

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord,  
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled fums  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In *France*: 'tis plate of rare device; and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form: their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage; may it please you  
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since  
My lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word  
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains;  
But not away to-morrow?

*Iach.* I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.  
I have outstood my time, which is material  
To th' tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write:  
Send your trunk to me; it shall be safe kept,  
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT