

SCENE VIII.

Imogen's *Apartment*.*Enter Imogen alone.*

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a stepdame 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 degree that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
 How mean foe'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.

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! *[aside.*
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone th' *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.

Imogen reads.

*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