

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,

mimed by Bellarius in silhouette?

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

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 shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

IMOGEN

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

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 CLOTEN 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.

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

You'll go with us?

First Gentleman

I'll attend your lordship.

CLOTEN

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

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.

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

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

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 unsexed, 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

Scene 5. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

1.5

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

[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 Pisanio] 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.

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,
 Ravening first the lamb longs after for the garbage.

IMOGEN

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

IACHIMO

Thanks, madam; well.

To PISANIO

Beseech you, sir, desire my man's abode –
 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?'

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

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.

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 CLOTEN and two gentlemen

CLOTEN

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

First Gentleman

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

CLOTEN

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

Second Gentleman

No my lord;

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

Sayest thou?

Second Gentleman

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

CLOTEN

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

First Gentleman

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

CLOTEN

A stranger, and I not know on't!

First Gentleman

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

CLOTEN

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

First Gentleman

One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN

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.

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

[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

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

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 Pisanio***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

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.

IACHIMO

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

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

Scene 5.

2.5/ 3.2

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.

IMOGEN

3.2/ 3.3

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?

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

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.

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 quarrelous 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

SCENE 5. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

3.5

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?

PISANIO

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

CLOTEN

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

CLOTEN

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.

CLOTEN

Hum!

PISANIO

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

CLOTEN

Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO

Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN

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

PISANIO

Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN

Wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO

Sir, I will.

CLOTEN

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

PISANIO

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

CLOTEN

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

PISANIO

I shall, my lord.

Exit

CLOTEN

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time--the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. 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.

CLOTEN

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

PISANIO

She can scarce be there yet.

CLOTEN

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

Act 3 scene 6. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

3.6

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!

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 imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my 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.

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!

Seeing the body of CLOTEN

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing. 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

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 wrying 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.

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

Scene 5. Cymbeline's tent.

5.5

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

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,
 So feat, so nurse-like.
 Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

CYMBELINE

I have surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. 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 disdains 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 eyst him so?

IMOGEN

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

CYMBELINE

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

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE

5.5

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'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYMBELINE

How! me?

IACHIMO

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;

Whom thou didst banish; 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

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

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

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

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.

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

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