

DISPUTED READINGS IN CYMBELINE.

NOTE.—These readings follow the second folio, 1632, a copy of which is in the Society's Library.

You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Than our Courtiers :
Still seem as does the Kings.

Act I., Scene 1.

——— Had I been Thief-stol'n
As my two Brothers, happy : but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

Act I., Scene 7.

——— Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Act I., Scene 7.

——— Join gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoaky light
That's fed with Tallow.

Act I., Scene 7.

——— 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus : the flame o' the Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights now Canopied
Under the windows, White and Azure lac'd
With Blue of heaven's own tinct.

Act II., Scene 2.

And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, than attending for a check :
Richer, than doing nothing for a Babe :
Prouder, than rustling in unpayd-for Silk :
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncros'd.

Act III., Scene 3.

——— Thou shalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veins : no nor
The leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse ———

Act IV., Scene 2.