

Why, such and such; — and the contents o' th' story, —
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, t'enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off. —

[*taking off her bracelet.*]

As flipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more — to what end?
 Why should I write this down that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading late,
 The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough:
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bare its raven-eye^a: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*clock strikes.*]
 One, two, three: time, time! [*goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*]

S C E N E III.

Without the Palace under Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. **Y**OUR lordship is the most patient man in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

^a The raven's eye is remarkably large and gray.

Clot.