

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; you are most hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate here with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

Song.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
Each chalic'd flower supplies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With all the things that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears; which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts, with the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Queen, and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up
so