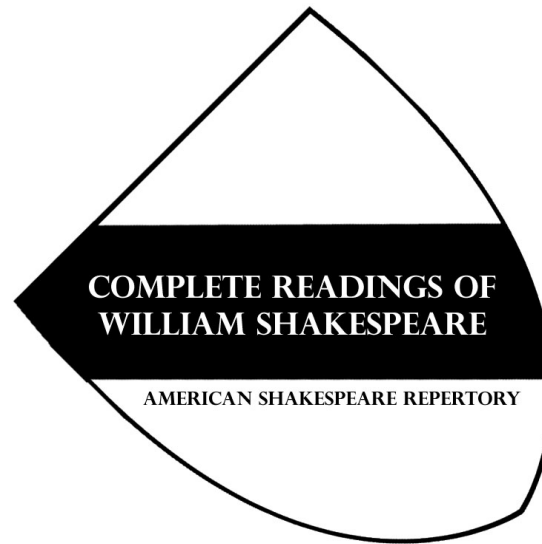


CYMBELINE

EDITED AND CONFLATED BY JUSTIN ALEXANDER AND EMMA J. MAYER
THE COMPLETE READINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READING 16 – OCTOBER 26TH, 2010



CAST LIST

IMOGEN	KELLY BANCROFT
CYMBELINE	GABE HELLER
POSTHUMUS	ALLEN VOIGHT
CLOTEN	JUSTIN ALEXANDER
IACHIMO	PHIL D. HENRY
QUEEN	SUSANNAH HANDLEY
PISANIO	ROB SIEG
BELARIUS	KATHERINE ENGEL
GUIDERIUS	MIKE RUBKE
ARVIRAGUS	NATHAN TYLUTKI
CAIUS LUCIUS & PHILARIO	GREG BAUHOF
SOOTHSAYER & OTHERS	GAIL FRAZER
CORNELIUS AND OTHERS	KAREN BIX
GAOLER AND OTHERS	CARA KLUVER
HELEN AND OTHERS	LAURA MULCAHY
LORDS AND LADIES	JANINE HEGARTY

ACT I, SCENE 1

Enter [JANINE and CARA] two Gentlemen.

[JANINE] You do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

[CARA] But what's the matter?

[JANINE] His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his [wife's] sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

[CARA] None but the king?

[JANINE] He that hath lost her too: So is the Queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

[CARA] And why so?

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

Endows a man but he.

[CARA] You speak him far.

[JANINE] I do extend him (sir) within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

[CARA] What's his name, and birth?

[JANINE] I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibulan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He serv'd with glory and admired success:
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus
And had (besides this gentleman in question)
Two other sons, who in the wars o' 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 bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas minist' red,
And in's Spring became a harvest: Lived in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
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 banish'd) her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his virtue
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

ACT I, SCENE 2

[CARA] I honor him
Even out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

[JANINE] 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.

[CARA] How long is this ago?

[JANINE] Some twenty years.

[CARA] That a King's children
Should be so convey'd, so slackly guarded,
And the search so slow that could not trace them.

[JANINE] Howsoe'er 'tis strange, or that the negligence
May well be laugh'd at, yet it is true, sir.

[CARA] I do well believe you.

[JANINE] We must forbear.
Here comes the Gentleman, the Queen, and Princess.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

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

POSTHUMUS 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 barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

Exit.

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

POSTHUMUS 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 offences.

[Exit.]

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; 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 sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poor self) did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

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.

Exit.

IMOGEN There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE O disloyal thing,
That should'st 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 might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

IMOGEN O blessed, that I might not: I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

CYMBELINE Thou took'st a beggar,
Would'st 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 lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow, and he is
A man worth any woman: Overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYMBELINE What? Art thou mad?

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

Enter Queen.

CYMBELINE Thou foolish thing;
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.

Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

QUEEN Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, sir? What news?

PISANIO My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN Hah?
No harm I trust is done?

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

QUEEN I am very glad on't.

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

PISANIO On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to

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

QUEEN Pray walk awhile.

Exeunt.

Enter Cloten and [JANINE and CARA as] two Lords.

CLOTEN And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me.

[CARA] [*aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is
damn'd.

[JANINE] 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.

[CARA] [*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!

[CARA] [*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?

[JANINE] I'll attend your lordship.

CLOTEN Nay come, let's go together.

[CARA] Well, my lord.

Exeunt.

ACT I, SCENE 4

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

IMOGEN I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'Haven,
And questioned'st every sail: If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

PISANIO It was his Queen, his Queen.

IMOGEN Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO And kiss'd it, madam.

IMOGEN Senseless linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

PISANIO No, madam: For so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

IMOGEN Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

PISANIO Madam, so I did.

IMOGEN I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
But to look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air: And then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

IMOGEN I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter[Lady Helen].

[LADY HELEN] The Queen (madam)
Desires your highness' company.

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

PISANIO Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

ACT I, SCENE 5

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, [CARA as] a Frenchman, [KAREN as] a
Dutchman, and [JANINE] as a Spaniard.*

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

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

[CARA] 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.

[CARA] And then his banishment.

IACHIMO Aye, 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.

[CARA] 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.

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

POSTHUMUS By your pardon, sir, I was then a young 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.

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

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

[CARA] 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 out-lusters 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 unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

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

IACHIMO Which the Gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS Which by their graces I will keep.

IACHIMO You may wear her in title yours: But you know strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too. So your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the 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 offence 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 y'are 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 the approbation of what I have spoke.

POSTHUMUS What lady would you choose to assail?

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

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

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

POSTHUMUS This is but a custom in your tongue: You bear a graver purpose I hope.

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

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

PHILARIO I will have it no lay.

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

POSTHUMUS I embrace these conditions, let us have articles betwixt us: Only thus far you shall answer: If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I

am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain 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: 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.

[CARA] Will this hold, think you?

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

Exeunt.

ACT I, SCENE 6

Enter Queen, [JANINE] her Lady, and Cornelius.

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

[JANINE] I, madam.

QUEEN Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS Pleaseth your highness, aye: Here they are, madam:
But I beseech your grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But though slow, deadly.

QUEEN I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my 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 vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

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

QUEEN O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

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 Hark thee, a word.

CORNELIUS [*aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense 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 fool'd
With a most false effect: And I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

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

CORNELIUS

I humbly take my leave.
Exit.

Exit.

QUEEN Weeps she still (say'st thou?) Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master: Greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to 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? Thou take'st up
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I 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.

Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words. A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaken: The agent for his master,

And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet: And which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio and Ladies.

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

Exit Queen and Ladies.

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

Exit.

ACT I, SCENE 7

Enter Imogen alone.

IMOGEN A father cruel, and a stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd: O, that husband,
My supreme crown of grief and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I been thief-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.

IMOGEN Thanks good sir,
You're kindly welcome.

IACHIMO *[aside]* All of her that is out of door most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone 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 warm'd 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 twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMOGEN What makes your admiration?

IACHIMO It cannot be i' 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' the appetite.
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

IMOGEN What is the matter, trow?

IACHIMO The cloyed will:
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage.

IMOGEN What, dear sir,
Thus [raps] you? Are you well?

IACHIMO Thanks madam, well:
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.
Exit.

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 call'd
The Briton reveller.

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

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

IMOGEN Will my lord say so?

IACHIMO Aye 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 (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labour); then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

IMOGEN My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO And himself; not I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change: But 'tis your graces
That from pay mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

IMOGEN Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO O dearest soul: Your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery

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 hoa, Pisanio?

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

IMOGEN You make amends.

IACHIMO He sits 'mongst men like a descended God;
He hath a kind of honor sets him off
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
(Most mighty Princess) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a false report which hath
Honor'd 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 cross'd 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.

Exeunt.

ACT II, SCENE 1

Enter Cloten and [CARA and JANINE] as the two Lords.

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

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

[CARA] *[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?

[CARA] No my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

CLOTEN Whoreson dog: I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank.

[CARA] *[aside]* To have smell'd like a fool.

CLOTEN I am not vex'd more at any thing 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 belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

[CARA] *[aside]* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

CLOTEN Sayest thou?

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

CLOTEN No, I know that: But it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

[CARA] Aye, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOTEN Why, so I say.

[JANINE] Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court tonight?

CLOTEN A stranger and I not know on't?

[CARA] *[aside]* He's a strange fellow himself and knows it not.

[JANINE] There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus' friends.

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

[JANINE] One of your lordship's pages.

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

[CARA] You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOTEN Not easily I think.

[CARA] *[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.

Exit.

[CARA] I'll attend your lordship.
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass: A woman that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endure'st
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T'enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land.

Exeunt.

ACT II, SCENE 2

Enter Imogen, in her bed, and HELEN.

IMOGEN Who's there? My woman: Helen?

HELEN Please you, madam

IMOGEN What hour is it?

HELEN Almost midnight, madam.

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

[Exit HELEN.]

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

Sleeps.

Iachimo from the Trunk.

IACHIMO The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou become'st thy bed; fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets: That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss. Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' th'taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see th'enclosed 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,
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.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
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. Come off, come off;

[taking off her bracelet]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience [does] within,
To 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 pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more: To what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The Tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough;
To the trunk again and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May [bare] the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly angel: Hell is here.

Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

ACT II, SCENE 3

Enter Cloten and Lords.

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

CLOTEN It would make any man cold to lose.

[JANINE] 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?

[JANINE] 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.

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 every thing 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 voice in her ears which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never [amend].

*[Exeunt Musicians.]
Enter Cymbeline and Queen.*

[CARA] 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 out,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN You are most bound to th'King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicity, 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 dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

CLOTEN Senseless? Not so.

[Enter KAREN as Messenger.]

[KAREN] So like you (sir) ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the 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.

Exeunt.
[Manet Cloten.]

CLOTEN If she be up, I'll speak with her: If not,
Let her lie still and dream: By your leave, hoa,
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 kill'd and saves the thief:
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

Knocks.
Enter HELEN.

HELEN Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN A gentleman.

HELEN No more.

CLOTEN Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

HELEN 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?

HELEN Aye,
To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

HELEN How, my good name?
Or to report of you what I shall think is good?
The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

CLOTEN Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

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 foster'd 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-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th'crown, and must not soil
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 clipp'd his body is dearer
In my respect than all the heirs above thee
Were they all made such men: How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

CLOTEN His garments? Now the devil.

IMOGEN To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

CLOTEN His garment?

IMOGEN I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and ang' red worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: It was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any King's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it;
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

PISANIO 'Twill not be lost.

IMOGEN I hope so: Go and search.

[Exit Pisanio.]

CLOTEN You have abused me:
His meanest garment?

IMOGEN Aye, 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.

Exit.

CLOTEN I'll be revenged:
His mean'st garment? Well.

Exit.

ACT II, 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 honour
Will remain hers.

PHILARIO What means do you make to him?

POSTHUMUS Not any: But abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd [hopes]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHILARIO Your very goodness and your company
O'erpay all I can do. By this your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission [thoroughly]. 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 order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

PHILARIO See Iachimo.

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

PHILARIO Welcome, sir.

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

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

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

IACHIMO Here are letters for you.

POSTHUMUS Their [tenor] good, I trust.

IACHIMO 'Tis very like.

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

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

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

IACHIMO If I [had] 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 honors gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

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

POSTHUMUS

Proceed.

IACHIMO

First, her bedchamber

(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride. A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was--

POSTHUMUS

This is true:

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACHIMO

More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS

So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

IACHIMO

The chimney

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

POSTHUMUS

This is a thing

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

IACHIMO

The roof o' 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,
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond, I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS

Jove—

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

IACHIMO

Sir (I thank her) that

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

POSTHUMUS

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

IACHIMO

She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS

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

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 of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

POSTHUMUS Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: Back my ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this: For this was 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: 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 enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: She hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.

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

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

IACHIMO If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy [the] pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life

I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS Aye, 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.

Exit.

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

IACHIMO With all my heart.

Exeunt.

[ACT II, Scene 5]

The very devils cannot plague them better.

Enter Posthumus.

Exit.

POSTHUMUS Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: So doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance (did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn) that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour—Was't not?
Or less at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a [German] one,
Cried "oh" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's: Flattering, hers: Deceiving, hers:
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability;
All faults that [man can] 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:

ACT III, 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?

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

QUEEN And to kill the marvel
Shall be so ever.

CLOTEN There be many Caesars
Ere such another Julius: Britain'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, ribb'd and paled in
With oaks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
Of came, and saw, and over-came: With shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten: And his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles) upon our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The famed Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglot fortune) to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's-Town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

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

CYMBELINE Son, let your mother end.

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

CYMBELINE You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o'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
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put

His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

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

CYMBELINE Thou art welcome Caius;
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: Of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
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.

CAIUS LUCIUS Let proof speak.

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

CAIUS LUCIUS So, sir.

CYMBELINE I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain, is welcome.

Exeunt.

ACT III, SCENE 2

Enter Pisanio reading of a letter.

PISANIO How? Of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her [accuser]? Leonatus:
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh 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? *Do't: The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.* Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee: Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMOGEN How now Pisanio?

PISANIO Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN Who, thy lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?

Justice and your father's wrath (should he take me in his dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you (oh 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.

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ACT III, SCENE 3

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus [from a cave].

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

GUIDERIUS Hail Heaven.

ARVIRAGUS Hail Heaven.

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

GUIDERIUS Out of your proof you speak: We poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o' th'nest, nor [know] not
What air's from home. Happ'ly this life is best
(If quiet life be best), sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age. But unto us it is
A cell of ignorance (travelling abed),
A prison, or a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

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

BELARIUS How you speak.
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly: The art o' th'Court
(As hard to leave as keep) whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o' 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. Oh boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme my name

Was not far off: Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery (call it what you will)
Shook down my mellow hangings: Nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUIDERIUS

Uncertain favor.

BELARIUS My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
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.

Exeunt.

[*Manet 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 train'd 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 Paladour,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The King his father call'd Guiderius. Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: Say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwall,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused,
Oh 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 call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

Exit.

ACT III, SCENE 4

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

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

PISANIO Please you read,
And you shall find me (wretched man) a thin
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

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

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

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

PISANIO Alas good lady.

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

PISANIO Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas,
Were in his time thought false: And Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear: Took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail: Come fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look,
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love (my heart):
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

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

IMOGEN Why, I must die:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's [afore't]: Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the king
[My father] And makes 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 disedg'd by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory

Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it too.

PISANIO Oh gracious lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN Do't, and to bed then.

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

IMOGEN Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? This place?
Mine action? And thine own? Our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? The perturb'd court
For my being absent (whereunto I never
Purpose return)? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent? When thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th'elected deer before thee?

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

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

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

IMOGEN Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

PISANIO Not so neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: It cannot be
But that my master is abused: Some villain
(Aye, and singular in his art) hath done you both
This cursed 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 miss'd 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, happily, 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 Oh for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.

PISANIO Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman: Change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman [its] pretty self) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but oh 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.
Fore-thinking this I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
wherein you're happy; which 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 Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithée away,
There's more to be consider'd: But we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithée.

PISANIO Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: If you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: May the gods
Direct you to the best.

IMOGEN Amen: I thank thee.

Exeunt.

ACT III, SCENE 5

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

CYMBELINE Thus far, and so farewell.

CAIUS LUCIUS Thanks, royal sir:
My Emperor hath wrote I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

CYMBELINE Our subjects (sir)
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-Kinglike.

CAIUS LUCIUS So sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace and you.

CYMBELINE My lords, you are appointed for that office:
The due of honor in no point omit:
So farewell, noble Lucius.

CAIUS LUCIUS Your hand, my lord.

CLOTEN Receive it friendly: But from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

CAIUS LUCIUS Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

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

Exit Lucius, etc.

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit LAURA a Messenger.]

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 [LAURA as] a Messenger.

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

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

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

CYMBELINE Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false!

Exit.

QUEEN Son, I say, follow the king.

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

Exit.

QUEEN Go, look after:
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 seiz'd her:
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: Gone she is,
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

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 All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day.

Exit Queen.

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 reveng'd upon her. For when fools shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO Oh, 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 miss'd?
He is in Rome.

CLOTEN Where is she, sir? Come nearer:
No further halting: Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

PISANIO Oh, 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.

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

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

CLOTEN Hum.

PISANIO [*aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

CLOTEN Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN It is Posthumus' hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service: Undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: Thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

PISANIO Well, my good lord.

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

PISANIO Sir, I will.

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

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

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

PISANIO I shall, my lord.

Exit.

CLOTEN Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon) Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very

garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the garments?

PISANIO Aye, my noble lord.

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

PISANIO She can scarce be there yet.

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

Exit.

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

Exit.

ACT III, SCENE 6

Enter Imogen alone [in boy's clothes].

IMOGEN I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. Oh 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 to call; I dare not call: Yet famine
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant,
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: Hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Hoa? Who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak: If savage,
Take or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens.

Exit.

ACT III, SCENE 7

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

BELARIUS You, Polydore, 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 I am thoroughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

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

BELARIUS Stay, come not in:
But that it eats our victuals I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUIDERIUS What's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS By Jupiter, an angel: Or if not
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

IMOGEN Good masters harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: Good troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS Money? Youth.

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

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

BELARIUS Whither bound?

IMOGEN To Milford-Haven.

BELARIUS What's your name?

IMOGEN Fidele, sir:
I have a kinsman who is bound for Italy;
He embark'd at Milford, to whom being going,
Almost spent with hunger, I am fall'n in this offense.

BELARIUS Prithee (fair youth) think us no churls,
Nor measure our good minds by this rude place
We live in. Well encounter'd, 'tis almost night;
You shall have better cheer ere you depart,
And thanks to stay and eat it: Boys, bid him welcome.

GUIDERIUS Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard,
But be your groom in honesty: I bid for you,
As I do buy.

ARVIRAGUS I'll [make it] my comfort,
He is a man, I'll love him as a brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN 'Mongst friends?
If brothers: Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

BELARIUS He wrings at some distress.

GUIDERIUS Would I could free't.

ARVIRAGUS Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger: Gods!

BELARIUS Hark, boys.

IMOGEN Great men
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

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

GUIDERIUS Pray draw near.

ACT III, SCENE 8

ARVIRAGUS The night to th'owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

IMOGEN Thanks, sir.

ARVIRAGUS I pray, draw near.

Exeunt.

Enter [GAIL as Roman Senator] and [PHIL as Tribune].

[GAIL] 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 Britains, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul: And to you the Tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar.

[PHIL] Is Lucius general of the forces?

[GAIL] Aye.

[PHIL] Remaining now in Gallia?

[GAIL] 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.

[PHIL] We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

ACT IV, SCENE 1

Enter Cloten alone.

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

Exit.

ACT IV, SCENE 2

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the cave.

BELARIUS You are not well: Remain here in the cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

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

GUIDERIUS Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

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

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

BELARIUS What? How? How?

ARVIRAGUS If it be sin to say so (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 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 Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS You health. – So please you, sir.

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

[Swallows drug.]

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

ARVIRAGUS Thus did he answer me: Yet said hereafter
I might know more.

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

ARVIRAGUS We'll not be long away.

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

IMOGEN Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Exit.

BELARIUS And shalt be ever.
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS How angel-like he sings?

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

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

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

ARVIRAGUS Grow patient,
And let the stinking elder (grief) untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine.

BELARIUS It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

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

BELARIUS Those runagates?
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 He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: Pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

[Exit Belarius and Arviragus.]

CLOTEN Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountainers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

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

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

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

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

GUIDERIUS No, nor thy tailor, rascal:
Who is thy grandfather? He made those clothes,
Which (as it seems) make thee.

CLOTEN Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

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

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

GUIDERIUS What's thy name?

CLOTEN Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS Cloten, [though] 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 I am sorry for 't; not seeming so worthy as thy birth.

CLOTEN Art not afeard?

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

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

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

BELARIUS No companies abroad?

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

BELARIUS I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor
Which then he wore: The snatches in his voice
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

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

BELARIUS Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.

Enter Guiderius [with Cloten's head].

But, see, thy brother.

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

BELARIUS What hast thou done?

GUIDERIUS I am perfect what: Cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen (after his own report)
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where (thank the Gods) they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

BELARIUS We are all undone.

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

BELARIUS No single soul
Can we set eye on: But in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his honor
Was nothing but mutation, aye, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone: Although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing
(As it is like him) might break out and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: Then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS Let ord'nance
Come as the Gods foresay it: Howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

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

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

Exit.

BELARIUS I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would (Polydore) thou hadst not done't: Though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

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

BELARIUS Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more 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 Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

ARVIRAGUS 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.

Exit.

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 rude'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 unlearn'd, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other: Valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

GUIDERIUS Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

Solemn music.

BELARIUS My ingenious instrument,
(Hark Polydore) it sounds: But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark.

GUIDERIUS Is he at home?

BELARIUS He went hence even now.

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

Is Cadwal mad?

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

Enter Arviragus with Imogen dead, bearing her in arms.

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

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

BELARIUS Oh melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care
Might easilest harbor in? Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: But aye,
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

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

GUIDERIUS Where?

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

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

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

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

ARVIRAGUS Say, where shall's lay him?

GUIDERIUS By good Euriphile, our mother.

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

GUIDERIUS Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARVIRAGUS We'll speak it, then.

BELARIUS Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

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

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

[Exit Belarius.]

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

ARVIRAGUS 'Tis true.

GUIDERIUS Come on then, and remove him.

ARVIRAGUS So, begin.

SONG

GUIDERIUS *Fear no more the heat o'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 *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 *Fear no more the lightning flash,*

ARVIRAGUS *Nor th'all-dreaded thunderstone.*

GUIDERIUS *Fear not slander, censure rash.*

ARVIRAGUS *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

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

GUIDERIUS *No exorciser harm thee.*

ARVIRAGUS *Nor no witchcraft charm thee.*

GUIDERIUS *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

ARVIRAGUS *Nothing ill come near thee.*

BOTH *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.*

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

GUIDERIUS We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

BELARIUS Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:

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

Exeunt.

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.
 But soft; no bedfellows? Oh 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 stiff with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The dream's here still: Even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: Not imagin'd, 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,

Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters (damn'd Pisanio)
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! Oh Posthumus, alas,
 Where is thy head? Where's that? Aye me! Where's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, Pisanio?
 'Tis he and Cloten: Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, '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: Oh!
 Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: Oh, my lord! My lord!

Enter Lucius, [KAREN as Roman Captain], and a Soothsayer.

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

CAIUS LUCIUS But what from Rome?

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

CAIUS LUCIUS When expect you them?

[**KAREN**] With the next benefit o'th'wind.

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

ACT IV, SCENE 3

*Enter Cymbeline, [Helen], and Pisanio.
[CARA and JANINE as Lords.]*

CYMBELINE Again: And bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit JANINE.]

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.

[HELEN] 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:
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy

[Does] yet depend.

[CARA] 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.

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

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

Exeunt.
[*Manet Pisanio.*]

PISANIO I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false I am honest: Not true to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'th'King, or I'll fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Exit.

ACT IV, SCENE 4

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

GUIDERIUS The noise is round about us.

BELARIUS Let us from it.

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

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

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

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

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

BELARIUS Oh, 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 promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tamings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

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

ARVIRAGUS By this sun that shines
I'll thither: What thing is't that I never
Did see man die? Scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

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

ARVIRAGUS So say I amen.

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

Exeunt.

ACT V, SCENE 1

Enter Posthumus alone.

POSTHUMUS Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee: For I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? Oh 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 kill'd thy mistress: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee: Therefore good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As [does] a Briton peasant: So I'll fight
Against the part I come with: So I'll die
For thee (O Imogen) even for whom my life
Is every breath a death: And thus, unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More 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.

Exit.

ACT V, SCENE 2

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door:
And the Britain 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
Revengeingly 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
[Are] that we scarce are men and you are Gods.

Exit.

*The battle continues. The Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken:
Then enter to his rescue Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

BELARIUS Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,
The lane is guarded: Nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

GUIDERIUS / ARVIRAGUS Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus and seconds the Britons.
They rescue Cymbeline and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

CAIUS LUCIUS Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

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

Exeunt.

ACT V, SCENE 3

Enter Posthumus and [LAURA as] a Britain Lord.

[LAURA] Came'st thou from where they made the stand?

POSTHUMUS I did,
Though you it seems come from the fliers?

[LAURA] I did.

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 straight 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 touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the straight pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

[LAURA] Where was this lane?

POSTHUMUS Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame)
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men,

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards; stand,
 Or we are Romans and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown: Stand, stand." These three
 Three thousand confident, in act as many:
 For three performers are the file when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word (stand, stand),
 Accommodated by the place; more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (oh a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'th'hunters. Then began
 A stop i'th'chaser; a retire: Anon
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles: Slaves
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
 Like fragments in hard voyages became
 The life o'th'need: Having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts: Heavens, how they wound;
 Some slain before, some dying; some their friends
 O'er borne i'th'former wave, ten chased by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o'th'field.

[LAURA] 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 mockery? Here is one:
*"Two boys, an old man (twice a boy), a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."*

[LAURA] 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.

[LAURA] Farewell, you're angry.
Exit.

POSTHUMUS Still going? This is a lord: Oh noble misery,
 To be i'th'field, and ask what news of me:
 Today how many would have given their honours
 To have saved their carcasses? Took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'th'war. Well, I will find him:
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by 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 [CARA and JANINE as] two [British] Captains and Soldiers.

[JANINE] Great Jupiter be praised Lucius is taken,
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

ACT V, SCENE 4

[CARA] There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th'affront with them.

[JANINE] 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 answer'd him.

[CARA] Lay hands on him: A dog
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: Bring him to th'King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman
Carpives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him
over to a Gaoler.*

Enter Posthumus and Gaoler, [with JANINE].

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

[JANINE] Aye, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

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 the sure physician Death, who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: You good Gods give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd, to satisfy
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear yet 'tis a life, you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp:
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
(You rather) mine being yours: And so, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds. Oh Imogen,
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn Music.

Enter (as in an apparition) Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man attired like a warrior, leading in his hand 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 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 ought by well whose face I never saw:
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd, attending Nature's Law.
Whose Father then (as men report thou Orphan's Father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him from this earth-
vexing smart.

MOTHER

Lucina lent me not her aide, but took me in my throws
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd, came crying 'mongst his foes
A thing of pity.

SICILIUS

Great Nature like his ancestry molded the stuff to fair:
That he serv'd the praise o'th'world as great Sicilius' heir.

1 BROTHER

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

MOTHER

With marriage wherefore was he mock'd to be exiled and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast from her, his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

SICILIUS

Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain with needless jealousy,
And to become the geek and scorn o'th'other's villainy?

2 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.

1 BROTHER

Like hardiment Posthumus hath to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

SICILIUS

Thy crystal window ope; look, 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 oppress'd,
 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 Your low-laid son our Godhead will uplift:
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent:
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married: Rise, and fade;
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine,
 And so away: No [further] with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine:
 Mount, Eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Ascends.

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

ALL Thanks Jupiter.

SICILIUS The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof: Away, and to be blest
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

Vanish.

POSTHUMUS Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire and begot
 A father to me: And thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers. But (oh 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 steep'd in favors; so am I,
 That have this golden chance and know not why:
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? Oh 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.

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find and
 be embraced by a piece of tender air: And when from a stately cedar shall be
 lopp'd 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 Gaoler.

GAOLER Come sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS Over-roasted rather: Ready long ago.

GAOLER 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.

GAOLER A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills (which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth): You come in 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. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice: You have no true debtor and creditor but it: Of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: Your neck (sir) is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

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

GAOLER 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.

GAOLER Your death has eyes in 's head then: I have not seen him so pictur'd: 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.

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

Enter[JANINE as] a Messenger.

[JANINE] Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

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

GAOLER I'll be hang'd then.

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

[Exit Posthumus and JANINE.]

GAOLER Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone: Yet on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses: I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

Exeunt.

ACT V, SCENE 5

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

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

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

CYMBELINE No tidings of him?

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

CYMBELINE To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you (the liver, heart and brain of Britain)
By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

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

CYMBELINE Bow your knees:
Arise my knights o'th'battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you

With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and [CARA].

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 prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

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

CYMBELINE Prithee, say.

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

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

CORNELIUS Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess

Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYMBELINE O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

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

CYMBELINE Heard you all this, her women?

[**CARA**] 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 (oh my daughter)
That it was folly in me thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners [including the
Soothsayer], POSTHUMUS behind, and Imogen. [Led by JANINE.]*

Thou come'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.

CAIUS LUCIUS Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: Had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: Sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my boy (a Briton born)
Let him be ransom'd: Never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: Let his virtue join
With my request, which I make bold your Highness
Cannot deny: He hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd 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 look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, "live boy": Ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

IMOGEN I humbly thank your Highness.

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

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

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

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

CYMBELINE Wherefore eye'st him so?

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

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

IMOGEN Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE Thou'rt, my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me: Speak freely.

[Cymbeline and Imogen draw apart.]

BELARIUS Is not this boy revived from death?

ARVIRAGUS One sand another not more resembles
That sweet rosy lad who died and was Fidele:
What think you?

GUIDERIUS The same dead thing alive.

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

GUIDERIUS But we saw him dead.

BELARIUS Be silent; let's see further.

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

[Cymbeline and Imogen return.]

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

[to Iachimo]

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

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

POSTHUMUS What's that to him?

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

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

CYMBELINE How? Me?

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

CYMBELINE All that belongs to this.

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

CYMBELINE My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: Strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome (accursed
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast (oh would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rare'st of good ones) sitting sadly
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature laming
The shrine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye--

CYMBELINE I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

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

CYMBELINE Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACHIMO Your daughter's chastity (there it begins).
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces o'gold 'gainst this (which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger) to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: He (true knight)
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: Well may you (sir)
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain [operate]
 Most vilely for my vantage excellent.
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus: Averting notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got it) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now.

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

Imogen, Imogen.

IMOGEN Peace my lord, hear, hear.

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

[Posthumus strikes Imogen.]

PISANIO Oh gentlemen, help,
 Mine and your mistress: Oh my lord Posthumus,
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: Help, help,
 Mine honour'd lady.

CYMBELINE Does the world go round?

POSTHUMUS How come these staggers on me?

PISANIO Wake, my mistress.

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

PISANIO How fares my mistress?

IMOGEN Oh get thee from my sight, thou gave'st me poison:
 Dangerous fellow hence, breath not where princes are.

CYMBELINE The tune of Imogen!

PISANIO Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing; I had it from the Queen.

CYMBELINE New matter still?

IMOGEN It poison'd me.

CORNELIUS Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have" (said she) "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
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 My boys,
There was our error.

GUIDERIUS This is, sure, Fidele.

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

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

CYMBELINE How now, my flesh? My child?
What, make'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMOGEN Your blessing, sir.

BELARIUS Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't.

CYMBELINE My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee; Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

IMOGEN I am sorry for't, my lord.

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

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

GUIDERIUS Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

CYMBELINE Marry, the gods forfend.
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a hard sentence: Prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

GUIDERIUS I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE He was a prince.

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

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

IMOGEN That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BELARIUS Stay, sir King.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Cloten's
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 In that he spake too far.

CYMBELINE And thou shalt die for't.

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

ARVIRAGUS Your danger's ours.

GUIDERIUS And our good his.

BELARIUS Have at it then, by leave.
Thou had'st (great King) a subject who was call'd Belarius.

CYMBELINE What of him? He is a banish'd traitor.

BELARIUS He it is that hath assumed this age:
Indeed a banish'd man, I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE Take him hence, the whole world shall not save him.

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

CYMBELINE Nursing of my sons?

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

CYMBELINE

How? My issue.

BELARIUS So sure as you your father's: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (sir) as
Your highness knows: Their nurse Euriphile
(Whom for the theft I wedded) stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious sir,
Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

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

BELARIUS Be pleased awhile;
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by 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 Oh, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
May reign in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMOGEN No, my lord:
I have got two worlds by 't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister: I you brothers,
When we were so indeed.

CYMBELINE Did you e'er meet?

ARVIRAGUS Aye, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS And at first meeting lov'd,
Continued so, until we thought he died.

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

CYMBELINE O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in. Where? How lived you?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your [brothers]? How first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? And whither? These
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded,
 And all the other by-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 counter-change
 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 You are my father too, and did relieve me:
 To see this gracious season.

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

IMOGEN My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

CAIUS LUCIUS Happy be you.

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

POSTHUMUS I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming: 'Twas a fitment for

The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 Speak Iachimo, I had you down and might
 Have made you finish.

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

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

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

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

POSTHUMUS Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought
 Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred. When I waked, I found
 This label on my bosom; whose containing
 Is so from sense in hardness that I can
 Make no collection of it. Let him show
 His skill in the construction.

CAIUS LUCIUS Philarmonus!

SOOTHSAYER Here, my good lord.

CAIUS LUCIUS Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTHSAYER

Reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find and be embraced by a piece of tender air: And when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp,
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:

[to Cymbeline]

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

CYMBELINE This hath some seeming.

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

CYMBELINE Well,
My peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman Empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

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

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

Exeunt.

FINIS

ERROR: undefined
OFFENDING COMMAND:

STACK: