

*The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

*Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. And no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlay'd forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both. Quiet consummation have;
Unremoved be thy grave!*

Enter Bellarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

*Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves. — Upon the face: —
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
'Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Imogen awakes.

*Yes, fir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way? —
I thank you. — By yon bush? — Pray, how far thither? —
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet? —
I've gone all night: — 'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow: — o gods, and goddeffes!*

[seeing the body.]

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;

This