

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Morgan.
ARVIRAGUS, Sons to Cymbeline.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a Physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.
QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
HELEN, a Lady attending on Imogen.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

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

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son,—a widow That late he married,—hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;

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

Sec. Gent. None but the king?
First Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,

That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,—I mean that married her, alack! good man! And therefore banish'd—is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something fail-

ing In him that should compare. I do not think So fair an outward and such stuff within Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,

Crush him together rather than unfold His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?
First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour Against the Romans with Cassibelan, But had his titles by Tenantius whom

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success, So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus; And had, besides this gentleman in question,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time Died with their swords in hand; for which their father—

Then old and fond of issue—took such sorrow That he quit being, and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd

As he was born. The king, he takes the babe To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;

Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber, Puts to him all the learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of; which he took,

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,—

Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd; A sample to the youngest, to the more mature A glass that feated them, and to the graver

A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, For whom he now is banish'd, her own price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;

By her election may be truly read What kind of man he is.

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

First Gent. His only child. He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing, Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old, I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery

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Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?
First Gent. Some twenty years.

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

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

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.
First Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.
Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers, Evil-ey'd unto you; you're my prisoner, but Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win the offended king, I will be known your advocate; marry, yet

The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril: 80 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

Post. O! I am gone.
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

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

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

Cym. Past grace? obedience? *Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen! *Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle

And did avoid a puttock. *Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne A seat for baseness.

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

Cym. O thou vile one! *Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus; You bred him as my playfellow, and he is 145 A man worth any woman, overbuys me

move him

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you; If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. *[Aside.]* Yet I'll

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To walk this way. I never do him wrong, 104 But he does buy my injuries to be friends, Pays dear for my offences. *[Exit.]*

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

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

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

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

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack! the king! 124 *Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away! Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you 128 And bless the good remainders of the court! *[Exit.]*

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

Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st instead

A year's age on me.

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

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It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus; You bred him as my playfellow, and he is 145 A man worth any woman, overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together; you have done Not after our command. Away with her, 152 And pen her up.

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

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish 156 A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie! you must give way:

Enter PISANIO.

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

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master. *Queen.* Ha! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

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

Queen. I am very glad on't. 164 *Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir! I would they were in Afric both together, Myself by with a needle, that I might prick 168 The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me To bring him to the haven; left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, 172 When't pleas'd you to employ me.

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

Pis. I humbly thank your highness. *Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. [To PISANIO.] About some half-hour hence, 176

I pray you, speak with me. You shall at least Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

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

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

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

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship. 44

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

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

SCENE III.—*A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores of the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost.

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last 4 That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long 8

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind 12

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did. 16

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

To look upon him, till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20 The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good

Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours

Such thoughts and such, or I could make him

swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd

him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then 32

I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Betwix two charming words, comes in my father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam, 37

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them

dispatch'd.

I will attend the queen.

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

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Room in PHILARIO'S House.*

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

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

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

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

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

French. And then, his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.

But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance? 26

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 32

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing. 37

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. 42

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 48

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 54

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

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference? 60

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

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out. 72

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

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy. 76

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 79

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

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at? 87

Post. More than the world enjoys.

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

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

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

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

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

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

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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

Post. No, no.

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

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

Iach. What's that?

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

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

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

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phi. I will have it no lay.

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

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

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

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

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

SCENE V.—*Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

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

Make haste; who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, Master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

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

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,—My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death, But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so I That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confessions? Having thus far proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not so?

meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging,—but none

human,— To try the vigour of them and apply

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

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your

heart; Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!

Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

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

Queen. [*To PISANIO.*] Hark thee, a word. *Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth

think she has Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking-up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, 44 Until I send for thee.

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

Queen. Weeps she still, sayst thou? Dost thou think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then As great as is thy master; greater, for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp; return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is; to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans, Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

So much as but to prop him?

[*The QUEEN drops the box; PISANIO takes it up.*]

Thou tak'st up 60

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know

What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it; 64 It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on, but Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment such As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women;

Think on my words. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

A sly and constant knave, Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master, 76

And the remembrancer of her to hold The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him

that Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of leigers for her sweet, and which she after, 80

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies. So, so;—well done, well done.

The violets, cowslips, and the prime-roses Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio: 84

Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false; A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd: O! that husband,

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,

As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious: bless'd be those, How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

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

Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety,

And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir: You are kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

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

LEONATUS.

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

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

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

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judg-
ment,

For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the
lamb,

Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.
[To PISANIO.] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord his health, be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

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

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

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
loves

A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
Briton—

Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs,
cries, 'O!
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter:

It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but,
heavens know,

Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty to-
wards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all
talents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in
me

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

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

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

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray
you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Firing it only here; should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,—falsehood,
as

With labour;—then by-peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

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

Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair,—and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,—to be
partner'd

With tom-boys hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

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

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honour-
able,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue,
not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your par-
don.

I have spoken this, to know if your affiance

Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost for-
got

To entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord,

The best feather of our wing, have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you

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

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

Imo. O! no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my
word

By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

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

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

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

[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S Palace.**Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. Sayest thou?

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

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

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

Clo. Why, so I say.

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

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

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

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

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

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

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

First Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

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

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

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord.*]
That such a crafty devil as is his mother

Should yield the world this ass! a woman that 60
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas! poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st 64
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act 68
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.**IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

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

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed: 4
Take not away the taper, leave it burning,
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep has seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods! 8
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk.*]

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

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus 12

Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might

touch! 16

But kiss: one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,

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

Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame of the

taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her

lids, 20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows, white and azure lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my de-
sign,

To note the chamber: I will write all down: 24

Such and such pictures; there the window; such

Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,

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

story.

Ah! but some natural notes about her body, 28

Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep! thou ape of death, lie dull upon her;

And be her senses but as a monument 32

Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within, 36

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher;

Stronger than ever law could make: this

secret 40

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and

ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. To what

end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading

late 44

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that

dawning 48

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three, time!

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

SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartments.**Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

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

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose. 4

First Lord. But not every man patient after
the noble temper of your lordship. You are

most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage.

If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have

gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 11

Clo. I would this music would come. I am

advised to give her music o' mornings; they say

it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too:

if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never

give o'er. First, a very excellent good-con-

certed thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with

admirable rich words to it: and then let her

consider. 21

SONG.

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

And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs 24

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will con-
sider your music the better; if it do not, it is

a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-

guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot,
can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king. 36

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the

reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but

take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
gracious mother. 41

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musics, but she

vouchsafes no notice. 45

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,

She hath not yet forgot him; some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out, 48

And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,

Who lets go by no vantages that may

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself

To orderly soliciting, and be friended 52

With aptness of the season; make denials

Increase your services; so seem as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which

You tender to her; that you in all obey her 56

Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, 60

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;

But that's no fault of his: we must receive him

According to the honour of his sender;

And towards himself, his goodness foreshows 64

on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,

When you have given good morning to your

mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need

To employ you towards this Roman. Come,

our queen. [*Exeunt all but CLOTEN.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho! 72

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her. What

If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold 76

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and

makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up

Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis

gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the

thief; 80

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man.

What

Can it not do and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me, for

I yet not understand the case myself. 84

By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. [Aside.] That's more Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours 84 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

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

Lady. Ay, To keep her chamber.

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

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

What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

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

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

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

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

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness. One of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

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

I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; 108 That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce By the very truth of it, I care not for you; 113

And am so near the lack of charity,— To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had

rather

You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against 116 Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch, One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,

With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their

souls—

On whom there is no more dependancy

But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot; 124 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

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

A hilding for livery, a squire's cloth, 128 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made 133

Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come 137

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool, 144 Frighted, and anger'd worse. Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's, 'shrew me

If I would lose it for a revenue 148 Of any king's in Europe. I do think

I saw't this morning; confident I am Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it;

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord 152 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search.

[Exit PISANIO.]

Clo. You have abus'd me: 'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir: 155 If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too: She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

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

Clo. I'll be reveng'd. 160 'His meanest garment!' Well. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Room in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

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

Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time, Quake in the present winter's state and wish 5

That warmer days would come; in these sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius Will do's commission throughly, and I think

He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, 13 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe— Statist though I am none, nor like to be— 16

That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed

In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20

Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their

courage

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,— Now winged,—with their courage will make

known 24 To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, 28 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon. 32

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. 36 *Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court When you were there?

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

Post. All is well yet. Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40

Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy A second night of such sweet shortness which 44

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

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

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

Post. Make not, sir. Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we

Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must, 49 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further, but I now 52 Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring; and not the wronger Of her or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent 56 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion You had of her pure honour gains or loses

Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both 60 To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances Being so near the truth as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe: whose strength I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not, 64

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,— Where I confess I slept not, but profess

Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd 68

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,

And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats or pride; a piece of work 72

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd

Could be rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true; 76 And this you might have heard of here, by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must, Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece

Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures So likely to report themselves; the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, 84 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing Which you might from relation likewise reap,

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted; her and- 88

irons— I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands.

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

praise 92 Be given to your remembrance,—the description

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see! [Showing the bracelet.]

And now 'tis up again; it must be married 97 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove! Once more let me behold it. Is it that

Which I left with her?