

**УИЛЪЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

CYMBELINE

Уильям Шекспир

Cymbeline

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Содержание

The Tragedie of Cymbeline	5
Actus Primus. Scoena Prima	5
Actus Secundus. Scena Prima	26
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	30

William Shakespeare

Cymbeline

The Tragedie of Cymbeline

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.Gent. You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart

2 None but the King?

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

2 And why so?

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

2 You speake him farre

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

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicillius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleue you

1 We must forbear.
Heere comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keys
That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus,
So soone as I can win th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may informe you

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day

Qu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourelly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:

O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

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

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu

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

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:

If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

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

Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Enter.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand

Qu. I am very glad on't

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me

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

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Qu. Pray walke a-while

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience

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

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

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me

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

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

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

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs

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

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse mee

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

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

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
Should hurt her

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done

2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship

Clot. Nay come, let's go together

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,
And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,

Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship

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

Pisa. Madam, so I did

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

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage

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

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company

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

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta

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

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

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within

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

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

French. And then his banishment

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance? Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life. Enter Posthumus.

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

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance

Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pittie you should haue beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight

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

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference? French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out

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

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

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

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady

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

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the giuft. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the giuft of the Gods

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

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, contains 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 fiue 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

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

Iach. What's that?

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

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

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

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

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile? Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd

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

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserue it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare

Posth. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go what's spoken, I sweare

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceedes in goodness, the hugeness of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring

Phil. I will haue it no lay

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enjoy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vneduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded

Post. Agreed

French. Will this hold, thinke you

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the mouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,

That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects

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

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way

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

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Enter.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
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.

Exit Pisa.

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.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Thinke on my words.

Exit Qu. and Ladies

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.

Enter.

Scena Septima

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreame Crowne of grieffe, 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.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters

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

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome

Iach. 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,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly

Imogen reads. He is one of the Noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am
most infinitely
tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust. Leonatus.

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 that I can do

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

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

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.
Enter.

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

Iach. Well, Madam

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

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

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

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

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

Imo. Not he I hope

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly

Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wrack discernes you in me
Deserues your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace

I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your- but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop

Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euey touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slauer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain

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

Imo. Let me heare no more

Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd

With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke

Imo. Reueng'd:
How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely

For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his

Imo. You make amends

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeslesse. Pray your pardon

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th' Court for yours

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperour:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their vales great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold

To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow

Imo. O no, no

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th' tender of our Present

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truely yeilded you: you're very welcome.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes, must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure

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

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

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

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

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole

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

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

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euerie Companion, that you giue offence too

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

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely

Clot. Why so I say

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

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

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

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

Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord

Clot. Not easily I thinke

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues
being foolish do not derogate

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Enter.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T' enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

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

La. Please you Madam

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. Cytherea,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deere they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th' adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where Philomele gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.

Enter.

Scena Tertia

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imogen, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not? 1 Day, my Lord

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate. Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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