

In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[solemn musick.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?^a

SCENE V.

Reenter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to fixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish carack
Might eas'liest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but, ah!
Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy. —
Tell me, how found you him?

^a --- The mattter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?
SCENE V. &c.

Arv.