

## SCENE IV.

*Clot.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
 Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave, ho! —  
 I know, her women are about her; what  
 If I do line one of their hands? 'tis gold  
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes  
*Diana's* rangers false themselves, and yield  
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold  
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
 Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man: what  
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
 One of her women lawyer to me; for  
 I yet not understand the case myself.  
 By your leave.

[knocks.]

*Enter a Lady.**Lady.* Who's there that knocks?*Clot.* A gentleman.*Lady.* No more?*Clot.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
 Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

*Clot.* Your lady's person; is she ready?

*Lady.* Ay,  
 To keep her chamber.

*Clot.* There is gold for you,  
 Sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name?  
 Or to report of you what I think good?  
 The princess —

*Enter Imogen.**Clot.* Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.*Imo.* Good morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains