

SCENE II.

A magnificent Bedchamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. WHO'S there? my woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. — Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods;

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. — *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper

Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,

To see th' inclosed lights, now canopy'd

Under those curtains white with azure lac'd,

The blue of heav'n's own tinct. — But my design's

To note the chamber: — I will write all down:

Such and such pictures; there the window; such

Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures —

Why,