

# Cymbeline

## Act 1, scene 1.      Outside Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter Second Gentleman, DR with suitcase*

*Enter, shouting angrily Cloten, Cymbeline (pushed in wheelchair by attendant), Queen, Imogen, exeunt; enter First Gentleman, re-enter Cymbeline (pushed in wheelchair by attendant), Queen, Imogen, Cloten, Posthumus- freeze.*

### First Gentleman

You do not meet a man but frowns!

### Second Gentleman

What's the matter?

### First Gentleman *indicating to frozen characters*

Cymbeline's daughter Imogen, heir of's kingdom, whom

He promised to Cloten , his wife's sole son --a widow      *indicates to each as named*

That late he married--hath referr'd herself

Unto this poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all

Is outward sorrow;      *Exeunt Cymbeline, attendant, Queen*

### Second Gentleman

And why so?

### First Gentleman *indicating to Cloten*

He that hath missed the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—*indicating to Posthumus*

I mean, that married her, I do not think    *Imogen embraces Posthumus*

So fair an outward and such stuff within

Endows a man but he.

### Second Gentleman

What's his name and birth?

### First Gentleman

The father of this man

Was call'd Sicilius Leonatus; and his gentle lady,  
deceased as he was born. The king he takes the babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of; which he took,

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd.

### Second Gentleman *exeunt Posthumus, Cloten*

I honour him. But, pray you, tell me,

Is she sole child to the king?

### First Gentleman

His only child. *Exit Imogen*

He had two sons: the eldest of them at three years old,

I' the swaddling-clothes the other, from their nursery

*mimed by Bellarius in silhouette?*

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

1.1

**Second Gentleman**

How long is this ago?

**First Gentleman**

Some twenty years or more...

We must forbear: here comes Posthumus,  
The queen, and princess Imogen.

*Exeunt*

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN*

**QUEEN**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**QUEEN**

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

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

O dissembling courtesy! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath - you must  
Be gone!

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

My queen! my mistress!  
O Imogen, weep no more; I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at the house of one Caius Lucius,  
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**

1.1

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.

*Calls to Attendant, confers; attendant exits, Queen exits.*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**IMOGEN**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

How, how! another?  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have!

*Putting on the ring*

Remain, remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on. For my sake wear this:  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

*Putting a bracelet upon her arm*

**IMOGEN**

O the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE [pushed in wheelchair by attendant, with Cornelius]*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Alack, the king!

**CYMBELINE**

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

1.1

The gods protect you, Cymbeline!  
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IMOGEN**

I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation.  
I am senseless of your wrath.

**CYMBELINE**

Past grace? obedience?

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

That mightst have had Cloten, the sole son of my queen!

**IMOGEN**

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.

**IMOGEN**

No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

**CYMBELINE**

O thou vile one!

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

What, art thou mad?

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

Thou foolish thing!

*Re-enter QUEEN*

1.1

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

**QUEEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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

*Exit CYMBELINE, Cornelius, attendant*

**QUEEN**

Fie! You must give way.

*Enter PISANIO*

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

**PISANIO**

My lord Cloten, your son, drew on my master.

**QUEEN**

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

**PISANIO**

There might have been,  
But that my master Posthumus rather play'd than fought:  
They were parted by gentlemen at hand.

**QUEEN**

I am very glad on't.

**IMOGEN**

Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

Why came you from your master?

**PISANIO**

On his command: he would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven.

**QUEEN**

Pray, walk awhile.

**IMOGEN**

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

*Exeunt*

## Scene 2. The same. A public place.

1.2/1.3

*Enter CLOTEM and two gentlemen*

### First Gentleman

Lord Clotten, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.

### CLOTEM

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

### Second Gentleman

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

### CLOTEM

The villain would not fight me!

I would they had not come between us.

### Second Gentleman

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

### CLOTEM

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

### First Gentleman

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together.

### CLOTEM

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

### Second Gentleman

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

### CLOTEM

You'll go with us?

### First Gentleman

I'll attend your lordship.

### CLOTEM

Nay, come, let's go together.

### Second Gentleman

Well, my lord.

*Exeunt*

## Scene 3. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO*

### IMOGEN

What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

### PISANIO

It was his queen, his queen!

### IMOGEN

Then waved his handkerchief?

### PISANIO

And kiss'd it, madam.

**IMOGEN**

1.3/1.4

Senseless linen! happier therein than I!  
And that was all?

**PISANIO**

No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving.

**IMOGEN**

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but  
To look upon him...But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

**PISANIO**

Be assured, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Enter a Lady [Helen]*

**Lady**

The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

**IMOGEN**

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

**PISANIO**

Madam, I shall.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 4. Rome. Caius Lucius's house.**

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman*

**IACHIMO**

Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was  
then of a crescent note, expected to prove most worthy.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Iachimo! You speak of him when he was less furnished than now.

**Frenchman**

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

**IACHIMO to Caius Lucius**

But how comes it he is to sojourn with you?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

His father and I served Rome together.  
Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained  
amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your  
knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

I beseech you all, be better known to this  
gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend  
of mine.

1.4

**Frenchman**

Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**Frenchman**

Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller;  
and my quarrel was not altogether slight.

**Frenchman**

'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords!

**IACHIMO**

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

**Frenchman**

Safely, I think: It was much like an argument that fell out last  
night, where each of us fell in praise of our  
country's mistresses; this gentleman at that time  
vouching 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 is by this time worn out.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

**IACHIMO**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I would abate her nothing.

**IACHIMO**

That diamond of yours outlustres  
many I have beheld... but I have not seen the most  
precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

**IACHIMO**

What do you esteem it at?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

More than the world enjoys.

**IACHIMO**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

1.4

Which the gods have given you?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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 -a cunning thief would hazard  
the winning both of first and last.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier  
to convince the honour of my mistress. I do  
nothing doubt you have store of thieves;  
notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Let us leave here, gentlemen.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Sir, with all my heart.

**IACHIMO**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

No, no.

**IACHIMO**

I dare thereupon pawn half of my estate to  
your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it  
something: but I make my wager against any  
lady in the world.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

You are a great deal abused in too bold a  
persuasion.

**IACHIMO**

What's that?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly;  
I pray you, be better acquainted.

**IACHIMO**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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  
conference, and I will bring from thence  
that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

**IACHIMO**

1.4

You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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 LEONATUS**

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.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

I will not have it so.

**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 LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

Your hand; a covenant; 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 LEONATUS**

Agreed.

*Exeunt POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and IACHIMO*

**Frenchman**

Will this hold, think you?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em.

*Exeunt*

*Enter QUEEN, Lady, attendant and CORNELIUS*

**QUEEN**

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

**Attendant**

I, madam.

**QUEEN**

Dispatch.

*Exeunt Lady, attendant*

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 those most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But though slow, deadly?

**QUEEN**

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

**CORNELIUS**

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

**QUEEN**

O, content thee.

*Enter PISANIO*

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

[To PISANIO] Hark thee, a word.

**CORNELIUS**

1.5

[Aside] I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.  
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 damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on  
cats and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

**QUEEN**

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

**CORNELIUS**

I humbly take my leave.

*Exit*

**QUEEN**

Weeps she still, say'st thou? 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.

*The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up*

*[To Pisano]* Take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it.  
Tell thy mistress how the case stands with her;  
Do't as from thyself. I'll move the king  
To load thy merit richly. Think on my words.

*[Aside]* A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shaked; I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of servants, and which she after, except she bend  
Her humour, shall be assured to taste of too.

*Re-enter Lady, attendant*

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

1.5/ 1.6

*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. The same. Another room in the palace.**

*Enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

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

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO*

**PISANIO**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

*Presents a letter*

**IMOGEN**

Thanks, good sir:  
You're kindly welcome.

**IACHIMO**

*[Aside]* All of her that is out of door most rich!  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
I have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!

**IMOGEN**

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

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you.

1.6

**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  
Fair and foul?

**IMOGEN**

What makes your admiration?

**IACHIMO**

It cannot be i' the eye, nor i' the judgment,  
Nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttish to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allured to feed.

**IMOGEN**

What is the matter, sir?

**IACHIMO**

The cloyed will, that tub both fill'd and running,  
Ravishing first the lamb longs after for the garbage.

**IMOGEN**

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

**IACHIMO**

Thanks, madam; well.

*To PISANIO*

Beseech you, sir, desire my man's abode –  
He is strange and peevish.

**PISANIO**

I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

**IACHIMO**

Well, madam.

**IMOGEN**

Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

**IACHIMO**

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

**IMOGEN**

When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness...

**IACHIMO**

I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces thick sighs

Whiles the jolly Briton--Your lord, I mean--  
Laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O, can my sides hold,  
To think that man will his free hours give up  
For such strange bondage?'

1.6

**IMOGEN**

Will my lord say so?

**IACHIMO**

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.  
But, heavens know, some men are much to blame.

**IMOGEN**

Not he, I hope.

**IACHIMO**

Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might  
Be used more thankfully.

**IMOGEN**

What do you pity, sir?

**IACHIMO**

Two creatures heartily.

**IMOGEN**

Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity?

**IACHIMO**

Lamentable! What,  
To solace i' the dungeon by a snuff?

**IMOGEN**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

**IMOGEN**

You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you  
Discover to me what both you spur and stop.

**IACHIMO**

Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon, should I, damn'd then,  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol? Join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood? It were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

**IMOGEN**

My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

**IACHIMO**

And himself.

**IMOGEN**

1.6

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, to be partner'd with diseased ventures  
Which rottenness can lend nature! Be revenged;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

**IMOGEN**

Revenged!

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

**IACHIMO**

Should he make you  
Live pure and chaste, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

**IMOGEN**

What, ho, Pisanio!

**IACHIMO**

Let me my service tender on your lips.

**IMOGEN**

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st. 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 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! Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever  
Country call'd his! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted.

**IMOGEN**

You make amends.

**IACHIMO**

Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
To try you with a false report; the love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

1.6

**IMOGEN**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Pray, what is't?

**IACHIMO**

Some dozen Romans of us and your lord  
Have mingled sums to buy a present for the emperor:  
'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something cautious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you  
To take them in protection?

**IMOGEN**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

**IMOGEN**

O, no, no.

**IACHIMO**

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

**IMOGEN**

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

**IACHIMO**

O, I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.

**IMOGEN**

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

*Exeunt*

*Enter CLOTEM and two gentlemen*

**CLOTEM**

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.

**First Gentleman**

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

**CLOTEM**

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

**Second Gentleman**

No my lord;

**CLOTEM**

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

**Second Lord**

[Aside] You are cock and capon too.

**CLOTEM**

Sayest thou?

**Second Gentleman**

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

**CLOTEM**

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

**First Gentleman**

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

**CLOTEM**

A stranger, and I not know on't!

**First Gentleman**

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

**CLOTEM**

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

**First Gentleman**

One of your lordship's pages.

**CLOTEM**

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

**Second Gentleman**

You cannot derogate, my lord.

2.1/2.2

**CLOTEN**

Not easily, I think.

**CLOTEN**

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

**Second, First Gentleman**

I'll attend your lordship.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 2. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace:**

*A trunk in one corner of it.*

*IMOGEN in bed, reading; a Lady attending*

**IMOGEN**

Who's there? my woman Helen?

**Lady**

Please you, madam

**IMOGEN**

What hour is it?

**Lady**

Almost midnight, madam.

**IMOGEN**

I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

Sleep hath seized me wholly

*Exit Lady*

To your protection I commend me, gods.

*Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk*

**IACHIMO**

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Fresh lily,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd!

'Tis her breathing that perfumes the chamber thus:

The flame o' the taper bows toward her.

But my design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:

Such and such pictures; there the window; such

The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures...

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
*Taking off her bracelet*  
Come off, come off:  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory?  
I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night; I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

2.2 / 2.3

*Clock strikes*

One, two, three: time, time!

*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes*

### Scene 3

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

*Enter CLOTEN and First gentlemen*

**CLOTEN**

It's almost morning, is't not?

**First gentleman**

Day, my lord.

**CLOTEN**

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

*Shouts up to box*

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.

*[SONG – or suitable recorded music with Cloten miming to it*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise.]

**CLOTEN**

2.3

[to box] So, have done! 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 can never amend.

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.

*Enter CYMBELINE, pushed by attendant, and QUEEN*

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 music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**QUEEN**

Frame yourself  
To orderly soliciting, 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.

**CLOTEN**

Senseless: not so!

**CYMBELINE**

Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen and us.

*Exeunt all but CLOTEN*

**CLOTEN**

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream.

*Knocks*

By your leave, ho!  
I Know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance –

*Knocks*

By your leave.

*Enter a Lady*

Your lady's person: is she ready?

**Lady**

2.3

Ay, to keep to her chamber.

**CLOTEN**

There is gold for you.

**Lady**

How! For my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?...The princess!

*Enter IMOGEN*

**CLOTEN**

Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

*Exit Lady*

**IMOGEN**

Good morrow, sir. I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them.

**CLOTEN**

Still, I swear I love you.

**IMOGEN**

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

**CLOTEN**

This is no answer.

**IMOGEN**

But that you shall not say I yield being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me.

**CLOTEN**

I will not.

**IMOGEN**

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,  
I care not for you, 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,  
it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties--  
Yet who than he more mean?--to knit their souls,  
in self-figured knot;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave.

**IMOGEN**

Profane fellow

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom!

**CLOTEN**

2.3/ 2.4

The south-fog rot him!

**IMOGEN**

He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
How now, Pisanio!

**CLOTEN**

'His garment!' Now the devil—

You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

**IMOGEN**

Ay, I said so, sir.

**CLOTEN**

I will inform your father.

**IMOGEN**

Your mother too.

**CLOTEN**

I'll be revenged:

'His meanest garment!' Well. *Exit*

*Enter Pisano*

**IMOGEN**

To Helen my woman hie thee presently--  
I am sprited with a fool.  
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman  
Search for a jewel that too casually  
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: I do think  
I saw't this morning: confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.

**PISANIO**

Twill not be lost.

**IMOGEN**

I hope so: go and search.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter Caius Lucius, Iachimo and Frenchman*

**IACHIMO**

I think the British King will grant the tribute, send the arrearages.

**Frenchman**

I am no statesman but I do believe that this will prove a war.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, with an open letter*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

**IACHIMO**

2.4

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which  
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

The stone's too hard to come by.

**IACHIMO**

Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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.

Proceed.

**IACHIMO**

First, her bedchamber,--  
Where, I confess, I slept not, --it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver...

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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 LEONATUS**

So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

**IACHIMO**

The chimney  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing...

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

This is a thing much spoke of.

**IACHIMO**

The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons--  
I had forgot them--were two winking Cupids  
Of silver...

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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.

*Showing the bracelet*

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

She writes so to you, doth she?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

*Gives the ring*

It kills me to look on't.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

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 LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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!

**Frenchman**

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believed  
Of one persuaded well of--

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

2.4

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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 LEONATUS**

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

**IACHIMO**

I'll be sworn--

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee.

**IACHIMO**

I'll deny nothing.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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*

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

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*

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Is there no way for men to be but women  
 Must be half-workers? O, vengeance, vengeance!  
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
 A pudency so rosy that I thought her  
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--wast not?--  
 Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,  
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
 Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition.  
 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,  
 Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
 For even to vice  
 They are not constant but are changing still.  
 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 cut completely)**

**Scene 2. Another room in the palace.**

*Enter PISANIO, with a letter*

**PISANIO**

How? of adultery? What false Italian,  
 As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No!  
 O my master! How! that I should murder her?  
 I, her? her blood?  
 If it be so to do good service, never  
 Let me be counted serviceable.

*Reading*

'Do't: the letter  
 that I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Lo, here she comes.

3.2

*Enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

How now, Pisanio!

**PISANIO**

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

**IMOGEN**

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

Good wax, thy leave. Blest be

You bees that make these locks of counsel!

Good news, gods!

*Reads*

'You, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me  
with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria,  
at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of  
this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and

    Your, increasing in love,

    LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,--

Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,--

let me bate,-but not like me--yet long'st,

But in a fainter kind:--O, not like me;

For mine's beyond beyond--say, and speak thick;

how far it is

To this same blessed Milford: and by the way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as

To inherit such a haven: but first of all,

How we may steal from hence: 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:

*Aside*

and too much too.

**IMOGEN**

Why, one that rode to's execution, man,

Could never go so slow:

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 homespun housewife.

**PISANIO**

Madam, you're best consider.

Away, I prithee;  
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 3. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.**

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

**BELARIUS**

A goodly day not to keep house! Stoop, boys; this gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you  
To a morning's holy office. Hail, thou fair heaven!

**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. This life  
Is nobler than attending for a cheque,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

**GUIDERIUS**

Haply this life is best,  
If quiet life be best: but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance.

**ARVIRAGUS**

What should we speak of  
When we are old as you? We have seen nothing;  
We are beastly.

**BELARIUS**

How you speak! --O boys, this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd  
With Roman swords; Cymbeline loved me  
And my report was once first with the best of note:  
But then, in one night, false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, 'twas sworn to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so  
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;  
Where I have lived at honest freedom.  
But up to the mountains!  
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
I'll meet you in the valleys.

*GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS freeze*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they are mine. This Polydore,  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,--Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech.

*Unfreeze. Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, hunting horn*

Hark, the game is roused!

O Cymbeline!

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for  
 their mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

*Horn sounds*

*Exit*

#### Scene 4. Country near Milford-Haven.

*Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place  
 Was near at hand: Pisanio! man!  
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender? My husband's hand!

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

[Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me. 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 to me disloyal.'

**PISANIO**

What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper  
Hath cut her throat already. What cheer, madam?

3.4

**IMOGEN**

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? That's false to's bed,  
Is it?

**PISANIO**

Alas, good lady!

**IMOGEN**

I false! Some jay of Italy hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
I must be ripp'd:--to pieces with me!--O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors!

**PISANIO**

Good madam, hear me.

**IMOGEN**

Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.  
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
What is here? *[Brings out letter]*  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! Prithee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Do't, and to bed then.

**PISANIO**

I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

**IMOGEN**

3.4

Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The court perturb'd, for my being absent?

**PISANIO**

But to win time  
To lose so bad employment. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

**IMOGEN**

Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound.  
But speak.

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

**PISANIO**

Not so, neither:  
It cannot be but that my master is abused:

**IMOGEN**

Some Roman courtezan.

**PISANIO**

No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so.

**IMOGEN**

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

**PISANIO**

If you'll back to the court--

**IMOGEN**

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

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they only in Britain? I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as *of* it, but not *in* it;  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

3.4

**PISANIO**

I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view.

**IMOGEN**

O, for such means!

**PISANIO**

Well, then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience: or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self into a waggish courage:  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and  
As quarreloous as the weasel.

**IMOGEN**

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

**PISANIO**

First, make yourself but like one.  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit--  
'Tis in my cloak-bag--doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service.

**IMOGEN**

Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; this attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

**PISANIO**

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

**IMOGEN**

Amen: I thank thee.

*Exeunt, severally*

*Enter CYMBELINE pushed in chair by attendant, QUEEN, Helen, first gentleman CLOTEN, CAIUS LUCIUS, Roman captain*

**CYMBELINE**

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

**QUEEN**

A kind of conquest  
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame'; with shame--  
That first that ever touch'd him--he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--  
Poor ignorant baubles!-- upon our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof -

**CLOTEN**

Britain is a world by itself; and we  
Will nothing pay for wearing our own noses!

**CYMBELINE**

Son, let your mother end.

**QUEEN**

The famed Cassibelan -

**CLOTEN**

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.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

So, sir:

*[To Cymbeline]* I desire of you  
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

**QUEEN**

And you!

**CYMBELINE**

So farewell, noble Lucius.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Your hand, my lord.

**CLOTEN**

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

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

*Exeunt LUCIUS*

**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.

**QUEEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: Call her before us.

*Exit Helen*

**QUEEN**

Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been. 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 Helen*

**CYMBELINE**

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

**Helen**

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

**QUEEN**

My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity -

**CYMBELINE**

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

*Exit, pushed by Attendant*

**QUEEN**

Son, I say, follow the king.

**CLOTEN**

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

**QUEEN**

Go, look after.

*Exit CLOTEN*

Pisanio hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,  
Or she's flown to her desired Posthumus:  
Gone she is to death or to dishonour;  
And my end can make good use of either:  
She being down, I have the placing of  
The British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN*

How now, my son!

**CLOTEN**

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

**QUEEN**

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

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal, but  
Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment  
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be revenged upon her. For when fools shall--

*Enter PISANIO*

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?

3.5

**PISANIO**

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

**CLOTEM**

Where is she, sir? No further halting:  
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*

**CLOTEM**

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

**PISANIO**

[Aside] What he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

**CLOTEM**

Hum!

**PISANIO**

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

**CLOTEM**

Sirrah, is this letter true?

**PISANIO**

Sir, as I think.

**CLOTEM**

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,  
what villany soe'er I bid thee do, perform it  
directly and truly.

**PISANIO**

Well, my good lord.

**CLOTEM**

Wilt thou serve me?

**PISANIO**

Sir, I will.

**CLOTEM**

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.

**CLOTEM**

The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit  
hither.

**PISANIO**

3.5

I shall, my lord.

*Exit*

**CLOTHEN**

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. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valour (he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended), and when my lust hath dined, --which, as I say, to vexher I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,--to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes*

Be those the garments?

**PISANIO**

Ay, my noble lord.

**CLOTHEN**

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

**PISANIO**

She can scarce be there yet.

**CLOTHEN**

Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a 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!

*Exeunt*

**INTERVAL**

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes*

**IMOGEN**

I see a man's life is a tedious one:  
 I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
 But that my resolution helps me. Two beggars told me  
 I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
 That have afflictions on them? Yes; no wonder,  
 When rich ones scarce tell true. My dear lord!  
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,  
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
 Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
 I were best not to call; I dare not call:  
 yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak.  
 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.

*Exit, to 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. Come; our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely savoury.

**GUIDERIUS**

I am thoroughly weary.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**BELARIUS**

*[Looking into the cave]*

Stay; come not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

**GUIDERIUS**

What's the matter, sir?

**BELARIUS**

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An earthly paragon!

*Re-enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

Money, youth?

**ARVIRAGUS**

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

**IMOGEN**

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

**BELARIUS**

Whither bound?

**IMOGEN**

To Milford-Haven.

**BELARIUS**

What's your name?

**IMOGEN**

---Fidele, sir.

**GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS**

Fidele?

**IMOGEN**

I have a kinsman who  
 Is bound for Italy; he's embark'd at Milford.

**BELARIUS**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

Were you a woman, youth,  
 I should woo hard.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I'll make't my comfort  
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

**IMOGEN**

'Mongst friends, or brothers...

*Aside*

Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons!

3.6

**BELARIUS**

He wrings at some distress.

**GUIDERIUS**

Would I could free it!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Or I, whatever it be.

**BELARIUS**

Hark, boys.

*Whispering*

**IMOGEN**

Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus is false.

**BELARIUS**

It shall be so.

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

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray, draw near.

**IMOGEN**

Thanks, sir.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I pray, draw near.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 1. Wales: near the cave of Belarius.**

*Enter CLOTEN*

**CLOTEN**

I am near to the place where they should meet, if  
Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments  
serve me! Why should his mistress not be fit too?  
I dare speak it to myself--for it  
is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer  
in his own chamber--I mean, the lines of my body are  
as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong,  
not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the  
advantage of the time, above him in birth: 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 commendation. 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. Before the cave of Belarius.**

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

**BELARIUS**

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

**ARVIRAGUS**

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

**IMOGEN**

I am very sick.

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**IMOGEN**

I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me.

**GUIDERIUS**

I love thee as much as I do love my father.

**BELARIUS**

What! how! how!

**ARVIRAGUS**

If it be sin to say so, I love this youth.

**BELARIUS**

[Aside] I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
loved before me?

*To the boys*

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Brother, farewell.

**IMOGEN**

I wish ye sport.

**ARVIRAGUS**

You health.

**IMOGEN**

[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies  
I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:

I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Swallows some*

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll not be long away.

**BELARIUS**

Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

**IMOGEN**

Well or ill, I am bound to you.

*Exit IMOGEN, to the cave*

**BELARIUS**

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

**ARVIRAGUS**

How angel-like he sings!

**GUIDERIUS**

But his neat cookery! He cut our roots  
In characters.

**BELARIUS**

It is great morning. Come, away!--

Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN*

**CLOTEN**

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

**BELARIUS**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

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

*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

**CLOTEN**

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

**CLOTEN**

*My tailor made them not.*

**GUIDERIUS**

Thou art some fool;  
 I am loath to beat thee.

**CLOTEN**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

What's thy name?

**CLOTEN**

Cloten, thou villain.

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**CLOTEN**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**CLOTEN**

Art not afeard?

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**CLOTEN**

Die the death:

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

*Exeunt, fighting*

*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

**BELARIUS**

No companies abroad?

**ARVIRAGUS**

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

**BELARIUS**

I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath him nothing blurr'd: I am absolute  
Twas very Cloten.

**ARVIRAGUS**

In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head*

**GUIDERIUS**

This Cloten was a fool.

**BELARIUS**

What hast thou done?

**GUIDERIUS**

Cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen.

**BELARIUS**

We are all undone; in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. It is not probable  
To come alone.

**ARVIRAGUS**

My brother hath done well.

**GUIDERIUS**

With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have taken  
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten.

4.2

*Exit*

**BELARIUS**

I fear 'twill be revenged:  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Would I had done't  
So the revenge alone pursued me!

**BELARIUS**

Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day. 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.

*Exit*

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS*

**GUIDERIUS**

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

*Solemn music*

**BELARIUS**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

Is he at home?

**BELARIUS**

He went hence even now.

**GUIDERIUS**

What does he mean? Since death of my dearest mother  
it did not speak before. Is Cadwal mad?

**BELARIUS**

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

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, apparently dead*

**ARVIRAGUS**

The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
Than have seen this.

**GUIDERIUS**

O sweetest, fairest lily!

**BELARIUS**

How found you him?

**ARVIRAGUS**

Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, his right cheek reposing on a cushion.

**GUIDERIUS**

Where?

**ARVIRAGUS**

O' the floor; I thought he slept, and put  
My brogues from off my feet.

**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.

**GUIDERIUS**

Prithee, have done; let us bury him.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Say, where shall us lay him?

**GUIDERIUS**

By our good mother.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother; use like note and words.

**[GUIDERIUS**

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

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll speak it, then.] *Depends whether can sing it*

**BELARIUS**

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. 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.

*Exit Belarius*

**SONG**

*This may be recorded or sung by the company...*

**GUIDERIUS**

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

4.2

**ARVIRAGUS**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear no more the lightning flash,

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear not slander, censure rash;

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

**GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS**

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

**GUIDERIUS**

No exorciser harm thee!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

**GUIDERIUS**

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nothing ill come near thee!

**GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS**

Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the headless body of CLOTEN*

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**BELARIUS**

Here's flowers which we upon you strew.

The ground that gave them first has them again:

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

**IMOGEN**

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

I thank you.--By yond bush?--Pray, how far thither?

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!

4.2

*Seeing the body of CLOTEM*

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. Good faith,  
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;  
But his Jovial face --Murder in heaven?  
--How!--'Tis gone.  
Pisanio, all curses be on thee!  
Thou, conspired with that devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord. Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,--damn'd Pisanio--  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
where's that?  
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left his head on. How should this be? Pisanio?  
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrider may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Falls on the body*

*Enter LUCIUS, Roman Captain and a Soothsayer*

**Captain**

The legions garrison'd in Gailia  
Are in readiness and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

When expect you them?

**Captain**

With the next benefit o' the wind.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.

*To soothsayer:*

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

4.2

**Soothsayer**

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision--  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, which portends  
Success to the Roman host.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Dream often so,  
And never false. *[Gives money to Soothsayer. Soothsayer exits]*  
Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? How! a page!  
Or dead, or sleeping on him?  
Let's see the boy's face.

**Captain**

He's alive, my lord.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes: What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

**IMOGEN**

I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!  
There is no more such masters.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

'Lack, good youth! Say his name, good friend.

**IMOGEN**

Richard du Champ.

*Aside*

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

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thy name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith: go with me.

**IMOGEN**

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

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 pickaxes  
A grave: be cheerful; wipe thine eyes -  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

4.2/ 4.3/ 4.4

*Exeunt*

### **Scene 3. A room in Cymbeline's palace.**

*Enter CYMBELINE, pushed by attendant, PISANIO*

**CYMBELINE**

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

**PISANIO**

Beseech your highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

*Enter First Gentleman*

**First Gentleman**

So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions are landed on your coast.

**CYMBELINE**

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

*Exeunt, Cymbeline pushed by First Gentleman*

### **Scene 4. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.**

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

**BELARIUS**

Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
I am known of many in the army: the king  
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves.

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known.

**ARVIRAGUS**

By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: I am ashamed to remain  
So long a poor unknown.

**GUIDERIUS**

4.4/ 5.1

By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care.

**ARVIRAGUS**

So say I; amen.

**BELARIUS**

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, and rucksack with British soldier's uniform in it.*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves  
For wryng but a little! O Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands:  
Gods, Imogen is your own: I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds [*doing so*] and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

*Exit*

## Scene 2. Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

5.2/ 5.3

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

### **IACHIMO**

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeebles me.

*Exit*

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

### **BELARIUS**

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;  
The lane is guarded!

### **GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS**

Stand, stand, and fight!

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

### **CAIUS LUCIUS**

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

### **IACHIMO**

Tis their fresh supplies.

### **CAIUS LUCIUS**

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

*Exeunt*

## Scene 3. Another part of the field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and Soothsayer*

### **Soothsayer**

Camest thou from where they made the stand?

### **POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I did.

### **Soothsayer**

Where was this lane?

### **POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
He, with two stripling-lads, these three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many,

Cried to those that fled - with one word 'Stand, stand,'  
Accommodated by the place, then began  
A rout, confusion thick; ten, chased by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty.

5.3/ 5.4

**Soothsayer**

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

*Exit Soothsayer*

*Posthumus puts back on his Italian costume*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan.  
Well, I will find him - I have resumed again  
The part I came in: fight I will no more;  
Great the slaughter is here made by the Romans;  
Great be the answer Britons must take.  
For me, my ransom's death;

*Enter British Captains*

**First Captain**

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

**Second Captain**

There was a fourth man, in a ragged habit,  
That gave the affront with them.

**First Captain**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

A Roman.

**Second Captain**

Lay hands on him; a dog!  
He brags his service as if he were of note:  
Bring him to the king.

**SCENE 4. A British prison.**

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and two captains who leave him chained.*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Most welcome, bondage! My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists: Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves.  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence.

*Sleeps*

5.4 / 5.5

*Solemn music.*

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle (or voice only): thunder and lightning*

**Jupiter** [amplified]

Whom best I love I cross; Be content;  
This low-laid man our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
*A book descends!*  
This tablet laid upon his breast, wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:

**Posthumus Leonatus**

[Waking] What fairies haunt this ground? A book? A rare one!

*Reads*

'When as a lion's whelp shall be embraced by a piece of  
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be  
lopped branches, which, being dead many years,  
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and  
freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,  
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not.

*Re-enter First Captain*

**First Captain**

Come, sir, are you ready for death?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

**First Captain**

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

*Enter Second Captain*

**Second Captain**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

*Exeunt*

*Enter CYMBELINE with walking stick only, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO*

**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  
Cannot be found.

**BELARIUS**

I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

**CYMBELINE**

No tidings of him?

**PISANIO**

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

**CYMBELINE**

His reward [To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS]  
I will add to you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,  
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

**BELARIUS**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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

*Enter attendant and Lady*

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

**Attendant**

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

**CYMBELINE**

How ended she?

**Attendant**

With horror, madly dying, like her life.  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed  
we will report, so please you,  
Who with wet cheeks were present when she finished.

**CYMBELINE**

5.5

Prithee, say.

**Lady**

First, she confess'd she never loved you, only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you.

**Attendant**

Married your royalty, was wife to your *place*;  
Abhorred your person.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**Lady**

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  
Taken off by poison.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**Attendant**

More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had  
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,  
By watching, weeping, kissing, to  
Overcome you with her show, and in time,  
To work her son into the adoption of the crown:

**Lady**

But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
She grew shameless - opened her purposes;  
Repented the evils that she had hatched were not effected;  
And so, despairing, died.

**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, Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, guarded by captains; POSTHUMUS LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute that  
The Britons have razed out.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
This one thing only  
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
Sofeat, so nurse-like.  
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

5.5

**CYMBELINE**

I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own. Never thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest taken.

**IMOGEN**

I humbly thank your highness.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

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

**IMOGEN**

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

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

The boy despairs me, Why stands he so perplex'd?

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

Wherefore eyest him so?

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

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

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart*

**BELARIUS**

Is not this boy revived from death?

**ARVIRAGUS**

One sand another

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

**GUIDERIUS**

The same dead thing alive.

**BELARIUS**

Be silent; let's see further.

**PISANIO**

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

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward*

**CYMBELINE**

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

*To IACHIMO*

Sir, step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely.

**IMOGEN**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

[Aside] What's that to him?

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IACHIMO**

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

**CYMBELINE**

How! me?

**IACHIMO**

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; 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,--  
Give me leave; I faint.

**CYMBELINE**

5.5

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,-- the good Posthumus--  
What should I say? He was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all --  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for ...

**CYMBELINE**

I stand on fire:  
Come to the matter.

**IACHIMO**

Your daughter's chastity--there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
To attain the place of's bed and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. My practice so prevail'd,  
That I return'd with simular proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon--  
Methinks, I see him now--

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool!  
O, give me cord, or knife, or poison!  
Thou, king, send out for torturers ingenious:  
I am Posthumus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:--villain-like, I lie--  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

**IMOGEN**

Peace, my lord; hear, hear--

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

*Striking her: she falls*

**PISANIO**

5.5

O, gentlemen, help!  
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  
You never killed Imogen till now. Help, help!  
Mine honoured lady!

**CYMBELINE**

Does the world go round?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

How come these staggers on me?

**PISANIO**

Wake, my mistress!

**CYMBELINE**

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

**PISANIO**

How fares thy mistress?

**IMOGEN**

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

**CYMBELINE**

The tune of Imogen!

**PISANIO**

Lady,

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

**CYMBELINE**

New matter still?

**IMOGEN**

It poison'd me.

**Lady**

O gods!

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

**CYMBELINE**

What's this you say?

**Attendant**

The queen, sir, oft importuned the doctor  
To temper poisons for her.  
He, dreading that her purpose  
Was of great danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being taken, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you taken of it?

**IMOGEN**

Most like I did, for I was dead.

**BELARIUS**

5.5

My boys,  
There was our error.

**GUIDERIUS**

This is, sure, Fidele.

**IMOGEN**

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

*Embracing him*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**CYMBELINE**

How now, my flesh, my child!  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

**IMOGEN**

[Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

**BELARIUS**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IMOGEN**

I am sorry for't, my lord.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**PISANIO**

My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Came to me with his sword drawn 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  
My lady's honour: what became of him further  
I know not.

**GUIDERIUS**

Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

**CYMBELINE**

5.5

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

**GUIDERIUS**

I have spoke it, and I did it.

**CYMBELINE**

He was a prince.

**GUIDERIUS**

A most uncivil one: I cut off his head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**IMOGEN**

That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

**CYMBELINE**

Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

**BELARIUS**

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

**CYMBELINE**

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.  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**BELARIUS *kneeling***

I, old Morgan, am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
These gentle princes--  
For such and so they are--these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: but, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world  
For they are worthy to inlay heaven with stars.

5.5

**CYMBELINE**

Thou weep'st... I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons. O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

**IMOGEN**

No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? You call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

**CYMBELINE**

Did you e'er meet?

**ARVIRAGUS**

Ay, my good lord.

**GUIDERIUS**

And loved him; continued so, until we thought he died.

**CYMBELINE**

When shall I hear all through? Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

*To BELARIUS*

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

**IMOGEN to Belarius**

You are my father too.

**CYMBELINE**

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

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeming. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might  
Have made you finish.

**IACHIMO**

[Kneeling] I am down again: Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

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

**CYMBELINE**

Nobly doom'd! Pardon's the word to all.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

5.5

Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought  
Great Jupiter appear'd to me; when I waked, I found  
This paper on my bosom; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Read, and declare the meaning.

**Soothsayer**

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall 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,  
who, even now, unknown to you, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

**CYMBELINE**

This hath some seeming.

**Soothsayer**

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

**CYMBELINE**

Well, my peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

**Soothsayer**

The imperial Caesar will again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

**CYMBELINE**

Laud we the gods;  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

*Exeunt*