

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 tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends 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! alas!

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 shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priestesses, 'twixt cold sheets?
Whiles 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 honourable,
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