

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come; and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus'* friends. [*aside.*]

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whosoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship. — [*Exit Cloten.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas poor princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce hell made! The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E