

I'th' 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  
Or are paſt remedies, or, timely known,  
The remedy's 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 very touch would force the feeler's ſoul  
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes priſ'ner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing 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, as with labour?  
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye  
Baſe and unluttrous 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 muſt conscience, to my tongue,  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.*