Cymbeline

By William Shakespeare

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Characters in the Play

CYMBELINE, King of Britain
Cymbeline's QUEEN
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by his former queen
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, husband to Imogen
CLOTEN, son to the present queen by a former husband

PISANIO, Posthumus's servant
CORNELIUS, a physician in Cymbeline's court

PHILARIO, Posthumus's host in Rome
IACHIMO, friend to Philario
A FRENCHMAN, friend to Philario

CAIUS LUCIUS, a Roman general

BELARIUS, an exiled nobleman
Sons to Cymbeline by his former queen:
  GUIDERIUS
  ARVIRAGUS

Two LORDS attending Cloten
Two GENTLEMEN of Cymbeline's court
A LADY, Imogen's attendant
A LADY, the Queen's attendant
A Briton LORD
Two Briton CAPTAINS
Two JAILERS
Two MESSENGERS

Two Roman SENATORS
TRIBUNES
Roman CAPTAINS
A SOOTHSAYER
JUPITER
The Ghost of SICILIUS LEONATUS, Posthumus's father
The Ghost of Posthumus's MOTHER
The Ghosts of Posthumus's two BROTHERS

Lords, Ladies, Attendants, Musicians, a Dutchman, a Spaniard,
Senators, Tribunes, Captains, and Soldiers

ACT 1

Scene 1

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's.
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 referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
Her husband banished, she imprisoned. All
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touched 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 looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
SECOND GENTLEMAN And why so?
FIRST GENTLEMAN
He that hath missed 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 banished—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 called Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gained the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' 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 bedchamber,
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 ministered,
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 th' more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him; and his virtue
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
SECOND GENTLEMAN I honor him
Even out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is she sole child to th' 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' th' 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 conveyed,
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 laughed 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.
They exit.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, 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 jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You leaned unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
POSTHUMUS Please your Highness,
I will from hence today.
QUEEN You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections, though the King
Hath charged you should not speak together. *She exits.*
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. *She weeps.*

POSTHUMUS 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.

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 offenses. *She exits.*

POSTHUMUS 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. (*She offers a ring.*) Take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And cere up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. (*He puts the ring on his finger.*)
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.
He offers a bracelet.
It is a manacle of love. I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. *He puts it on her wrist.*

IMOGEN O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

POSTHUMUS 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 The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court.
I am gone. *He exits.*
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, blessèd that I might not! I chose an eagle
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 luster 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 neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son. *She weeps.*
CYMBELINE Thou foolish thing!

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. *He exits, with 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 played 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*, to Imogen* This hath been
Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.
PISANIO I humbly thank your Highness.
QUEEN*, to Imogen*
Pray, walk awhile.
IMOGEN*, to Pisanio* About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me. You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me.

They exit.

Scene 2

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' th' 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.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

IMOGEN
I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven
And questionedst every sail. If he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offered 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 kissed 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 sailed 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 eyestrings, cracked them, but
To look upon him till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned 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 honor; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight
T' 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*, to Pisanio*
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.
I will attend the Queen.
PISANIO Madam, I shall.

They exit.

Scene 4

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 looked 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 furnished 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 weighed 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 colors are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgment, 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*, to Posthumus* 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'errate 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 traveler, rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences. But upon my mended judgment—
if I offend not to say it is mended—my
quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other or have fall'n
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 provoked 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 outlusters 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 praised 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 unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.
POSTHUMUS You are mistaken. The one may be sold or given, or 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 neighboring 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-accomplished courtier would hazard the winning both of first and last.
POSTHUMUS Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor 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 offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.
POSTHUMUS You are a great deal abused 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 neighbor's on th' 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 honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.
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 a friend, 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 enjoyed 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 honor 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 prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO Your hand; a covenant. (*They shake hands.*) 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. *Iachimo and Posthumus exit.*

FRENCHMAN Will this hold, think you?

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

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

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

LADY I, madam.

QUEEN Dispatch. *Ladies exit.*
Now, Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS
Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam.
He hands her a small box.
But I beseech your Grace, without offense—
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 learned 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 judgment 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 vigor 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
And 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 damned nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,
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 fooled
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. *He exits.*
QUEEN
Weeps she still, sayst 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 decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him? (*She drops the box and Pisanio picks it up.*) Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what. But take it for thy labor.
It is a thing I made which hath the King
Five times redeemed from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it.
It is an earnest of a farther 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. *Pisanio exits.*
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaked; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The handfast 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 humor, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio and Ladies carrying flowers.

To the 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. *Queen and Ladies exit.*

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.
He exits.

Scene 6

Enter Imogen alone.

IMOGEN
A father cruel and a stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady
That hath her husband banished. O, that husband,
My supreme crown of grief and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. 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.
He gives her 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 furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' 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 warmed by th' rest and takes 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 twinned stones
Upon the numbered 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' th' eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' th' judgment,
For idiots in this case of favor would
Be wisely definite; nor i' th' appetite—
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.
IMOGEN
What is the matter, trow?
IACHIMO The cloyèd will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both filled 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's strange and peevish.

PISANIO I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. *He exits.*
IMOGEN
Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
IACHIMO Well, madam.
IMOGEN
Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
IACHIMO
Exceeding pleasant. None a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. He is called
The Briton Reveler.
IMOGEN When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and ofttimes
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 's free hours languish for
Assurèd 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 wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
IACHIMO Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' th' 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 th' oath of loyalty; this object which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damned 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 labor; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and illustrous 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,
Inclined 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 fastened to an empery
Would make the great'st king double, to be partnered
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield, with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature; such boiled stuff
As well might poison poison. Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMOGEN Revenged?
How should I be revenged? 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 revenged?

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 honorable,
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 honor, and
Solicits 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 assured credit.—Blessèd live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called 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 mannered, 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 honor sets him off
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honored with confirmation your great judgment
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’ th’ court for yours.

IACHIMO

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T’ 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 honor 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 tomorrow.

IMOGEN O no, no.

IACHIMO
Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

IMOGEN I thank you for your pains.
But not away tomorrow.

IACHIMO O, I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't tonight.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' 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.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Cloten and the two Lords.

CLOTEN Was there ever man had such luck? When I kissed the jack, upon an upcast to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on 't. And then a whoreson 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 disposed 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 gave him satisfaction. Would he had been one of my rank.

SECOND LORD*, aside* To have smelled like a fool.

CLOTEN I am not vexed more at anything in th' 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 offense to.

CLOTEN No, I know that, but it is fit I should commit offense 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 tonight?

CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know 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 banished 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 today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go.

SECOND LORD I'll attend your Lordship.

Cloten and First Lord exit.

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 endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame governed,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand
T' enjoy thy banished lord and this great land.

He exits.

Scene 2

A trunk is brought in. Enter Imogen, reading, in her bed, and a Lady.

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.

She hands the Lady her book.

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' th' clock,
I prithee, call me. (*Lady exits.*) Sleep hath seized
me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech you.

Sleeps.

Iachimo from the trunk.

IACHIMO

The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
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 unparagoned,
How dearly they do 't. 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her and would underpeep her lids
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure-laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design:
To note the chamber. I will write all down.

He begins to write.

Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.
He continues to write.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify t' 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. (*He begins to remove her bracelet.*) Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly
As strongly as the conscience does within
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make. This secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To th' 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!
He exits into the trunk. The trunk and bed are removed.

Scene 3

Enter Cloten and Lords.

FIRST LORD Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned 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 a-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.

Musicians begin to play.

Song.

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

CLOTEN 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 horsehairs and calves' guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Musicians exit.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen, with Attendants.

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 assailed 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*, to Cloten* You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits and be friended
With aptness of the season. Make denials
Increase your services. So seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

CLOTEN Senseless? Not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER*, to Cymbeline*
So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius. *Messenger exits.*

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 honor 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
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

Cymbeline and Queen exit, with Lords and Attendants.

CLOTEN
If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. (*He knocks.*) By your leave, ho!—
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 th' stand o' th' stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed 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. *He offers a purse.*
LADY
How, my good name? Or to report of you
What I shall think is good?

Enter Imogen.

The Princess.

Lady exits.

CLOTEN
Good morrow, fairest sister. Your sweet hand.
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 th' 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 fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' 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-figured knot;
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' 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 styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom and hated
For being preferred so well.
CLOTEN The south fog rot him!
IMOGEN
He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His mean'st garment
That ever hath but clipped his body is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

CLOTEN "His garment"? Now the devil—

IMOGEN*, to Pisanio*
To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.
CLOTEN
"His garment"?
IMOGEN*, to Pisanio* I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted and angered 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 kissed 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. *Pisanio exits.*
CLOTEN You have abused 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 th' worst of discontent. *She exits.*
CLOTEN
I'll be revenged! "His mean'st garment"? Well. *He exits.*

Scene 4

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

POSTHUMUS
Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
To win the King as I am bold her honor
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 feared
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 th' 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 legion now in Gallia sooner landed

In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now wingèd 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 corners kissed 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 looked upon.
POSTHUMUS
And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look thorough a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.
IACHIMO*, handing him a paper* Here are letters for you.
POSTHUMUS
Their tenor good, I trust.
IACHIMO 'Tis very like.

Posthumus reads the letter.

PHILARIO
Was Caius Lucius in the Briton court
When you were there?
IACHIMO
He was expected then, but not approached.
POSTHUMUS All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

He indicates his ring.

IACHIMO If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far t' 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 honor,
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 honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leave 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 hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver, the story
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman
And Cydnus swelled 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 wondered
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 honor 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’ th’ 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 honor?
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
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See—
He shows the bracelet.
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 stripped it from her arm. I see her yet.
Her pretty action did outsell her gift
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me
And said she prized it once.
POSTHUMUS Maybe she plucked 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.
He gives Iachimo the ring.
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor
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 stol'n it from her.
POSTHUMUS Very true,
And so I hope he came by 't.—Back, my ring!
He takes back the ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this, for this was stol'n.
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.
He holds out the ring.
I am sure
She would not lose it. Her attendants are
All sworn and honorable. They induced to steal it?
And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed 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!
He gives the ring to Iachimo.
PHILARIO Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believed
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 kissed 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 limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't i' th' court, before
Her father. I'll do something. *He exits.*
PHILARIO Quite beside
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.
They exit.

Scene 5

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 stamped. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained
And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warmed old Saturn, that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned 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-acorned boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked 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 have a name, 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.

He exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

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?
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 conquered 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 untendered.
QUEEN And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
CLOTEN There be many Caesars
Ere such another Julius. Britain's 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 palèd in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats
But suck them up to th' topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
Of "came, and saw, and overcame." With shame—
The first that ever touched him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas
Like eggshells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O, giglet 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 more such Caesars. Other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.
CYMBELINE Son, let your mother end.
CLOTEN We have yet many among us can grip 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*, to Lucius* You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,
Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world, against all color here
Did put the yoke upon 's, which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordained 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 called
Himself a king.
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 gathered honor,
Which he to seek of me again perforce
Behooves 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.
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 saltwater 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.
LUCIUS So, sir.
CYMBELINE
I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.
All the remain is welcome.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Pisanio reading of a letter.

PISANIO
How? Of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse? Leonatus,
O master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.

She's punished for her truth and undergoes,
More goddesslike than wifelike, 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? (*He reads:*) *Do 't!*
The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. O damned paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virginlike without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMOGEN How now, Pisanio?

PISANIO
Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

He gives her a paper.

IMOGEN
Who, thy lord that is my lord, Leonatus?
O, learned 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 contained 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.

She opens the letter.

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—

O, 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 counselor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford. And by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' 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 ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
How many score of miles may we well rid
'Twixt hour and hour?

PISANIO One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, 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' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
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 huswife.

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.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter, as from a cave, Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, and Arviragus as Cadwal.

BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arched 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' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
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 allowed. 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-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a robe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine
Yet keeps his book uncrossed. No life to ours.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Out of your proof you speak. We poor unfledged
Have never winged from view o' th' 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, traveling abed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* 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 valor is to chase what flies. Our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan* How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' th' war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honor, which dies i' th' search
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph
As record of fair act—nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me. My body's marked
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*, as Polydor* Uncertain favor!
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline

I was confederate with the Romans. So
Followed 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 th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' th' 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.

Guiderius and Arviragus exit.

BELARIUS

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine, and, though trained up thus meanly,
I' th' 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 Polydor,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The King his father called 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 refts me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave.
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father. The game is up!

He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

IMOGEN

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er longed 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 th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed

Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Pisanio hands her a paper.
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 count'nance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damned 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 disdained of fortune.
IMOGEN *reads: Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lies 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 pander to her dishonor and equally to me disloyal.*
PISANIO*, aside*
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 looked'st like a villain. Now methinks
Thy favor's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ripped. 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 villainy, 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 fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look,
I draw the sword myself.
She draws Pisanio's sword from its scabbard and hands it to him.
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 *throwing down the sword* 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 defense—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
She takes papers from her bodice.
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away!
She throws away the letters.
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
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 panged 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 eyeballs out first.

IMOGEN Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? This place?

Mine action and thine own? Our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? The perturbed 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,
Th' elected deer before thee?
PISANIO But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have considered 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 cursèd injury.
IMOGEN
Some Roman courtesan?
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 missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.
IMOGEN Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort when I am
Dead to my husband?
PISANIO If you'll back to th' 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' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't,
In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithee think
There's livers out of Britain.
PISANIO I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
Tomorrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' 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 it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, 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 laborsome 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.
Forethinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloakbag—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 will make him know,
If that his head have ear in music—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honorable
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have me, rich, and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
IMOGEN*, taking the cloakbag* Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away.
There's more to be considered, 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 missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box. I had it from the Queen.
He hands her the box.
What's in 't is precious. If you are sick at sea
Or stomach-qualmed 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.
They exit.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

CYMBELINE
Thus far, and so farewell.
LUCIUS Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report you
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.
LUCIUS So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct overland to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your Grace—and you.
CYMBELINE*, to Lords*
My lords, you are appointed for that office.
The due of honor in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
LUCIUS*, to Cloten* Your hand, my lord.
CLOTEN
Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
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 crossed the Severn. Happiness!
Exit Lucius and Lords.
QUEEN
He goes hence frowning, but it honors 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 looked 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 appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
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.
An Attendant exits.
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.

Enter Attendant.

CYMBELINE Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?
ATTENDANT Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud'st noise we make.
QUEEN
My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer. This
She wished me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
CYMBELINE Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false! *He exits with Attendant.*
QUEEN Son, I say, follow the King.
CLOTEN
That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days.
QUEEN Go, look after.
Cloten exits.
Aside. 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, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

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!
Queen exits, with Attendants.
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 favors 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.

He draws his sword.

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 farther 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. *He gives Cloten a paper.*

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 travail, not her danger.

CLOTEN Humh!

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 villainy 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. *Gives him money.* 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 first service. Go.

PISANIO I shall, my lord. *He exits.*

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 valor, 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.

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.

He exits.

PISANIO

Thou bidd'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 crossed with slowness. Labor be his meed.

He exits.

Scene 6

Enter Imogen alone, dressed as a boy, Fidele.

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 showed 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 fullness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o' th' 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 call; I dare not call. Yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; an if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.
She draws her sword.
Such a foe, good heavens!
She exits, as into the cave.

Enter Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, and Arviragus as Cadwal.

BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
You, Polydor, 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 savory. 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*, as Polydor* I am throughly weary.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
There is cold meat i' th' cave. We'll browse on that
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan, looking into the cave*
Stay, come
not in!
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* What's the matter, sir?
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
By Jupiter, an angel! Or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen as Fidele.

IMOGEN, *as Fidele* Good masters, harm me not.
Before I entered here, I called, and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stol'n naught, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat.
She offers money.
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* Money, youth?
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal*
All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckoned but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
IMOGEN, *as Fidele* I see you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Whither bound?
IMOGEN, *as Fidele* To Milford Haven.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* What's your name?
IMOGEN, *as Fidele*
Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy. He embarked at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offense.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty,
Ay, bid for you as I do buy.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* 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, *as Fidele* '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, *as Morgan* He wrings at some distress.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
Would I could free 't!
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Hark, boys.
They talk aside.
IMOGEN Great men
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue

Which their own conscience sealed them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan* It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in.
Discourse is heavy, fasting. When we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story
So far as thou wilt speak it.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* Pray, draw near.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
The night to th' owl and morn to th' lark less welcome.
IMOGEN*, as Fidele* Thanks, sir.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* I pray, draw near.
They exit.

Scene 7

Enter two Roman 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 proconsul; and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!
TRIBUNE
Is Lucius general of the forces?
SECOND SENATOR Ay.
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.
TRIBUNE We will discharge our duty.
They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Cloten alone, dressed in Posthumus's garments.

CLOTEN I am near to th' 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 vainglory 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 imperceiverant
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
or 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.
He draws his sword and exits.

Scene 2

Enter Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, Arviragus as Cadwal, and Imogen as Fidele, from the cave.

BELARIUS*, as Morgan, to Fidele*
You are not well. Remain here in the cave.
We'll come to you after hunting.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal, to Fidele* Brother, stay here.
Are we not brothers?
IMOGEN*, as Fidele* So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor, to Morgan and Cadwal*
Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.
IMOGEN*, as Fidele*
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, *as Polydor*
I love thee—I have spoke it—
How much the quantity, the weight as much
As I do love my father.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* What? How, how?
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal*
If it be sin to say so, sir, 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' th' morn.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal, to Fidele* Brother, farewell.
IMOGEN, *as Fidele*
I wish you sport.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* 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 disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. *She swallows the drug.*
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor, to Morgan and Cadwal*
I could not stir him.
He said he was gentle but unfortunate,
Dishonestly afflicted but yet honest.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal*
Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter
I might know more.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* To th' field, to th' field!
To Fidele. We'll leave you for this time. Go in and
rest.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal*
We'll not be long away.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our huswife.
IMOGEN, *as Fidele* Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* And shalt be ever.
Imogen exits as into the cave.
This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* How angel-like he sings!
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters

And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* 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*, as Polydor* I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurs together.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* Grow, patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
It is great morning. Come, away. Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

CLOTEN*, to himself*
I cannot find those runagates. That villain
Hath mocked me. I am faint.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan, to Polydor and Cadwal*
"Those runagates"?
Means he not us? I partly know him. 'Tis
Cloten, the son o' th' 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*, as Polydor*
He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near. Pray you, away.
Let me alone with him. *Belarius and Arviragus exit.*
CLOTEN Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
CLOTEN Thou art a robber,
A lawbreaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
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*, as Polydor* 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*, as Polydor* 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, *as Polydor* What's thy name?
CLOTEN Cloten, thou villain.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
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 th' Queen.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* I am sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
CLOTEN Art not afeard?
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
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!

They fight and exit.

Enter Belarius as Morgan and Arviragus as Cadwal.

BELARIUS, *as Morgan* No company's abroad?
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal*
None in the world. You did mistake him sure.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan*
I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor
Which then he wore. The snatches in his voice
And burst of speaking were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.

Enter Guiderius as Polydor, carrying Cloten's head.

But see, thy brother.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* What hast thou done?
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who called 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, *as Morgan* We are all undone.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
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, *as Morgan* No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
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, *as Cadwal* Let ord'nance
Come as the gods foresay it. Howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* I had no mind
To hunt this day. The boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* 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 reck. *He exits.*
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* I fear 'twill be revenged.
Would, Polydor, thou hadst not done 't, though valor
Becomes thee well enough.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me. Polydor,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges
That possible strength might meet would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more today, 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 Polydor return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* Poor sick Fidele.

I'll willingly to him. To gain his color
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *He exits.*

BELARIUS O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou 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 rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor
That wildly grows in them but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius as Polydor.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpole down the stream
In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage
For his return. *Solemn music.*

BELARIUS*, as Morgan* My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydor, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Is he at home?

BELARIUS*, as Morgan* He went hence even now.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
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?

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

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

ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

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

BELARIUS*, as Morgan* O melancholy,
Whoever yet could sound thy bottom, find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might eas'liest harbor in?—Thou blessèd thing,

Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as Death's dart being laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* Where?
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* O' th' floor,
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* 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*, as Cadwal* 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-sweetened 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 furred moss besides, when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* 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 th' grave.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* Say, where shall 's lay
him?
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
By good Euriphile, our mother.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* Be 't so.
And let us, Polydor, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
As once to our mother; use like note and words,
Save that "Euriphile" must be "Fidele."
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* 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*, as Cadwal* We'll speak it then.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
Great griefs, I see, med'cine 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*, as Polydor, to Morgan* Pray you fetch him

hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'
When neither are alive.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal, to Morgan* If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
Belarius exits.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for 't.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* 'Tis true.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Come on then, and remove him.
They move Imogen's body.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* So, begin.

Song.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Fear no more the heat o' th' 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*, as Cadwal*
Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The scepter, learning, physic must
All follow this and come to dust.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Fear no more the lightning flash.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Fear not slander, censure rash;
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
BOTH *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
No exorciser harm thee,
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
Nor no witchcraft charm thee.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
Ghost unlaid forbear thee.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
Nothing ill come near thee.
BOTH *Quiet consummation have,*
And renownèd be thy grave.

Enter Belarius as Morgan, with the body of Cloten.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.
Cloten's body is placed by Imogen's.

BELARIUS*, as Morgan*

Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more.
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now withered. 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.

They exit.

Imogen awakes.

IMOGEN

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.

She sees Cloten's headless body.

But soft! No bedfellow? O gods and goddesses!
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 still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared 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 madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil Cloten,
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous. Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters—damned Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the maintop. O Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have killed 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
Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten. O,
Give color 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!

Enter Lucius, Captains, Soldiers, and a Soothsayer.

CAPTAIN
To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea, attending
You here at Milford Haven with your ships.
They are here in readiness.
LUCIUS But what from Rome?
CAPTAIN
The Senate hath stirred up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Siena's brother.
LUCIUS When expect you them?
CAPTAIN
With the next benefit o' th' wind.
LUCIUS This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the Captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?
SOOTHSAYER
Last night the very gods showed me a vision—
I fast and prayed for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams, which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to th' Roman host.
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.
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 mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came 't? Who is 't?
What art thou?
IMOGEN*, as Fidele* 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.

LUCIUS 'Lack, good youth,

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.
IMOGEN*, as Fidele*
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?
LUCIUS Thy name?
IMOGEN*, as Fidele* Fidele, sir.
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 mastered, 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*, as Fidele*
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' strewed 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.
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's preferred
By thee to us, and he shall be interred
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
They exit, the Soldiers carrying Cloten's body.

Scene 3

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

CYMBELINE
Again, and bring me word how 'tis with her.
An Attendant exits.
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.
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.
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.
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.
They exit. Pisanio remains.
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
Perplexed 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' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared.
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, and Arviragus as Cadwal.

GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor*
The noise is round about us.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan* Let us from it.
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal*
What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* 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, *as Morgan* 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 mustered
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, *as Polydor* This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you
Nor satisfying us.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* 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 tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.
ARVIRAGUS, *as Cadwal* By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is 't that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever looked 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, *as Polydor* 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, *as Cadwal* So say I. Amen.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan*
No reason I—since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation—should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead. *Aside.* The time seems long; their
blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Posthumus alone, wearing Roman garments and carrying a bloody cloth.

POSTHUMUS

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wished
Thou shouldst be colored 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 th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed 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 valor in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me.
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion: less without and more within.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door, and the Briton army at another, Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus. 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
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, 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.
He exits.

The battle continues. The Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken. Then enter, to his rescue, Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, and Arviragus as Cadwal.

BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.
GUIDERIUS, AS POLYDOR, AND ARVIRAGUS, AS CADWAL Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline and exit. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen as Fidele.

LUCIUS*, to Fidele*
Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself,
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwinked.
IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.
LUCIUS
It is a day turned strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly.
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Posthumus and a Briton Lord.

LORD
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
POSTHUMUS I did,
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
LORD Ay.
POSTHUMUS
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 strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men hurt behind and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.
LORD Where was this lane?
POSTHUMUS
Close by the battle, ditched, and walled 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 turned
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned coward
But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens the way which they stooped eagles; slaves
The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need. Having found the backdoor open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'erborne i' th' former wave, ten chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

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

POSTHUMUS
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 mock'ry? 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 '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.

He exits.

POSTHUMUS
Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i' th' field and ask "What news?" of me!

Today how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses, took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charmed,
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' th' war. Well, I will find him;
For being now a favorer to the Briton,
No more a Briton. (*He removes his peasant costume.*) 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 th' 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 Briton 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 th' affront with them.
FIRST CAPTAIN So 'tis reported,
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand. Who's there?
POSTHUMUS A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answered him.
SECOND CAPTAIN Lay hands on him. A dog,
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Attendants, Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, Arviragus as Cadwal, Pisanio, Soldiers, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Posthumus in chains, and two Jailers.

JAILER
You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you.
So graze as you find pasture.
SECOND JAILER Ay, or a stomach.

Jailers exit.

POSTHUMUS
Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By th' sure physician, Death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free forever. 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 constrained. 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 coined 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. *He lies down and sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follows the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

SICILIUS
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 stayed,
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 ripped,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity.
SICILIUS
Great Nature, like his ancestry,

Molded the stuff so fair
That he deserved the praise o' th' 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 mocked,
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her, his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

SICILIUS

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 villainy?

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 honor to maintain.

FIRST BROTHER

Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline performed.
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolors turned?

SICILIUS

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

Peep through thy marble mansion. Help,
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

BROTHERS

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 Ghosts 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 oppressed.
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content.
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift.
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned 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.
He hands Sicilius a tablet.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.
And so away. No farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *Ascends.*
SICILIUS
He came in thunder. His celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell. The holy eagle
Stooped as to foot us. His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Preens the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.
ALL Thanks, Jupiter.
SICILIUS
The marble pavement closes; he is entered
His radiant roof. Away, and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
He places the tablet on Posthumus' breast. They vanish.
POSTHUMUS*, 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' favor dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favors; so am I
That have this golden chance and know not why.
Finding the tablet.
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.*)
Whenas 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.

Enter Jailer.

JAILER Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

JAILER Hanging is the word, sir. If you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

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

JAILER 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 faint 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. O, 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 debitor 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 I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

JAILER Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache. 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 Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

JAILER 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 to 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 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.

JAILER 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 Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.
JAILER I'll be hanged then.
He removes Posthumus's chains.
POSTHUMUS Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer. No bolts for the dead. *All but the Jailer exit.*
JAILER 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 jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.
He exits.

Scene 5

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius as Morgan, Guiderius as Polydor, Arviragus as Cadwal, Pisanio, Attendants, and Lords.

CYMBELINE*, to Morgan, Polydor, and Cadwal*
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
Stepped before targes of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan* I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promised naught
But beggary and poor looks.
CYMBELINE No tidings of him?
PISANIO
He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE*, to Morgan, Polydor, and Cadwal*
To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, 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*, as Morgan* 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.
They kneel. He taps their shoulders with his sword.
Arise my knights o' th' battle. I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates. *They rise.*

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o' th' 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 med'cine life may be prolonged, 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 confessed
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finished.
CYMBELINE Prithee, say.
CORNELIUS
First, she confessed she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorred 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, ling'ring,
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 th' adoption of the crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; opened, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected; so
Despairing died.
CYMBELINE Heard you all this, her women?
LADIES 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, Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, Posthumus Leonatus behind, and Imogen as Fidele, with Briton Soldiers as guards.

Thou com'st 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.

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 threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called 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 ransomed. Never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurselike. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll 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 favor is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast looked 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*, as Fidele* I humbly thank your Highness.

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

IMOGEN*, as Fidele* 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.

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 perplexed?

Imogen stares at Iachimo.

CYMBELINE What would'st 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*, as Fidele*

He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
CYMBELINE Wherefore ey'st him so?
IMOGEN*, as Fidele*
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*, as Fidele*
Fidele, sir.
CYMBELINE Thou 'rt my good youth, my page.
I'll be thy master. Walk with me. Speak freely.
Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside and talk.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
Is not this boy revived from death?
ARVIRAGUS*, as Cadwal* One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* The same dead thing alive.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
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*, as Polydor* But we see him dead.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan*
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*, to Imogen* 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 honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On. Speak to
him.
IMOGEN*, as Fidele, pointing to Iachimo's hand*
My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
POSTHUMUS*, 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 constrained to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
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 poisoned, 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 rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled 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 cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
CYMBELINE Nay, nay, to th' 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 wagered with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honored 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 honor 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 villainous. Being thus quenched

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent.
And to be brief, my practice so prevailed
That I returned with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring 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 cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—
POSTHUMUS*, coming forward* Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend.—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
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 th' abhorrèd things o' th' Earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter—villainlike, 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 stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
IMOGEN*, running to Posthumus* Peace, my lord!
Hear, hear—
POSTHUMUS
Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. *He pushes her away; she falls.*
PISANIO O, gentlemen, help!—
Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus,
You ne'er killed Imogen till now! Help, help!
Mine honored lady—
CYMBELINE Does the world go round?
POSTHUMUS
How comes 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 my mistress?
IMOGEN O, get thee from my sight!
Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence.
Breathe not where princes are.
CYMBELINE The tune of Imogen!
PISANIO
Lady, the gods throw stones of sulfur 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 poisoned me.
CORNELIUS O gods!
To Pisanio. I left out one thing which the Queen confessed,
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, Cornelius?
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*, as Morgan, aside to Guiderius and Arviragus* My boys,
There was our error.
GUIDERIUS*, as Polydor* This is sure Fidele.

IMOGEN*, to Posthumus*
Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. *She embraces him.*
POSTHUMUS Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.
CYMBELINE*, to Imogen* How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
IMOGEN*, kneeling* Your blessing, sir.
BELARIUS*, as Morgan, aside to Guiderius and Arviragus*
Though you did love this youth, I blame you not.
You had a motive for 't.
CYMBELINE*, to Imogen* My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee. Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
IMOGEN I am sorry for 't, my lord.
She rises.
CYMBELINE
O, she was naught, 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 truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feignèd 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 honor. What became of him
I further know not.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* 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 hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor* I have spoke it, and I did it.
CYMBELINE He was a prince.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike, 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 sorrow for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemned 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.
Attendants bind Guiderius.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* 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.—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, *as Cadwal* In that he spake too far.
CYMBELINE, *to Morgan*
And thou shalt die for 't.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* 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, *as Cadwal* Your danger's ours.
GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
And our good his.
BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Have at it, then.—By leave,
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was called Belarius.
CYMBELINE What of him? He is
A banished traitor.
BELARIUS He it is that hath

Assumed this age; indeed a banished 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.
He kneels.
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 banished.
Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. That I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I trained 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. *He weeps.*
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 Polydor,
Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' 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,
You 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 called me "brother"
When I was but your sister; I you "brothers"
When we 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 swallowed.
CYMBELINE*, to Imogen* O, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment
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?
To Belarius. These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependences
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, 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.
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever.
IMOGEN*, to Belarius*
You are my father too, and did relieve me
To see this gracious season.
CYMBELINE All o'erjoyed
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
IMOGEN*, to Lucius* My good master,
I will yet do you service.
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 I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed. 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.
He holds out the ring and bracelet.
POSTHUMUS 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 doomed.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all. *Iachimo rises.*
ARVIRAGUS*, to Posthumus* You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother.
Joyed are we that you are.
POSTHUMUS
Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter upon his eagle backed
Appeared 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.
LUCIUS Philarmonus!
SOOTHSAYER*, coming forward*
Here, my good lord.
LUCIUS Read, and declare the meaning.
SOOTHSAYER *reads. Whenas 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 Leo-natus, 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,
To Posthumus Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.
CYMBELINE This hath some seeming.
SOOTHSAYER

The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined, 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 accomplished. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanished; which foreshowed our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favor 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 washed, with such a peace.

They exit.