

# CYMBELINE

By William Shakespeare

## CAST

CYMBELINE, King of Britain  
QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline  
INNOGEN, Step-daughter to Cymbeline  
LADY, Helen, attending on Innogen  
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former husband

POSTHUMUS Leonatus Posthumus, husband to Innogen  
PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, going as MORGAN

Sons to Cymbeline GUIDERIUS, disguised as Polydore son to Morgan  
ARVIRAGUS, disguised as Cadwal son to Morgan

Italians PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus  
IACHIMO, an Italian,

FRENCHMAN  
DUTCHMAN  
SPANIARD

CORNELIUS, a Physician  
LORDS of Cymbeline's Court 1st, 2nd, and others  
GENTLEMEN 1st, 2nd  
LADY 1st and others

BRITISH CAPTAINS 1st, 2nd  
GAOLERS, 1st, 2nd

LUCIUS Caius Lucius, Roman General  
ROMAN CAPTAIN  
ROMAN OFFICERS  
SENATORS 1st, 2nd  
TRIBUNES 1st and others  
SOOTHSAYER, Philarmonus

## Apparitions:

JUPITER  
SICILIUS Leonatus, father to Posthumus  
MOTHER of Posthumus  
1st BROTHER of Posthumus  
2nd BROTHER of Posthumus

Roman and British Soldiers, Messengers, Musicians, Attendants

Scene: sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

**ACT 1.****Scene 1. Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter** 1st and 2nd GENTLEMEN.

- 1st Gentleman      You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods  
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.
- 2nd Gentleman      But what's the matter?
- 1st Gentleman      His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom  
He purposed to his wife's sole son - a widow  
That late he married - hath referred herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,  
Her husband banished, she imprisoned; all  
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king  
Be touched at very heart.
- 2nd Gentleman      None but the king?
- 1st Gentleman      He that hath lost her too. So is the queen,  
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
- 2nd Gentleman      And why so?
- 1st Gentleman      He that hath missed the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her -  
I mean that married her - alack, good man! -  
And therefore banished - is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.
- 2nd Gentleman      You speak him far.
- 1st Gentleman      I do extend him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.
- 2nd Gentleman      What's his name and birth?
- 1st Gentleman      I cannot delve him to the root. His father  
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom  
He served with glory and admired success,  
So gained the sur-addition Leonatus;  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons who, in the wars o'th' time  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,  
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds him, and makes him of his 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 ministered,

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And in's spring became a harvest; lived in court -  
Which rare it is to do - most praised, most loved;  
A sample to the youngest, to th' more mature  
A glass that feated them, and to the graver  
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,  
For whom he now is banished, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue.  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

2nd Gentleman

I honour him,  
Even out of your report. But pray you tell me,  
Is she sole child to th' king?

1st Gentleman

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

2nd Gentleman

How long is this ago?

1st Gentleman

Some twenty years.

2nd Gentleman

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

1st Gentleman

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

2nd Gentleman

I do well believe you.

1st Gentleman

We must forbear; here comes the gentleman,  
The queen, and princess.

**Exeunt** 1st and 2nd GENTLEMEN.

**Enter** the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and INNOGEN.

Queen

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

Posthumus

Please your highness,  
I will from hence today.

Queen

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

**Exit**

Innogen

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

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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.

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen                Be brief, I pray you.  
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
 How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him  
 To walk this way. I never do him wrong  
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
 Pays dear for my offences.

**Exit**

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

Innogen              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 Innogen is dead.

Posthumus            How, how! Another?  
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
 And cere up my embracements from a next  
 With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here,  
 [Putting on the ring]  
 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]

Innogen              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**

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

Cymbeline            O disloyal thing,  
 That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
 A year's age on me.

Innogen              I beseech you, sir,

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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?  
Innogen Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.  
Cymbeline That mightst have had the sole son of my queen.  
Innogen O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.  
Cymbeline Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.  
Innogen No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.  
Cymbeline O thou vile one!  
Innogen Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus.  
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.  
Cymbeline What, art thou mad?  
Innogen Almost, sir - heaven restore me! Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cymbeline Thou foolish thing!  
[To QUEEN] They were again together. You have done  
Not after our command. - Away with her,  
And pen her up.  
Queen Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.  
Cymbeline Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,  
Die of this folly.

**Exeunt** CYMBELINE and LORDS.

Queen Fie, you must give way.

**Enter** PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?  
Pisanio My lord your son drew on my master.  
Queen Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?  
Pisanio There might have been  
But that my master rather played than fought,  
And had no help of anger. They were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.  
Queen I am very glad on't.  
Innogen 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?

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

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

Pisanio                    I humbly thank your highness.

Queen                    Pray, walk a while.

Innogen                  About some half hour hence,  
Pray you, speak with me. You shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 2. A public Place.**

**Enter** CLOTEN and 1st and 2nd LORD.

1st Lord                  Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath make you reek  
as a sacrifice; where air comes out, air comes in. There's none abroad so  
wholesome as that you vent.

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

2nd Lord                  [Aside] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1st Lord                  Hurt him? His body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt. It is a throughfare for  
steel if it be not hurt.

2nd Lord                  [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o'th' backside the town.

Cloten                    The villain would not stand me.

2nd Lord                  [Aside] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1st Lord                  Stand you? You have land enough of your own, but he added to your having;  
gave you some ground.

2nd Lord                  [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Cloten                    I would they had not come between us.

2nd Lord                  [Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the  
ground.

Cloten                    And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2nd Lord                  [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1st Lord                  Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good  
sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2nd Lord                  [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

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

2nd Lord                  [Aside] I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cloten                    You'll go with us?

1st Lord                  I'll attend your lordship.

Cloten                    Nay, come, let's go together.

2nd Lord                  Well, my lord.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 3. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter INNOGEN and PISANIO.**

Innogen            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 offered mercy is. What was the last  
 That he spake to thee?

Pisanio            It was: His queen, his queen!

Innogen            Then waved his handkerchief?

Pisanio            And kissed it, madam.

Innogen            Senseless linen, happier therein than !!  
 And that was all?

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

Innogen            Thou shouldst have made him  
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
 To after-eye him.

Pisanio            Madam, so I did.

Innogen            I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but  
 To look upon him till the diminution  
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
 Nay, followed him till he had melted from  
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
 Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,  
 When shall we hear from him?

Pisanio            Be assured, madam,  
 With his next vantage.

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

**Enter A LADY.**

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

Innogen            Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.  
 I will attend the queen.

Pisanio Madam, I shall.

**Exeunt**

### Scene 4. Rome. Philario's House.

**Enter** PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.

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

Philario You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

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

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

Frenchman And then his banishment.

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

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

**Enter** POSTHUMUS.

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

Frenchman Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

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

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

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

Iachimo Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

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

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

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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 outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Posthumus I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iachimo What do you esteem it at?

Posthumus More than the world enjoys.

Iachimo Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

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

Iachimo Which the gods have given you?

Posthumus Which by their graces I will keep.

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

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

Philario Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Posthumus Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signor, 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 you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iachimo What's that?

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

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

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

Posthumus What lady would you choose to assail?

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

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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 enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such 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 prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unsexed, 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.

**Exeunt** POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.  
Frenchman Will this hold, think you?

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

**Exeunt**

**Scene 5. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter** QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

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

1st Lady I, madam.

Queen Dispatch.

**Exeunt** LADIES.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cornelius Pleaseth your highness, ay. Here they are, madam.  
[Presenting a small box]  
But, I beseech your grace, without offence -  
My conscience bids me ask - wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death,  
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how

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

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

Queen O, content thee.

**Enter PISANIO.**

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

Cornelius [Aside] I do suspect you, madam,  
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen [To PISANIO] Hark thee, a word.

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

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

Cornelius I humbly take my leave.

**Exit**

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

Thou tak'st up  
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.

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

**Exit** PISANIO.

A sly and constant knave,  
 Not to be 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 humour, shall be assured  
 To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO with LADIES.

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

**Exeunt** QUEEN and LADIES.

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

**Exit**

## Scene 6. Another Room in the Palace.

**Enter** INNOGEN.

Innogen                      A father cruel, and a stepdame false,  
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady  
 That hath her husband banished. O, that husband,  
 My supreme crown of grief! And those repeated  
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
 As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable  
 Is the desire that's glorious. Blest be those,  
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

**Enter** PISANIO and IACHIMO.

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

Iachimo                      Change you, madam;  
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
 And greets your highness dearly.  
 [Presents a letter]

Innogen                      Thanks, good sir,  
 You're kindly welcome.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Innogen [Reads] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely  
 tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust. LEONATUS."  
  
 So far I read aloud;  
 But even the very middle of my heart  
 Is warmed by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.  
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
 In all that I can do.

Iachimo Thanks, fairest lady.  
 What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
 To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop  
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
 The fiery orbs above and the twinned stones  
 Upon the numbered beach, and can we not  
 Partition make with spectacles so precious  
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Innogen 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' judgement,  
 For idiots in this case of favour would  
 Be wisely definite; nor i'th' appetite,  
 Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed  
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
 Not so allured to feed.

Innogen What is the matter, trow?

Iachimo The cloyed will,  
 That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
 Both filled and running, ravening first the lamb,  
 Longs after for the garbage.

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

Iachimo Thanks, madam, well.  
 [To PISANIO] Beseech you, sir,  
 Desire my man's abode where I did leave him.  
 He's strange and peevish.

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

**Exit**

Innogen Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iachimo Well, madam.

Innogen Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iachimo Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
 So merry and so gamesome. He is called  
 The Briton reveller.

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Innogen Will my lord say so?

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

Innogen 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.

Innogen What do you pity, sir?

Iachimo Two creatures heartily.

Innogen Am I one, sir?  
 You look on me. What wreck discern you in me  
 Deserves your pity?

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

Innogen 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.

Innogen 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,  
 Firing it only here; should I, damned then,  
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
 That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falsehood - falsehood as  
 With 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.

Innogen My lord, I fear,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Has forgot Britain.

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

Innogen           Let me hear no more.

Iachimo           O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart  
 With pity that doth make me sick! A lady  
 So fair, and fastened to an empery,  
 Would make the great'st king double, to be partnered  
 With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition  
 Which your own coffers yield, with diseased ventures  
 That play with all infirmities for gold  
 Which rottenness can lead nature! Such boiled stuff  
 As well might poison poison! Be revenged,  
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
 Recoil from your great stock.

Innogen           Revenged?  
 How should I be revenged? If this be true -  
 As I have such a heart that both mine ears  
 Must not in haste abuse - if it be true,  
 How should I be revenged?

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

Innogen           What ho, Pisanio!

Iachimo           Let me my service tender on your lips.

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

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Innogen            You make amends.

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

Innogen            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.

Innogen            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?

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

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

Innogen            O, no, no.

Iachimo            Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word  
By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your grace.

Innogen            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.

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

**Exeunt**

## ACT 2.

### Scene 1. Britain. Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

**Enter** CLOTEN, 1st LORD, and 2nd LORD.

Cloten                    Was there ever man had such luck! When I kissed 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.

1st Lord                What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2nd Lord                [Aside] If his wit has 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?

2nd Lord                No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the ears of them.

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

2nd Lord                [Aside] To have smelled like a fool.

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

2nd Lord                [Aside] You are cock, and capon too, an you crow 'Cock' with your comb on.

Cloten                    Sayst thou?

2nd Lord                It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

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

2nd Lord                Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten                    Why, so I say.

1st Lord                Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court tonight?

Cloten                    A stranger, and I not know on't?

2nd Lord                [Aside] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1st Lord                There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

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

1st Lord                One of your lordship's pages.

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

2nd Lord                You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloten                    Not easily, I think.

2nd Lord                [Aside] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Cloten                    Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go.

2nd Lord                I'll attend your lordship.

**Exeunt** CLOTEN and 1st LORD.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! - a woman that  
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Innogen, what thou endur'st,  
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame governed,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked  
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand  
T' enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land!

**Exit**

## **Scene 2. Innogen's Bedchamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.**

INNOGEN in bed reading; A LADY attending.

Innogen	Who's there? My woman Helen?
Lady	Please you, madam.
Innogen	What hour is it?
Lady	Almost midnight, madam.
Innogen	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 seized me wholly.

**Exit LADY.**

To your protection I commend me, gods.  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.  
[Sleeps]  
IACHIMO comes from the trunk.

Iachimo	The crickets sing, and man's o'erlaboured sense Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened The chastity he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou becomest thy bed! Fresh lily, And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch; But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagoned, How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o'th' taper Bows toward her and would 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 the bracelet from her arm]  
 As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
 As strongly as the conscience does within,  
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole, cinque-spotted like the crimson drops  
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make. This secret  
 Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en  
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?  
 Why should I write this down that's riveted,  
 Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late  
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down  
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.  
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
 May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.  
 [Clock strikes]  
 One, two, three. Time, time!

**Exit** into the trunk.

### Scene 3. An Antechamber adjoining Innogen's Apartments.

**Enter** CLOTEN, 1st LORD and 2nd LORD.

1st Lord	Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.
Cloten	It would make any man cold to lose.
1st Lord	But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.
Cloten	Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Innogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?
1st Lord	Day, my lord.
Cloten	I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music a mornings; they say it will penetrate.

**Enter** MUSICIANS.

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

SONG

Musician	Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins arise, His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies; And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes; With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise; Arise, arise!
Cloten	So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

**Exeunt** MUSICIANS.

**Enter** CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

2nd Lord Here comes the king.

Cloten I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cymbeline Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?  
Will she not forth?

Cloten I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cymbeline The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,  
And then she's yours.

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

Cloten Senseless? - Not so.

**Enter** A MESSENGER.

Messenger So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymbeline A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender,  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need  
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

**Exeunt** all but CLOTEN.

Cloten If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!  
[Knocks]  
I know her women are about her; what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth, yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What  
Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave!  
[Knocks]

**Enter** a LADY.

Lady Who's there that knocks?

Cloten A gentleman.

Lady No more?

Cloten Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Cloten                 Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady                   Ay,  
 To keep her chamber.

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

Lady                   How? My good name, or to report of you  
 What I shall think is good?

**Enter INNOGEN.**

The princess.

**Exit LADY.**

Cloten                 Good morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Innogen               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.

Innogen               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.

Innogen               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.

Innogen               Fools are not mad folks.

Cloten                 Do you call me fool?

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

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Innogen 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!

Innogen He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment  
That ever hath but clipped his body is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.

**Enter PISANIO.**

How now, Pisanio!

Cloten 'His garment!' Now the devil -

Innogen To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Cloten 'His garment!'

Innogen I am sprited with a fool,  
Frighted, and angered worse. Go bid my woman  
Search for a jewel that too casually  
Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's; 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe! I do think  
I saw't this morning; confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

Pisanio 'Twill not be lost.

Innogen I hope so. Go and search.

**Exit PISANIO.**

Cloten You have abused me.  
'His meanest garment!'

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

Cloten I will inform your father.

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

**Exit**

Cloten I'll be revenged.  
'His meanest garment!' - well!

**Exit**

**Scene 4. Rome. Philario's House.**

**Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.**

Posthumus Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 feared hopes  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

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

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

**Enter IACHIMO.**

Philario                   See, Iachimo!

Posthumus               The swiftest harts have posted you by land,  
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

Philario                   Welcome, sir.

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

Iachimo                   Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

Posthumus               And therewithal the best, or let her beauty  
Look 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 approached.

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

Iachimo                   If I have lost it  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

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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 further; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring, and not the wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

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

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

Posthumus           Proceed.

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

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

Iachimo            More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

Posthumus           So they must,  
Or do your 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.

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

Iachimo             Then, if you can,  
 Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!  
 [Showing the bracelet]  
 And now 'tis up again, it must be married  
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Posthumus            Jove!  
 Once more let me behold it - is it that  
 Which I left with her?

Iachimo             Sir - I thank her - that.  
 She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet:  
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
 And yet enriched it too. She gave it me,  
 And said she prized it once.

Posthumus            Maybe she plucked it off  
 To send it me.

Iachimo             She writes so to you, doth she?

Posthumus            O, no, no, no! 'Tis true! Here, take this too.  
 [Gives the ring]  
 It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
 Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour  
 Where there is beauty, truth where semblance, love  
 Where there's another man. The vows of women  
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made  
 Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.  
 O, above measure false!

Philario             Have patience, sir,  
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.  
 It may be probable she lost it; or  
 Who knows if one 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 honourable - they induced to steal it?  
 And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed her;  
 The cognizance of her incontinency  
 Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.  
 There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell  
 Divide themselves between you!

Philario             Sir, be patient;  
 This is not strong enough to be believed  
 Of one persuaded well of.

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

Iachimo             If you seek  
 For further satisfying: under her breast -  
 Worthy her pressing - lies a mole, right proud  
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,  
 I kissed it, and it gave me present hunger

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To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

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

Iachimo      Will you hear more?

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

Iachimo      I'll be sworn -

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

Iachimo      I'll deny nothing.

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

**Exit**

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

Iachimo      With all my heart.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 5. Rome. Another Room in Philario's House.**

**Enter POSTHUMUS.**

Posthumus      Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards,  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father was I know not where  
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seemed  
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,  
And prayed me oft forbearance - did it with  
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't  
Might well have warmed old Saturn - that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunned snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, was't not? -  
Or less - at first? Perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,  
Cried `O!' and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he looked for should oppose and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me - for there 's no motion  
That tends to vice in man but I affirm  
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

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Why, hers, in part or all; but rather all.  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice but of a minute old for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them; yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate to pray they have their will.  
The very devils cannot plague them better.

**Exit**

**ACT 3.****Scene 1. Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter** in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS, at one door,  
and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and ATTENDANTS.

Cymbeline            Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

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

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

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

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

Cloten                Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at  
that time, and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars. Other of them may  
have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cymbeline            Son, let your mother end.

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

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

Ourselves to be.

Cloten We do.

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

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

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

Lucius Let proof speak.

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

Lucius So, sir.

Cymbeline I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.  
All the remain is 'Welcome'.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 2. Another Room in the Palace.

**Enter** PISANIO, with a letter.

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

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That I should seem to lack humanity  
 So much as this fact comes to?  
 [Reads] "Do't. The letter  
 That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity."  
 O damned paper,  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
 Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st  
 So virgin-like without?

**Enter INNOGEN.**

Lo, here she comes.  
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Innogen How now, Pisanio!

Pisanio Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

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

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

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

Pisanio One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Innogen Why, one that rode to's execution, man,  
 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers  
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
 That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is foolery.  
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say

She'll home to her father; and provide me presently  
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

Pisanio Madam, you're best consider.

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

**Exeunt**

### **Scene 3. Wales. Mountainous Country; before the Cave of Belarius.**

**Enter** BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

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

Guiderius 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 allowed. To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often to our comfort shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a check,  
Richer than doing nothing for a robe,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.  
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncrossed. No life to ours!

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

Arviragus What should we speak of  
When we are old as you? When we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how  
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;

We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.  
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a choir, as doth the prisoned 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 slipp'ry that  
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o'th' war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I'th' name of fame and honour, which dies i'th' search,  
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must curtsy at the censure. O, boys, this story  
The world may read in me. My body's marked  
With Roman swords, and my report was once  
First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me,  
And when a soldier was the theme my name  
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night  
A storm, or robbery - call it what you will -  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

Guiderius               Uncertain favour!

Belarius                   My fault being nothing - as I have told you oft -  
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed  
Before my perfect honour, 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 GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.**

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to th' king,  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think they are mine; and though trained up thus meanly  
I'th' cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
In simple and low things to prince it much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore -  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
The king his father called Guiderius - Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story. Say `Thus mine enemy fell,  
And thus I set my foot on's neck', even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving.  
[Horns]  
Hark, the game is roused!  
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,

At three and two years old, I stole these babes,  
Thinking to bar thee of succession as  
Thou refts me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse, they took thee for their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave.  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,  
They take for natural father. - The game is up.

Exit

### Scene 4. Wales near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO and INNOGEN

Innogen	Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! Man, Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus Would be interpreted a thing perplexed Beyond self-explication. Put thyself Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter? [PISANIO gives her a letter] Why tender'st thou that paper to me with A look untender? If't be summer news, Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand? That drug-damned Italy hath outcraftied him, And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue May take off some extremity which to read Would be even mortal to me.
Pisanio	Please you read; And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing The most disdained of fortune.
Innogen	[Reads] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testi- monies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."
Pisanio	What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave, This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?
Innogen	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!
Innogen	I false? Thy conscience witness! Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

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Thou then looked'st like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,  
And for I am richer than to hang by th' walls  
I must be ripped. To pieces with me! O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pisanio Good madam, hear me.

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

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

Innogen 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 turned 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 betrayed  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,  
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the king  
My father, and make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her  
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
Will then be panged by me. Prithee dispatch.  
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

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

Innogen Do't, and to bed then.

Pisanio I'll wake mine eyeballs out first.

Innogen Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? This place?  
Mine action and thine own? Our horses' labour?

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The time inviting thee? The perturbed court,  
For my being absent? - whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pisanio

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

Innogen

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.

Innogen

Most like,  
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pisanio

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

Innogen

Some Roman courtesan?

Pisanio

No, on my life!  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be missed at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

Innogen

Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where abide? How live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

Pisanio

If you'll back to th' court -

Innogen

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.

Innogen

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

Pisanio

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

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

Innogen 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 honourable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad? -  
You have me, rich, and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

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

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

Innogen Amen. I thank thee.

**Exeunt** severally.

**Scene 5. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter** CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and LORDS.

Cymbeline Thus far, and so farewell.

Lucius Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
And am right sorry that I must report ye

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

My master's enemy.

Cymbeline Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

Lucius So, sir, I desire of you  
A conduct over land to Milford Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, [To CLOTEN] and you!

Cymbeline My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honour in no point omit.  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Lucius Your hand, my lord.

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

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

Cymbeline Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have crossed the Severn. Happiness!

**Exeunt LUCIUS and some LORDS.**

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

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

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

Queen 'Tis not sleepy business,  
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

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

**Exit a LORD.**

Queen Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

**Re-enter LORD.**

Cymbeline Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answered?

Lord Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all locked, and there's no answer  
That will be given to th' loud of noise we make.

Queen My lord, when last I went to visit her  
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Whereto constrained by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer. This  
She wished me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

Cymbeline Her doors locked?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false!

**Exit**

Queen Son, I say, follow the king.

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

Queen Go, look after.

**Exit CLOTEN.**

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seized her,  
Or, winged with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonour, and my end  
Can make good use of either. She being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

**Re-enter CLOTEN**

How now, my son?

Cloten 'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king. He rages, none  
Dare come about him.

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

**Exit**

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

**Enter PISANIO.**

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

Pisanio O, good my lord!

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Pisanio Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she missed?  
He is in Rome.

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

Pisanio O, my all-worthy lord!

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

Pisanio Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.  
[Presenting a letter]

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

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

Cloten Hum!

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

Cloten Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pisanio Sir, as I think.

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

Pisanio Well, my good lord.

Cloten Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the  
bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of grati-  
tude, 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 first 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 rejoic-

ingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pisanio Ay, my noble lord.

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

Pisanio She can scarce be there yet.

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

**Exit**

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

**Exit**

## Scene 6. Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.

**Enter** INNOGEN, dressed in boy's clothes.

Innogen I see a man's life is a tedious one.  
I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick  
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,  
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove, I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me  
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment or trial? Yes - no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness  
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,  
Thou art one o'th' false ones. Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to't. 'Tis some savage hold;  
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever  
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! - who's here?  
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens!

**Exit** into the cave.

**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.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The sweat and industry would dry and die  
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely savoury. Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint when restive sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

- Guiderius I am throughly 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 killed be cooked.
- Belarius [Looking into the cave] 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!
- Re-enter INNOGEN, from the cave.
- Innogen Good masters, harm me not.  
 Before I entered here I called, and thought  
 To have begged, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,  
 I have stol'n naught, nor would not, though I had found  
 Gold strewed i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat;  
 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 reckoned but of those  
 Who worship dirty gods.
- Innogen 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?
- Innogen To Milford Haven.
- Belarius What's your name?
- Innogen Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
 Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;  
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
 I am fall'n in this offence.
- Belarius Prithee, fair youth,  
 Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
 By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!  
 'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer  
 Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.  
 Boys, bid him welcome.
- Guiderius 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't my comfort  
 He is a man, I'll love him as my brother;  
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
 After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!  
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Innogen 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. [Aside] Would it had been so that they  
Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

Belarius He wrings at some distress.

Guiderius Would I could free't!

Arviragus Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Belarius Hark, boys.  
[They whisper together]

Innogen [Aside] Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience sealed them, laying by  
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,  
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'll change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false.

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

Guiderius Pray, draw near.

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

Innogen Thanks, sir.

Arviragus I pray, draw near.

**Exeunt**, into the cave.

**Scene 7. Rome. A public Place.**

**Enter** TWO SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

1st Senator This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius proconsul; and to you, the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

1st Tribune Is Lucius general of the forces?

2nd Senator Ay.

1st Tribune Remaining now in Gallia?

1st Senator With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

1st Tribune

We will discharge our duty.

**Exeunt**

## ACT 4.

### Scene 1. Wales. Near the Cave of Belarius.

**Enter** CLOTEN, dressed in the clothes of Posthumus.

Cloten                    I am near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? The rather - saving reverence of the word - for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, for it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his, no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions. Yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may haply be a little angry 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**

### Scene 2. Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.

**Enter**, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and INNOGEN.

Belarius                [To INNOGEN] You are not well. Remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arviragus              [To INNOGEN] Brother, stay here. Are we not brothers?

Innogen                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.

Innogen                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,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
 'My father, not this youth'.

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

Arviragus Brother, farewell.

Innogen I wish ye sport.

Arviragus You health. [To BELARIUS] So please you, sir.  
 [ARVIRAGUS, GUIDERIUS, and BELARIUS talk apart.

Innogen [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!  
 Our courtiers say all's savage but at court.  
 Experience, O thou disprov'st report!  
 Th' imperious seas 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.  
 [Swallowing the 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!  
 [To INNOGEN]  
 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.

Innogen Well or ill,  
 I am bound to you.

Belarius And shalt be ever.

**Exit** INNOGEN into the cave.  
 This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had  
 Good ancestors.

Arviragus How angel-like he sings!

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

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

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

Arviragus Grow patience,  
 And let the stinking-elder, grief, untwine  
 His perishing root with the increasing vine.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

**Enter** CLOTEN, dressed in the clothes of Posthumus.

Cloten                    I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mocked 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.

**Exeunt** BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

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

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

Cloten                    Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief!

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

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

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

Cloten                    Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

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

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

Guiderius               What's thy name?

Cloten                    Cloten, thou villain.

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

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

**Exeunt** fighting.

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius                No companies abroad?

Arviragus              None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

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

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

Belarius                Being scarce made up,  
I mean to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of fear.

Re-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 knocked 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 called me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads where - thank the gods! - they grow,  
And set them on Lud's Town.

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

More perilous than the head.

Arviragus

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

Belarius

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

Guiderius

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

**Exit**

Belarius

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

Arviragus

Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me. Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robbed 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 colour  
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 rud'st wind  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine  
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guiderius

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

Belarius

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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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?

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

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

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

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

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

Arviragus Stark, as you see;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart being laughed at; his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

Guiderius Where?

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

Guiderius 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,  
Outsweetened not thy breath. The ruddock would  
With charitable bill - O bill, sore shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument! - bring thee all this,  
Yea, and furred moss besides. When flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse -

Guiderius 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?

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Guiderius           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 sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Guiderius           Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arviragus           Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guiderius           Fear not slander, censure rash,

Arviragus           Thou hast finished joy and moan.

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

Guiderius           No exorciser harm thee!

Arviragus           Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Guiderius            Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
 Arviragus          Nothing ill come near thee!  
 Both                Quiet consummation have,  
                          And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS with the headless 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 withered; even so  
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
 Come on, away, apart upon our knees.  
 The ground that gave them first has them again;  
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

**Exeunt** BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Innogen             [Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven, which is the way?  
 I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?  
 'Ods-pittikins, can it be six mile yet?  
 I have gone all night; faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
 But soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!  
 [Seeing the body of Cloten]  
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;  
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;  
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing shot at nothing,  
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes  
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,  
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!  
 The dream's here still. Even when I wake, it is  
 Without me as within me; not imagined, felt.  
 A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?  
 I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand;  
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh,  
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face -  
 Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters - damned Pisanio -  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top. O Posthumus, alas,  
 Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's that?  
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be, Pisanio?  
 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten. O,  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!  
 [Faints across the body]

**Enter** LUCIUS, A ROMAN CAPTAIN, other OFFICERS,  
 and A SOOTHSAYER, to them.

Captain             The legions garrisoned in Gallia,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

After your will, have crossed the sea, attending  
 You here at Milford Haven with your ships.  
 They are here in readiness.

- Lucius But what from Rome?
- Captain The senate hath stirred up the confiners  
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits  
 That promise noble service; and they come  
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
 Sienna's brother.
- Lucius When expect you them?
- Captain With the next benefit o'th' wind.
- Lucius This forwardness  
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers  
 Be mustered. Bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,  
 What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?
- Soothsayer Last night the very gods showed me a vision -  
 I fast and prayed for their intelligence - thus:  
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged  
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
 There vanished in the sunbeams, which portends -  
 Unless my sins abuse my divination -  
 Success to th' Roman host.
- Lucius Dream often so,  
 And never false.  
 [Seeing the bodies]  
 Soft, ho! What trunk is here  
 Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
 It was a worthy building. How? A page,  
 Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather;  
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
 Let's see the boy's face.
- Captain He's alive, my lord.
- Lucius He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
 Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wreck? How came't? Who is't?  
 What art thou?
- Innogen I am nothing; or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
 A very valiant Briton and a good,  
 That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,  
 There is no more such masters. I may wander  
 From east to occident, cry out for service,  
 Try many, all good; serve truly; never  
 Find such another master.
- Lucius 'Lack, good youth!  
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than  
 Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.
- Innogen Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie and do  
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
 They'll pardon it.  
 [To LUCIUS] Say you, sir?
- Lucius Thy name?
- Innogen Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Innogen                 I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

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

**Exeunt**

**Scene 3. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**

**Enter** CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO, and ATTENDANTS.

Cymbeline             Again. And bring me word how 'tis with her.

**Exit** an ATTENDANT.

A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness of which her life's in danger. Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Innogen,  
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.

1st Lord               Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here.  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will no doubt be found.

Cymbeline             The time is troublesome.  
[To PISANIO] We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1st Lord            So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent.

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

1st Lord            Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready.  
The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

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

**Exeunt** all but PISANIO.

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

**Exit**

**Scene 4. Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.**

**Enter** BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Guiderius        The noise is round about us.

Belarius         Let us from it.

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

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

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

Guiderius        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,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

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

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

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

Guiderius 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 the Romans!

Arviragus So say I, Amen.

Belarius No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys!  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.  
Lead, lead.  
[Aside] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

**Exeunt**

## ACT 5.

### Scene 1. Britain. The Roman Camp.

**Enter** POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

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

**Exit**

### Scene 2. A Field between the Camps.

**Enter** LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the ROMAN ARMY at one door,  
 and the BRITON ARMY at another,  
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier.  
 They march over and go out.  
 Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS;  
 he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

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

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Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

**Exit**

The battle continues.

The BRITONS fly, CYMBELINE is taken.  
Then enter to his rescue BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius           Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground,  
The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but  
The villainy of our fears.

Guiderius &           Arviragus       Stand! Stand and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the BRITONS.  
They rescue CYMBELINE and Exeunt  
Then re-enter LUCIUS and IACHIMO, with INNOGEN.

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

Iachimo           'Tis their fresh supplies.

Lucius            It is a day turned strangely. Or betimes  
Let's reinforce, or fly.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 3. Another Part of the Field.**

**Enter** POSTHUMUS and a BRITON LORD.

Lord               Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Posthumus        I did,  
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord               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 strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling  
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damned  
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord               Where was this lane?

Posthumus        Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf,  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one I warrant, who deserved  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings - lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such slaughter,  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cased, or shame -  
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled  
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand,  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that

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Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save  
 But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!" These three,  
 Three thousand confident, in act as many -  
 For three performers are the file when all  
 The rest do nothing - with this word `Stand, stand`,  
 Accommodated by the place, more charming  
 With their own nobleness, which could have turned  
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;  
 Part shame, part spirit renewed, that some turned coward  
 But by example - O, a sin in war  
 Damned in the first beginners! - 'gan to look  
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
 Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began  
 A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon  
 A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly  
 Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles; slaves,  
 The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,  
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
 The life o'th' need; having found the back-door open  
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!  
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends  
 O'erborne i'th' former wave, ten chased by one,  
 Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.  
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
 The mortal bugs o'th' field.

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

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

Lord Nay, be not angry, sir.

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

Lord Farewell; you're angry.

**Exit**

Posthumus Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery,  
 To be i'th' field and ask `What news?' of me!  
 Today how many would have given their honours  
 To have saved their carcasses took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charmed,  
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
 Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,  
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i'th' war. Well, I will find him;  
 For being now a 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 Innogen.

**Enter** 1st and 2nd BRITISH CAPTAINS, with SOLDIERS.

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1st Captain Great Jupiter be praised, Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2nd Captain There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave th' affront with them.

1st Captain So 'tis reported,  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! Who's there?

Posthumus A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds  
Had answered him.

2nd Captain Lay hands on him. A dog,  
A leg of Rome, shall not return to tell  
What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service  
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

**Enter** CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO,  
and ROMAN CAPTIVES.  
The CAPTAINS present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE,  
who delivers him over to a GAOLER.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 4. An open Place near the British Camp.**

**Enter** POSTHUMUS and 1st and 2nd GAOLERS.

1st Gaoler [Chaining POSTHUMUS to a post]  
You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;  
So graze, as you find pasture.

2nd Gaoler Ay, 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 th' sure physician Death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered  
More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,  
Then - free 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 constrained. To satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know you are more clement than vile men  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement; that's not my desire.  
For Innogen's dear life take mine, and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it.  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;  
You rather mine, being yours. And so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Innogen,  
I'll speak to thee in silence.  
[Sleeps. Solemn music]

**Enter**, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man attired like a war-

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rior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and MOTHER to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, BROTHERS to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

- Sicilius  
 No more, thou thunder-master, show  
 Thy spite on mortal flies;  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
 Rates and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 Whose face I never saw?  
 I died whilst in the womb he stayed  
 Attending nature's law;  
 Whose father then - as men report  
 Thou orphans' father art -  
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
 From this earth-vexing smart.
- Mother  
 Lucina lent not me her aid,  
 But took me in my throes,  
 That from me was Posthumus ripped,  
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
 A thing of pity.
- Sicilius  
 Great nature like his ancestry  
 Moulded the stuff so fair  
 That he deserved the praise o'th' world  
 As great Sicilius' heir.
- 1st 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 Innogen, that best  
 Could deem his dignity?
- Mother  
 With marriage wherefore was he mocked,  
 To be exiled, and thrown  
 From Leonati seat, and cast  
 From her his dearest one,  
 Sweet Innogen?
- Sicilius  
 Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
 Slight thing of Italy,  
 To taint his nobler heart and brain  
 With needless jealousy,  
 And to become the geck and scorn  
 O'th' other's villainy?
- 2nd Brother  
 For this from stiller seats we came,  
 Our parents and us twain  
 That striking in our country's cause  
 Fell bravely, and were slain:  
 Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
 With honour to maintain.
- 1st Brother  
 Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 To Cymbeline performed;  
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourned  
 The graces for his merits due,  
 Being all to dolours turned?
- Sicilius  
 Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
 No longer exercise  
 Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
 And potent injuries.
- Mother  
 Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
 Take off his miseries.

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- Sicilius Peep through thy marble mansion; help,  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To th' shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity.
- Both 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 opprest;  
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,  
The more delayed, delighted. Be content,  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;  
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.  
He shall be lord of lady Innogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.  
[Gives a book]  
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  
Stooped, 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 entered  
His radiant roof. Away! And, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.  
[The GHOSTS lay the book on Posthumus, and vanish]
- Posthumus [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire and begot  
A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn,  
Gone! They went hence so soon as they were born;  
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,  
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve;  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one,  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects  
So follow to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.
- [Reads] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find,  
and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall  
be lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed  
to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain  
be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty."

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'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. But what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter GAOLERS.

1st Gaoler            Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Posthumus            Overroasted rather; ready long ago.

1st 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.

1st 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: O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up thousands in a trice. You have no true 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.

1st 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.

1st Gaoler            Your death has eyes in's head, then. I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or 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.

1st Gaoler            What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

**Enter** A MESSENGER.

Messenger           Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king.

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

1st Gaoler            I'll be hanged then.

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

**Exeunt** all but 1st GAOLER.

1st 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.

**Exit**

**Scene 5. Cymbeline's Tent.**

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**Enter** CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, LORDS, OFFICERS, and ATTENDANTS.

Cymbeline           Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made  
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepped 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 promised naught  
But beggary and poor looks.

Cymbeline           No tidings of him?

Pisanio            He hath been searched among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

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

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

Cymbeline           Bow your knees.  
[They kneel]  
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 LADIES.

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

Cornelius           Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness I must report  
The queen is dead.

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

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

Cymbeline           Prithee say.

Cornelius           First, she confessed she never loved you, only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you;  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,  
Abhorred your person.

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

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- Cornelius           Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
 With such integrity, she did confess  
 Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,  
 But that her flight prevented it, she had  
 Ta'en off by poison.
- Cymbeline           O most delicate fiend!  
 Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?
- Cornelius           More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had  
 For you a mortal mineral which, being took,  
 Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,  
 By inches waste you; in which time she purposed,  
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
 O'ercome you with her show, and in time,  
 When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
 Her son into th' adoption of the crown.  
 But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
 Grew shameless-desperate, opened, in despite  
 Of heaven and men, her purposes, repented  
 The evils she hatched were not effected; so  
 Despairing died.
- Cymbeline           Heard you all this, her women?
- Ladies               We did, so please your highness.
- Cymbeline           Mine eyes  
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
 Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart  
 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious  
 To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter,  
 That it was folly in me thou mayst say,  
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!
- Enter** LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the SOOTHSAYER, and other ROMAN PRISONERS,  
 guarded by SOLDIERS; POSTHUMUS behind, and INNOGEN.
- Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
 The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsman have made suit  
 That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter  
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.  
 So think of your estate.
- Lucius               Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day  
 Was yours by accident. Had it gone with us,  
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened  
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth  
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.  
 Augustus lives to think on't; and so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransomed. Never master had  
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join  
 With my request, which I'll make bold your highness  
 Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,  
 And spare no blood beside.
- Cymbeline           I have surely seen him;  
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
 Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
 To say, 'Live, boy'; ne'er thank thy master. Live,  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;

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Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

Innogen I humbly thank your highness.

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

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

Lucius The boy disdains me;  
He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
Why stands he so perplexed?

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

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

Cymbeline Wherefore ey'st him so?

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

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

Innogen Fidele, sir.

Cymbeline Thou'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.  
[CYMBELINE and INNOGEN converse apart]

Belarius Is not this boy revived from death?

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

Guiderius The same dead thing alive.

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

Guiderius But we saw him dead.

Belarius Be silent; let's see further.

Pisanio [Aside] It is my mistress.  
Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad.  
[CYMBELINE and INNOGEN come forward]

Cymbeline Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud. [To IACHIMO] Sir, step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,  
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

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

Posthumus [Aside] What's that to him?

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- Cymbeline            That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?
- Iachimo            Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which to be spoke would torture thee.
- Cymbeline            How, me?
- Iachimo            I am glad to be constrained to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring. 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,  
Whom thou didst banish; and - which more may grieve thee,  
As it doth me - a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
- Cymbeline            All that belongs to this.
- Iachimo            That paragon, thy daughter,  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember - Give me leave, I faint.
- Cymbeline            My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength;  
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.
- Iachimo            Upon a time - unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour - it was in Rome - accursed  
The mansion where - 'twas at a feast - O, would  
Our viands had been poisoned, or at least  
Those which I heaved to head - the good Posthumus -  
What should I say? - he was too good to be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones - sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty, that made barren the swelled boast  
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye -
- Cymbeline            I stand on fire.  
Come to the matter.
- Iachimo            All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,  
Most like a noble lord, in love, and one  
That had a royal lover, took his hint,  
And - not dispraising whom we praised, therein  
He was as calm as virtue - he began  
His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were cracked of kitchen-trulls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.
- Cymbeline            Nay, nay, to th' purpose.
- Iachimo            Your daughter's chastity - there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams  
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise and wagered with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore  
Upon his honoured 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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Post I in this design; well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court, where I was taught

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent.  
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed  
That I returned with simular proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet -  
O cunning, how I got it! - nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon -  
Methinks I see him now -

Posthumus	[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, Egregious murderer, thief, anything That's due to all the villains past, in being, To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison, Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out For torturers ingenious. It is I That all the abhorred things o'th' earth amend By being worse than they. I am Posthumus, That killed 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 called Posthumus Leonatus, and Be villainy less than 'twas! O Innogen! My queen, my life, my wife! O Innogen, Innogen, Innogen!
Innogen	Peace, my lord; hear, hear -
Posthumus	Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page, There lie thy part. [He strikes her and she falls]
Pisanio	O, gentlemen, help! Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus! You ne'er killed Innogen till now. Help, help! Mine honoured lady!
Cymbeline	Does the world go round?
Posthumus	How comes these staggers on me?
Pisanio	Wake, my mistress!
Cymbeline	If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy.
Pisanio	How fares my mistress?
Innogen	O, get thee from my sight; Thou gavest me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence! Breathe not where princes are.
Cymbeline	The tune of Innogen!
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 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cymbeline New matter still.

Innogen It poisoned me.

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

Cymbeline What's this, Cornelius?

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

Innogen Most like I did, for I was dead.

Belarius  
My boys,  
There was our error.

Guiderius This is sure Fidele.

Innogen  
[To POSTHUMUS]  
Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
Think that you are upon a rock, and now  
Throw me again.  
[Embracing him]

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

Cymbeline  
How now, my flesh, my child?  
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Innogen [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

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

Cymbeline  
My tears that fall  
Prove holy water on thee! Innogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

Innogen I am sorry for't, my lord.

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

Pisanio  
My lord,  
Now fear is from me I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and swore  
If I discovered not which way she was gone  
It was my instant death. By accident  
I had a 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

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

My lady's honour. What became of him  
I further know not.

- Guiderius            Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.
- Cymbeline            Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a 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 condemned, and must  
Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.
- Innogen              That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.
- Cymbeline            Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.
- Belarius              Stay, sir king;  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself, and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. [To the GUARD] Let his arms alone,  
They were not born for bondage.
- Cymbeline            Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?
- Arviragus            In that he spake too far.
- Cymbeline            And thou shalt die for't.
- Belarius              We will die all three;  
But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must  
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though haply well for you.
- Arviragus            Your danger's ours.
- Guiderius            And our good his.
- Belarius              Have at it then, by leave.  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was called Belarius.
- Cymbeline            What of him? He is  
A banished traitor.
- Belarius              He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banished man;  
I know not how a traitor.
- Cymbeline            Take him hence,  
The whole world shall not save him.
- Belarius              Not too hot;

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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.  
[Kneels]  
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen that call me father  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.
- Cymbeline How, my issue?
- Belarius So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished.  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes -  
For such and so they are - these twenty years  
Have I trained up; those arts they have as I  
Could put into them. My breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile -  
Whom for the theft I wedded - stole these children  
Upon my banishment. I moved her to't,  
Having received the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt the more it shaped  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again, and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.
- 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 lapped  
In a most curious mantle wrought by th' hand  
Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.
- Cymbeline Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.
- Belarius This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.
- Cymbeline O, what am I?  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now! O Innogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
- Innogen No, my lord,

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker: you called me `brother'  
When I was but your sister; I you `brothers'  
When ye were so indeed.

- Cymbeline Did you e'er meet?
- Arviragus Ay, my good lord.
- Guiderius And at first meeting loved,  
Continued so until we thought he died.
- Cornelius By the queen's dram she swallowed.
- 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-dependances,  
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place  
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Innogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
[To BELARIUS]  
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.
- Innogen You are my father too, and did relieve me  
To see this gracious season.
- Cymbeline All o'erjoyed,  
Save these in bonds. Let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.
- Innogen My good master,  
I will yet do you service.
- Lucius Happy be you!
- Cymbeline The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,  
He would have well become this place, and graced  
The thankings of a king.
- Posthumus I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then followed. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.
- Iachimo [Kneeling] I am down again;  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.
- Posthumus Kneel not to me;  
The power that I have on you is to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,  
And deal with others better.
- Cymbeline Nobly doomed!

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

- Arviragus [To POSTHUMUS] You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joyed are we that you are.
- Posthumus Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept methought  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle backed,  
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred. When I waked I found  
This label on my bosom, whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness that I can  
Make no collection of it. Let him show  
His skill in the construction.
- Lucius Philarmonus!
- Soothsayer Here, my good lord.
- Lucius Read, and declare the meaning.
- Soothsayer [Reads] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find,  
and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall  
be lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed  
to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain  
be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty."  
  
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.  
[To CYMBELINE]  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
Which we call `mollis aer', and `mollis aer'  
We term it `mulier'; which `mulier' I divine  
Is this most constant wife, who even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about  
With this most tender air.
- Cymbeline This hath some seeming.
- Soothsayer The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point  
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,  
For many years thought dead, are now revived,  
To the most majestic cedar joined, whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
- Cymbeline Well,  
My peace we will begin; and, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar  
And to the Roman empire, promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen,  
Whom heavens in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.
- Soothsayer The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke  
Of yet this scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplished. For the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessened herself, and in the beams o'th' sun  
So vanished; which foreshowed our princely eagle,  
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

CYMBELINE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cymbeline

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

**Exeunt**

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