

# Cymbeline



by William Shakespeare

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# Dramatis Personae

## Dramatis Personae

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the

names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, Italian, friend to Posthumus.

IACHIMO, Italian, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

## Act I

### Act I, Scene 1

SCENE I. Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen

First Gentleman

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem as does the king.

Second Gentleman

But what's the matter?

First Gentleman

His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son--a widow  
That late he married--hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

Second Gentleman  
None but the king?

First Gentleman  
He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,  
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Second Gentleman  
And why so?

First Gentleman  
He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her--  
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!  
And therefore banish'd--is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

Second Gentleman  
You speak him far.

First Gentleman  
I do extend him, sir, within himself,  
Crush him together rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

Second Gentleman  
What's his name and birth?

First Gentleman  
I cannot delve him to the root: his father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by Tenantius whom  
He served with glory and admired success,  
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time

Died with their swords in hand; for which  
their father,  
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court--  
Which rare it is to do--most praised, most loved,  
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
A glass that feated them, and to the graver  
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

Second Gentleman

I honour him

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gentleman

His only child.

He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

Second Gentleman

How long is this ago?

First Gentleman

Some twenty years.

Second Gentleman

That a king's children should be so convey'd,  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

First Gentleman

Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

Second Gentleman  
I do well believe you.

First Gentleman  
We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,  
The queen, and princess.

Exeunt

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN

QUEEN  
No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,  
After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN  
You know the peril.  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charged you should not speak together.

Exit

IMOGEN  
O  
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing--  
Always reserved my holy duty--what  
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
My queen! my mistress!  
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

QUEEN

Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure.

Aside

Yet I'll move him  
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
Pays dear for my offences.

Exit

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

IMOGEN

Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How, how! another?  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And sear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!

Putting on the ring

Remain, remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

Act I, Scene 1

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Putting a bracelet upon her arm

IMOGEN

O the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Alack, the king!

CYMBELINE

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

Exit

IMOGEN

There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE

O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st

A year's age on me.

IMOGEN

I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation

I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYMBELINE

Past grace? obedience?

IMOGEN

Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYMBELINE

That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

IMOGEN

O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

Act I, Scene 1

And did avoid a puttock.

CYMBELINE

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

IMOGEN

No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

CYMBELINE

O thou vile one!

IMOGEN

Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:  
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

CYMBELINE

What, art thou mad?

IMOGEN

Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

CYMBELINE

Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN

They were again together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

QUEEN

Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

CYMBELINE

Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly!

Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords

QUEEN

Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

PISANIO

My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

PISANIO

There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN

I am very glad on't.

IMOGEN

Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.  
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!  
I would they were in Afric both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

PISANIO

On his command: he would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven; left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleased you to employ me.

QUEEN

This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour  
He will remain so.

PISANIO

I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN

Pray, walk awhile.

IMOGEN

About some half-hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

Exeunt

## Act I, Scene 2

SCENE II. The same. A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

First Lord

Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLOTEN

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Second Lord

[Aside] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord

Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Second Lord

[Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

CLOTEN

The villain would not stand me.

Second Lord

[Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord

Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Second Lord

[Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

CLOTEN

I would they had not come between us.

Second Lord

[Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLOTEN

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

Second Lord

[Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Second Lord

[Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

CLOTEN

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Second Lord

[Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

CLOTEN

You'll go with us?

First Lord

I'll attend your lordship.

CLOTEN

Nay, come, let's go together.

Second Lord

Well, my lord.

Exeunt

## Act I, Scene 3

SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

IMOGEN

I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write  
And not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

PISANIO

It was his queen, his queen!

IMOGEN

Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO

And kiss'd it, madam.

IMOGEN

Senseless Linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

PISANIO

No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

IMOGEN

Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

PISANIO

Madam, so I did.

IMOGEN

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO

Be assured, madam,

With his next vantage.

IMOGEN

I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours

Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then

I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father  
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady

Lady  
The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

IMOGEN  
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.  
I will attend the queen.

PISANIO  
Madam, I shall.

Exeunt

## Act I, Scene 4

SCENE IV.

Rome. PHILARIO'S house.

[Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.]

IACHIMO.  
Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a  
crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath  
been allowed the name of; but I could then have look'd on him  
without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his  
endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by  
items.

PHILARIO.  
You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he  
is with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCHMAN.  
I have seen him in France. We had very many there could  
behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACHIMO.  
This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he  
must be weigh'd rather by her value than his own, words him, I  
doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCHMAN.

And then his banishment.

IACHIMO.

Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHILARIO.

His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

[Enter POSTHUMUS.]

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.--I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCHMAN.

Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POSTHUMUS.

Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

FRENCHMAN.

Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you. It had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POSTHUMUS.

By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement--if I offend [not] to say it is mended--my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN.

Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACHIMO.

Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCHMAN.

Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching--and upon warrant of bloody affirmation--his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACHIMO.

That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

POSTHUMUS.

She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACHIMO.

You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS.

Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACHIMO.

As fair and as good--a kind of hand-in-hand comparison--had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not [but] believe she excelled many. But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS.

I prais'd her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

IACHIMO.

What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS.

More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO.

Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS.

You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO.

Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS.

Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACHIMO.

You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS.

Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHILARIO.

Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS.

Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACHIMO.

With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

POSTHUMUS.

No, no.

IACHIMO.

I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POSTHUMUS.

You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACHIMO.

What's that?

POSTHUMUS.

A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,--a punishment too.

PHILARIO.

Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACHIMO.

Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

POSTHUMUS.

What lady would you choose to assail?

IACHIMO.

Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

POSTHUMUS.

I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO.

You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POSTHUMUS.

This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACHIMO.

I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

POSTHUMUS.

Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

PHILARIO.

I will have it no lay.

IACHIMO.

By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POSTHUMUS.

I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.  
Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her  
and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no  
further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain  
uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill  
opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall  
answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO.

Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by  
lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain  
should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our  
two wagers recorded.

POSTHUMUS.

Agreed.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

FRENCHMAN.

Will this hold, think you?

PHILARIO.

Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt.]

## Act I, Scene 5

SCENE V.

Britain. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.

[Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.]

QUEEN.

Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;  
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

FIRST LADY.

I, madam.

QUEEN.

Dispatch.

[Exeunt LADIES.]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS.

Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam.

[Presenting a small box.]

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,--  
My conscience bids me ask--wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death,  
But though slow, deadly?

QUEEN.

I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,--  
Unless thou think'st me devilish--is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging,--but none human--  
To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS.

Your Highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN. O, content thee.

[Enter PISANIO.]

[Aside.]

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
Will I first work. He's for his master,  
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

CORNELIUS.

[Aside.]

I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN.

[To PISANIO]

Hark thee, a word.

CORNELIUS.

[Aside.]

I do not like her. She doth think she has  
Strange ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while,  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

QUEEN.

No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

CORNELIUS.

I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]

QUEEN.

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time  
She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then  
As great as is thy master,--greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is. To shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends  
So much as but to prop him?

[The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up.]

Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.  
It is a thing I made, which hath the King  
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithe, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.  
Think on my words.

[Exit PISANIO.]

A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master  
And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
To taste of too.

[Re-enter PISANIO and LADIES.]

So, so; well done, well done.  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words.

[Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.]

PISANIO.  
And shall do;  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.]

## **Act I, Scene 6**

SCENE VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

[Enter IMOGEN.]

IMOGEN.

A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;--O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
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. Who may this be? Fie!

[Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.]

PISANIO.

Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome  
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACHIMO.

Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And greets your Highness dearly.

[Presents a letter]

IMOGEN.

Thanks, good sir;  
You're kindly welcome.

IACHIMO.

[Aside.]

All of her that is out of door most rich!  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone, the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN.

[Reads]

"--He is one of the noblest note, to whose  
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him  
accordingly, as you value your trust-- LEONATUS"

So far I read aloud--  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest--and take it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

IACHIMO.

Thanks, fairest lady.  
What, are men mad? 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?

IMOGEN.

What makes your admiration?

IACHIMO.

It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys  
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and  
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgement,  
For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

IMOGEN.

What is the matter, trow?

IACHIMO.

The cloyed will,--  
That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running,--ravening first the lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.

IMOGEN.

What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACHIMO.

Thanks, madam; well.

[To PISANIO.]

Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him.  
He is strange and peevish.

PISANIO.  
I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome.

[Exit.]

IMOGEN.  
Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

IACHIMO.  
Well, madam.

IMOGEN.  
Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO.  
Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome. He is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

IMOGEN.  
When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

IACHIMO.  
I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces  
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton--  
Your lord, I mean--laughs from's free lungs, cries "O,  
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?"

IMOGEN.  
Will my lord say so?

IACHIMO.  
Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.  
It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,  
Some men are much to blame.

IMOGEN.  
Not he, I hope.

IACHIMO.

Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might  
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;  
In you--which I account his--beyond all talents.  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

IMOGEN.

What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO.

Two creatures heartily.

IMOGEN.

Am I one, sir?  
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity?

IACHIMO.

Lamentable! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

IMOGEN.

I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACHIMO.

That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your--But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

IMOGEN.

You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,--  
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born--discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO.

Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood--falsehood, as  
With labour; then lie peeping in an eye  
Base and illustrious as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

IMOGEN.  
My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO.  
And himself. Not I,  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

IMOGEN.  
Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO.  
O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery  
Would make the great'st king double,--to be partner'd  
With tomboys hir'd with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

IMOGEN.  
Reveng'd!  
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
As I have such a heart that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse--if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd?

IACHIMO.  
Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

IMOGEN.  
What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO.  
Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMOGEN.  
Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st,--as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour, and  
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!  
The King my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit  
A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO.  
O happy Leonatus! I may say.  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one  
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMOGEN.  
You make amends.

IACHIMO.  
He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMOGEN.

All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

IACHIMO.

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your Grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

IMOGEN.

Pray, what is't?

IACHIMO.

Some dozen Romans of us and your lord--  
The best feather of our wing--have mingled sums  
To buy a present for the Emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you  
To take them in protection?

IMOGEN.

Willingly;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

IACHIMO.

They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men. I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMOGEN.

O, no, no.

IACHIMO.

Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word  
By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your Grace.

IMOGEN.

I thank you for your pains:  
But not away to-morrow!

IACHIMO.

O, I must, madam;  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing; do't to-night.  
I have outstod my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

IMOGEN.

I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[Exeunt.]

## Act II

### Act II, Scene 1

ACT II. SCENE I.

Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S palace.

[Enter CLOTEN and the two LORDS.]

CLOTEN.

Was there ever man had such luck! When I kiss'd the jack,  
upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't; and  
then a whorson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I  
borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my  
pleasure.

FIRST LORD.

What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

SECOND LORD.

[Aside.]

If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all  
out.

CLOTEN.

When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any  
standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

SECOND LORD.

No, my lord;

[Aside.]

nor crop the ears of them.

CLOTEN.

Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

SECOND LORD.

[Aside.]

To have smelt like a fool.

CLOTEN.

I am not vex'd more at anything in the earth; a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

SECOND LORD.

[Aside.]

You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

CLOTEN.

Sayest thou?

SECOND LORD.

It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN.

No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

SECOND LORD.

Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOTEN.

Why, so I say.

FIRST LORD.

Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

CLOTEN.

A stranger, and I not known on't!

SECOND LORD.

[Aside.]

He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

FIRST LORD.

There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN.

Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

FIRST LORD.

One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN.

Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

SECOND LORD.

You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOTEN.

Not easily, I think.

SECOND LORD.

[Aside.]

You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

CLOTEN.

Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

SECOND LORD.

I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and FIRST LORD.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! A woman that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endure'st,  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband! Then that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit.]

## Act II, Scene 2

SCENE II.

IMOGEN'S bedchamber in CYMBELINE'S palace:  
a trunk in one corner of it.

[IMOGEN in bed [reading]; a LADY [attending.]]

IMOGEN.  
Who's there? My woman Helen?

LADY.  
Please you, madam.

IMOGEN.  
What hour is it?

LADY.  
Almost midnight, madam.

IMOGEN.  
I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak.  
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit LADY.]

To your protection I commend me, gods.  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.

[Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk.]

IACHIMO.  
The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea!  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,  
To note the chamber. I will write all down:  
Such and such pictures; there the window; such  
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,  
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.  
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off!

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down  
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.]

One, two, three; time, time!

[Goes into the trunk.]

## **Act II, Scene 3**

SCENE III.

An ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S apartments.

[Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.]

FIRST LORD.

Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

CLOTEN.

It would make any man cold to lose.

FIRST LORD.

But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship.

You are most hot and furious when you win.

CLOTEN.

Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish

Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

FIRST LORD.

Day, my lord.

CLOTEN.

I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

[Enter Musicians.]

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too. If none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus gins arise  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise,  
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

[Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.]

SECOND LORD.

Here comes the King.

CLOTEN.

I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early.

He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

--Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious mother!

CYMBELINE.

Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

CLOTEN.

I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE.

The exile of her minion is too new;

She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,

And then she's yours.

QUEEN.

You are most bound to the King,

Who lets go by no vantages that may

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself

To orderly soliciting, and be friended

With aptness of the season; make denials

Increase your services; so seem as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismissal tends,

And therein you are senseless.

CLOTEN.

Senseless? Not so.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER.

So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE.

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;

But that's no fault of his. We must receive him

According to the honour of his sender;

And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[Exeunt all but CLOTEN.]

CLOTEN.  
If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her; what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief,  
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What  
Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

[Enter a LADY.]

LADY.  
Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN.  
A gentleman.

LADY.  
No more?

CLOTEN.  
Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY.  
That's more  
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

CLOTEN.  
Your lady's person. Is she ready?

LADY.  
Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN.

There is gold for you; sell me your good report.

LADY.

How! my good name? Or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?--The Princess!

[Enter IMOGEN.]

CLOTEN.

Good morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

[Exit LADY.]

IMOGEN.

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains  
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

CLOTEN.

Still, I swear I love you.

IMOGEN.

If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.  
If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

CLOTEN.

This is no answer.

IMOGEN.

But that you shall not say I yield being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. Faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLOTEN.

To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin. I will not.

IMOGEN.

Fools are not mad folks.

CLOTEN.

Do you call me fool?

IMOGEN.

As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so near the lack of charity  
To accuse myself I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast.

CLOTEN.  
You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none;  
And though it be allowed in meaner parties--  
Yet who than he more mean?--to knit their souls--  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary,--in self-figur'd knot,  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent!

IMOGEN.  
Profane 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 dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

CLOTEN.  
The south-fog rot him!

IMOGEN.  
He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st garment  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. How now?

[Missing the bracelet.]

Pisanio!

[Enter PISANIO.]

Act II, Scene 3

CLOTEN.  
"His garments!" Now the devil--

IMOGEN.  
To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently--

CLOTEN.  
"His garment!"

IMOGEN.  
I am sprited with a fool,  
Frighted, and ang'red 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's in Europe. I do think  
I saw't this morning; confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

PISANIO.  
'Twill not be lost.

IMOGEN.  
I hope so; go and search.

[Exit PISANIO.]

CLOTEN.  
You have abus'd me  
"His meanest garment!"

IMOGEN.  
Ay, I said so, sir.  
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

CLOTEN.  
I will inform your father.

IMOGEN.  
Your mother too.  
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.]

CLOTEN.  
I'll be reveng'd.  
"His meanest garment!" Well.

[Exit.]

## Act II, Scene 4

SCENE IV.

Rome. PHILARIO'S house.

[Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.]

POSTHUMUS.

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

PHILARIO.

What means do you make to him?

POSTHUMUS.

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.

PHILARIO.

Your very goodness and your company  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius  
Will do's commission throughly; and I think  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POSTHUMUS.

I do believe,  
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,  
Now wing-led with their courages, will make known  
To their approvers they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

[Enter IACHIMO.]

PHILARIO.  
See! Iachimo!

POSTHUMUS.  
The swiftest harts have posted you by land;  
And winds of all the comers kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

PHILARIO.  
Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS.  
I hope the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO.  
Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

POSTHUMUS.  
And therewithal the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

IACHIMO.  
Here are letters for you.

POSTHUMUS.  
Their tenour good, I trust.

IACHIMO.  
'Tis very like.

PHILARIO.  
Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
When you were there?

IACHIMO.  
He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

POSTHUMUS.  
All is well yet.  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACHIMO.  
If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

POSTHUMUS.

The stone's too hard to come by.

IACHIMO.

Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

POSTHUMUS.

Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

IACHIMO.

Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

POSTHUMUS.

If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

IACHIMO.

Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength  
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

POSTHUMUS.

Proceed.

IACHIMO.

First, her bedchamber,--  
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching--it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats or pride; a piece of work

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't was--

POSTHUMUS.

This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

IACHIMO.

More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS.

So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

IACHIMO.

The chimney  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves. The cutter  
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

POSTHUMUS.

This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO.

The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons--  
I had forgot them--were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.

POSTHUMUS.

This is her honour!  
Let it be granted you have seen all this--and praise  
Be given to your remembrance--the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO.

Then, if you can,

[Showing the bracelet.]

Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!  
And now 'tis up again. It must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS.

Jove!

Once more let me behold it. Is it that  
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO.

Sir--I thank her--that.

She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet.  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said  
She priz'd it once.

POSTHUMUS.

May be she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

IACHIMO.

She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS.

O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love  
Where there's another man. The vows of women  
Of no more bondage, be to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.  
O, above measure false!

PHILARIO.

Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.  
It may be probable she lost it, or  
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her?

POSTHUMUS.

Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring.  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

IACHIMO.

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POSTHUMUS.

Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true--nay, keep the ring--'tis true. I am sure  
She would not lose it. Her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable. They induced to steal it!  
And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her.  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this. She hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.  
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

PHILARIO.

Sir, be patient.  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of--

POSTHUMUS.

Never talk on't;  
She hath been colted by him.

IACHIMO.

If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast--  
Worthy the pressing--lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS.

Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

IACHIMO.

Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS.

Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

IACHIMO.

I'll be sworn--

POSTHUMUS.

No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO.  
I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS.  
O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!  
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before  
Her father. I'll do something--

[Exit.]

PHILARIO.  
Quite besides  
The government of patience! You have won.  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

IACHIMO.  
With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

## Act II, Scene 5

SCENE V.

Another room in PHILARIO'S house.

[Enter POSTHUMUS.]

POSTHUMUS.  
Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time. So doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--was't not?--  
Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all.  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them; yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will.  
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]

## Act III

### Act III, Scene 1

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

CAIUS LUCIUS

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,--  
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it--for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN

And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

CLOTEN

There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN

That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume  
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,  
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest  
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' with shame--  
That first that ever touch'd him--he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--  
Poor ignorant baubles!-- upon our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point--  
O giglot fortune!--to master Caesar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
And Britons strut with courage.

CLOTEN

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our  
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,  
as I said, there is no moe such Caesars: other of  
them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such  
straight arms, none.

CYMBELINE

Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN

We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as  
Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a  
hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If  
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or  
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute  
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE

You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free:  
Caesar's ambition,  
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

CLOTEN Lords  
We do.

CYMBELINE  
Say, then, to Caesar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made our laws,  
Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

CAIUS LUCIUS  
I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar--  
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers--thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

CYMBELINE  
Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Caesar shall not find them.

CAIUS LUCIUS  
Let proof speak.

CLOTEN  
His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if  
you seek us afterwards in other terms, you  
shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you  
beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in  
the adventure, our crows shall fare the better  
for you; and there's an end.

CAIUS LUCIUS  
So, sir.

CYMBELINE

I know your master's pleasure and he mine:  
All the remain is 'Welcome!'

Exeunt

## Act III, Scene 2

SCENE II. Another room in the palace.

Enter PISANIO, with a letter

PISANIO

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,  
O master! what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love and truth and vows which I  
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
so much as this fact comes to?

Reading

'Do't: the letter  
that I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.  
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

How now, Pisanio!

PISANIO

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN

Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love: of his content,  
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be  
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers  
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

Reads

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me  
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me  
with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria,  
at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of  
this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,--  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,--  
let me bate,--but not like me--yet long'st,  
But in a fainter kind:--O, not like me;  
For mine's beyond beyond--say, and speak thick;  
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense--how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
To inherit such a haven: but first of all,  
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going  
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:  
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twi'xt hour and hour?

PISANIO

One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you:

Aside

and too much too.

IMOGEN

Why, one that rode to's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of  
riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:  
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently  
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

PISANIO

Madam, you're best consider.

IMOGEN

I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;  
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt

## Act III, Scene 3

SCENE III. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following  
BELARIUS

A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

GUIDERIUS

Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS

Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS

Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off;  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a cheque,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

GUIDERIUS

Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not  
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age: but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

ARVIRAGUS

What should we speak of  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;  
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;  
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS

How you speak!  
Did you but know the city's usuries  
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court  
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i'

the search,  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure:--O boys, this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd  
With Roman swords, and my report was once  
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off: then was I as a tree  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,  
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

#### GUIDERIUS

Uncertain favour!

#### BELARIUS

My fault being nothing--as I have told you oft--  
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so  
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;  
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven than in all  
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!  
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think they are mine; and though train'd  
up thus meanly  
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
In simple and low things to prince it much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,--Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say 'Thus, mine enemy fell,  
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving.--Hark, the game is roused!  
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for  
their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up.

Exit

## Act III, Scene 4

SCENE IV. Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place  
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!  
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If't be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

PISANIO

Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMOGEN

[Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

PISANIO

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

IMOGEN

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep  
charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

PISANIO

Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN

I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:--to pieces with me!--O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

PISANIO

Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN

True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas,  
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
From thy great fall. Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience: look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PISANIO

Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMOGEN

Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.  
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that  
are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her  
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

PISANIO  
O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN  
Do't, and to bed then.

PISANIO  
I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

IMOGEN  
Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

PISANIO  
But to win time  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

IMOGEN  
Talk thy tongue weary; speak  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

PISANIO  
Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

IMOGEN  
Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

PISANIO  
Not so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abused:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art.  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMOGEN

Some Roman courtezan.

PISANIO

No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

IMOGEN

Why good fellow,  
What shall I do the where? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

PISANIO

If you'll back to the court--

IMOGEN

No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

PISANIO

If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMOGEN

Where then  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithe, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

PISANIO

I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves.

IMOGEN

O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

PISANIO

Well, then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience: fear and niceness--  
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self--into a waggish courage:  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and  
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it--but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack, no remedy!--to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

IMOGEN

Nay, be brief  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

PISANIO

First, make yourself but like one.  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit--  
'Tis in my cloak-bag--doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: would you in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
wherein you're happy,--which you'll make him know,  
If that his head have ear in music,--doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

IMOGEN

Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us: this attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

PISANIO

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:  
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

IMOGEN

Amen: I thank thee.

Exeunt, severally

## Act III, Scene 5

SCENE V. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Thus far; and so farewell.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

And am right sorry that I must report ye

My master's enemy.

CYMBELINE

Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs

Appear unkinglike.

CAIUS LUCIUS

So, sir: I desire of you

A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your grace!

QUEEN

And you!

CYMBELINE

My lords, you are appointed for that office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Your hand, my lord.

CLOTEN

Receive it friendly; but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

CYMBELINE

Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords

QUEEN

He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

CLOTEN

'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

CYMBELINE

Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

QUEEN

'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

CYMBELINE

Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

Exit an Attendant

QUEEN

Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes  
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant

CYMBELINE

Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant

Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

QUEEN

My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

CYMBELINE

Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false!

Exit

QUEEN

Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
have not seen these two days.

QUEEN

Go, look after.

Exit CLOTEN

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,  
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown  
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is  
To death or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either: she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

CLOTEN

'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

QUEEN

[Aside] All the better: may  
This night forestall him of the coming day!

Exit

CLOTEN

I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but  
Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment  
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be revenged upon her. For when fools Shall--

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO

O, good my lord!

CLOTEN

Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter,--  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

PISANIO

Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she missed?

He is in Rome.

CLOTEN

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home  
What is become of her.

PISANIO

O, my all-worthy lord!

CLOTEN

All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is at once,  
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PISANIO

Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.

Presenting a letter

CLOTEN

Let's see't. I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO

[Aside] Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CLOTEN

Hum!

PISANIO

[Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

CLOTEN

Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO

Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,  
undergo those employments wherein I should have  
cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is,

what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

PISANIO

Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN

Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine: wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO

Sir, I will.

CLOTEN

Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO

I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN

The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy lint service; go.

PISANIO

I shall, my lord.

Exit

CLOTEN

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time--the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,--which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,--to the court I'll knock her back, foot

her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly,  
and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

PISANIO  
Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN  
How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

PISANIO  
She can scarce be there yet.

CLOTEN  
Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second  
thing that I have commanded thee: the third is,  
that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be  
but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself  
to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had  
wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

Exit

PISANIO  
Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee  
Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

Exit

## **Act III, Scene 6**

SCENE VI. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes

IMOGEN  
I see a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not to call; I dare not call:  
yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant,  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens!

Exit, to the cave

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

You, Polydote, have proved best woodman and  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:  
The sweat of industry would dry and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUIDERIUS

I am thoroughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS

There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BELARIUS

[Looking into the cave]

Stay; come not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

Act III, Scene 6

GUIDERIUS

What's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took:  
good troth,  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:  
I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS

Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN

I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

BELARIUS

Whither bound?

IMOGEN

To Milford-Haven.

BELARIUS

What's your name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in this offence.

BELARIUS

Prithee, fair youth,

Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUIDERIUS

Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,  
I bid for you as I'd buy.

ARVIRAGUS

I'll make't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN

'Mongst friends,  
If brothers.

Aside

Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

BELARIUS

He wrings at some distress.

GUIDERIUS

Would I could free't!

ARVIRAGUS

Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. God's!

BELARIUS

Hark, boys.

Whispering

IMOGEN

Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them--laying by  
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes--  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus's false.

BELARIUS

It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUIDERIUS

Pray, draw near.

ARVIRAGUS

The night to the owl and morn to the lark  
less welcome.

IMOGEN

Thanks, sir.

ARVIRAGUS

I pray, draw near.

Exeunt

## Act III, Scene 7

SCENE VII. Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

First Senator

This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius preconsul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

First Tribune

Is Lucius general of the forces?

Second Senator

Ay.

First Tribune

Remaining now in Gallia?

First Senator  
With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

First Tribune  
We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt

## Act IV

### Act IV, Scene 1

SCENE I. Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN

I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather--saving reverence of the word--for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself--for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber--I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit

## Act IV, Scene 2

SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN

BELARIUS

[To IMOGEN] You are not well: remain here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS

[To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here  
Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN

So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GUIDERIUS

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

IMOGEN

So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

GUIDERIUS

I love thee; I have spoke it  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

BELARIUS

What! how! how!

ARVIRAGUS

If it be sin to say so, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
'My father, not this youth.'

BELARIUS

[Aside] O noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

ARVIRAGUS

Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN

I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS

You health. So please you, sir.

IMOGEN

[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies  
I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Swallows some

GUIDERIUS

I could not stir him:  
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARVIRAGUS

Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

BELARIUS

To the field, to the field!  
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

ARVIRAGUS

We'll not be long away.

BELARIUS

Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

IMOGEN  
Well or ill,  
I am bound to you.

BELARIUS  
And shalt be ever.

Exit IMOGEN, to the cave

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS  
How angel-like he sings!

GUIDERIUS  
But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick  
And he her dieter.

ARVIRAGUS  
Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUIDERIUS  
I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

ARVIRAGUS  
Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

BELARIUS  
It is great morning. Come, away!--  
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN  
I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

BELARIUS  
'Those runagates!'

Act IV, Scene 2

Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

GUIDERIUS

He is but one: you and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

CLOTEN

Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

GUIDERIUS

A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

CLOTEN

Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

GUIDERIUS

To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee?

CLOTEN

Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUIDERIUS

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLOTEN

Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

GUIDERIUS

Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

CLOTEN  
Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

GUIDERIUS  
What's thy name?

CLOTEN  
Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS  
Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or  
Adder, Spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

CLOTEN  
To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to the queen.

GUIDERIUS  
I am sorry for 't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

CLOTEN  
Art not afeard?

GUIDERIUS  
Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLOTEN  
Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

Exeunt, fighting

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS  
No companies abroad?

ARVIRAGUS  
None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

BELARIUS  
I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

ARVIRAGUS

In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

BELARIUS

Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head

GUIDERIUS

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

BELARIUS

What hast thou done?

GUIDERIUS

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in  
Displace our heads where--thank the gods!--they grow,  
And set them on Lud's-town.

BELARIUS

We are all undone.

GUIDERIUS

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

BELARIUS

No single soul  
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason

He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have raved  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing--  
As it is like him--might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS

Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

BELARIUS

I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

GUIDERIUS

With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon.

Exit

BELARIUS

I fear 'twill be revenged:  
Would, Polydote, thou hadst not done't! though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

ARVIRAGUS

Would I had done't  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through  
And put us to our answer.

BELARIUS

Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydote return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

ARVIRAGUS

Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll weringly to him: to gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

Exit

BELARIUS

O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

GUIDERIUS

Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return.

Solemn music

BELARIUS

My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

GUIDERIUS

Is he at home?

BELARIUS

He went hence even now.

GUIDERIUS

What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother  
it did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

BELARIUS

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

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms

ARVIRAGUS

The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS

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

BELARIUS

O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
How found you him?

ARVIRAGUS

Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly hid tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his  
right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

GUIDERIUS

Where?

ARVIRAGUS

O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUIDERIUS

Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

ARVIRAGUS

With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill,--O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!--bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.

GUIDERIUS

Prithee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

ARVIRAGUS

Say, where shall's lay him?

GUIDERIUS

By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARVIRAGUS

Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother; use like note and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUIDERIUS

Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARVIRAGUS

We'll speak it, then.

BELARIUS

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though mean and  
mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

GUIDERIUS

Pray You, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

ARVIRAGUS

If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Exit BELARIUS

GUIDERIUS

Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;  
My father hath a reason for't.

ARVIRAGUS

'Tis true.

GUIDERIUS

Come on then, and remove him.

ARVIRAGUS

So. Begin.

SONG

GUIDERIUS

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARVIRAGUS

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Act IV, Scene 2

GUIDERIUS

Fear no more the lightning flash,

ARVIRAGUS

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

GUIDERIUS

Fear not slander, censure rash;

ARVIRAGUS

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

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

GUIDERIUS

No exorciser harm thee!

ARVIRAGUS

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

GUIDERIUS

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

ARVIRAGUS

Nothing ill come near thee!

GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN

GUIDERIUS

We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

BELARIUS

Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.  
The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

IMOGEN

[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is

the way?--  
I thank you.--By yond bush?--Pray, how far thither?  
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?--  
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
But, soft! no bedfellow!--O god s and goddesses!

Seeing the body of CLOTEN

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,  
I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.  
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face  
Murder in heaven?--How!--'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,--damn'd Pisanio--  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
where's that?  
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?  
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrider may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Falls on the body

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer

Captain

To them the legions garrison'd in Gailia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending  
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:  
They are in readiness.

CAIUS LUCIUS

But what from Rome?

Captain

The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners  
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Syenna's brother.

CAIUS LUCIUS

When expect you them?

Captain

With the next benefit o' the wind.

CAIUS LUCIUS

This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Soothsayer

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision--  
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence--thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends--  
Unless my sins abuse my divination--  
Success to the Roman host.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Dream often so,  
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How! a page!  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the boy's face.

Captain

He's alive, my lord.

CAIUS LUCIUS

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

IMOGEN

I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!  
There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

CAIUS LUCIUS

'Lack, good youth!  
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

IMOGEN

Richard du Champ.

Aside

If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.--Say you, sir?

CAIUS LUCIUS

Thy name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

IMOGEN

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Ay, good youth!  
And rather father thee than master thee.  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

## Act IV, Scene 3

SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

Exit an Attendant

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

PISANIO

Sir, my life is yours;  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord  
Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

CYMBELINE  
The time is troublesome.

To PISANIO

We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

First Lord  
So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYMBELINE  
Now for the counsel of my son and queen!  
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord  
Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more  
you're ready:  
The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

CYMBELINE  
I thank you. Let's withdraw;  
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here. Away!

Exeunt all but PISANIO

PISANIO  
I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise  
To yield me often tidings: neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Exit

## Act IV, Scene 4

SCENE IV. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

GUIDERIUS

The noise is round about us.

BELARIUS

Let us from it.

ARVIRAGUS

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
From action and adventure?

GUIDERIUS

Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

BELARIUS

Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death--we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the bands--may drive us to a render  
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

GUIDERIUS

This is, sir, a doubt  
In such a time nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

ARVIRAGUS

It is not likely  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

BELARIUS

O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
But to be still hot summer's tamings and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUIDERIUS

Than be so  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

ARVIRAGUS

By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never  
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!  
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

GUIDERIUS

By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
The hands of Romans!

ARVIRAGUS

So say I amen.

BELARIUS

No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, an there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.

Aside

The time seems long; their blood  
thinks scorn,  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

Exeunt

## Act V

### Act V, Scene 1

SCENE I. Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief  
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves  
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands:  
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck  
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,  
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without and more within.

Exit

## Act V, Scene 2

SCENE II. Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; POSTHUMUS LEONATUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS LEONATUS he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him

IACHIMO

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

Exit

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;  
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but  
The villany of our fears.

GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN

CAIUS LUCIUS

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

IACHIMO

'Tis their fresh supplies.

CAIUS LUCIUS

It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's reinforce, or fly.

Exeunt

## Act V, Scene 3

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and a British Lord  
Lord

Camest thou from where they made the stand?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I did.

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord

I did.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: the king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd  
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord

Where was this lane?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings-lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such slaughter  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cased, or shame--  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;  
Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'  
These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many--  
For three performers are the file when all

The rest do nothing--with this word 'Stand, stand,'  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,  
turn'd coward  
But by example--O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!--gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon  
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,  
Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o' the need: having found the backdoor open  
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!  
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends  
O'er borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord  
This was strange chance  
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord  
Nay, be not angry, sir.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
'Lack, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;  
For if he'll do as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord  
Farewell; you're angry.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
Still going?

Exit Lord

This is a lord! O noble misery,  
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!  
To-day how many would have given their honours  
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him  
For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resumed again  
The part I came in: fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers

First Captain  
Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Second Captain  
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the affront with them.

First Captain  
So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's there?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

Second Captain  
Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags  
his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS LEONATUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a

Gaoler: then exeunt omnes

## Act V, Scene 4

SCENE IV. A British prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and two Gaolers

First Gaoler

You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;  
So graze as you find pasture.

Second Gaoler

Ay, or a stomach.

Exeunt Gaolers

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art away,  
think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Sleeps

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus Leonatus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus Leonatus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus

Leonatus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus Leonatus round, as he lies sleeping

Sicilius Leonatus

No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law:  
Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans' father art,  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother

Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

Sicilius Leonatus

Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserved the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Brother

When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

Mother

With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exiled, and thrown  
From Leonati seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

Sicilius Leonatus

Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn

O' th' other's villany?

Second Brother

For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents and us twain,  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain,  
Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
With honour to maintain.

First Brother

Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicilius Leonatus

Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

Mother

Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

Sicilius Leonatus

Peep through thy marble mansion; help;  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity.

First Brother Second Brother

Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Apparitions fall on their knees

Jupiter

No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;  
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:  
and so, away: no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Ascends

Sicilius Leonatus  
He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd as to foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleased.

All  
Thanks, Jupiter!

Sicilius Leonatus  
The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
His radiant root. Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

The Apparitions vanish

Posthumus Leonatus  
[Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot  
A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:  
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,  
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,  
That have this golden chance and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

Reads

Act V, Scene 4

'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,  
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of  
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be  
lopped branches, which, being dead many years,  
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and  
freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,  
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'  
'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;  
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler

First Gaoler  
Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaoler  
Hanging is the word, sir: if  
you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
So, if I prove a good repast to the  
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaoler  
A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is,  
you shall be called to no more payments, fear no  
more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of  
parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in  
flint for want of meat, depart reeling with too  
much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and  
sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain  
both empty; the brain the heavier for being too  
light, the purse too light, being drawn of  
heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be  
quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up  
thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and  
creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come,  
the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and  
counters; so the acquittance follows.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS  
I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaoler

Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaoler

Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaoler

What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaoler

I'll be hang'd then.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Exeunt POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and Messenger

First Gaoler

Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I

were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

Exeunt

## Act V, Scene 5

SCENE V. Cymbeline's tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made  
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before larges of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

BELARIUS

I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promises nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

CYMBELINE

No tidings of him?

PISANIO

He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE

To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward;

To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,  
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

BELARIUS

Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

CYMBELINE

Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you  
Companions to our person and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

CORNELIUS

Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

CYMBELINE

Who worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

CORNELIUS

With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd  
I will report, so please you: these her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks  
Were present when she finish'd.

CYMBELINE

Prithee, say.

CORNELIUS

First, she confess'd she never loved you, only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

CYMBELINE

She alone knew this;  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

CORNELIUS

Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

CYMBELINE

O most delicate fiend!

Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

CORNELIUS

More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had  
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,  
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown:  
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so  
Despairing died.

CYMBELINE

Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady

We did, so please your highness.

CYMBELINE

Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had  
been vicious  
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS  
LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute that  
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So think of your estate.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool,  
have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which I make bold your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

CYMBELINE

I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

IMOGEN

I humbly thank your highness.

CAIUS LUCIUS

I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet I know thou wilt.

IMOGEN

No, no: alack,  
There's other work in hand: I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

CAIUS LUCIUS

The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

CYMBELINE

What wouldst thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more: think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMOGEN

He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

CYMBELINE

Wherefore eyest him so?

IMOGEN

I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

CYMBELINE

Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE

Thou'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart

BELARIUS

Is not this boy revived from death?

ARVIRAGUS

One sand another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad  
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

GUIDERIUS

The same dead thing alive.

BELARIUS

Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;  
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

GUIDERIUS

But we saw him dead.

BELARIUS

Be silent; let's see further.

PISANIO

[Aside] It is my mistress:  
Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad.

CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward

CYMBELINE

Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud.

To IACHIMO

Sir, step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

IMOGEN

My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

[Aside] What's that to him?

CYMBELINE

That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?

IACHIMO

Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYMBELINE

How! me?

IACHIMO

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and--which more may  
grieve thee,  
As it doth me--a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

CYMBELINE

All that belongs to this.

IACHIMO

That paragon, thy daughter,--  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember--Give me leave; I faint.

CYMBELINE

My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO

Upon a time,--unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!--it was in Rome,--accursed  
The mansion where!--'twas at a feast,--O, would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least  
Those which I heaved to head!--the good Posthumus--  
What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rarest of good ones,--sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva.  
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye--

CYMBELINE

I stand on fire:  
Come to the matter.

IACHIMO

All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,  
Most like a noble lord in love and one  
That had a royal lover, took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we praised,--therein  
He was as calm as virtue--he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue  
being made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen-trolls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.

CYMBELINE

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACHIMO

Your daughter's chastity--there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court; where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:  
And, to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,  
That I return'd with simular proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; averting notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,--  
O cunning, how I got it!--nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon--  
Methinks, I see him now--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend  
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:--villain-like, I lie--  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stone s, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthumus Leonitus; and  
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN

Peace, my lord; hear, hear--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
There lie thy part.

Striking her: she falls

PISANIO

O, gentlemen, help!  
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen til now. Help, help!  
Mine honour'd lady!

CYMBELINE

Does the world go round?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How come these staggers on me?

PISANIO

Wake, my mistress!

CYMBELINE

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

PISANIO

How fares thy mistress?

IMOGEN

O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

CYMBELINE

The tune of Imogen!

PISANIO

Lady,  
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

CYMBELINE

New matter still?

IMOGEN

It poison'd me.

CORNELIUS

O gods!  
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd.  
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio  
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served  
As I would serve a rat.'

CYMBELINE

What's this, Comelius?

CORNELIUS

The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

IMOGEN

Most like I did, for I was dead.

BELARIUS

My boys,  
There was our error.

GUIDERIUS

This is, sure, Fidele.

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again.

Embracing him

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Hang there like a fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

CYMBELINE

How now, my flesh, my child!  
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMOGEN

[Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

BELARIUS

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS] Though you did love  
this youth, I blame ye not:  
You had a motive for't.

CYMBELINE

My tears that fall

Act V, Scene 5

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

IMOGEN

I am sorry for't, my lord.

CYMBELINE

O, she was nought; and long of her it was  
That we meet here so strangely: but her son  
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

PISANIO

My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforced from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him  
I further know not.

GUIDERIUS

Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

CYMBELINE

Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a bard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

GUIDERIUS

I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE

He was a prince.

GUIDERIUS

A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

CYMBELINE

I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

IMOGEN

That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE

Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

BELARIUS

Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.

To the Guard

Let his arms alone;  
They were not born for bondage.

CYMBELINE

Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

ARVIRAGUS

In that he spake too far.

CYMBELINE

And thou shalt die for't.

BELARIUS

We will die all three:  
But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

ARVIRAGUS

Your danger's ours.

GUIDERIUS

And our good his.

BELARIUS

Have at it then, by leave.  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

CYMBELINE

What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

BELARIUS

He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE

Take him hence:  
The whole world shall not save him.

BELARIUS

Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have received it.

CYMBELINE

Nursing of my sons!

BELARIUS

I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE

How! my issue!

BELARIUS

So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes--  
For such and so they are--these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,

Having received the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

CYMBELINE

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

BELARIUS

Be pleased awhile.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

CYMBELINE

Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

BELARIUS

This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

CYMBELINE

O, what, am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMOGEN

No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter

But I am truest speaker you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

CYMBELINE  
Did you e'er meet?

ARVIRAGUS  
Ay, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS  
And at first meeting loved;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

CORNELIUS  
By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYMBELINE  
O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
abridgement  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived You?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies,  
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place  
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brother, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy: the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

To BELARIUS

Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

IMOGEN  
You are my father too, and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

CYMBELINE  
All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMOGEN

My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Happy be you!

CYMBELINE

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becomed this place, and graced  
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might  
Have made you finish.

IACHIMO

[Kneeling] I am down again:  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you is, to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,  
And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE

Nobly doom'd!  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

ARVIRAGUS

You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we that you are.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing

Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it: let him show  
His skill in the construction.

CAIUS LUCIUS  
Philharmonus!

Soothsayer  
Here, my good lord.

CAIUS LUCIUS  
Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer  
[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself  
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a  
piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar  
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many  
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old  
stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end  
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in  
peace and plenty.'  
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leonatus, doth import so much.

To CYMBELINE

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'  
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

CYMBELINE  
This hath some seeming.

Soothsayer  
The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,  
For many years thought dead, are now revived,  
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYMBELINE  
Well  
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,

And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

Soothsayer

The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Caesar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

CYMBELINE

Laud we the gods;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

Exeunt