

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' th' crown, and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler; not so eminent.

*Imo.* Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,  
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues to be stil'd  
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clot.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment  
That ever hath but clip'd his body, 's dearer  
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.

*Clot.* How now?

*Imo.* *Pisanio!*

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Clot.* His garment? now, the devil —

*Imo.* To *Dorothy*, my woman, hee thee presently.

*Clot.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool;  
Frighted, and anger'd worse: — go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king in *Europe*. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it:  
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but him.

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*Pis.*