

so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

*Clot.* I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to th' king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly sollicit; and befriended With aptness of the season, make denials Increase your services; so seem, as if You are inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

*Clot.* Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; One's Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, for's goodness forespent on us, We must extend our notice. — Our dear son, When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress, Attend the queen and us; we shall have need T'employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE