

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

[*Exit* Pisanio.

Clot. You have abus'd me: —

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir;

Call witness to't, if you will make't an action.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To th' worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd: —

His meanest garment? — well.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Rome.

Enter Posthumus, *and* Philario.

Post. FEAR it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do his commission thoroughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post.