

## SCENE VII.

*Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a vial.*

*Queen.* WHILE yet the dew's on ground gather those  
flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

*Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch. —

*[Exeunt Ladies.]*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, madam:

But I beseech your grace without offence

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But though slow, deadly.

*Queen.* I do 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,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? having thus far proceeded,

Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not 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 sev'ral 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.

VOL. VI.

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*Enter*