yet</l>  
 <l>Report should render him houely to your eare,</l>  
 <l>As truely as he mooues.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh for such meanes,</l>  
 <l>Though perill to my modestie, not death on't</l>  
 <l>I would aduenture.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Well then, heere's the point:</l>  
 <l>You must forget to be a Woman: change</l>  
 <l>Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse</l>  
 <l>(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly</l>  
 <l>Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,</l>  
 <l>Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and</l>  
 <l>As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must</l>  
 <l>Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,</l>  
 <l>Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Alacke</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0894-0.jpg" n="384"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch</l>  
 <l>Of common-kissing <hi rend="italic">Titan:</hi> and  
 forget</l>  
 <l>Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein</l>

<l>You made great <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi> angry.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay be breefe?</l>  
 <l>I see into thy end, and am almost</l>  
 <l>A man already.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>First, make your selfe but like one,</l>  
 <l>Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit</l>  
 <l>('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all</l>  
 <l>That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,</l>  
 <l>(And with what imitation you can borrow</l>  
 <l>From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him</l>  
 <l>Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,</l>  
 <l>If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse</l>  
 <l>With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,</l>  
 <l>And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:</l>  
 <l>You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile</l>  
 <l>Beginning, nor supplyment.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou art all the comfort</l>  
 <l>The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,</l>  
 <l>There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen</l>  
 <l>All th<c rend="inverted">a</c>t good time will giue vs. This  
 attempt,</l>  
 <l>I am Souldier too, and will abide it with</l>  
 <l>A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,</l>  
 <l>Least being mist, I be suspected of</l>  
 <l>Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,</l>  
 <l>Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,</l>  
 <l>What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,</l>  
 <l>Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this</l>  
 <l>Will driue away distemper. To some shade,</l>  
 <l>And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods</l>  
 <l>Direct you to the best.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

<l>Amen: I thanke thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline,  
 Queene, Cloten, Lucius,  
 <lb/>and Lords.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Thus farre, and so farewell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Thankes, Royall Sir:</l>  
 <l>My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,</l>  
 <l>And am right sorry, that I must report ye</l>  
 <l>My Masters Enemy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Our Subiects (Sir)</l>  
 <l>Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe</l>  
 <l>To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs</l>  
 <l>Appeare vn-Kinglike.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>So Sir: I desire of you</l>  
 <l>A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.</l>  
 <l>Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:</l>  
 <l>The due of Honor, in no point omit:</l>  
 <l>So farewell Noble <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Your hand, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth</l>  
 <l>I weare it as your Enemy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir, the Euent</l>  
 <l>Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Leaue not the worthy <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, good my  
 Lords</l>  
 <l>Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lucius,  
 &c</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs</l>  
 <l>That we haue giuen him cause.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis all the better,</l>  
 <l>Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> hath wrote already to the Emperor</l>  
 <l>How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely</l>  
 <l>Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse.</l>  
 <l>The Powres that he already hath in Gallia</l>  
 <l>Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues</l>  
 <l>His warre for Britaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis not sleepy businesse,</l>  
 <l>But must be look'd too speedily and strongly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Our expectation that it would be thus</l>  
 <l>Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,</l>  
 <l>Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd</l>  
 <l>Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd</l>  
 <l>The duty of the day. She looke vs like</l>  
 <l>A thing more made of malice, then of duty,</l>  
 <l>We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for</l>  
 <l>We haue beene too slight in sufferance.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">

retyr'd</l>
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Royall Sir,</l>  
 <l>Since the exile of <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>, most  
 <l>Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,</l>  
 <l>'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,</l>  
 <l>Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady</l>  
 <l>So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;</l>  
 <l>And strokes death to her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Where is she Sir? How</l>  
 <l>Can her contempt be answer'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-mes">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
 <l>Please you Sir,</l>  
 <l>Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer</l>  
 <l>That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noise, we make.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord, when last I went to visit her,</l>  
 <l>She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,</l>  
 <l>Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,</l>  
 <l>She should that dutie leaue vnpaide to you</l>  
 <l>Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this</l>  
 <l>She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court</l>  
 <l>Made me too blame in memory.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Her doores lock'd?</l>  
 <l>Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I</l>  
 <l>Feare, proue false.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Sonne, I say, follow the King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>That man of hers, <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>, her old  
 Seruant</l>  
 <l>I haue not seene these two dayes.</l>  
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>Go, looke after:</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>, thou that stand'st so for <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence</l>  
   <l>Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleuees</l>  
   <l>It is a thing most precious. But for her,</l>  
   <l>Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:</l>  
   <l>Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne</l>  
   <l>To her desir'd <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>: gone she  
 is,</l>  
   <l>To death, or to dishonor, and my end</l>  
   <l>Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,</l>  
   <l>I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cloten.</stage>  
   <l>How now, my Sonne<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis certaine she is fled:</l>  
   <l>Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none</l>  
   <l>Dare come about him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-que">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>All the better: may</l>  
   <l>This night fore-stall him of the comming day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Qu.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,</l>  
   <l>And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Then</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0895-0.jpg" n="385"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one</l>  
   <l>The best she hath, and she of all compounded</l>  
   <l>Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but</l>  
   <l>Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on</l>  
   <l>The low <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>, slanders so her  
 iudgement,</l>  
   <l>That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point</l>  
   <l>I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,</l>  
   <l>To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio.</stage>  
 <l>Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?</l>  
 <l>Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,</l>  
 <l>Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else</l>  
 <l>Thou art straightway with the Fiends.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh, good my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
 <l>Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,</l>  
 <l>I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,</l>  
 <l>Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip</l>  
 <l>Thy heart to finde it. Is she with <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>?</l>  
 <l>From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot</l>  
 <l>A dram of worth be drawne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Alas, nay Lord,</l>  
 <l>How can she be with him<c rend="italic">?</c> When was  
 she miss'd?</l>  
 <l>He is in Rome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
 <l>Where is she Sir? Come neerer:</l>  
 <l>No farther halting: satisfie me home,</l>  
 <l>What is become of her?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh, my all-worthy Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
 <l>All-worthy Villaine,</l>  
 <l>Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,</l>  
 <l>At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:</l>  
 <l>Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is</l>  
 <l>Thy condemnation, and thy death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Then Sir:</l>  
 <l>This Paper is the historie of my knowledge</l>  
 <l>Touching her flight.</l>



</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>Let's see't: I will pursue her</l>  
   <l>Euen to <hi rend="italic">Augustus</hi> Throne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>Or this, or perish.</l>  
   <l>She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,</l>  
   <l>May proue his trauell, not her danger.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>Humh.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Sirra, is this Letter true?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir, as I thinke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <p>It is <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> hand, I know't. Sirrah,  
 if thou  
     <lb/>would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-  
     <lb/>go those Employments wherein I should haue cause to vse  
     <lb/>thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I  
     <lb/>bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would  
     <lb/>thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want  
     <lb/>my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-  
     <lb/>ment.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
   <p>Well, my good Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <p>Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and  
     <lb/>constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that

in the course of grati-

tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue mee?

*Pis.*

*Pis.*

Sir, I will.

*Clo.*

*Clo.*

Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any

of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

*Pis.*

*Pis.*

I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same

Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie &

Mi-

stresse.

*Clo.*

*Clo.*

The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

*Pis.*

*Pis.*

I shall my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Clo.*

*Clo.*

Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske

him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou

villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee.

I would these Gar-

ments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse

of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very

Garment of *Posthumus*, in more

respect, then my Noble

and naturall person; together with the adornement of

my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I ra-

uish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see

my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.

He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his

dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I

say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so


prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home

<lb/>again. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee  
 <lb/>merry in my Reuenge.</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pisanio.</stage>
 <p>Be those the Garments?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
 <p>I, my Noble Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
 <p>She can scarce be there yet.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is  
 <lb/>the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third  
 <lb/>is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be  
 <lb/>but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to  
 <lb/>thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings  
 <lb/>to follow it. Come, and be true.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>
 <l>Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,</l>
 <l>Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee</l>
 <l>To him that is most true. To Milford go,</l>
 <l>And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow</l>
 <l>You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede</l>
 <l>Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen
 alone.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
 <l>I see a mans life is a tedious one,</l>
 <l>I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together</l>
 <l>Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,</l>
 <l>But that my resolution helps me: Milford,</l>
 <l>When from the Mountaine top, <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>

shew'd thee,

Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke  
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,  
Where they should be releeu'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

wonder,

When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse  
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood  
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,  
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but eE3Auen before, I was  
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?  
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine  
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.  
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer  
Of Hardnesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?  
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,  
Take,  
  
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.  
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer

Ile enter.

Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy  
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.  
Such a Foe, good Heauens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

[Act 3, Scene 6 cont.]

Enter Belarius,

Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel.

You Polidore haue prou'd best

Woodman, and

Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and

I

Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:

The sweat of industry would dry, and dye

But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes

Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse

Can snore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth

Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,

Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
     <l>I am throughly weary.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
     <l>I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
     <l>There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that</l>  
     <l>Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>Stay, come not in:</l>  
     <l>But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke</l>  
     <l>Heere were a Faiery.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
     <l>What's the matter, Sir?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>By Iupiter an Angell: or if not</l>  
     <l>An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse</l>  
     <l>No elder then a Boy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Imogen.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
     <l>Good masters harme me not:</l>  
     <l>Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought</l>  
     <l>To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth</l>  
     <l>I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found</l>  
     <l>Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,</l>  
     <l>I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone</l>  
     <l>As I had made my Meale; and parted</l>  
     <l>With Pray'rs for the Prouider.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
     <l>Money? Youth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Aru.</speaker>  
     <l>All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,</l>  
     <l>As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those</l>

<l>Who worship durty Gods.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>I see you're angry:</l>  
 <l>Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should</l>  
 <l>Haue dyed, had I not made it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Whether bound?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>To Milford-Hauen.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>What's your name?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi> Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who</l>  
 <l>Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,</l>  
 <l>To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,</l>  
 <l>I am falne in this offence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Prythee (faire youth)</l>  
 <l>Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes</l>  
 <l>By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,</l>  
 <l>'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere</l>  
 <l>Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:</l>  
 <l>Boyes, bid him welcome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Were you a woman, youth,</l>  
 <l>I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:</l>  
 <l>I bid for you, as I do buy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile make't my Comfort</l>  
 <l>He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:</l>  
 <l>And such a welcome as I'd giue to him</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:</l>

<l>Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>'Mongst Friends<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they</l>  
 <l>Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize</l>  
 <l>Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting</l>  
 <l>To thee <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>He wrings at some distresse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Would I could free't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Or I, what ere it be,</l>  
 <l>What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Hearke Boyes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Great men</l>  
 <l>That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,</l>  
 <l>That did attend themselues, and had the virtue</l>  
 <l>Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by</l>  
 <l>That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes</l>  
 <l>Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,</l>  
 <l>I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,</l>  
 <l>Since <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> false.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>It shall be so:</l>  
 <l>Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;</l>  
 <l>Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd</l>  
 <l>Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,</l>  
 <l>So farre as thou wilt speake it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Pray draw neere.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>The Night to'th'Owle,</l>  
   <l>And Morne to th'Larke lesse welcome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Thankes Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>I pray draw neere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Octaua.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>  
   <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter two Roman  
 Senators, and Tribunes.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-sen.1">  
     <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>  
     <l>This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ,</l>  
     <l>That since the common men are now in Action</l>  
     <l>'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,</l>  
     <l>And that the Legions now in Gallia, are</l>  
     <l>Full weake to vndertake our Warres against</l>  
     <l>The falne-off Brittaines, that we do incite</l>  
     <l>The Gentry to this businesse. He creates</l>  
     <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> Pro-Consull: and to you the  
 Tribunes</l>  
     <l>For this immediate Leuy, he commands</l>  
     <l>His absolute Commission. Long liue <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar.</hi>  
     </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-tri">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tri.</speaker>  
   <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> Generall of the Forces?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-sen.2">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Sen.</speaker>  
   <l>I.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-tri">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tri.</speaker>  
   <l>Remaining now in Gallia?</l>  
 </sp>



<sp who="#F-cym-sen.1">  
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>  
   <l>With those Legions</l>  
   <l>Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie</l>  
   <l>Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission</l>  
   <l>Will tye you to the numbers, and the time</l>  
   <l>Of their dispatch.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-tri">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tri.</speaker>  
   <l>We will discharge our duty.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="4">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Clotten  
 alone.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot</speaker>  
   <p>I am neere to'th'place where they should meet,  
     <lb/>if <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi> haue mapp'd it truely.  
 How fit his Garments  
   <lb/>serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">that</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0897-0.jpg" n="387"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
   <lb/>that made the Taylor, not be fit too<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 The rather (sauing  
   <lb/>reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse  
   <lb/>comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare  
   <lb/>speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,  
   <lb/>and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,  
   <lb/>the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse  
   <lb/>young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-  
   <lb/>yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in  
   <lb/>Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more re-  
   <lb/>markeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant  
   <lb/>Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
   <lb/>  
 <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>, thy head (which now is growing  
 vppon thy  
   <lb/>shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-  
   <lb/>forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and  
   <lb/>all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may

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

*EXit.*

*Scene 2*

*Scena Secunda.*

[Act 4, Scene 2]

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius,*

Aruiragus, and

*Imogen from the Caue.*

*Bel.*

*Bel.*

You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,

Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

*Arui.*

*Arui.*

Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

*Imo.*

*Imo.*

So man and man should be,

But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

*Gui.*

*Gui.*

Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

*Imo.*

*Imo.*

So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:

But not so Citizen a wanton, as

To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,

Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,

Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,

Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye

Stealing so poorely.

*Gui.*

*Gui.*

<l>I loue thee: I haue spoke it,</l>  
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
line.</note>

<l>How much the quantity, the waight as much,</l>  
<l>As I do loue my Father.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">

<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>What? How? how?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">

<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>

<l>If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee</l>

<l>In my good Brothers fault: I know not why</l>

<l>I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,</l>

<l>Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,</l>

<l>And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say</l>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
line.</note>

<l>My Father, not this youth.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">

<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>Oh noble straine!</l>

<l>O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!</l>

<l>"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;</l>

<l>"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.</l>

<l>I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,</l>

<l>Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.</l>

<l>'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">

<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>

<l>Brother, farewell.</l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">

<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

<l>I wish ye sport.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">

<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>

<l>You health. □ So please you Sir.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">

<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

<l>These are kinde Creatures.</l>

<l>Gods, what lyes I haue heard:</l>

<l>Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;</l>

<l>Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.</l>

<l>Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,</l>  
 <l>Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:</l>  
 <l>I am sicke still, heart-sicke; <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Ile now taste of thy Drugge.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>I could not stirre him:</l>  
 <l>He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;</l>  
 <l>Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,</l>  
 <l>I might know more.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>To'th'Field, to'th'Field:</l>  
 <l>Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Wee'l not be long away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Pray be not sicke,</l>  
 <l>For you must be our Huswife.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Well, or ill,</l>  
 <l>I am bound to you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>And shal't be euer.</l>  
 <l>This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had</l>  
 <l>Good Ancestors.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>How Angell-like he sings?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>But his neate Cookerie?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <note type="editorial" resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally  
 attributed to Guiderius.</note>  
   <l>He cut our Rootes in Charracters,</l>  
   <l>And sawc'st our Brothes, as <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi> had  
 bin sicke,</l>  
   <l>And he her Dieter.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Nobly he yoakes</l>  
   <l>A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe</l>  
   <l>Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:</l>  
   <l>The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye</l>  
   <l>From so diuine a Temple, to commix</l>  
   <l>With windes, that Saylor's raile at.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>I do note,</l>  
   <l>That greefe and patience rooted in them both,</l>  
   <l>Mingle their spurres together.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Grow patient,</l>  
   <l>And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine</l>  
   <l>His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cloten.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine</l>  
   <l>Hath mock'd me. I am faint.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>Those Runnagates?</l>  
   <l>Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis</l>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare some  
 Ambush:</l>  
   <l>I saw him not these many yeares, and yet</l>  
   <l>I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>He is but one: you, and my Brother search</l>  
   <l>What Companies are neere: pray you away,</l>  
   <l>Let me alone with him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Soft, what are you</l>  
   <l>That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?</l>  
   <l>I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>A thing</l>  
   <l>More slauish did I ne're, then answering</l>  
   <l>A Slaue without a knocke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou art a Robber,</l>  
   <l>A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I</l>  
   <l>An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:</l>  
   <l>Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not</l>  
   <l>My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Why</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0898-0.jpg" n="388"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <l>Why I should yeeld to thee?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou Villaine base,</l>  
   <l>Know'st me not by my Cloathes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:</l>  
   <l>Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,</l>  
   <l>Which (as it seemes) make thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>Thou precious Varlet,</l>  
 <l>My Taylor made them not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>Hence then, and thanke</l>  
   <l>The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,</l>  
   <l>I am loath to beate thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou iniurious Theefe,</l>  
   <l>Heare but my name, and tremble.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>What's thy name?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>, thou Villaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>, thou double Villaine be thy name,</l>  
   <l>I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,</l>  
   <l>'Twould moue me sooner.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>To thy further feare,</l>  
   <l>Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know</l>  
   <l>I am Sonne to'th'Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>I am sorry for't: not seeming</l>  
   <l>So worthy as thy Birth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
   <l>Art not afeard?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:</l>  
   <l>At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-clo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Clot.</speaker>  
     <l>Dye the death:</l>  
     <l>When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,</l>  
     <l>Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:</l>  
     <l>And on the Gates of <hi rend="italic">Luds-Towne</hi> set  
 your heads:</l>  
     <l>Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Fight and  
 Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Belarius and  
 Aruiragus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>No Companie's abroad?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
     <l>None in the world: you did mistake him sure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,</l>  
     <l>But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour</l>  
     <l>Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,</l>  
     <l>And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute</l>  
     <l>'Twas very <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
     <l>In this place we left them;</l>  
     <l>I wish my Brother make good time with him,</l>  
     <l>You say he is so fell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>Being scarce made vp,</l>  
     <l>I meane to man; he had not apprehension</l>  
     <l>Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement</l>  
     <l>Is oft the cause of Feare.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Guiderius.</stage>  
     <l>But see thy Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
     <l>This <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi> was a Foole, an empty  
 purse,</l>  
     <l>There was no money in't: Not <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>



</l>  
 <l>Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:</l>  
 <l>Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne</l>  
 <l>My head, as I do his.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>What hast thou done?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>I am perfect what: cut off one <hi rend="italic">Clotens</hi></l>  
 head,</l>  
 <l>Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)</l>  
 <l>Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore</l>  
 <l>With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in,</l>  
 <l>Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow</l>  
 <l>And set them on <hi rend="italic">Luds-Towne</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>We are all vndone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,</l>  
 <l>But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law</l>  
 <l>Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,</l>  
 <l>To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>For we do feare the Law. What company</l>  
 <l>Discouer you abroad?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>No single soule</l>  
 <l>Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason</l>  
 <l>He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor</l>  
 <l>Was nothing but mutation, I, and that</l>  
 <l>From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,</l>  
 <l>Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd</l>  
 <l>To bring him heere alone: although perhaps</l>  
 <l>It may be heard at Court, that such as wee</l>  
 <l>Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time</l>  
 <l>May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,</l>  
 <l>(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare</l>  
 <l>Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable</l>

<l>To come alone, either he so vndertaking,</l>  
 <l>Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,</l>  
 <l>If we do feare this Body hath a taile</l>  
 <l>More perillous then the head.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Let Ord'nance</l>  
   <l>Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,</l>  
   <l>My Brother hath done well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>I had no minde</l>  
   <l>To hunt this day: The Boy <hi rend="italic">Fideles</hi>  
 sicknesse</l>  
   <l>Did make my way long forth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>With his owne Sword,</l>  
   <l>Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane</l>  
   <l>His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke</l>  
   <l>Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,</l>  
   <l>And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, <hi  
 rend="italic">Cloten</hi>,</l>  
   <l>That's all I reake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>I feare 'twill be reueng'd:</l>  
   <l>Would (<hi rend="italic">Polidore</hi>) thou had'st not  
 done't: though valour</l>  
   <l>Becomes thee well enough.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Would I had done't:</l>  
   <l>So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: <hi  
 rend="italic">Polidore</hi>  
 </l>  
   <l>I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much</l>  
   <l>Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges</l>  
   <l>That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through</l>  
   <l>And put vs to our answer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>Well, 'tis done:</l>

<l>Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger</l>  
 <l>Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,</l>  
 <l>You and <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi> play the Cookes: Ile  
 stay</l>  
 <l>Till hasty <hi rend="italic">Polidore</hi> returne, and bring  
 him</l>  
 <l>To dinner presently.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Poore sicke <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,</l>  
 <l>Il'd let a parish of such <hi rend="italic">Clotens</hi>  
 blood,</l>  
 <l>And praise my selfe for charity.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh thou Goddess,</l>  
 <l>Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st</l>  
 <l>In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle</l>  
 <l>As Zephires blowing below the Violet,</l>  
 <l>Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough</l>  
 <l>(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,</l>  
 <l>That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,</l>  
 <l>And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder</l>  
 <l>That an inuisible instinct should frame them</l>  
 <l>To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,</l>  
 <l>Ciuiltie not seene from other: valour</l>  
 <l>That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop</l>  
 <l>As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange</l>  
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Clotens</hi> being heere to vs  
 portends,</l>  
 <l>Or what his death will bring vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Guidereus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Where's my Brother?</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0899-0.jpg" n="389"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>I haue sent <hi rend="italic">Clotens</hi> Clot-pole downe  
 the streame,</l>  
 <l>In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage</l>  
 <l>For his returne.</l>  
 </sp>

Musick.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Solemn

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
 <l>My ingenuous Instrument,</l>
 <l>(Hearke <hi rend="italic">Polidore</hi>) it sounds: but what
 occasion</l>
 <l>Hath <hi rend="italic">Cadwal</hi> now to giue it motion?
 Hearke.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
 <l>Is he at home?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
 <l>He went hence euen now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>
 <l>What does he meane?</l>
 <l>Since death of my deer'st Mother</l>
 <l>It did not speake before. All solemne things</l>
 <l>Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?</l>
 <l>Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,</l>
 <l>Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.</l>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi> mad?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aruiragus, with
 Imogen dead, bearing
 <lb/>her in his Armes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>
 <l>Looke, heere he comes,</l>
 <l>And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,</l>
 <l>Of what we blame him for.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>
 <l>The Bird is dead</l>
 <l>That we haue made so much on. I had rather</l>
 <l>Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Ag<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>, to sixty:</l>
 <l>To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,</l>
 <l>Then haue seene this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:</l>  
 <l>My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,</l>  
 <l>As when thou grew'st thy selfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh Melancholly,</l>  
 <l>Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde</l>  
 <l>The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care</l>  
 <l>Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,</l>  
 <l>Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,</l>  
 <l>Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.</l>  
 <l>How found you him?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>Starke, as you see:</l>  
 <l>Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,</l>  
 <l>Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke</l>  
 <l>Reposing on a Cushion.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Where?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>O'th'floore:</l>  
 <l>His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put</l>  
 <l>My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse</l>  
 <l>Answer'd my steps too lowd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Why, he but sleepes:</l>  
 <l>If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:</l>  
 <l>With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,</l>  
 <l>And Wormes will not come to thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>With fayrest Flowers</l>  
 <l>Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, <hi  
 rend="italic">Fidele</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke</l>  
 <l>The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor</l>  
 <l>The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor</l>  
 <l>The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,</l>  
 <l>Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would</l>

<l>With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming</l>  
 <l>Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye</l>  
 <l>Without a Monument) bring thee all this,</l>  
 <l>Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none</l>  
 <l>To winter-ground thy Coarse□</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>Prythee haue done,</l>  
   <l>And do not play in Wench-like words with that</l>  
   <l>Which is <choice>  
     <orig>fo</orig>  
     <corr>so</corr>  
 </choice> serious. Let vs bury him,</l>  
   <l>And not protract with admiration, what</l>  
   <l>Is now due debt. To'th'graue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Say, where shall's lay him?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>By good <hi rend="italic">Euriphile</hi>, our Mother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Bee't so:</l>  
   <l>And let vs (<hi rend="italic">Polidore</hi>) though now our  
 voyces</l>  
   <l>Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th'ground</l>  
   <l>As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,</l>  
   <l>Saue that <hi rend="italic">Euriphile</hi>, must be <hi  
 rend="italic">Fidele</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi>,</l>  
   <l>I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;</l>  
   <l>For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse</l>  
   <l>Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>Wee'l speake it then.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For <hi  
 rend="italic">Cloten</hi>  
 </l>

<l>Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,</l>  
 <l>And though he came our Enemy, remember</l>  
 <l>He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting</l>  
 <l>Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence</l>  
 <l>(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction</l>  
 <l>Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,</l>  
 <l>And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,</l>  
 <l>Yet bury him, as a Prince.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Pray you fetch him hither,</l>  
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> body is as good as <hi  
 rend="italic">Ajax</hi>,</l>  
 <l>When neyther are aliue.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>If you'l go fetch him,</l>  
 <l>Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay <hi rend="italic">Cadwall</hi>, we must lay his head to  
 th'East,</l>

<l>My Father hath a reason for't.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis true.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Come on then, and remoue him.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>So, begin.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="center" type="business">SONG.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker>Guid.</speaker>  
 <l rend="italic">Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">Nor the furious Winters rages,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">Thou thy worldly task hast don,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">Home art gon, and tane thy wages.</l>

*Golden Lads, and Girles all must,*  
*As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.*

*Arui.*  
*Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*  
*Thou art past the Tirants stroake,*  
*Care no more to cloath and eate,*  
*To thee the Reede is as the Oake:*  
*The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,*  
*All follow this and come to dust.*

*Guid.*  
*Feare no more the Lightning flash.*

*Arui.*  
*Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.*

*Gui.*  
*Feare not Slander, Censure rash.*

*Arui.*  
*Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.*

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

*Guid.*  
*No Exorcisor harme thee,*

*Arui.*  
*Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*

*Guid.*  
*Ghost vnlaide forbeare thee.*

*Arui.*  
*Nothing ill come neere thee.*

*Both.*



<speaker>Both.</speaker>  
 <l rend="italic">Quiet consumption haue,</l>  
 <l rend="italic">And renowned be thy graue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Belarius with the body  
 of Cloten.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>We haue done our obsequies:</l>  
 <l>Come lay him downe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:</l>  
 <l>The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night</l>  
 <l>Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.</l>  
 <l>You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so</l>  
 <l>These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.</l>  
 <l>Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:</l>  
 <l>The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:</l>  
 <l>Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">bbb</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>  
 </fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0900-0.jpg" n="390"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Imogen  
 awakes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <l>Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?</l>  
 <l>I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?</l>  
 <l>I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.</l>  
 <l>But soft; no Bedfellow<c rend="italic">?</c> Oh Gods, and  
 Goddesses!</l>  
 <l>These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;</l>  
 <l>This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:</l>  
 <l>For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,</l>  
 <l>And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:</l>  
 <l>'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,</l>  
 <l>Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,</l>  
 <l>Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith</l>  
 <l>I tremble still with feare: but if there be</l>  
 <l>Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie</l>

<l>As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.</l>  
 <l>The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is</l>  
 <l>Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.</l>  
 <l>A headlesse man? The Garments of <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>?</l>  
 <l>I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:</l>  
 <l>His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh</l>  
 <l>The brawnes of <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>: but his  
 Iouiall face□</l>  
 <l>Murther in heauen<c rend="italic">?</c> How? 'tis gone. <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>All Curses madded <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi> gaue the  
 Greekes,</l>  
 <l>And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou</l>  
 <l>Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell <hi  
 rend="italic">Cloten</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,</l>  
 <l>Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>)</l>  
 <l>From this most brauest vessell of the world</l>  
 <l>Strooke the maine top! Oh <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,&br/>
 alas,</l>  
 <l>Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi> might haue kill'd thee at the heart,</l>  
 <l>And left this head on. How should this be, <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>?</l>  
 <l>'Tis he, and <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>: Malice, and Lucre  
 in them</l>  
 <l>Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!</l>  
 <l>The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious</l>  
 <l>And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it</l>  
 <l>Murd'rous to'th'Senses<c rend="italic">?</c> That confirms  
 it home:</l>  
 <l>This is <hi rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>'s deede, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Cloten</hi>: Oh!</l>  
 <l>Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,</l>  
 <l>That we the horridier may seeme to those</l>  
 <l>Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius,  
 Capitaines, and a Soothsayer.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cap">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
 <l>To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia</l>  
 <l>After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending</l>  
 <l>You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:</l>  
 <l>They are heere in readinesse.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>But what from Rome?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cap">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap,</speaker>  
   <l>The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,</l>  
   <l>And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,</l>  
   <l>That promise Noble Seruice: and they come</l>  
   <l>Vnder the Conduct of bold <hi  
 rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>,</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Syenna</hi>'s Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>When expect you them?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cap">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
   <l>With the next benefit o'th'winde.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>This forwardnesse</l>  
   <l>Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers</l>  
   <l>Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,</l>  
   <l>What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-soo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
   <l>Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision</l>  
   <l>(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:</l>  
   <l>I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd</l>  
   <l>From the spungy South, to this part of the West,</l>  
   <l>There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends</l>  
   <l>(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Successe to th'Roman hoast.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Dreame often so,</l>  
   <l>And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?</l>  
   <l>Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime</l>  
   <l>It was a worthy building. How? a Page?</l>  
   <l>Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:</l>  
   <l>For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed</l>  
   <l>With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.</l>

<l>Let's see the Boyes face.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cap">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
   <l>Hee's aliue my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,</l>  
   <l>Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes</l>  
   <l>They craue to be demanded: who is this</l>  
   <l>Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he</l>  
   <l>That (otherwise then noble Nature did)</l>  
   <l>Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest</l>  
   <l>In this sad wracke<c rend="italic">?</c> How came't? Who  
 is't?</l>  
   <l>What art thou<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>I am nothing; or if not,</l>  
   <l>Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,</l>  
   <l>A very valiant Britaine, and a good,</l>  
   <l>That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,</l>  
   <l>There is no more such Masters: I may wander</l>  
   <l>From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,</l>  
   <l>Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer</l>  
   <l>Finde such another Master.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>'Lacke, good youth:</l>  
   <l>Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then</l>  
   <l>Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Richard du Champ:</hi> If I do lye, and do</l>  
   <l>No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope</l>  
   <l>They'l pardon it. Say you Sir<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Thy name?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>

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</>
<hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi> Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:</l>
  <l>Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:</l>
  <l>Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say</l>
  <l>Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure</l>
  <l>No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters</l>
  <l>Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner</l>
  <l>Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-imo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>
  <l>Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,</l>
  <l>Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe</l>
  <l>As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when</l>
  <l>With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his

graue</l>

  <l>And on it said a Century of prayers</l>
  <l>(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,</l>
  <l>And leauing so his seruice, follow you,</l>
  <l>So please you entertaine mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cym-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I good youth,</l>
  <l>And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,</l>
  <l>The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs</l>
  <l>Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,</l>
  <l>And make him with our Pikes and Partizans</l>
  <l>A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd</l>
  <l>By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd</l>
  <l>As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,</l>
  <l>Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and
Pisanio.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cym-cym">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>
    <l>Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,</l>
    <l>A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0901-0.jpg" n="391"/>
  </sp>

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<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,</l>  
 <l>How deeply you at once do touch me. <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene</l>  
 <l>Vpon a despera<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="uninkedType"  
 resp="#ES"/>e bed, and in a time</l>  
 <l>When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,</l>  
 <l>So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past</l>  
 <l>The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,</l>  
 <l>Who needs must know of her departure, and</l>  
 <l>Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee</l>  
 <l>By a sharpe Torture.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir, my life is yours,</l>  
 <l>I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,</l>  
 <l>I nothing know where she remaines: why gone,</l>  
 <l>Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,</l>  
 <l>Hold me your loyall Seruant.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
 <l>Good my Liege,</l>  
 <l>The day that she was missing, he was heere;</l>  
 <l>I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe</l>  
 <l>All parts of his subiection loyally. For <hi  
 rend="italic">Cloten</hi>,</l>  
 <l>There wants no diligence in seeking him,</l>  
 <l>And will no doubt be found.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>The time is troublesome:</l>  
 <l>Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie</l>  
 <l>Do's yet depend.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
 <l>So please your Maiesty,</l>  
 <l>The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,</l>  
 <l>Are landed on your Coast, with a supply</l>  
 <l>Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">

<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,</l>  
 <l>I am amaz'd with matter.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
 <l>Good my Liege,</l>  
 <l>Your preparation can affront no lesse</l>  
 <l>Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're  
 <lb rend="turnover"/>  
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>ready:</l>  
 <l>The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,</l>  
 <l>That long to moue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>I thanke you: let's withdraw</l>  
 <l>And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not</l>  
 <l>What can from Italy annoy vs, but</l>  
 <l>We greeue at chances heere. Away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>I heard no Letter from my Master, since</l>  
 <l>I wrote him <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi> was slaine. 'Tis  
 strange:</l>  
 <l>Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise</l>  
 <l>To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I</l>  
 <l>What is betide to <hi rend="italic">Cloten</hi>, but  
 remaine</l>  
 <l>Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:</l>  
 <l>Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.</l>  
 <l>These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,</l>  
 <l>Euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:</l>  
 <l>All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,</l>  
 <l>Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Belarius,  
 Guiderius, & Aruiragus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>The noyse is round about vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">



<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Let vs from it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it</l>  
 <l>From Action, and Aduenture.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay, what hope</l>  
 <l>Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines</l>  
 <l>Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs</l>  
 <l>For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts</l>  
 <l>During their vse, and slay vs after.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Sonnes,</l>  
 <l>Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..</l>  
 <l>To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse</l>  
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Clotens</hi> death (we being not  
 knowne, nor muster'd</l>  
 <l>Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render</l>  
 <l>Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that</l>  
 <l>Which we haue done, whose answer would be death</l>  
 <l>Drawne on with Torture.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>This is (Sir) a doubt</l>  
 <l>In such a time, nothing becomming you,</l>  
 <l>Nor satisfying vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
 <l>It is not likely,</l>  
 <l>That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,</l>  
 <l>Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes</l>  
 <l>And eares so cloyd importantly as now,</l>  
 <l>That they will waste their time vpon our note,</l>  
 <l>To know from whence we are.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh, I am knowne</l>  
 <l>Of many in the Army: Many yeeres</l>  
 <l>(Though Cloten then but young) you see, not wore him</l>  
 <l>From my remembrance. And besides, the King</l>



<l>Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,</l>  
<l>Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;</l>  
<l>The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse</l>  
<l>To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,</l>  
<l>But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and</l>  
<l>The shrinking Slaues of Winter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>

<l>Then be so,</l>

<l>Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:</l>

<l>I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe</l>

<l>So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,</l>

<l>Cannot be question'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">

<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>

<l>By this Sunne that shines</l>

<l>Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer</l>

<l>Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,</l>

<l>But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?</l>

<l>Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had</l>

<l>A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,</l>

<l>Nor Iron on his heele<c rend="italic">?</c> I am asham'd</l>

<l>To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue</l>

<l>The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining</l>

<l>So long a poore vnknowne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>

<l>By heauens Ile go,</l>

<l>If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,</l>

<l>Ile take the better care: but if you will not,</l>

<l>The hazard therefore due fall on me, by</l>

<l>The hands of Romaines.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">

<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>

<l>So say I, Amen.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">

<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>No reason I (since of your liues you set</l>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>

<l>So slight a valewation) should reserue</l>

<l>My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:</l>

<l>If in your Country warres you chance to dye,</l>

<l>That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.</l>

<l>Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn</l>

<l>Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="5">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Posthumus  
 alone.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht</l>  
 <l>Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,</l>  
 <l>If each of you should take this course, how many</l>  
 <l>Must murther Wiues much better then themselues</l>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">bbb2</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0902-0.jpg" n="392"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>For wrying but a little? Oh <hi  
 rend="italic">Pisanio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:</l>  
 <l>No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you</l>  
 <l>Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer</l>  
 <l>Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued</l>  
 <l>The noble <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>, to repent, and  
 strooke</l>  
 <l>Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,</l>  
 <l>You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue</l>  
 <l>To haue them fall no more: you some permit</l>  
 <l>To second illes with illes, each elder worse,</l>  
 <l>And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.</l>  
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi> is your owne, do your best  
 willes,</l>  
 <l>And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither</l>  
 <l>Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight</l>  
 <l>Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough</l>  
 <l>That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,</l>  
 <l>Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,</l>  
 <l>Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me</l>  
 <l>Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe</l>  
 <l>As do's a <hi rend="italic">Britaine</hi> Pezant: so Ile  
 fight</l>  
 <l>Against the part I come with: so Ile dye</l>  
 <l>For thee (O <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>) euen for whom  
 my life</l>  
 <l>Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,</l>

<l>Pittied, nor hated, to the face of peril</l>  
<l>My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know</l>  
<l>More valour in me, then my habits show.</l>  
<l>Gods, put the strength o'th'<hi rend="italic">Leonati</hi> in  
me:</l>

<l>To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,</l>  
<l>The fashion lesse without, and more within.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
</div>

<div type="scene" n="2">  
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Lucius, Iachimo,  
and the Romane Army at one doore:

<lb/>and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus  
<lb/>following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe  
<lb/>out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthu-  
<lb/>mus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then  
<lb/>leaues him.</stage>

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

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
<stage rend="italic" type="mixed">The Battaile continues, the  
Britaines fly, Cymbeline is


<lb/>taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius,  
<lb/>and Aruiragus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
<l>Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,</l>  
<l>The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but</l>  
<l>The villany of our feares.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bot">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui. Arui.</speaker>  
<l>Stand, stand, and fight.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Posthumus, and  
seconds the Britaines. They Rescue

<lb/>Cymbeline, and Exeunt.  
 <lb/>Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:</l>  
   <l>For <note type="physical" resp="#ES">This word is partially  
 obscured by a tear in the page.</note> friends kil friends, and the disorder's such</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>As warre were hood-wink'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iac.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis their fresh supplies.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes</l>  
   <l>Let's re-inforce, or fly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Posthumus, and a  
 Britaine Lord.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>  
     <l>Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <l>I did,</l>  
     <l>Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lo.</speaker>  
     <l>I did.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
     <l>No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,</l>  
     <l>But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe</l>  
     <l>Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,</l>  
     <l>And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying</l>  
     <l>Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-heart'd,</l>  
     <l>Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke</l>  
     <l>More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe</l>  
     <l>Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling</l>  
     <l>Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd</l>

<|>With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing</|>  
 <|>To dye with length'ned shame.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo.</speaker>  
   <|>Where was this Lane?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <|>Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,</|>  
   <|>Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour</|>  
   <|>(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd</|>  
   <|>So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,</|>  
   <|>In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,</|>  
   <|>He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run</|>  
   <|>The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,</|>  
   <|>With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer</|>  
   <|>Then those for preseruacion cas'd, or shame)</|>  
   <|>Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.</|>  
   <|>Our <hi rend="italic">Britaines</hi> hearts dye flying, not  
 our men,</|>  
   <|>To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,</|>  
   <|>Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that</|>  
   <|>Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue</|>  
   <|>But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,</|>  
   <|>Three thousand confident, in acte as many:</|>  
   <|>For three performers are the File, when all</|>  
   <|>The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,</|>  
   <|>Accomoded by the Place; more Charming</|>  
   <|>With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd</|>  
   <|>A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;</|>  
   <|>Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward</|>  
   <|>But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,</|>  
   <|>Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke</|>  
   <|>The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons</|>  
   <|>Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne</|>  
   <|>A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon</|>  
   <|>A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye</|>  
   <|>Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues</|>  
   <|>The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards</|>  
   <|>Like Fragments in hard Voyages became</|>  
   <|>The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open</|>  
   <|>Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,</|>  
   <|>Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends</|>  
   <|>Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,</|>  
   <|>Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:</|>  
   <|>Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne</|>  
   <|>The mortall bugs o'th'Field.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Lor.</fw>

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.  
1  
sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
l>This was strange chance:</l>  
l>A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.</l>  
</sp>

Lane,</l>

bane.</l>

sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
l>Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made</l>  
l>Rather to wonder at the things you heare,</l>  
l>Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,</l>  
l>And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:</l>  
l rend="italic">“Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a  
l rend="italic">“Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes

</sp>  
sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
l>Nay, be not angry Sir.</l>  
</sp>  
sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
l>Lacke, to what end?</l>  
l>Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:</l>  
l>For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,</l>  
l>I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.</l>  
l>You haue put me into Rime.</l>

</sp>  
sp who="#F-cym-lor">  
speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>  
l>Farewell, you're angry.</l>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
l>Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery</l>  
l>To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:</l>  
l>To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours</l>  
l>To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,</l>  
l>And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd</l>  
l>Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,</l>  
l>Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,</l>  
l>'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,</l>  
l>Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we</l>  
l>That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:</l>  
l>For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,</l>  
l>No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe</l>

<l>The part I came in. Fight I will no more,</l>  
 <l>But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall</l>  
 <l>Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is</l>  
 <l>Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Answer be</l>  
 <l>Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,</l>  
 <l>On eyther side I come to spend my breath,</l>  
 <l>Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,</l>  
 <l>But end it by some meanes for <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Captaines,  
 and Soldiers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-brc.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>Great Iupiter be prais'd, <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> is  
 taken,</l>  
 <l>'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-brc.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,</l>  
 <l>That gaue th'Affront with them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-brc.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>So 'tis reported:</l>  
 <l>But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>A Roman,</l>  
 <l>Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds</l>  
 <l>Had answer'd him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-brc.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>Lay hands on him: a Dogge,</l>  
 <l>A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell</l>  
 <l>What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice</l>  
 <l>As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Cymbeline,  
 Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and  
 <lb/>Romane Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to  
 <lb/>Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Posthumus, and



Gaoler.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>  
    <l>You shall not now be stolne,</l>  
    <l>You haue lockes vpon you:</l>  
    <l>So graze, as you finde Pasture.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gao.2">  
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Gao.</speaker>  
    <l>I, or a stomacke.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
    <l>Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way</l>  
    <l>(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better</l>  
    <l>Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather</l>  
    <cb n="2"/>  
    <l>Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd</l>  
    <l>By'th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key</l>  
    <l>T'vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd</l>  
    <l>More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue

me</l>

    <l>The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,</l>  
    <l>Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?</l>  
    <l>So Children temporall Fathers do appease;</l>  
    <l>Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,</l>  
    <l>I cannot do it better then in Gyues,</l>  
    <l>Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie</l>  
    <l>If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take</l>  
    <l>No stricter render of me, then my All.</l>  
    <l>I know you are more clement then vilde men,</l>  
    <l>Who of their broken Debtors take a third,</l>  
    <l>A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrue againe</l>  
    <l>On their abatement; that's not my desire.</l>  
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Imogens</hi> deere life, take mine, and

tho<gap extent="1"

    unit="chars"  
    reason="illegible"  
    agent="inkBlot"  
    resp="#ES"/>gh</l>

    <l>'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,</l>  
    <l>'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:</l>  
    <l>Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,</l>  
    <l>(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,</l>  
    <l>If you will take this Audit, take this life,</l>  
    <l>And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh <hi

rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>

    <l>Ile speake to thee in silence.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Solemne Musicke. Enter



(as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leo-

<lb/>natus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a war-  
<lb/>riour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife,

&amp;

<lb/>Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then  
<lb/>after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati (Bro-  
<lb/>thers to Posth<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="inkBlot"

resp="#ES"/>mus) w<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="uninkedType"

resp="#ES"/>th wounds as they died in the warrs.

<lb/>They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-sic">

<speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker>

<l>No more thou Thunder-Master</l>

<l>shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:</l>

<l>With Mars fall out with <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi> chide,

that thy Adulteries</l>

<l>Rates, and Reuenges.</l>

<l>Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,</l>

<l>whose face I neuer saw:</l>

<l>I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,</l>

<l>attending Natures Law.</l>

<l>Whose Father then (as men report,</l>

<l>thou Orphanes Father art)</l>

<l>Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,</l>

<l>from this earth-vexing smart.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Moth.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Lucina</hi> lent not me her ayde,</l>

<l>but tooke me in my Throwes,</l>

<l>That from me was <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> ript,</l>

<l>came crying 'mong'st his Foes.</l>

<l>A thing of pitty.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-sic">

<speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker>

<l>Great Nature like his Ancestrie,</l>

<l>moulded the stuffe so faire:</l>

<l>That he d<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="uninkedType"

resp="#ES"/>seru'd the praise o'th'World,</l>

as great *Sicilius* heyre.  
 1. Bro.  
 When once he was mature for man,  
 in Britaine where was hee  
 That could stand vp his paralell?  
 Or fruitfull obiect bee?  
 In eye of *Imogen*, that best could  
 deeme  
 his dignitie.  
 Mo.  
 With Marriage wherefore was he mockt  
 to be exil'd, and throwne  
 From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from  
 her,  
 his deerest one:  
 Sweete *Imogen*?  
 Sic.  
 Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight  
 thing of Italy,  
 To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse  
 ielousy,  
 And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany?  
 2 Bro.  
 For this, from stiller Seats we came,  
 our Parents, and vs twaine,  
 That striking in our Countries cause,  
 fell brauely, and were slaine,  
 Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right,  
 with Honor to maintaine.  
 1 Bro.  
 Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath  
 to *Cymbeline* perform'd:  
 Then Iupiter, y<sup>u</sup> King of Gods,  
 why hast y<sup>u</sup> thus adiourn'd  
 The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-sic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker>  
   <l>Thy Christall window ope; looke,</l>  
   <l>looke out, no longer exercise</l>  
   <l>Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-mot">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Moth.</speaker>  
   <l>Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,</l>  
   <l>take off his miseries.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-sic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker>  
   <l>Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,</l>  
   <l>or we poore Ghosts will cry</l>  
   <l>To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-brs">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brothers.</speaker>  
   <l>Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,</l>  
   <l>and from thy iustice flye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Iupiter descends in  
 Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an  
   <lb/>Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on  
   <lb/>their knees.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-jup">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iupiter.</speaker>  
   <l>No more you petty Spirits of Region low</l>  
   <l>Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes</l>  
   <l>Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)</l>  
   <l>Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.</l>  
   <l>Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest</l>  
   <l>Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.</l>  
   <l>Be not with mortall accidents opprest,</l>  
   <l>No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.</l>  
   <l>Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift</l>  
   <l>The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,</l>  
   <l>Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:</l>  
   <l>His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:</l>  
   <l>Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in</l>  
   <l>Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,</l>  
   <l>He shall be Lord of Lady <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>  
   <l>And happier much by his Affliction made.</l>  
   <l>This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein</l>  
   <l>Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,</l>  
   <l>And so away: no farther with your dinne</l>  
   <l>Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:</l>  
   <l>Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"  
 type="business">Ascends</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-sic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sicil.</speaker>  
   <l>He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath</l>  
   <l>Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle</l>  
   <l>Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is</l>  
   <l>More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird</l>  
   <l>Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,</l>  
   <l>As when his God is pleas'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <l>Thankes Iupiter.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-sic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sic.</speaker>  
   <l>The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd</l>  
   <l>His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest</l>  
   <l>Let vs with care performe his great behest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Vanish</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot</l>  
   <l>A Father to me: and thou hast created</l>  
   <l>A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)</l>  
   <l>Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:</l>  
   <l>And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend</l>  
   <l>On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,</l>  
   <l>Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:</l>  
   <l>Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,</l>  
   <l>And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I</l>  
   <l>That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:</l>  
   <l>What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment</l>  
   <l>Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects</l>  
   <l>So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,</l>  
   <l>As good, as promise.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Reades.</stage>  
   <p rend="italic">  
 <c rend="droppedCapital">W</c>Hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to  
 himselfe vnknown, with-  
   <lb/>out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender  
   <lb/>Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt  
 branches,  
   <lb/>which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee  
 ioynted to

end his  
Plen-

<lb/>the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus

<lb/>miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and

<lb/>tie.</p>

<l>'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen</l>

<l>Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing</l>

<l>Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such</l>

<l>As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,</l>

<l>The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe</l>

<l>If but for simpathy.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gaoler.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao">

<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>

<p>Come Sir, are you ready for death?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>

<p>Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao">

<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>

<p>Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for

<lb/>that, you are well Cook'd.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>

<p>So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the

<lb/>dish payes the shot.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gao">

<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>

<p>A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort

<lb/>is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more

<lb/>Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as

<lb/>the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of

<lb/>meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that

<lb/>you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed

<lb/>too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the

<lb/>heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being

<lb/>drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall

<lb/>now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes

<lb/>vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and

<lb/>Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-

<lb/>charge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so

<lb/>the Acquittance followes.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>

<p>I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>  
<p>Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-  
<lb/>Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a  
<lb/>Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change  
<lb/>places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not  
<lb/>which way you shall go.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
<p>Yes indeed do I, fellow.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>  
<p>Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not  
<lb/>seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by  
<lb/>some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your  
<lb/>selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the  
<lb/>after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall  
<lb/>speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne  
<lb/>to tell one.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
<p>I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to  
<lb/>direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and  
<lb/>will not vse them.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>  
<p>What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold  
<lb/>haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I  
<lb/>am sure hanging's the way of winking.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
Messenger.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-cym-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
<p>Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to  
<lb/>the King.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
<p>Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee  
<lb/>made free.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>

<p>Ile be hang'd then.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <p>Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">for</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0905-0.jpg" n="395"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <lb/>for the dead.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gao">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gao.</speaker>  
 <p>Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowses, &amp; be-  
 <lb/>get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my  
 <lb/>Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all  
 <lb/>he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye  
 <lb/>against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would  
 <lb/>we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there  
 <lb/>were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake a-  
 <lb/>gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment  
 <lb/>in't.</p>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="5">

<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius,

Guiderius, Arui-

<lb/>ragus, Pisanio, and Lords.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">

<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made</l>

<l>Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,</l>

<l>That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,</l>

<l>Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest</l>

<l>Stept before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:</l>

<l>He shall be happy that can finde him, if</l>

<l>Our Grace can make him so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">

<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>

<l>I neuer saw</l>

<l>Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;</l>

<l>Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought</l>

<l>But beggery, and poore looks.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">

<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>No tydings of him?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;</l>  
 <l>But no trace of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>To my greefe, I am</l>  
 <l>The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde</l>  
 <l>To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)</l>  
 <l>By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time</l>  
 <l>To aske of whence you are. Report it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir,</l>  
 <l>In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:</l>  
 <l>Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,</l>  
 <l>Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Bow your knees:</l>  
 <l>Arise my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you</l>  
 <l>Companions to our person, and will fit you</l>  
 <l>With Dignities becomming your estates.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cornelius and  
 Ladies.</stage>  
 <l>There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly</l>  
 <l>Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,</l>  
 <l>And not o'th'Court of Britaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <l>Hayle great King,</l>  
 <l>To sowre your happinesse, I must report</l>  
 <l>The Queene is dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Who worse then a Physitian</l>  
 <l>Would this report become? But I consider,</l>  
 <l>By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death</l>  
 <l>Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <l>With horror, madly dying, like her life,</l>



<l>Which (being cruell to the world) concluded</l>  
 <l>Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,</l>  
 <l>I will report, so please you. These her Women</l>  
 <l>Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes</l>  
 <l>Were present when she finish'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Prythee say.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely</l>  
   <l>Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:</l>  
   <l>Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Abhorr'd your person.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>She alone knew this:</l>  
   <l>And but she spoke it dying, I would not</l>  
   <l>Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue</l>  
   <l>With such integrity, she did confesse</l>  
   <l>Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life</l>  
   <l>(But that her flight preuented it) she had</l>  
   <l>Tane off by poison.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>O most delicate Fiend!</l>  
   <l>Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
   </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had</l>  
   <l>For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,</l>  
   <l>Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,</l>  
   <l>By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd</l>  
   <l>By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to</l>  
   <l>Orecome you with her shew; and in time</l>  
   <l>(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke</l>  
   <l>Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:</l>  
   <l>But fayling of her end by his strange absence,</l>

<l>Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight</l>  
 <l>Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented</l>  
 <l>The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so</l>  
 <l>Dispayring, dyed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Heard you all this, her Women?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-lad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>  
   <l>We did, so please your Highnesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Mine eyes</l>  
   <l>Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:</l>  
   <l>Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,</l>  
   <l>That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious</l>  
   <l>To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)</l>  
   <l>That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,</l>  
   <l>And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius, Iachimo,  
 and other Roman prisoners,  
   <lb/>Leonatus behind, and Imogen.</stage>  
   <l>Thou comm'st not <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi> now for  
 Tribute, that</l>  
   <l>The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse</l>  
   <l>Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite</l>  
   <l>That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter</l>  
   <l>Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,</l>  
   <l>So thinke of your estate.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day</l>  
   <l>Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,</l>  
   <l>We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend</l>  
   <l>Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods</l>  
   <l>Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues</l>  
   <l>May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,</l>  
   <l>A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:</l>  
   <l></l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Augustus</hi> liues to thinke on't: and so much</l>  
   <l>For my peculiar care. This one thing onely</l>  
   <l>I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)</l>  
   <l>Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had</l>  
   <l>A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,</l>  
   <l>So tender ouer his occasions, true,</l>  
   <l>So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne</l>

<l>With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse</l>  
 <l>Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,</l>  
 <l>Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)</l>  
 <l>And spare no blood beside.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>I haue surely seene him:</l>  
   <l>His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,</l>  
   <l>Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,</l>  
   <l>And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,</l>  
   <l>To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;</l>  
   <l>And aske of <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi> what Boone  
 thou wilt,</l>  
   <l>Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Y<gap extent="3"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="crease"  
 resp="#ES"/>  
 </fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0906-0.jpg" n="396"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner</l>  
   <l>The Noblest tane.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>I humbly thanke your Highnesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,</l>  
   <l>And yet I know thou wilt.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>No, no, alacke,</l>  
   <l>There's other worke in hand: I see a thing</l>  
   <l>Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,</l>  
   <l>Must shuffle for it selfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>The Boy disdaines me,</l>  
   <l>He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,</l>  
   <l>That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.</l>  
   <l>Why stands he so perplext?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>What would'st thou Boy?</l>  
   <l>I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more</l>  
   <l>What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak</l>  
   <l>Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>He is a Romane, no more kin to me,</l>  
   <l>Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile</l>  
   <l>Am something neerer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Wherefore ey'st him so?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please</l>  
   <l>To giue me hearing.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>I, with all my heart,</l>  
   <l>And lend my best attention. What's thy name?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 </sp>  
 <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi> Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou'rt my good youth: my Page</l>  
   <l>Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>One Sand another</l>  
   <l>Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:</l>  
   <l>Who dyed, and was <hi rend="italic">Fidele:</hi> what  
 thinke you<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>The same dead thing aliue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear</l>  
 <l>Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure</l>  
 <l>He would haue spoke to vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
 <l>But we see him dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Be silent: let's see further.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>It is my Mistris:</l>  
 <l>Since she is liuing, let the time run on,</l>  
 <l>To good, or bad.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Come, stand thou by our side,</l>  
 <l>Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,</l>  
 <l>Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,</l>  
 <l>Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it</l>  
 <l>(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall</l>  
 <l>Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>My boone is, that this Gentleman may render</l>  
 <l>Of whom he had this Ring.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>What's that to him?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>That Diamond vpon your Finger, say</l>  
 <l>How came it yours<c rend="italic">?</c></l>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that</l>

Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that  
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany  
I got this Ring: 'twas Leonatus

Iewell,

Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue  
thee,  
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

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

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength  
2  
I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,  
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke  
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst  
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would  
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least  
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good  
Posthumus,  
(What should I say? he was too good to  
be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,  
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy  
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming

<l>The Shrine of <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi>, or straight-pight  
<hi rend="italic">Minerua</hi>,</l>

<l>Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,</l>

<l>A shop of all the qualities, that man</l>

<l>Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,</l>

<l>Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">

<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>I stand on fire. Come to the matter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">

<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>

<l>All too soone I shall,</l>

<l>Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This <hi  
rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>

<l>Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one</l>

<l>That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,</l>

<l>And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein</l>

<l>He was as calme as vertue) he began</l>

<l>His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,</l>

<l>And then a minde put in't, either our bragges</l>

<l>Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description</l>

<l>Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">

<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-iac">

<speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>

<l>Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)</l>

<l>He spake of her, as <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi> had hot  
dreames,</l>

<l>And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch</l>

<l>Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him</l>

<l>Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore</l>

<l>Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine</l>

<l>In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring</l>

<l>By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)</l>

<l>No lesser of her Honour confident</l>

<l>Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,</l>

<l>And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle</l>

<l>Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it</l>

<l>Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine</l>

<l>Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)</l>

<l>Remember me at Court, where I was taught</l>

<l>Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference</l>

<l>'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd</l>

<l>Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,</l>

<l>Gan in your duller Britaine operare</l>  
 <l>Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.</l>  
 <l>And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd</l>  
 <l>That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,</l>  
 <l>To make the Noble <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> mad,</l>  
 <l>By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,</l>  
 <l>With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes</l>  
 <l>Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet</l>  
 <l>(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes</l>  
 <l>Of secret on her person, that he could not</l>  
 <l>But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,</l>  
 <l>I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,</l>  
 <l>Me thinkes I see him now.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>I so thou do'st,</l>  
 <l>Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,</l>  
 <l>Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing</l>  
 <l>That's due to all the Villaines past, in being</l>  
 <l>To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Som<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="crease"  
 resp="#ES"/>  
 </fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0907-0.jpg" n="397"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Some vpriht Iusticer. Thou King, send out</l>  
 <l>For Torturors ingenious: it is I</l>  
 <l>That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend</l>  
 <l>By being worse then they. I am <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,</l>  
 <l>That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,</l>  
 <l>A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple</l>  
 <l>Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.</l>  
 <l>Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set</l>  
 <l>The dogges o'th'street to bay me: euery villaine</l>  
 <l>Be call'd <hi rend="italic">Posthumus Leonatus</hi>, and</l>  
 <l>Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>!</l>  
 <l>My Queene, my life, my wife: oh <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Imogen, Imogen</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">



<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Peace my Lord, heare, heare.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Shall's haue a play of this?</l>  
 <l>Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pis.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh Gentlemen, helpe,</l>  
 <l>Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Posthumus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>You ne're kill'd <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi> till now:  
 helpe, helpe,</l>  
 <l>Mine honour'd Lady.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Does the world go round?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Posth.</speaker>  
 <l>How comes these staggers on mee?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>Wake my Mistris.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me</l>  
 <l>To death, with mortall ioy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>How fares my Mistris?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh get thee from my sight,</l>  
 <l>Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,</l>  
 <l>Breath not where Princes are.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>The tune of <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisæ.</speaker>

<l>Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if</l>  
 <l>That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee</l>  
 <l>A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>New matter still.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>It poyson'd me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>Oh Gods!</l>  
   <l>I left out one thing which the Queene confest,</l>  
   <l>Which must approue thee honest. If <hi  
 rend="italic">Pasanio</hi>  
 </l>  
   <l>Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection</l>  
   <l>Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,</l>  
   <l>As I would serue a Rat.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>What's this, <hi rend="italic">Cornelius</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me</l>  
   <l>To temper poysons for her, still pretending</l>  
   <l>The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely</l>  
   <l>In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges</l>  
   <l>Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose</l>  
   <l>Was of more danger, did compound for her</l>  
   <l>A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease</l>  
   <l>The present powre of life, but in short time,</l>  
   <l>All Offices of Nature, should againe</l>  
   <l>Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>Most like I did, for I was dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>My Boyes, there was our error.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>

<l>This is sure <hi rend="italic">Fidele</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now</l>  
 <l>Throw me againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
 <l>Hang there like fruite, my soule,</l>  
 <l>Till the Tree dye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>How now, my Flesh? my Childe?</l>  
 <l>What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?</l>  
 <l>Wilt thou not speake to me?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>Your blessing, Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>You had a motiue for't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>My teares that fall</l>  
 <l>Proue holy-water on thee; <hi rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Thy Mothers dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
 <l>I am sorry for't, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was</l>  
 <l>That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne</l>  
 <l>Is gone, we know not how, nor where.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-pis">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pisa.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord,</l>

<l>Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord <hi  
rend="italic">Cloten</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me</l>  
<l>With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore</l>  
<l>If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,</l>  
<l>It was my instant death. By accident,</l>  
<l>I had a feigned Letter of my Masters</l>  
<l>Then in my pocket, which directed him</l>  
<l>To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,</l>  
<l>Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments</l>  
<l>(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes</l>  
<l>With vchaste purpose, and with oath to violate</l>  
<l>My Ladies honor, what became of him,</l>  
<l>I further know not.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
<l>Let me end the Story: I slew him there.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>Marry, the Gods forefend.</l>  
<l>I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips</l>  
<l>Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth</l>  
<l>Deny't againe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
<l>I haue spoke it, and I did it.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>He was a Prince.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>  
<l>A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee</l>  
<l>Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me</l>  
<l>With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,</l>  
<l>If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,</l>  
<l>And am right glad he is not standing heere</l>  
<l>To tell this tale of mine.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>I am sorrow for thee:</l>  
<l>By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must</l>  
<l>Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
     <l>That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
     <l>Binde the Offender,</l>  
     <l>And take him from our presence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>Stay, Sir King.</l>  
     <l>This man is better then the man he slew,</l>  
     <l>As well descended as thy selfe, and hath</l>  
     <l>More of thee merited, then a Band of <hi  
 rend="italic">Clotens</hi>  
     </l>  
     <l>Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,</l>  
     <l>They were not borne for bondage.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
     <l>Why old Soldier:</l>  
     <l>Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for</l>  
     <l>By tasting of our wrath? How of descent</l>  
     <l>As good as we?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
     <l>In that he spake too farre.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
     <l>And thou shalt dye for't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
     <l>We will dye all three,</l>  
     <l>But I will proue that two one's are as good</l>  
     <l>As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must</l>  
     <l>For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,</l>  
     <l>Though haply well for you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
     <l>Your danger's ours.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Guid.</speaker>  
     <l>And our good his.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>Haue at it then, by leaue</l>  
   <l>Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who</l>  
   <l>Was call'd <hi rend="italic">Belarius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>He it is, that hath</l>  
   <l>Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,</l>  
   <note resp="#ES">This page has been torn and creased,  
 obscuring any catchword.</note>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0908-0.jpg" n="398"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>I know not how, a Traitor.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Take him hence,</l>  
   <l>The whole world shall not saue him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>Not too hot;</l>  
   <l>First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,</l>  
   <l>And let it be confiscate all, so soone</l>  
   <l>As I haue recey'd it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Nursing of my Sonnes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
   <l>I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:</l>  
   <l>Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,</l>  
   <l>Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,</l>  
   <l>These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,</l>  
   <l>And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,</l>  
   <l>They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,</l>  
   <l>And blood of your begetting.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>How? my Issue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old <hi  
 rend="italic">Morgan</hi>)</l>  
 <l>Am that <hi rend="italic">Belarius</hi>, whom you  
 sometime banish'd:</l>  
 <l>Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment</l>  
 <l>It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,</l>  
 <l>Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes</l>  
 <l>(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares</l>  
 <l>Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I</l>  
 <l>Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)</l>  
 <l>As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse <hi  
 rend="italic">Euriphile</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children</l>  
 <l>Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too't,</l>  
 <l>Hauing recey'd the punishment before</l>  
 <l>For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,</l>  
 <l>Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,</l>  
 <l>The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd</l>  
 <l>Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,</l>  
 <l>Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose</l>  
 <l>Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.</l>  
 <l>The benediction of these couering Heauens</l>  
 <l>Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie</l>  
 <l>To in-lay Heauen with Starres.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou weep'st, and speak'st:</l>  
 <l>The Seruice that you three haue done, is m<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="inkBlot"  
 resp="#ES"/>re</l>  
 <l>Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,</l>  
 <l>If these be they, I know not how to wish</l>  
 <l>A payre of worthier Sonnes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
 <l>Be pleas'd awhile;</l>  
 <l>This Gentleman, whom I call <hi  
 rend="italic">Polidore</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true <hi  
 rend="italic">Guiderius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>This Gentleman, my <hi rend="italic">Cadwall,

Aruiragus</hi>.</l>

<l>Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt</l>  
<l>In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand</l>  
<l>Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation</l>  
<l>I can with ease produce.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>

<hi rend="italic">Guiderius</hi> had</l>

<l>Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,</l>  
<l>It was a marke of wonder.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-bel">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bel.</speaker>  
<l>This is he,</l>  
<l>Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:</l>  
<l>It was wise Natures end, in the donation</l>  
<l>To be his euidence now.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>Oh, what am I</l>  
<l>A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother</l>  
<l>Reioyce'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,</l>  
<l>That after this strange starting from your Orbes,</l>  
<l>You may reigne in them now: Oh <hi

rend="italic">Imogen</hi>,</l>

<l>Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
<l>No, my Lord:</l>  
<l>I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,</l>  
<l>Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother</l>  
<l>When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,</l>  
<l>When we were so indeed.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
<l>Did you ere meete?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
<speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
<l>I my good Lord.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-gui">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gui.</speaker>



<l>And at first meeting lou'd,</l>  
 <l>Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>O rare instinct!</l>  
   <l>When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,</l>  
   <l>Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which</l>  
   <l>Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?</l>  
   <l>And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?</l>  
   <l>How parted with your Brother? How first met them?</l>  
   <l>Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?</l>  
   <l>And your three motiues to the Battaile? with</l>  
   <l>I know not how much more should be demanded,</l>  
   <l>And all the other by-dependances</l>  
   <l>From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place</l>  
   <l>Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,</l>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Posthumus</hi> Anchors vpon <hi  
 rend="italic">Imogen</hi>;</l>  
   <l>And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye</l>  
   <l>On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting</l>  
   <l>Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change</l>  
   <l>Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,</l>  
   <l>And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.</l>  
   <l>Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>You are my Father too, and did releue me:</l>  
   <l>To see this gracious season.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>All ore-ioy'd</l>  
   <l>Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,</l>  
   <l>For they shall taste our Comfort.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-imo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Imo.</speaker>  
   <l>My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Happy be you.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought</l>  
   <l>He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd</l>  
   <l>The thankings of a King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>I am Sir</l>  
   <l>The Souldier that did company these three</l>  
   <l>In poore beseeing: 'twas a fitment for</l>  
   <l>The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,</l>  
   <l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Iachimo</hi>, I had you downe, and  
 might</l>  
   <l>Haue made you finish.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-iac">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Iach.</speaker>  
   <l>I am downe againe:</l>  
   <l>But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,</l>  
   <l>As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you</l>  
   <l>Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,</l>  
   <l>And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse</l>  
   <l>That euer swore her Faith.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Kneele not to me:</l>  
   <l>The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:</l>  
   <l>The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue</l>  
   <l>And deale with others better.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
   <l>Nobly doom'd:</l>  
   <l>Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:</l>  
   <l>Pardon's the word to all.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-arv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Arui.</speaker>  
   <l>You holpe vs Sir,</l>  
   <l>As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,</l>  
   <l>Ioy'd are we, that you are.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-leo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome</l>  
   <l>Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought</l>  
   <l>Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd</l>  
   <l>Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes</l>

<l>Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found</l>  
 <l>This Labell on my bosome; whose containing</l>  
 <l>Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Make</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0909-0.jpg" n="993"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedy of Cymbeline.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Make no Collection of it. Let him shew</l>  
 <l>His skill in the construction.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l rend="italic">Philarmonus.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-soo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
   <l>Heere, my good Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Read, and declare the meaning.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Reades.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-soo">  
   <p rend="italic">  
 <c rend="droppedCapital">W</c>Hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to  
 himselfe vnknown, with-  
   <lb/>out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender  
   <lb/>Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt  
 branches,  
   <lb/>which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee  
 ioynted to  
   <lb/>the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus  
 end his  
   <lb/>miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and  
 Plen-  
   <lb/>tie.</p>  
 <l>Thou <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi> art the Lyons  
 Whelp,</l>  
   <l>The fit and apt Construction of thy name</l>  
   <l>Being <hi rend="italic">Leonatus</hi>, doth import so  
 much:</l>  
   <l>The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,</l>  
   <l>Which we call <hi rend="italic">Mollis Aer</hi>, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Mollis Aer</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>We terme it <hi rend="italic">Mulier</hi>; which <hi  
 rend="italic">Mulier</hi> I diuine</l>  
   <l>Is this most constant Wife, who euen now</l>  
   <l>Answering the Letter of the Oracle,</l>

<l>Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about</l>  
 <l>With this most tender Aire.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>This hath some seeming.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-soo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
 <l>The lofty Cedar, Royall <hi rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point</l>  
 <l>Thy two Sonnes forth: who by <hi  
 rend="italic">Belarius</hi> stolne</l>  
 <l>For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd</l>  
 <l>To the Maiesticke Cedar ioynd; whose Issue</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>  
 <l>Well,</l>  
 <l>My Peace we will begin: And <hi rend="italic">Caius  
 Lucius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Although the Victor, we submit to <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And to the Romane Empire; promising</l>  
 <l>To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which</l>  
 <l>We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,</l>  
 <l>Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,</l>  
 <l>Haue laid most heauy hand.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-soo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
 <l>The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune</l>  
 <l>The harmony of this Peace: the Vision</l>  
 <l>Which I made knowne to <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> ere  
 the stroke</l>  
 <l>Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant</l>  
 <l>Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle</l>  
 <l>From South to West, on wing soaring aloft</l>  
 <l>Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun</l>  
 <l>So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle</l>  
 <l>Th'Imperiall Cæsar, should againe vnite</l>  
 <l>His Fauour, with the Radiant <hi  
 rend="italic">Cymbeline</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Which shines heere in the West.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-cym-cym">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cym.</speaker>

<l>Laud we the Gods,</l>  
<l>And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils</l>  
<l>From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace</l>  
<l>To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let</l>  
<l>A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue</l>  
<l>Friendly together: so through <hi  
rend="italic">Luds-Towne</hi> march,</l>  
<l>And in the Temple of great Iupiter</l>  
<l>Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.</l>  
<l>Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease</l>  
<l>(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>  
</div>  
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>  
</div>  
<div type="colophon">  
<p>Printed at the Charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke,  
<lb/>and W. Aspley, 1623.</p>  
</div>  
</body>  
</text>  
</TEI>