

---

# CYMBELINE

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

---

# Contents

Front Matter	From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play
ACT 1	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5 Scene 6
ACT 2	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 3	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5 Scene 6 Scene 7
ACT 4	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4
ACT 5	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5

## Scene 3

---

## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

---

# Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

---

# Synopsis

*Cymbeline*, which takes place in ancient Britain, is filled with hidden identities, extraordinary schemes, and violent acts. Long ago, the two sons of King Cymbeline were abducted, leaving Cymbeline with a daughter, Imogen. Cymbeline's stepson, Cloten, is now his heir, and Cymbeline expects Imogen to marry him. She secretly marries Posthumus Leonatus instead.

Banished from court, Posthumus makes a foolish bet on Imogen's chastity, which leads to false evidence that she has betrayed him. He plots to have her killed, and starts by sending her on a journey. Meanwhile, still angry about Imogen's marriage, Cloten plans to find and rape her.

Imogen—now disguised as a boy, "Fidele"—unwittingly encounters her brothers, who have grown up in a mountain cave unaware of their princely origins. The brothers kill Cloten, but Imogen, horrified, believes they have slain Posthumus.

Cymbeline, meanwhile, refuses to pay a tribute to the Romans, who invade Britain. After the Romans are repelled in battle, Cymbeline agrees to the tribute, his sons are restored, and Imogen and Posthumus are reconciled.

---

# Characters in the Play

CYMBELINE, King of Britain

Cymbeline's QUEEN

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by his former queen

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, husband to Imogen

CLOTEN, son to the present queen by a former husband

PISANIO, Posthumus's servant

CORNELIUS, a physician in Cymbeline's court

PHILARIO, Posthumus's host in Rome

IACHIMO, friend to Philario

A FRENCHMAN, friend to Philario

CAIUS LUCIUS, a Roman general

BELARIUS, an exiled nobleman

GUIDERIUS }  
ARVIRAGUS } *sons to Cymbeline by his former queen*

Two LORDS attending Cloten

Two GENGLEMEN of Cymbeline's court

A LADY, Imogen's attendant

A LADY, the Queen's attendant

A Briton LORD

Two Briton CAPTAINS

Two JAILERS

Two MESSENGERS

Two Roman SENATORS

TRIBUNES

Roman CAPTAINS

A SOOTHSAYER

JUPITER

The Ghost of SICILIUS LEONATUS, Posthumus's father

The Ghost of Posthumus's MOTHER

The Ghosts of Posthumus's two BROTHERS

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

---



# ACT 1

---

## Scene 1 *Enter two Gentlemen.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0001     You do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods  
FTLN 0002     No more obey the heavens than our courtiers'  
FTLN 0003     Still seem as does the King's.

FTLN 0004     SECOND GENTLEMAN                     But what's the matter?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0005     His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom                     5  
FTLN 0006     He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow  
FTLN 0007     That late he married—hath referred herself  
FTLN 0008     Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,  
FTLN 0009     Her husband banished, she imprisoned. All  
FTLN 0010     Is outward sorrow, though I think the King                     10  
FTLN 0011     Be touched at very heart.

FTLN 0012     SECOND GENTLEMAN                     None but the King?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0013     He that hath lost her, too. So is the Queen,  
FTLN 0014     That most desired the match. But not a courtier,  
FTLN 0015     Although they wear their faces to the bent                     15  
FTLN 0016     Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not  
FTLN 0017     Glad at the thing they scowl at.

FTLN 0018     SECOND GENTLEMAN                     And why so?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0019     He that hath missed the Princess is a thing  
FTLN 0020     Too bad for bad report, and he that hath her—                     20

---

FTLN 0021	I mean, that married her, alack, good man!	
FTLN 0022	And therefore banished—is a creature such	
FTLN 0023	As, to seek through the regions of the Earth	
FTLN 0024	For one his like, there would be something failing	
FTLN 0025	In him that should compare. I do not think	25
FTLN 0026	So fair an outward and such stuff within	
FTLN 0027	Endows a man but he.	
FTLN 0028	SECOND GENTLEMAN        You speak him far.	
	FIRST GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 0029	I do extend him, sir, within himself,	
FTLN 0030	Crush him together rather than unfold	30
FTLN 0031	His measure duly.	
FTLN 0032	SECOND GENTLEMAN        What's his name and birth?	
	FIRST GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 0033	I cannot delve him to the root. His father	
FTLN 0034	Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor	
FTLN 0035	Against the Romans with Cassibelan,	35
FTLN 0036	But had his titles by Tenantius, whom	
FTLN 0037	He served with glory and admired success,	
FTLN 0038	So gained the sur-addition Leonatus;	
FTLN 0039	And had, besides this gentleman in question,	
FTLN 0040	Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' time	40
FTLN 0041	Died with their swords in hand. For which their	
FTLN 0042	father,	
FTLN 0043	Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow	
FTLN 0044	That he quit being; and his gentle lady,	
FTLN 0045	Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased	45
FTLN 0046	As he was born. The King he takes the babe	
FTLN 0047	To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,	
FTLN 0048	Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber,	
FTLN 0049	Puts to him all the learnings that his time	
FTLN 0050	Could make him the receiver of, which he took	50
FTLN 0051	As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,	
FTLN 0052	And in 's spring became a harvest; lived in court—	
FTLN 0053	Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,	
FTLN 0054	A sample to the youngest, to th' more mature	

---

FTLN 0055      A glass that feated them, and to the graver      55  
 FTLN 0056      A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,  
 FTLN 0057      For whom he now is banished, her own price  
 FTLN 0058      Proclaims how she esteemed him; and his virtue  
 FTLN 0059      By her election may be truly read  
 FTLN 0060      What kind of man he is.      60  
 FTLN 0061      SECOND GENTLEMAN      I honor him  
 FTLN 0062      Even out of your report. But pray you tell me,  
 FTLN 0063      Is she sole child to th' King?  
 FTLN 0064      FIRST GENTLEMAN      His only child.  
 FTLN 0065      He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,      65  
 FTLN 0066      Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,  
 FTLN 0067      I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
 FTLN 0068      Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
 FTLN 0069      Which way they went.  
 FTLN 0070      SECOND GENTLEMAN      How long is this ago?      70  
 FTLN 0071      FIRST GENTLEMAN      Some twenty years.  
 FTLN 0072      SECOND GENTLEMAN  
 FTLN 0073      That a king's children should be so conveyed,  
 FTLN 0074      So slackly guarded, and the search so slow  
 FTLN 0075      That could not trace them!      75  
 FTLN 0076      FIRST GENTLEMAN      Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
 FTLN 0077      Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,  
 FTLN 0078      Yet is it true, sir.  
 FTLN 0079      SECOND GENTLEMAN      I do well believe you.  
 FTLN 0080      FIRST GENTLEMAN  
 FTLN 0081      We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,  
 FTLN 0082      The Queen and Princess.      80

*They exit.*

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

QUEEN

FTLN 0081      No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,  
 FTLN 0082      After the slander of most stepmothers,  
 FTLN 0083      Evil-eyed unto you. You're my prisoner, but  
 FTLN 0084      Your jailer shall deliver you the keys

---

FTLN 0085	That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,	85
FTLN 0086	So soon as I can win th' offended king,	
FTLN 0087	I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet	
FTLN 0088	The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good	
FTLN 0089	You leaned unto his sentence with what patience	
FTLN 0090	Your wisdom may inform you.	90
FTLN 0091	POSTHUMUS                                      Please your Highness,	
FTLN 0092	I will from hence today.	
FTLN 0093	QUEEN    You know the peril.	
FTLN 0094	I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying	
FTLN 0095	The pangs of barred affections, though the King	95
FTLN 0096	Hath charged you should not speak together. <i>She exits.</i>	
FTLN 0097	IMOGEN    O,	
FTLN 0098	Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant	
FTLN 0099	Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,	
FTLN 0100	I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing—	100
FTLN 0101	Always reserved my holy duty—what	
FTLN 0102	His rage can do on me. You must be gone,	
FTLN 0103	And I shall here abide the hourly shot	
FTLN 0104	Of angry eyes, not comforted to live	
FTLN 0105	But that there is this jewel in the world	105
FTLN 0106	That I may see again. <i>She weeps.</i>	
FTLN 0107	POSTHUMUS                                      My queen, my mistress!	
FTLN 0108	O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause	
FTLN 0109	To be suspected of more tenderness	
FTLN 0110	Than doth become a man. I will remain	110
FTLN 0111	The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.	
FTLN 0112	My residence in Rome at one Philario's,	
FTLN 0113	Who to my father was a friend, to me	
FTLN 0114	Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,	
FTLN 0115	And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,	115
FTLN 0116	Though ink be made of gall.	

*Enter Queen.*

FTLN 0117	QUEEN    Be brief, I pray you.
FTLN 0118	If the King come, I shall incur I know not

FTLN 0119	How much of his displeasure. (‘ <i>Aside.</i> ’)	Yet I’ll move	
FTLN 0120	him		120
FTLN 0121	To walk this way. I never do him wrong		
FTLN 0122	But he does buy my injuries, to be friends,		
FTLN 0123	Pays dear for my offenses.	‘ <i>She exits.</i> ’	
FTLN 0124	POSTHUMUS	Should we be taking leave	
FTLN 0125	As long a term as yet we have to live,		125
FTLN 0126	The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu.		
FTLN 0127	IMOGEN	Nay, stay a little!	
FTLN 0128	Were you but riding forth to air yourself,		
FTLN 0129	Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:		
FTLN 0130	This diamond was my mother’s. (‘ <i>She offers a</i>		130
FTLN 0131	<i>ring.</i> ’)	Take it, heart,	
FTLN 0132	But keep it till you woo another wife		
FTLN 0133	When Imogen is dead.		
FTLN 0134	POSTHUMUS	How, how? Another?	
FTLN 0135	You gentle gods, give me but this I have,		135
FTLN 0136	And cere up my embracements from a next		
FTLN 0137	With bonds of death. (‘ <i>He puts the ring on his finger.</i> ’)		
FTLN 0138		Remain, remain thou here,	
FTLN 0139	While sense can keep it on.—And sweetest, fairest,		
FTLN 0140	As I my poor self did exchange for you		140
FTLN 0141	To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles		
FTLN 0142	I still win of you. For my sake, wear this.		
		‘ <i>He offers a bracelet.</i> ’	
FTLN 0143	It is a manacle of love. I’ll place it		
FTLN 0144	Upon this fairest prisoner.	‘ <i>He puts it on her wrist.</i> ’	
FTLN 0145	IMOGEN	O the gods!	145
FTLN 0146	When shall we see again?		
		<i>Enter Cymbeline and Lords.</i>	
FTLN 0147	POSTHUMUS	Alack, the King.	
	CYMBELINE		
FTLN 0148	Thou basest thing, avoid hence, from my sight!		
FTLN 0149	If after this command thou fraught the court		
FTLN 0150	With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!		150
FTLN 0151	Thou ’rt poison to my blood.		

---

FTLN 0152 POSTHUMUS The gods protect you,  
 FTLN 0153 And bless the good remainders of the court.  
 FTLN 0154 I am gone. *He exits.*  
 FTLN 0155 IMOGEN There cannot be a pinch in death 155  
 FTLN 0156 More sharp than this is.  
 FTLN 0157 CYMBELINE O disloyal thing  
 FTLN 0158 That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
 FTLN 0159 A year's age on me.  
 FTLN 0160 IMOGEN I beseech you, sir, 160  
 FTLN 0161 Harm not yourself with your vexation.  
 FTLN 0162 I am senseless of your wrath. A touch more rare  
 FTLN 0163 Subdues all pangs, all fears.  
 FTLN 0164 CYMBELINE Past grace? Obedience?  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0165 Past hope and in despair; that way past grace. 165  
 CYMBELINE  
 FTLN 0166 That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0167 O, blessèd that I might not! I chose an eagle  
 FTLN 0168 And did avoid a puttock.  
 CYMBELINE  
 FTLN 0169 Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne  
 FTLN 0170 A seat for baseness. 170  
 FTLN 0171 IMOGEN No, I rather added  
 FTLN 0172 A luster to it.  
 FTLN 0173 CYMBELINE O thou vile one!  
 FTLN 0174 IMOGEN Sir,  
 FTLN 0175 It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus. 175  
 FTLN 0176 You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
 FTLN 0177 A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
 FTLN 0178 Almost the sum he pays.  
 FTLN 0179 CYMBELINE What, art thou mad?  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0180 Almost, sir. Heaven restore me! Would I were 180  
 FTLN 0181 A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
 FTLN 0182 Our neighbor shepherd's son. *She weeps.*

---

FTLN 0183 CYMBELINE Thou foolish thing!

*Enter Queen.*

FTLN 0184 They were again together. You have done  
 FTLN 0185 Not after our command. Away with her 185  
 FTLN 0186 And pen her up.

FTLN 0187 QUEEN Beseech your patience.—Peace,  
 FTLN 0188 Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,  
 FTLN 0189 Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some  
 FTLN 0190 comfort 190  
 FTLN 0191 Out of your best advice.

FTLN 0192 CYMBELINE Nay, let her languish  
 FTLN 0193 A drop of blood a day, and being aged  
 FTLN 0194 Die of this folly. *He exits, 「with Lords.」*  
 FTLN 0195 QUEEN Fie, you must give way. 195

*Enter Pisanio.*

FTLN 0196 Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?  
 PISANIO

FTLN 0197 My lord your son drew on my master.  
 FTLN 0198 QUEEN Ha?

FTLN 0199 No harm, I trust, is done?  
 FTLN 0200 PISANIO There might have been, 200  
 FTLN 0201 But that my master rather played than fought  
 FTLN 0202 And had no help of anger. They were parted  
 FTLN 0203 By gentlemen at hand.

FTLN 0204 QUEEN I am very glad on 't.  
 IMOGEN

FTLN 0205 Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part 205  
 FTLN 0206 To draw upon an exile. O, brave sir!  
 FTLN 0207 I would they were in Afric both together,  
 FTLN 0208 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
 FTLN 0209 The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

PISANIO  
 FTLN 0210 On his command. He would not suffer me 210  
 FTLN 0211 To bring him to the haven, left these notes

FTLN 0212	Of what commands I should be subject to	
FTLN 0213	When 't pleased you to employ me.	
FTLN 0214	QUEEN, <i>「to Imogen」</i>	This hath been
FTLN 0215	Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honor	215
FTLN 0216	He will remain so.	
FTLN 0217	PISANIO	I humbly thank your Highness.
	QUEEN, <i>「to Imogen」</i>	
FTLN 0218	Pray, walk awhile.	
FTLN 0219	IMOGEN, <i>「to Pisanio」</i>	About some half hour hence,
FTLN 0220	Pray you, speak with me. You shall at least	220
FTLN 0221	Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me.	
		<i>They exit.</i>

## Scene 「2」

*Enter Cloten and two Lords.*

FTLN 0222	FIRST LORD	Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt. The	
FTLN 0223		violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.	
FTLN 0224		Where air comes out, air comes in. There's	
FTLN 0225		none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.	
FTLN 0226	CLOTEN	If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I	5
FTLN 0227		hurt him?	
FTLN 0228	SECOND LORD, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	No, faith, not so much as his	
FTLN 0229		patience.	
FTLN 0230	FIRST LORD	Hurt him? His body's a passable carcass if	
FTLN 0231		he be not hurt. It is a thoroughfare for steel if it be	10
FTLN 0232		not hurt.	
FTLN 0233	SECOND LORD, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	His steel was in debt; it went o'	
FTLN 0234		th' backside the town.	
FTLN 0235	CLOTEN	The villain would not stand me.	
FTLN 0236	SECOND LORD, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	No, but he fled forward still,	15
FTLN 0237		toward your face.	
FTLN 0238	FIRST LORD	Stand you? You have land enough of your	
FTLN 0239		own, but he added to your having, gave you some	
FTLN 0240		ground.	



---

FTLN 0241	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i>	As many inches as you have	20
FTLN 0242		oceans. Puppies!	
FTLN 0243	CLOTEN	I would they had not come between us.	
FTLN 0244	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i>	So would I, till you had measured	
FTLN 0245		how long a fool you were upon the ground.	
FTLN 0246	CLOTEN	And that she should love this fellow and	25
FTLN 0247		refuse me!	
FTLN 0248	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i>	If it be a sin to make a true election,	
FTLN 0249		she is damned.	
FTLN 0250	FIRST LORD	Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and	
FTLN 0251		her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I	30
FTLN 0252		have seen small reflection of her wit.	
FTLN 0253	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i>	She shines not upon fools, lest	
FTLN 0254		the reflection should hurt her.	
FTLN 0255	CLOTEN	Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had	
FTLN 0256		been some hurt done!	35
FTLN 0257	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i>	I wish not so, unless it had been	
FTLN 0258		the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.	
FTLN 0259	CLOTEN	You'll go with us?	
FTLN 0260	FIRST LORD	I'll attend your Lordship.	
FTLN 0261	CLOTEN	Nay, come, let's go together.	40
FTLN 0262	SECOND LORD	Well, my lord.	

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Imogen and Pisanio.*

IMOGEN

FTLN 0263	I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven	
FTLN 0264	And questionedst every sail. If he should write	
FTLN 0265	And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost	
FTLN 0266	As offered mercy is. What was the last	
FTLN 0267	That he spake to thee?	5
FTLN 0268	PISANIO	It was his queen, his queen!

---

IMOGEN

FTLN 0269       Then waved his handkerchief?

FTLN 0270       PISANIO                               And kissed it, madam.

IMOGEN

FTLN 0271       Senseless linen, happier therein than I.

FTLN 0272       And that was all? 10

FTLN 0273       PISANIO               No, madam. For so long

FTLN 0274       As he could make me with 'this' eye or ear

FTLN 0275       Distinguish him from others, he did keep

FTLN 0276       The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief

FTLN 0277       Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind 15

FTLN 0278       Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,

FTLN 0279       How swift his ship.

FTLN 0280       IMOGEN               Thou shouldst have made him

FTLN 0281       As little as a crow, or less, ere left

FTLN 0282       To after-eye him. 20

FTLN 0283       PISANIO               Madam, so I did.

IMOGEN

FTLN 0284       I would have broke mine eyestrings, cracked them,

FTLN 0285       but

FTLN 0286       To look upon him till the diminution

FTLN 0287       Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle; 25

FTLN 0288       Nay, followed him till he had melted from

FTLN 0289       The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

FTLN 0290       Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,

FTLN 0291       When shall we hear from him?

FTLN 0292       PISANIO                               Be assured, madam, 30

FTLN 0293       With his next vantage.

IMOGEN

FTLN 0294       I did not take my leave of him, but had

FTLN 0295       Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him

FTLN 0296       How I would think on him at certain hours

FTLN 0297       Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear 35

FTLN 0298       The shes of Italy should not betray

FTLN 0299       Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him

FTLN 0300       At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight

---

FTLN 0301 T' encounter me with orisons, for then  
 FTLN 0302 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could 40  
 FTLN 0303 Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
 FTLN 0304 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
 FTLN 0305 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
 FTLN 0306 Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

FTLN 0307 LADY The Queen, madam, 45  
 FTLN 0308 Desires your Highness' company.  
 IMOGEN, *['to Pisanio']*  
 FTLN 0309 Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.  
 FTLN 0310 I will attend the Queen.  
 FTLN 0311 PISANIO Madam, I shall.

*They exit.*

Scene *['4']*

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,  
 and a Spaniard.*

FTLN 0312 IACHIMO Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He  
 FTLN 0313 was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so  
 FTLN 0314 worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of.  
 FTLN 0315 But I could then have looked on him without the  
 FTLN 0316 help of admiration, though the catalogue of his 5  
 FTLN 0317 endowments had been tabled by his side and I to  
 FTLN 0318 peruse him by items.  
 FTLN 0319 PHILARIO You speak of him when he was less furnished  
 FTLN 0320 than now he is with that which makes him  
 FTLN 0321 both without and within. 10  
 FTLN 0322 FRENCHMAN I have seen him in France. We had very  
 FTLN 0323 many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes  
 FTLN 0324 as he.  
 FTLN 0325 IACHIMO This matter of marrying his king's daughter,  
 FTLN 0326 wherein he must be weighed rather by her value 15

FTLN 0340	Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained	
FTLN 0341	amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing,	30
FTLN 0342	to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all,	
FTLN 0343	be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend	
FTLN 0344	to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy	
FTLN 0345	he is I will leave to appear hereafter rather	
FTLN 0346	than story him in his own hearing.	35
FTLN 0347	FRENCHMAN, 「 <i>to Posthumus</i> 」 Sir, we have known together	
FTLN 0348	in Orleans.	
FTLN 0349	POSTHUMUS Since when I have been debtor to you for	
FTLN 0350	courtesies which I will be ever to pay and yet pay	
FTLN 0351	still.	40
FTLN 0352	FRENCHMAN Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was	
FTLN 0353	glad I did atone my countryman and you. It had	
FTLN 0354	been pity you should have been put together with	
FTLN 0355	so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance	
FTLN 0356	of so slight and trivial a nature.	45
FTLN 0357	POSTHUMUS By your pardon, sir, I was then a young	
FTLN 0358	traveler, rather shunned to go even with what I	
FTLN 0359	heard than in my every action to be guided by others'	
FTLN 0360	experiences. But upon my mended judgment—	

---

FTLN 0361	if I offend 'not' to say it is mended—my	50
FTLN 0362	quarrel was not altogether slight.	
FTLN 0363	FRENCHMAN Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament of	
FTLN 0364	swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood	
FTLN 0365	have confounded one the other or have fall'n	
FTLN 0366	both.	55
FTLN 0367	IACHIMO Can we with manners ask what was the	
FTLN 0368	difference?	
FTLN 0369	FRENCHMAN Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public,	
FTLN 0370	which may without contradiction suffer the report.	
FTLN 0371	It was much like an argument that fell out	60
FTLN 0372	last night, where each of us fell in praise of our	
FTLN 0373	country mistresses, this gentleman at that time	
FTLN 0374	vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—	
FTLN 0375	his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste,	
FTLN 0376	constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any	65
FTLN 0377	the rarest of our ladies in France.	
FTLN 0378	IACHIMO That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's	
FTLN 0379	opinion by this worn out.	
FTLN 0380	POSTHUMUS She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.	
FTLN 0381	IACHIMO You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of	70
FTLN 0382	Italy.	
FTLN 0383	POSTHUMUS Being so far provoked as I was in France,	
FTLN 0384	I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself	
FTLN 0385	her adorer, not her friend.	
FTLN 0386	IACHIMO As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand	75
FTLN 0387	comparison—had been something too fair and too	
FTLN 0388	good for any lady in Britain. If she went before	
FTLN 0389	others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters	
FTLN 0390	many I have beheld, I could not 'but'	
FTLN 0391	believe she excelled many. But I have not seen the	80
FTLN 0392	most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.	
FTLN 0393	POSTHUMUS I praised her as I rated her. So do I my	
FTLN 0394	stone.	
FTLN 0395	IACHIMO What do you esteem it at?	
FTLN 0396	POSTHUMUS More than the world enjoys.	85

---

FTLN 0397	IACHIMO	Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or	
FTLN 0398		she's outprized by a trifle.	
FTLN 0399	POSTHUMUS	You are mistaken. The one may be sold or	
FTLN 0400		given, or if there were wealth enough for the 'purchase'	
FTLN 0401		or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing	90
FTLN 0402		for sale, and only the gift of the gods.	
FTLN 0403	IACHIMO	Which the gods have given you?	
FTLN 0404	POSTHUMUS	Which, by their graces, I will keep.	
FTLN 0405	IACHIMO	You may wear her in title yours, but you	
FTLN 0406		know strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds.	95
FTLN 0407		Your ring may be stolen too. So your brace of unprizable	
FTLN 0408		estimations, the one is but frail and the	
FTLN 0409		other casual. A cunning thief or a that-way-accomplished	
FTLN 0410		courtier would hazard the winning both of	
FTLN 0411		first and last.	100
FTLN 0412	POSTHUMUS	Your Italy contains none so accomplished	
FTLN 0413		a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress, if	
FTLN 0414		in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I	
FTLN 0415		do nothing doubt you have store of thieves;	
FTLN 0416		notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.	105
FTLN 0417	PHILARIO	Let us leave here, gentlemen.	
FTLN 0418	POSTHUMUS	Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior,	
FTLN 0419		I thank him, makes no stranger of me. We are	
FTLN 0420		familiar at first.	
FTLN 0421	IACHIMO	With five times so much conversation I	110
FTLN 0422		should get ground of your fair mistress, make her	
FTLN 0423		go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and	
FTLN 0424		opportunity to friend.	
FTLN 0425	POSTHUMUS	No, no.	
FTLN 0426	IACHIMO	I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my	115
FTLN 0427		estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues	
FTLN 0428		it something. But I make my wager rather against	
FTLN 0429		your confidence than her reputation, and, to bar	
FTLN 0430		your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against	
FTLN 0431		any lady in the world.	120
FTLN 0432	POSTHUMUS	You are a great deal abused in too bold a	

---

FTLN 0433       persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what  
 FTLN 0434       you're worthy of by your attempt.

FTLN 0435   IACHIMO   What's that?

FTLN 0436   POSTHUMUS   A repulse—though your attempt, as you       125  
 FTLN 0437       call it, deserve more: a punishment, too.

FTLN 0438   PHILARIO   Gentlemen, enough of this. It came in too  
 FTLN 0439       suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and, I pray you,  
 FTLN 0440       be better acquainted.

FTLN 0441   IACHIMO   Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's       130  
 FTLN 0442       on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

FTLN 0443   POSTHUMUS   What lady would you choose to assail?

FTLN 0444   IACHIMO   Yours, whom in constancy you think stands  
 FTLN 0445       so safe. I will lay you ten 'thousand' ducats to your  
 FTLN 0446       ring that, commend me to the court where your       135  
 FTLN 0447       lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity  
 FTLN 0448       of a second conference, and I will bring from  
 FTLN 0449       thence that honor of hers which you imagine so  
 FTLN 0450       reserved.

FTLN 0451   POSTHUMUS   I will wage against your gold, gold to it.       140  
 FTLN 0452       My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

FTLN 0453   IACHIMO   You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you  
 FTLN 0454       buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot  
 FTLN 0455       preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some  
 FTLN 0456       religion in you, that you fear.       145

FTLN 0457   POSTHUMUS   This is but a custom in your tongue. You  
 FTLN 0458       bear a graver purpose, I hope.

FTLN 0459   IACHIMO   I am the master of my speeches and would  
 FTLN 0460       undergo what's spoken, I swear.

FTLN 0461   POSTHUMUS   Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till       150  
 FTLN 0462       your return. Let there be covenants drawn between  
 FTLN 0463       's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness  
 FTLN 0464       of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this  
 FTLN 0465       match. Here's my ring.

FTLN 0466   PHILARIO   I will have it no lay.       155

FTLN 0467   IACHIMO   By the gods, it is one!—If I bring you no sufficient  
 FTLN 0468       testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest





---

CORNELIUS

FTLN 0498      Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam.

[*He hands her a small box.*]

FTLN 0499      But I beseech your Grace, without offense—

FTLN 0500      My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have

FTLN 0501      Commanded of me these most poisonous

FTLN 0502      compounds, 10

FTLN 0503      Which are the movers of a languishing death,

FTLN 0504      But though slow, deadly.

FTLN 0505      QUEEN                                      I wonder, doctor,

FTLN 0506      Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been

FTLN 0507      Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how 15

FTLN 0508      To make perfumes, distil, preserve—yea, so

FTLN 0509      That our great king himself doth woo me oft

FTLN 0510      For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

FTLN 0511      Unless thou think'st me devilish, is 't not meet

FTLN 0512      That I did amplify my judgment in 20

FTLN 0513      Other conclusions? I will try the forces

FTLN 0514      Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

FTLN 0515      We count not worth the hanging—but none human—

FTLN 0516      To try the vigor of them and apply

FTLN 0517      Allayments to their act, and by them gather 25

FTLN 0518      Their several virtues and effects.

FTLN 0519      CORNELIUS                                      Your Highness

FTLN 0520      Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

FTLN 0521      Besides, the seeing these effects will be

FTLN 0522      Both noisome and infectious. 30

FTLN 0523      QUEEN                                      O, content thee.

*Enter Pisanio.*

FTLN 0524      [*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal. Upon him

FTLN 0525      Will I first work. He's for his master

FTLN 0526      And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—

FTLN 0527      Doctor, your service for this time is ended. 35

FTLN 0528      Take your own way.

FTLN 0529      CORNELIUS, [*aside*]                      I do suspect you, madam,

FTLN 0530      But you shall do no harm.

---

FTLN 0531	QUEEN, <i>['to Pisanio']</i>	Hark thee, a word.	
	CORNELIUS, <i>['aside']</i>		
FTLN 0532	I do not like her. She doth think she has		40
FTLN 0533	Strange ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit,		
FTLN 0534	And will not trust one of her malice with		
FTLN 0535	A drug of such damned nature. Those she has		
FTLN 0536	Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,		
FTLN 0537	Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,		45
FTLN 0538	Then afterward up higher. But there is		
FTLN 0539	No danger in what show of death it makes,		
FTLN 0540	More than the locking-up the spirits a time,		
FTLN 0541	To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled		
FTLN 0542	With a most false effect, and I the truer		50
FTLN 0543	So to be false with her.		
FTLN 0544	QUEEN	No further service, doctor,	
FTLN 0545	Until I send for thee.		
FTLN 0546	CORNELIUS	I humbly take my leave. <i>He exits.</i>	
	QUEEN		
FTLN 0547	Weeps she still, sayst thou? Dost thou think in time		55
FTLN 0548	She will not quench and let instructions enter		
FTLN 0549	Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.		
FTLN 0550	When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,		
FTLN 0551	I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then		
FTLN 0552	As great as is thy master; greater, for		60
FTLN 0553	His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name		
FTLN 0554	Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor		
FTLN 0555	Continue where he is. To shift his being		
FTLN 0556	Is to exchange one misery with another,		
FTLN 0557	And every day that comes comes to decay		65
FTLN 0558	A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,		
FTLN 0559	To be depender on a thing that leans,		
FTLN 0560	Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends		
FTLN 0561	So much as but to prop him? ( <i>['She drops the box</i>		
FTLN 0562	<i>and Pisanio picks it up.']</i> ) Thou tak'st up		70
FTLN 0563	Thou know'st not what. But take it for thy labor.		
FTLN 0564	It is a thing I made which hath the King		

---

FTLN 0565 Five times redeemed from death. I do not know  
 FTLN 0566 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it.  
 FTLN 0567 It is an earnest of a farther good 75  
 FTLN 0568 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
 FTLN 0569 The case stands with her. Do 't as from thyself.  
 FTLN 0570 Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
 FTLN 0571 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
 FTLN 0572 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King 80  
 FTLN 0573 To any shape of thy preferment such  
 FTLN 0574 As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 FTLN 0575 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 FTLN 0576 To load thy merit richly. Call my women.  
 FTLN 0577 Think on my words. *Pisanio exits.* 85  
 FTLN 0578 A sly and constant knave,  
 FTLN 0579 Not to be shaken; the agent for his master  
 FTLN 0580 And the remembrancer of her to hold  
 FTLN 0581 The handfast to her lord. I have given him that  
 FTLN 0582 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her 90  
 FTLN 0583 Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,  
 FTLN 0584 Except she bend her humor, shall be assured  
 FTLN 0585 To taste of too.

*Enter Pisanio and Ladies [carrying flowers.]*

FTLN 0586 *[To the Ladies.]* So, so. Well done, well done.  
 FTLN 0587 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses 95  
 FTLN 0588 Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio.  
 FTLN 0589 Think on my words. *Queen and Ladies exit.*  
 FTLN 0590 PISANIO And shall do.  
 FTLN 0591 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
 FTLN 0592 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. 100  
*He exits.*

## Scene '6'

*Enter Imogen alone.*

IMOGEN

FTLN 0593 A father cruel and a stepdame false,  
 FTLN 0594 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady  
 FTLN 0595 That hath her husband banished. O, that husband,  
 FTLN 0596 My supreme crown of grief and those repeated  
 FTLN 0597 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n, 5  
 FTLN 0598 As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable  
 FTLN 0599 Is the 'desire' that's glorious. Blessed be those,  
 FTLN 0600 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
 FTLN 0601 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.*

PISANIO

FTLN 0602 Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome 10  
 FTLN 0603 Comes from my lord with letters.

FTLN 0604 IACHIMO Change you,  
 FTLN 0605 madam?

FTLN 0606 The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
 FTLN 0607 And greets your Highness dearly. 15

*'He gives her a letter.'*

FTLN 0608 IMOGEN Thanks, good sir.

FTLN 0609 You're kindly welcome.

IACHIMO, *'aside'*

FTLN 0610 All of her that is out of door, most rich!  
 FTLN 0611 If she be furnished with a mind so rare,  
 FTLN 0612 She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I 20  
 FTLN 0613 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend.  
 FTLN 0614 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,  
 FTLN 0615 Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight—  
 FTLN 0616 Rather, directly fly.

FTLN 0617 IMOGEN *reads:* He is one of the noblest note, to whose 25  
 FTLN 0618 kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon  
 FTLN 0619 him accordingly as you value your trust.

FTLN 0620 *Leonatus.*

---

FTLN 0621	So far I read aloud.	
FTLN 0622	But even the very middle of my heart	30
FTLN 0623	Is warmed by th' rest and 'takes' it thankfully.—	
FTLN 0624	You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I	
FTLN 0625	Have words to bid you, and shall find it so	
FTLN 0626	In all that I can do.	
FTLN 0627	IACHIMO Thanks, fairest lady.—	35
FTLN 0628	What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes	
FTLN 0629	To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop	
FTLN 0630	Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt	
FTLN 0631	The fiery orbs above and the twinned stones	
FTLN 0632	Upon the numbered beach, and can we not	40
FTLN 0633	Partition make with spectacles so precious	
FTLN 0634	'Twixt fair and foul?	
FTLN 0635	IMOGEN What makes your admiration?	
	IACHIMO	
FTLN 0636	It cannot be i' th' eye, for apes and monkeys	
FTLN 0637	'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and	45
FTLN 0638	Contemn with mows the other; nor i' th' judgment,	
FTLN 0639	For idiots in this case of favor would	
FTLN 0640	Be wisely definite; nor i' th' appetite—	
FTLN 0641	Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed	
FTLN 0642	Should make desire vomit emptiness,	50
FTLN 0643	Not so allured to feed.	
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 0644	What is the matter, trow?	
FTLN 0645	IACHIMO The cloyèd will,	
FTLN 0646	That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub	
FTLN 0647	Both filled and running, ravening first the lamb,	55
FTLN 0648	Longs after for the garbage.	
FTLN 0649	IMOGEN What, dear sir,	
FTLN 0650	Thus raps you? Are you well?	
FTLN 0651	IACHIMO Thanks, madam, well.	
FTLN 0652	( <i>To Pisanio.</i> ) Beseech you, sir,	60
FTLN 0653	Desire my man's abode where I did leave him.	
FTLN 0654	He's strange and peevish.	

---

FTLN 0655 PISANIO I was going, sir,  
 FTLN 0656 To give him welcome. *He exits.*  
 IMOGEN

FTLN 0657 Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you? 65  
 FTLN 0658 IACHIMO Well, madam.  
 IMOGEN

FTLN 0659 Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.  
 IACHIMO

FTLN 0660 Exceeding pleasant. None a stranger there  
 FTLN 0661 So merry and so gamesome. He is called  
 FTLN 0662 The Briton Reveler. 70  
 FTLN 0663 IMOGEN When he was here  
 FTLN 0664 He did incline to sadness, and oftentimes  
 FTLN 0665 Not knowing why.  
 FTLN 0666 IACHIMO I never saw him sad.  
 FTLN 0667 There is a Frenchman his companion, one 75  
 FTLN 0668 An eminent monsieur that, it seems, much loves  
 FTLN 0669 A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces  
 FTLN 0670 The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—  
 FTLN 0671 Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries "O,  
 FTLN 0672 Can my sides hold to think that man who knows 80  
 FTLN 0673 By history, report, or his own proof  
 FTLN 0674 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
 FTLN 0675 But must be, will 's free hours languish for  
 FTLN 0676 Assured bondage?"  
 FTLN 0677 IMOGEN Will my lord say so? 85  
 IACHIMO

FTLN 0678 Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.  
 FTLN 0679 It is a recreation to be by  
 FTLN 0680 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But heavens  
 FTLN 0681 know  
 FTLN 0682 Some men are much to blame. 90  
 FTLN 0683 IMOGEN Not he, I hope.  
 IACHIMO

FTLN 0684 Not he—but yet heaven's bounty towards him might  
 FTLN 0685 Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;

---

FTLN 0686       In you, which I account his, beyond all talents.  
 FTLN 0687       Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 95  
 FTLN 0688       To pity too.  
 FTLN 0689   IMOGEN           What do you pity, sir?  
                   IACHIMO  
 FTLN 0690       Two creatures heartily.  
 FTLN 0691   IMOGEN           Am I one, sir?  
 FTLN 0692       You look on me. What wrack discern you in me 100  
 FTLN 0693       Deserves your pity?  
 FTLN 0694   IACHIMO           Lamentable! What,  
 FTLN 0695       To hide me from the radiant sun and solace  
 FTLN 0696       I' th' dungeon by a snuff?  
 FTLN 0697   IMOGEN           I pray you, sir, 105  
 FTLN 0698       Deliver with more openness your answers  
 FTLN 0699       To my demands. Why do you pity me?  
 FTLN 0700   IACHIMO   That others do—  
 FTLN 0701       I was about to say, enjoy your—but  
 FTLN 0702       It is an office of the gods to venge it, 110  
 FTLN 0703       Not mine to speak on 't.  
 FTLN 0704   IMOGEN           You do seem to know  
 FTLN 0705       Something of me or what concerns me. Pray you,  
 FTLN 0706       Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
 FTLN 0707       Than to be sure they do—for certainties 115  
 FTLN 0708       Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
 FTLN 0709       The remedy then born—discover to me  
 FTLN 0710       What both you spur and stop.  
 FTLN 0711   IACHIMO           Had I this cheek  
 FTLN 0712       To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch, 120  
 FTLN 0713       Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
 FTLN 0714       To th' oath of loyalty; this object which  
 FTLN 0715       Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
 FTLN 0716       「Fixing」 it only here; should I, damned then,  
 FTLN 0717       Slaver with lips as common as the stairs 125  
 FTLN 0718       That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands  
 FTLN 0719       Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as  
 FTLN 0720       With labor; then by-peeping in an eye

---

FTLN 0721	Base and 'illustrious' as the smoky light	
FTLN 0722	That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit	130
FTLN 0723	That all the plagues of hell should at one time	
FTLN 0724	Encounter such revolt.	
FTLN 0725	IMOGEN	My lord, I fear,
FTLN 0726	Has forgot Britain.	
FTLN 0727	IACHIMO	And himself. Not I,
FTLN 0728	Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce	135
FTLN 0729	The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces	
FTLN 0730	That from my mutest conscience to my tongue	
FTLN 0731	Charms this report out.	
FTLN 0732	IMOGEN	Let me hear no more.
	IACHIMO	
FTLN 0733	O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart	
FTLN 0734	With pity that doth make me sick. A lady	
FTLN 0735	So fair, and fastened to an empery	
FTLN 0736	Would make the great'st king double, to be partnered	
FTLN 0737	With tomboys hired with that self exhibition	145
FTLN 0738	Which your own coffers yield, with diseased ventures	
FTLN 0739	That play with all infirmities for gold	
FTLN 0740	Which rottenness can lend nature; such boiled stuff	
FTLN 0741	As well might poison poison. Be revenged,	
FTLN 0742	Or she that bore you was no queen, and you	150
FTLN 0743	Recoil from your great stock.	
FTLN 0744	IMOGEN	Revenged?
FTLN 0745	How should I be revenged? If this be true—	
FTLN 0746	As I have such a heart that both mine ears	
FTLN 0747	Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,	155
FTLN 0748	How should I be revenged?	
FTLN 0749	IACHIMO	Should he make me
FTLN 0750	Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets,	
FTLN 0751	Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,	
FTLN 0752	In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.	160
FTLN 0753	I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,	
FTLN 0754	More noble than that runagate to your bed,	



---

FTLN 0755      And will continue fast to your affection,  
 FTLN 0756      Still close as sure.

FTLN 0757      IMOGEN                      What ho, Pisanio!                      165  
 IACHIMO

FTLN 0758      Let me my service tender on your lips.  
 IMOGEN

FTLN 0759      Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
 FTLN 0760      So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,  
 FTLN 0761      Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
 FTLN 0762      For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.                      170  
 FTLN 0763      Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far  
 FTLN 0764      From thy report as thou from honor, and  
 FTLN 0765      Solicits here a lady that disdains  
 FTLN 0766      Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
 FTLN 0767      The King my father shall be made acquainted                      175  
 FTLN 0768      Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit  
 FTLN 0769      A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
 FTLN 0770      As in a Romish stew and to expound  
 FTLN 0771      His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
 FTLN 0772      He little cares for and a daughter who                      180  
 FTLN 0773      He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

FTLN 0774      O happy Leonatus! I may say  
 FTLN 0775      The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
 FTLN 0776      Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
 FTLN 0777      Her assured credit.—Blessèd live you long,                      185  
 FTLN 0778      A lady to the worthiest sir that ever  
 FTLN 0779      Country called his; and you his mistress, only  
 FTLN 0780      For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.  
 FTLN 0781      I have spoke this to know if your affiance  
 FTLN 0782      Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord                      190  
 FTLN 0783      That which he is, new o'er; and he is one  
 FTLN 0784      The truest mannered, such a holy witch  
 FTLN 0785      That he enchants societies into him.  
 FTLN 0786      Half all 'men's' hearts are his.

FTLN 0787      IMOGEN                      You make amends.                      195

IACHIMO

FTLN 0788 He sits 'mongst men like a 'descended' god.  
 FTLN 0789 He hath a kind of honor sets him off  
 FTLN 0790 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
 FTLN 0791 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
 FTLN 0792 To try your taking of a false report, which hath 200  
 FTLN 0793 Honored with confirmation your great judgment  
 FTLN 0794 In the election of a sir so rare,  
 FTLN 0795 Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him  
 FTLN 0796 Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,  
 FTLN 0797 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon. 205

IMOGEN

FTLN 0798 All's well, sir. Take my power i' th' court for yours.

IACHIMO

FTLN 0799 My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
 FTLN 0800 T' entreat your Grace but in a small request,  
 FTLN 0801 And yet of moment too, for it concerns.  
 FTLN 0802 Your lord, myself, and other noble friends 210  
 FTLN 0803 Are partners in the business.

FTLN 0804 IMOGEN Pray, what is 't?

IACHIMO

FTLN 0805 Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—  
 FTLN 0806 The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums  
 FTLN 0807 To buy a present for the Emperor; 215  
 FTLN 0808 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
 FTLN 0809 In France. 'Tis plate of rare device and jewels  
 FTLN 0810 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great.  
 FTLN 0811 And I am something curious, being strange,  
 FTLN 0812 To have them in safe stowage. May it please you 220  
 FTLN 0813 To take them in protection?

FTLN 0814 IMOGEN Willingly;  
 FTLN 0815 And pawn mine honor for their safety. Since  
 FTLN 0816 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
 FTLN 0817 In my bedchamber. 225

FTLN 0818 IACHIMO They are in a trunk  
 FTLN 0819 Attended by my men. I will make bold

---

FTLN 0820       To send them to you, only for this night.  
FTLN 0821       I must aboard tomorrow.  
FTLN 0822   IMOGEN                               O no, no.                               230  
IACHIMO  
FTLN 0823       Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word  
FTLN 0824       By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
FTLN 0825       I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise  
FTLN 0826       To see your Grace.  
FTLN 0827   IMOGEN                               I thank you for your pains.                               235  
FTLN 0828       But not away tomorrow.  
FTLN 0829   IACHIMO                               O, I must, madam.  
FTLN 0830       Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
FTLN 0831       To greet your lord with writing, do 't tonight.  
FTLN 0832       I have outstood my time, which is material                               240  
FTLN 0833       To th' tender of our present.  
FTLN 0834   IMOGEN                               I will write.  
FTLN 0835       Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept  
FTLN 0836       And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

*They exit.*

---

## ACT 2

---

### Scene 1

*Enter Cloten and the two Lords.*

FTLN 0837	CLOTEN	Was there ever man had such luck? When I	
FTLN 0838		kissed the jack, upon an upcast to be hit away? I	
FTLN 0839		had a hundred pound on 't. And then a whoreson	
FTLN 0840		jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I	
FTLN 0841		borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend	5
FTLN 0842		them at my pleasure.	
FTLN 0843	FIRST LORD	What got he by that? You have broke his	
FTLN 0844		pate with your bowl.	
FTLN 0845	SECOND LORD, (aside)	If his wit had been like him that	
FTLN 0846		broke it, it would have run all out.	10
FTLN 0847	CLOTEN	When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is	
FTLN 0848		not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?	
FTLN 0849	SECOND LORD	No, my lord, (aside) nor crop the ears	
FTLN 0850		of them.	
FTLN 0851	CLOTEN	Whoreson dog! I gave him satisfaction. Would	15
FTLN 0852		he had been one of my rank.	
FTLN 0853	SECOND LORD, (aside)	To have smelled like a fool.	
FTLN 0854	CLOTEN	I am not vexed more at anything in th' Earth.	
FTLN 0855		A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am.	
FTLN 0856		They dare not fight with me because of the Queen	20
FTLN 0857		my mother. Every jack-slave hath his bellyful of	
FTLN 0858		fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock	
FTLN 0859		that nobody can match.	

---

FTLN 0860 SECOND LORD, *aside* You are cock and capon too, and  
 FTLN 0861 you crow cock with your comb on. 25  
 FTLN 0862 CLOTEN Sayest thou?  
 FTLN 0863 SECOND LORD It is not fit *your* Lordship should undertake  
 FTLN 0864 every companion that you give offense to.  
 FTLN 0865 CLOTEN No, I know that, but it is fit I should commit  
 FTLN 0866 offense to my inferiors. 30  
 FTLN 0867 SECOND LORD Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.  
 FTLN 0868 CLOTEN Why, so I say.  
 FTLN 0869 FIRST LORD Did you hear of a stranger that's come to  
 FTLN 0870 court *tonight*?  
 FTLN 0871 CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know on 't? 35  
 FTLN 0872 SECOND LORD, *aside* He's a strange fellow himself and  
 FTLN 0873 knows it not.  
 FTLN 0874 FIRST LORD There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought  
 FTLN 0875 one of Leonatus' friends.  
 FTLN 0876 CLOTEN Leonatus? A banished rascal; and he's another, 40  
 FTLN 0877 whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?  
 FTLN 0878 FIRST LORD One of your Lordship's pages.  
 FTLN 0879 CLOTEN Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no  
 FTLN 0880 derogation in 't?  
 FTLN 0881 SECOND LORD You cannot derogate, my lord. 45  
 FTLN 0882 CLOTEN Not easily, I think.  
 FTLN 0883 SECOND LORD, *aside* You are a fool granted; therefore  
 FTLN 0884 your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.  
 FTLN 0885 CLOTEN Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost  
 FTLN 0886 today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go. 50  
 FTLN 0887 SECOND LORD I'll attend your Lordship.  

*Cloten and First Lord exit.*

 FTLN 0888 That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
 FTLN 0889 Should yield the world this ass! A woman that  
 FTLN 0890 Bears all down with her brain, and this her son  
 FTLN 0891 Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, 55  
 FTLN 0892 And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
 FTLN 0893 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,  
 FTLN 0894 Betwixt a father by thy stepdame governed,

---

FTLN 0895 A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
 FTLN 0896 More hateful than the foul expulsion is 60  
 FTLN 0897 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
 FTLN 0898 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
 FTLN 0899 The walls of thy dear honor, keep unshaked  
 FTLN 0900 That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand  
 FTLN 0901 T' enjoy thy banished lord and this great land. 65

*He exits.*

## Scene 2

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

IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0902 Who's there? My woman Helen?  
 FTLN 0903 LADY Please you, madam.  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0904 What hour is it?  
 FTLN 0905 LADY Almost midnight, madam.  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 0906 I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak. 5  
*「She hands the Lady her book.」*
 FTLN 0907 Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.  
 FTLN 0908 Take not away the taper; leave it burning.  
 FTLN 0909 And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,  
 FTLN 0910 I prithee, call me. (「Lady exits.」) Sleep hath seized  
 FTLN 0911 me wholly. 10  
 FTLN 0912 To your protection I commend me, gods.  
 FTLN 0913 From fairies and the tempters of the night  
 FTLN 0914 Guard me, beseech you. *Sleeps.*

*Iachimo from the trunk.*

IACHIMO  
 FTLN 0915 The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense  
 FTLN 0916 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus 15

---

FTLN 0917	Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened	
FTLN 0918	The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,	
FTLN 0919	How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,	
FTLN 0920	And whiter than the sheets.—That I might touch!	
FTLN 0921	But kiss, one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,	20
FTLN 0922	How dearly they do 't. 'Tis her breathing that	
FTLN 0923	Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper	
FTLN 0924	Bows toward her and would underpeep her lids	
FTLN 0925	To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied	
FTLN 0926	Under these windows, white and azure-laced	25
FTLN 0927	With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design:	
FTLN 0928	To note the chamber. I will write all down.	
	<i>He begins to write.</i>	
FTLN 0929	Such and such pictures; there the window; such	
FTLN 0930	Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,	
FTLN 0931	Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.	30
	<i>He continues to write.</i>	
FTLN 0932	Ah, but some natural notes about her body	
FTLN 0933	Above ten thousand meaner movables	
FTLN 0934	Would testify t' enrich mine inventory.	
FTLN 0935	O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,	
FTLN 0936	And be her sense but as a monument	35
FTLN 0937	Thus in a chapel lying. ( <i>He begins to remove her</i>	
FTLN 0938	<i>bracelet.</i> ) Come off, come off;	
FTLN 0939	As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.	
FTLN 0940	'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly	
FTLN 0941	As strongly as the conscience does within	40
FTLN 0942	To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast	
FTLN 0943	A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops	
FTLN 0944	I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher	
FTLN 0945	Stronger than ever law could make. This secret	
FTLN 0946	Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en	45
FTLN 0947	The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end?	
FTLN 0948	Why should I write this down that's riveted,	
FTLN 0949	Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late	

FTLN 0950	The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down	
FTLN 0951	Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.	50
FTLN 0952	To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.	
FTLN 0953	Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning	
FTLN 0954	May bare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear.	
FTLN 0955	Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.	

*Clock strikes.*

FTLN 0956                      One, two, three. Time, time!                      55

*He exits into the trunk. The trunk  
and bed are removed.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Cloten and Lords.*

FTLN 0957	FIRST LORD	Your Lordship is the most patient man in	
FTLN 0958		loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.	
FTLN 0959	CLOTEN	It would make any man cold to lose.	
FTLN 0960	FIRST LORD	But not every man patient after the noble	
FTLN 0961		temper of your Lordship. You are most hot and	5
FTLN 0962		furious when you win.	
FTLN 0963	「CLOTEN」	Winning will put any man into courage. If I	
FTLN 0964		could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold	
FTLN 0965		enough. It's almost morning, is 't not?	
FTLN 0966	FIRST LORD	Day, my lord.	10
FTLN 0967	CLOTEN	I would this music would come. I am advised	
FTLN 0968		to give her music a-mornings; they say it will	
FTLN 0969		penetrate.	

*Enter Musicians.*

FTLN 0970	Come on, tune. If you can penetrate her with your	
FTLN 0971	fingering, so. We'll try with tongue, too. If none	15
FTLN 0972	will do, let her remain, but I'll never give o'er. First,	
FTLN 0973	a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful	
FTLN 0974	sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,	
FTLN 0975	and then let her consider.	



「Musicians begin to play.」

*Song.*

FTLN 0976	<i>Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,</i>	20
FTLN 0977	<i>And Phoebus gins arise,</i>	
FTLN 0978	<i>His steeds to water at those springs</i>	
FTLN 0979	<i>On chaliced flowers that lies;</i>	
FTLN 0980	<i>And winking Mary-buds begin</i>	
FTLN 0981	<i>To ope their golden eyes.</i>	25
FTLN 0982	<i>With everything that pretty is,</i>	
FTLN 0983	<i>My lady sweet, arise,</i>	
FTLN 0984	<i>Arise, arise.</i>	
FTLN 0985	「CLOTEN」 So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will	
FTLN 0986	consider your music the better. If it do not, it is a	30
FTLN 0987	「vice」 in her ears which horsehairs and calves'	
FTLN 0988	guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can	
FTLN 0989	never amend.	

「Musicians exit.」

*Enter Cymbeline and Queen, 「with Attendants.」*

FTLN 0990	SECOND LORD	Here comes the King.	
FTLN 0991	CLOTEN	I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason	35
FTLN 0992		I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this	
FTLN 0993		service I have done fatherly.—Good morrow to	
FTLN 0994		your Majesty and to my gracious mother.	
	CYMBELINE		
FTLN 0995		Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?	
FTLN 0996		Will she not forth?	40
FTLN 0997	CLOTEN	I have assailed her with musics, but she	
FTLN 0998		vouchsafes no notice.	
	CYMBELINE		
FTLN 0999		The exile of her minion is too new;	
FTLN 1000		She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time	
FTLN 1001		Must wear the print of his remembrance on 't,	45
FTLN 1002		And then she's yours.	
FTLN 1003	QUEEN, 「to Cloten」	You are most bound to th' King,	
FTLN 1004		Who lets go by no vantages that may	

FTLN 1005	Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself	
FTLN 1006	To orderly solicits and be friended	50
FTLN 1007	With aptness of the season. Make denials	
FTLN 1008	Increase your services. So seem as if	
FTLN 1009	You were inspired to do those duties which	
FTLN 1010	You tender to her; that you in all obey her,	
FTLN 1011	Save when command to your dismissal tends,	55
FTLN 1012	And therein you are senseless.	
FTLN 1013	CLOTEN	Senseless? Not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER, *‘to Cymbeline’*

FTLN 1014	So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;	
FTLN 1015	The one is Caius Lucius.	「 <i>Messenger exits.</i> 」
FTLN 1016	CYMBELINE	A worthy fellow,
FTLN 1017	Albeit he comes on angry purpose now.	60
FTLN 1018	But that's no fault of his. We must receive him	
FTLN 1019	According to the honor of his sender,	
FTLN 1020	And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,	
FTLN 1021	We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,	65
FTLN 1022	When you have given good morning to your mistress,	
FTLN 1023	Attend the Queen and us. We shall have need	
FTLN 1024	T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our	
FTLN 1025	queen.	

「*Cymbeline and Queen*」 exit, 「*with  
Lords and Attendants.*」

CLOTEN

FTLN 1026	If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,	70
FTLN 1027	Let her lie still and dream. ( <i>He knocks.</i> ) By your	
FTLN 1028	leave, ho!—	
FTLN 1029	I know her women are about her. What	
FTLN 1030	If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold	
FTLN 1031	Which buys admittance—oft it doth—yea, and makes	75
FTLN 1032	Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up	
FTLN 1033	Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer; and 'tis gold	
FTLN 1034	Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief.	

---

FTLN 1035      Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What  
 FTLN 1036      Can it not do and undo? I will make 80  
 FTLN 1037      One of her women lawyer to me, for  
 FTLN 1038      I yet not understand the case myself.  
 FTLN 1039      By your leave. *Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

LADY  
 FTLN 1040      Who's there that knocks?  
 FTLN 1041      CLOTEN                              A gentleman. 85  
 FTLN 1042      LADY                                      No more?  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1043      Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.  
 FTLN 1044      LADY                                      That's more  
 FTLN 1045      Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours  
 FTLN 1046      Can justly boast of. What's your Lordship's pleasure? 90  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1047      Your lady's person. Is she ready?  
 FTLN 1048      LADY                                      Ay,  
 FTLN 1049      To keep her chamber.  
 FTLN 1050      CLOTEN                              There is gold for you.  
 FTLN 1051      Sell me your good report.              「*He offers a purse.*」 95  
 LADY  
 FTLN 1052      How, my good name? Or to report of you  
 FTLN 1053      What I shall think is good?

*Enter Imogen.*

FTLN 1054                              The Princess.              「*Lady exits.*」  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1055      Good morrow, fairest sister. Your sweet hand.  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 1056      Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains 100  
 FTLN 1057      For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give  
 FTLN 1058      Is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
 FTLN 1059      And scarce can spare them.

---

FTLN 1060	CLOTEN	Still I swear I love you.	
	IMOGEN		
FTLN 1061		If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.	105
FTLN 1062		If you swear still, your recompense is still	
FTLN 1063		That I regard it not.	
FTLN 1064	CLOTEN	This is no answer.	
	IMOGEN		
FTLN 1065		But that you shall not say I yield being silent,	
FTLN 1066		I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. Faith,	110
FTLN 1067		I shall unfold equal discourtesy	
FTLN 1068		To your best kindness. One of your great knowing	
FTLN 1069		Should learn, being taught, forbearance.	
	CLOTEN		
FTLN 1070		To leave you in your madness 'twere my sin.	
FTLN 1071		I will not.	115
	IMOGEN		
FTLN 1072		Fools are not mad folks.	
FTLN 1073	CLOTEN	Do you call me fool?	
FTLN 1074	IMOGEN	As I am mad, I do.	
FTLN 1075		If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.	
FTLN 1076		That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,	120
FTLN 1077		You put me to forget a lady's manners	
FTLN 1078		By being so verbal; and learn now for all	
FTLN 1079		That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,	
FTLN 1080		By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,	
FTLN 1081		And am so near the lack of charity	125
FTLN 1082		To accuse myself I hate you—which I had rather	
FTLN 1083		You felt than make 't my boast.	
FTLN 1084	CLOTEN	You sin against	
FTLN 1085		Obedience, which you owe your father. For	
FTLN 1086		The contract you pretend with that base wretch—	130
FTLN 1087		One bred of alms and fostered with cold dishes,	
FTLN 1088		With scraps o' th' court—it is no contract, none;	
FTLN 1089		And though it be allowed in meaner parties—	
FTLN 1090		Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,	
FTLN 1091		On whom there is no more dependency	135

---

FTLN 1092 But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;  
 FTLN 1093 Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by  
 FTLN 1094 The consequence o' th' crown, and must not foil  
 FTLN 1095 The precious note of it with a base slave,  
 FTLN 1096 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, 140  
 FTLN 1097 A pantler—not so eminent.  
 FTLN 1098 IMOGEN Profane fellow,  
 FTLN 1099 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more  
 FTLN 1100 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
 FTLN 1101 To be his groom. Thou wert dignified enough, 145  
 FTLN 1102 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
 FTLN 1103 Comparative for your virtues to be styled  
 FTLN 1104 The under-hangman of his kingdom and hated  
 FTLN 1105 For being preferred so well.  
 FTLN 1106 CLOTEN The south fog rot him! 150  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 1107 He never can meet more mischance than come  
 FTLN 1108 To be but named of thee. His mean'st garment  
 FTLN 1109 That ever hath but clipped his body is dearer  
 FTLN 1110 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
 FTLN 1111 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio! 155

*Enter Pisanio.*

FTLN 1112 CLOTEN “His ‘garment’”? Now the devil—  
 IMOGEN, ‘to Pisanio’  
 FTLN 1113 To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1114 “His garment”?  
 FTLN 1115 IMOGEN, ‘to Pisanio’ I am sprighted with a fool,  
 FTLN 1116 Frighted and angered worse. Go bid my woman 160  
 FTLN 1117 Search for a jewel that too casually  
 FTLN 1118 Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's. Shrew me  
 FTLN 1119 If I would lose it for a revenue  
 FTLN 1120 Of any king's in Europe. I do think  
 FTLN 1121 I saw 't this morning. Confident I am 165  
 FTLN 1122 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.

---

FTLN 1123 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
 FTLN 1124 That I kiss aught but he.  
 FTLN 1125 PISANIO 'Twill not be lost.  
 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 1126 I hope so. Go and search. *「Pisanio exits.」* 170  
 FTLN 1127 CLOTEN You have abused me.  
 FTLN 1128 “His meanest garment”?  
 FTLN 1129 IMOGEN Ay, I said so, sir.  
 FTLN 1130 If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1131 I will inform your father. 175  
 FTLN 1132 IMOGEN Your mother too.  
 FTLN 1133 She's my good lady and will conceive, I hope,  
 FTLN 1134 But the worst of me. So I leave *「you,」* sir,  
 FTLN 1135 To th' worst of discontent. *She exits.*  
 CLOTEN  
 FTLN 1136 I'll be revenged! “His mean'st garment”? Well. 180  
*He exits.*

## Scene 4

*Enter Posthumus and Philario.*

POSTHUMUS  
 FTLN 1137 Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure  
 FTLN 1138 To win the King as I am bold her honor  
 FTLN 1139 Will remain hers.  
 FTLN 1140 PHILARIO What means do you make to him?  
 POSTHUMUS  
 FTLN 1141 Not any, but abide the change of time, 5  
 FTLN 1142 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
 FTLN 1143 That warmer days would come. In these feared  
 FTLN 1144 *「hopes」*  
 FTLN 1145 I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
 FTLN 1146 I must die much your debtor. 10

---

 PHILARIO

FTLN 1147 Your very goodness and your company  
 FTLN 1148 O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king  
 FTLN 1149 Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius  
 FTLN 1150 Will do 's commission thoroughly. And I think  
 FTLN 1151 He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages, 15  
 FTLN 1152 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
 FTLN 1153 Is yet fresh in their grief.

FTLN 1154 POSTHUMUS I do believe,  
 FTLN 1155 Statist though I am none nor like to be,  
 FTLN 1156 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear 20  
 FTLN 1157 The legion now in Gallia sooner landed  
 FTLN 1158 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings  
 FTLN 1159 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
 FTLN 1160 Are men more ordered than when Julius Caesar  
 FTLN 1161 Smiled at their lack of skill but found their courage 25  
 FTLN 1162 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,  
 FTLN 1163 Now 'wingèd' with their courages, will make known  
 FTLN 1164 To their approvers they are people such  
 FTLN 1165 That mend upon the world.

*Enter Iachimo.*

FTLN 1166 PHILARIO See, Iachimo! 30

POSTHUMUS  
 FTLN 1167 The swiftest harts have posted you by land,  
 FTLN 1168 And winds of all the corners kissed your sails  
 FTLN 1169 To make your vessel nimble.

FTLN 1170 PHILARIO Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS  
 FTLN 1171 I hope the briefness of your answer made 35  
 FTLN 1172 The speediness of your return.

FTLN 1173 IACHIMO Your lady  
 FTLN 1174 Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

POSTHUMUS  
 FTLN 1175 And therewithal the best, or let her beauty  
 FTLN 1176 Look thorough a casement to allure false hearts 40  
 FTLN 1177 And be false with them.

---

FTLN 1178 IACHIMO, *handing him a paper* Here are letters for you.  
 POSTHUMUS

FTLN 1179 Their tenor good, I trust.

FTLN 1180 IACHIMO 'Tis very like.  
*Posthumus reads the letter.*

*PHILARIO*

FTLN 1181 Was Caius Lucius in the Briton court 45  
 FTLN 1182 When you were there?  
 IACHIMO

FTLN 1183 He was expected then, but not approached.

FTLN 1184 POSTHUMUS All is well yet.

FTLN 1185 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not  
 FTLN 1186 Too dull for your good wearing? 50  
*He indicates his ring.*

FTLN 1187 IACHIMO If I have lost it,  
 FTLN 1188 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
 FTLN 1189 I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy  
 FTLN 1190 A second night of such sweet shortness which  
 FTLN 1191 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won. 55  
 POSTHUMUS

FTLN 1192 The stone's too hard to come by.

FTLN 1193 IACHIMO Not a whit,  
 FTLN 1194 Your lady being so easy.

FTLN 1195 POSTHUMUS Make *not,* sir,  
 FTLN 1196 Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we 60  
 FTLN 1197 Must not continue friends.

FTLN 1198 IACHIMO Good sir, we must,  
 FTLN 1199 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
 FTLN 1200 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
 FTLN 1201 We were to question farther; but I now 65  
 FTLN 1202 Profess myself the winner of her honor,  
 FTLN 1203 Together with your ring, and not the wronger  
 FTLN 1204 Of her or you, having proceeded but  
 FTLN 1205 By both your wills.

FTLN 1206 POSTHUMUS If you can make 't apparent 70  
 FTLN 1207 That *you* have tasted her in bed, my hand



---

FTLN 1208	And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion	
FTLN 1209	You had of her pure honor gains or loses	
FTLN 1210	Your sword or mine, or masterless leave both	
FTLN 1211	To who shall find them.	75
FTLN 1212	IACHIMO                                Sir, my circumstances,	
FTLN 1213	Being so near the truth as I will make them,	
FTLN 1214	Must first induce you to believe; whose strength	
FTLN 1215	I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not	
FTLN 1216	You'll give me leave to spare when you shall find	80
FTLN 1217	You need it not.	
FTLN 1218	POSTHUMUS                        Proceed.	
FTLN 1219	IACHIMO                                First, her bedchamber—	
FTLN 1220	Where I confess I slept not, but profess	
FTLN 1221	Had that was well worth watching—it was hanged	85
FTLN 1222	With tapestry of silk and silver, the story	
FTLN 1223	Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman	
FTLN 1224	And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for	
FTLN 1225	The press of boats or pride. A piece of work	
FTLN 1226	So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive	90
FTLN 1227	In workmanship and value, which I wondered	
FTLN 1228	Could be so rarely and exactly wrought	
FTLN 1229	Since the true life on 't was—	
FTLN 1230	POSTHUMUS                                This is true,	
FTLN 1231	And this you might have heard of here, by me	95
FTLN 1232	Or by some other.	
FTLN 1233	IACHIMO                                More particulars	
FTLN 1234	Must justify my knowledge.	
FTLN 1235	POSTHUMUS                                So they must,	
FTLN 1236	Or do your honor injury.	100
FTLN 1237	IACHIMO                                The chimney	
FTLN 1238	Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece	
FTLN 1239	Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures	
FTLN 1240	So likely to report themselves; the cutter	
FTLN 1241	Was as another Nature, dumb, outwent her,	105
FTLN 1242	Motion and breath left out.	

---

FTLN 1243 POSTHUMUS This is a thing  
 FTLN 1244 Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
 FTLN 1245 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

FTLN 1246 IACHIMO The roof o' th' chamber 110  
 FTLN 1247 With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons—  
 FTLN 1248 I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids  
 FTLN 1249 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
 FTLN 1250 Depending on their brands.

FTLN 1251 POSTHUMUS This is her honor? 115  
 FTLN 1252 Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise  
 FTLN 1253 Be given to your remembrance—the description  
 FTLN 1254 Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
 FTLN 1255 The wager you have laid.

FTLN 1256 IACHIMO Then if you can 120  
 FTLN 1257 Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See—  
   *「He shows the bracelet.」*

FTLN 1258 And now 'tis up again. It must be married  
 FTLN 1259 To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

FTLN 1260 POSTHUMUS Jove!  
 FTLN 1261 Once more let me behold it. Is it that 125  
 FTLN 1262 Which I left with her?

FTLN 1263 IACHIMO Sir, I thank her, that.  
 FTLN 1264 She stripped it from her arm. I see her yet.  
 FTLN 1265 Her pretty action did outsell her gift  
 FTLN 1266 And yet enriched it too. She gave it me 130  
 FTLN 1267 And said she prized it once.

FTLN 1268 POSTHUMUS Maybe she plucked it off  
 FTLN 1269 To send it me.

FTLN 1270 IACHIMO She writes so to you, doth she?  
 POSTHUMUS

FTLN 1271 O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too. 135  
   *「He gives Iachimo the ring.」*

FTLN 1272 It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
 FTLN 1273 Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor  
 FTLN 1274 Where there is beauty, truth where semblance, love  
 FTLN 1275 Where there's another man. The vows of women

---

FTLN 1276	Of no more bondage be to where they are made	140
FTLN 1277	Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.	
FTLN 1278	O, above measure false!	
FTLN 1279	PHILARIO Have patience, sir,	
FTLN 1280	And take your ring again. 'Tis not yet won.	
FTLN 1281	It may be probable she lost it; or	145
FTLN 1282	Who knows if one her women, being corrupted,	
FTLN 1283	Hath stol'n it from her.	
FTLN 1284	POSTHUMUS Very true,	
FTLN 1285	And so I hope he came by 't.—Back, my ring!	
	<i>He takes back the ring.</i>	
FTLN 1286	Render to me some corporal sign about her	150
FTLN 1287	More evident than this, for this was stol'n.	
	IACHIMO	
FTLN 1288	By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.	
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 1289	Hark you, he swears! By Jupiter he swears.	
FTLN 1290	'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true.	
	<i>He holds out the ring.</i>	
FTLN 1291	I am sure	155
FTLN 1292	She would not lose it. Her attendants are	
FTLN 1293	All sworn and honorable. They induced to steal it?	
FTLN 1294	And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed her.	
FTLN 1295	The cognizance of her incontinency	
FTLN 1296	Is this. She hath bought the name of whore thus	160
FTLN 1297	dearly.	
FTLN 1298	There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell	
FTLN 1299	Divide themselves between you!	
	<i>He gives the ring to Iachimo.</i>	
FTLN 1300	PHILARIO Sir, be patient.	
FTLN 1301	This is not strong enough to be believed	165
FTLN 1302	Of one persuaded well of.	
FTLN 1303	POSTHUMUS Never talk on 't.	
FTLN 1304	She hath been colted by him.	
FTLN 1305	IACHIMO If you seek	
FTLN 1306	For further satisfying, under her breast,	170

---

FTLN 1307      Worthy 'the' pressing, lies a mole, right proud  
 FTLN 1308      Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,  
 FTLN 1309      I kissed it, and it gave me present hunger  
 FTLN 1310      To feed again, though full. You do remember  
 FTLN 1311      This stain upon her? 175

FTLN 1312      POSTHUMUS              Ay, and it doth confirm  
 FTLN 1313      Another stain as big as hell can hold,  
 FTLN 1314      Were there no more but it.

FTLN 1315      IACHIMO      Will you hear more?  
 FTLN 1316      POSTHUMUS      Spare your arithmetic; 180  
 FTLN 1317      Never count the turns. Once, and a million!

FTLN 1318      IACHIMO      I'll be sworn—  
 FTLN 1319      POSTHUMUS      No swearing.  
 FTLN 1320      If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie,  
 FTLN 1321      And I will kill thee if thou dost deny 185  
 FTLN 1322      Thou 'st made me cuckold.

FTLN 1323      IACHIMO                      I'll deny nothing.  
 POSTHUMUS

FTLN 1324      O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!  
 FTLN 1325      I will go there and do 't i' th' court, before  
 FTLN 1326      Her father. I'll do something. *He exits.* 190

FTLN 1327      PHILARIO                      Quite beside  
 FTLN 1328      The government of patience. You have won.  
 FTLN 1329      Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath  
 FTLN 1330      He hath against himself.

FTLN 1331      IACHIMO                      With all my heart. 195  
    *They exit.*

「Scene 5」

*Enter Posthumus.*

POSTHUMUS

FTLN 1332      Is there no way for men to be, but women  
 FTLN 1333      Must be half-workers? We are all bastards,  
 FTLN 1334      And that most venerable man which I

---

FTLN 1335	Did call my father was I know not where	
FTLN 1336	When I was stamped. Some coiner with his tools	5
FTLN 1337	Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed	
FTLN 1338	The Dian of that time; so doth my wife	
FTLN 1339	The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!	
FTLN 1340	Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained	
FTLN 1341	And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with	10
FTLN 1342	A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't	
FTLN 1343	Might well have warmed old Saturn, that I thought	
FTLN 1344	her	
FTLN 1345	As chaste as unsunned snow. O, all the devils!	
FTLN 1346	This yellow Iachimo in an hour, was 't not?	15
FTLN 1347	Or less? At first? Perchance he spoke not, but,	
FTLN 1348	Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,	
FTLN 1349	Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition	
FTLN 1350	But what he looked for should oppose and she	
FTLN 1351	Should from encounter guard. Could I find out	20
FTLN 1352	The woman's part in me—for there's no motion	
FTLN 1353	That tends to vice in man but I affirm	
FTLN 1354	It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,	
FTLN 1355	The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;	
FTLN 1356	Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;	25
FTLN 1357	Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,	
FTLN 1358	Nice longing, slanders, mutability,	
FTLN 1359	All faults that 'have a' name, nay, that hell knows,	
FTLN 1360	Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all.	
FTLN 1361	For even to vice	30
FTLN 1362	They are not constant, but are changing still	
FTLN 1363	One vice but of a minute old for one	
FTLN 1364	Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,	
FTLN 1365	Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill	
FTLN 1366	In a true hate to pray they have their will;	35
FTLN 1367	The very devils cannot plague them better.	

*He exits.*

---

# ACT 3

---

## Scene 1

*Enter in state Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and, at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.*

CYMBELINE

FTLN 1368      Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

LUCIUS

FTLN 1369      When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet  
FTLN 1370      Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues  
FTLN 1371      Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
FTLN 1372      And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, 5  
FTLN 1373      Famous in Caesar's praises no whit less  
FTLN 1374      Than in his feats deserving it, for him  
FTLN 1375      And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
FTLN 1376      Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately  
FTLN 1377      Is left untendered. 10

FTLN 1378      QUEEN                      And, to kill the marvel,  
FTLN 1379      Shall be so ever.

FTLN 1380      CLOTEN                    There be many Caesars  
FTLN 1381      Ere such another Julius. Britain's a world  
FTLN 1382      By itself, and we will nothing pay 15  
FTLN 1383      For wearing our own noses.

FTLN 1384      QUEEN                    That opportunity  
FTLN 1385      Which then they had to take from 's, to resume  
FTLN 1386      We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
FTLN 1387      The Kings your ancestors, together with 20  
FTLN 1388      The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

---

FTLN 1389	As Neptune's park, ribbed and palèd in	
FTLN 1390	With 'rocks' unscalable and roaring waters,	
FTLN 1391	With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats	
FTLN 1392	But suck them up to th' topmast. A kind of conquest	25
FTLN 1393	Caesar made here, but made not here his brag	
FTLN 1394	Of "came, and saw, and overcame." With shame—	
FTLN 1395	The first that ever touched him—he was carried	
FTLN 1396	From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,	
FTLN 1397	Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas	30
FTLN 1398	Like eggshells moved upon their surges, cracked	
FTLN 1399	As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof	
FTLN 1400	The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—	
FTLN 1401	O, giglet Fortune!—to master Caesar's sword,	
FTLN 1402	Made Lud's Town with rejoicing fires bright	35
FTLN 1403	And Britons strut with courage.	
FTLN 1404	CLOTEN Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our	
FTLN 1405	kingdom is stronger than it was at that time, and,	
FTLN 1406	as I said, there is no more such Caesars. Other of	
FTLN 1407	them may have crooked noses, but to owe such	40
FTLN 1408	straight arms, none.	
FTLN 1409	CYMBELINE Son, let your mother end.	
FTLN 1410	CLOTEN We have yet many among us can grip as hard	
FTLN 1411	as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one, but I have a	
FTLN 1412	hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If	45
FTLN 1413	Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket or	
FTLN 1414	put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute	
FTLN 1415	for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.	
FTLN 1416	CYMBELINE, 'to Lucius' You must know,	
FTLN 1417	Till the injurious Romans did extort	50
FTLN 1418	This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,	
FTLN 1419	Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch	
FTLN 1420	The sides o' th' world, against all color here	
FTLN 1421	Did put the yoke upon 's, which to shake off	
FTLN 1422	Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon	55
FTLN 1423	Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Caesar,	
FTLN 1424	Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which	





## Scene 2

*Enter Pisanio reading of a letter.*

PISANIO

FTLN 1460	How? Of adultery? Wherefore write you not	
FTLN 1461	What monsters her accuse? Leonatus,	
FTLN 1462	O master, what a strange infection	
FTLN 1463	Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,	
FTLN 1464	As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevailed	5
FTLN 1465	On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.	
FTLN 1466	She's punished for her truth and undergoes,	
FTLN 1467	More goddesslike than wifelike, such assaults	
FTLN 1468	As would take in some virtue. O my master,	
FTLN 1469	Thy mind to her is now as low as were	10
FTLN 1470	Thy fortunes. How? That I should murder her,	
FTLN 1471	Upon the love and truth and vows which I	
FTLN 1472	Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?	
FTLN 1473	If it be so to do good service, never	
FTLN 1474	Let me be counted serviceable. How look I	15
FTLN 1475	That I should seem to lack humanity	
FTLN 1476	So much as this fact comes to? (「 <i>He reads:</i> 」) <i>Do 't!</i>	
FTLN 1477	<i>The letter</i>	
FTLN 1478	<i>That I have sent her, by her own command</i>	
FTLN 1479	<i>Shall give thee opportunity.</i> O damned paper,	20
FTLN 1480	Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,	
FTLN 1481	Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st	
FTLN 1482	So virginlike without? Lo, here she comes.	

*Enter Imogen.*

FTLN 1483	I am ignorant in what I am commanded.	
FTLN 1484	IMOGEN How now, Pisanio?	25
	PISANIO	
FTLN 1485	Madam, here is a letter from my lord.	
	<i>「He gives her a paper.」</i>	
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 1486	Who, thy lord that is my lord, Leonatus?	

---

FTLN 1487	O, learned indeed were that astronomer	
FTLN 1488	That knew the stars as I his characters!	
FTLN 1489	He'd lay the future open. You good gods,	30
FTLN 1490	Let what is here contained relish of love,	
FTLN 1491	Of my lord's health, of his content (yet not	
FTLN 1492	That we two are asunder; let that grieve him.	
FTLN 1493	Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,	
FTLN 1494	For it doth physic love) of his content	35
FTLN 1495	All but in that. Good wax, thy leave.	
	<i>「She opens the letter.」</i>	
FTLN 1496	Blest be	
FTLN 1497	You bees that make these locks of counsel. Lovers	
FTLN 1498	And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;	
FTLN 1499	Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet	40
FTLN 1500	You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!	
FTLN 1501	<i>「Reads.」 Justice and your father's wrath, should he</i>	
FTLN 1502	<i>take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me</i>	
FTLN 1503	<i>as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew</i>	
FTLN 1504	<i>me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria</i>	45
FTLN 1505	<i>at Milford Haven. What your own love will out of</i>	
FTLN 1506	<i>this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness,</i>	
FTLN 1507	<i>that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing</i>	
FTLN 1508	<i>in love.</i>	
FTLN 1509	<i>Leonatus Posthumus.</i>	50
FTLN 1510	O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?	
FTLN 1511	He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me	
FTLN 1512	How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs	
FTLN 1513	May plod it in a week, why may not I	
FTLN 1514	Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,	55
FTLN 1515	Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st—	
FTLN 1516	O, let me bate—but not like me, yet long'st	
FTLN 1517	But in a fainter kind—O, not like me,	
FTLN 1518	For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick—	
FTLN 1519	Love's counselor should fill the bores of hearing	60
FTLN 1520	To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is	
FTLN 1521	To this same blessèd Milford. And by th' way	

---

FTLN 1522 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
 FTLN 1523 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,  
 FTLN 1524 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap 65  
 FTLN 1525 That we shall make in time from our hence-going  
 FTLN 1526 And our return, to excuse. But first, how get hence?  
 FTLN 1527 Why should excuse be born or ere begot?  
 FTLN 1528 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,  
 FTLN 1529 How many 'score' of miles may we well rid 70  
 FTLN 1530 'Twixt hour and hour?

FTLN 1531 PISANIO One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
 FTLN 1532 Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

FTLN 1533 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 1534 Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
 FTLN 1535 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers 75  
 FTLN 1536 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
 FTLN 1537 That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.  
 FTLN 1538 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say  
 FTLN 1539 She'll home to her father; and provide me presently  
 FTLN 1540 A riding suit no costlier than would fit 80  
 FTLN 1541 A franklin's huswife.

FTLN 1541 PISANIO Madam, you're best consider.

FTLN 1542 IMOGEN  
 FTLN 1543 I see before me, man. Nor here, 'nor' here,  
 FTLN 1544 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them  
 FTLN 1545 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee. 85  
 FTLN 1546 Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say.  
 FTLN 1546 Accessible is none but Milford way.

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

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

BELARIUS, 'as MORGAN'

FTLN 1547 A goodly day not to keep house with such

---

FTLN 1548	Whose roof's as low as ours! 'Stoop,' boys. This gate	
FTLN 1549	Instructs you how t' adore the heavens and bows you	
FTLN 1550	To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs	
FTLN 1551	Are arched so high that giants may jet through	5
FTLN 1552	And keep their impious turbans on, without	
FTLN 1553	Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!	
FTLN 1554	We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly	
FTLN 1555	As prouder livers do.	
FTLN 1556	GUIDERIUS, 'as POLYDOR' Hail, heaven!	10
FTLN 1557	ARVIRAGUS, 'as CADWAL' Hail, heaven!	
	BELARIUS, 'as MORGAN'	
FTLN 1558	Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill;	
FTLN 1559	Your legs are young. I'll tread these flats. Consider,	
FTLN 1560	When you above perceive me like a crow,	
FTLN 1561	That it is place which lessens and sets off,	15
FTLN 1562	And you may then revolve what tales I have told you	
FTLN 1563	Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.	
FTLN 1564	This service is not service, so being done,	
FTLN 1565	But being so allowed. To apprehend thus	
FTLN 1566	Draws us a profit from all things we see,	20
FTLN 1567	And often, to our comfort, shall we find	
FTLN 1568	The sharded beetle in a safer hold	
FTLN 1569	Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life	
FTLN 1570	Is nobler than attending for a check,	
FTLN 1571	Richer than doing nothing for a 'robe,'	25
FTLN 1572	Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:	
FTLN 1573	Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine	
FTLN 1574	Yet keeps his book uncrossed. No life to ours.	
	GUIDERIUS, 'as POLYDOR'	
FTLN 1575	Out of your proof you speak. We poor unfledged	
FTLN 1576	Have never winged from view o' th' nest, nor 'know'	30
FTLN 1577	not	
FTLN 1578	What air 's from home. Haply this life is best	
FTLN 1579	If quiet life be best, sweeter to you	
FTLN 1580	That have a sharper known, well corresponding	
FTLN 1581	With your stiff age; but unto us it is	35

---

FTLN 1582	A cell of ignorance, traveling abed,	
FTLN 1583	A prison 'for' a debtor that not dares	
FTLN 1584	To stride a limit.	
FTLN 1585	ARVIRAGUS, 'as CADWAL' What should we speak of	
FTLN 1586	When we are old as you? When we shall hear	40
FTLN 1587	The rain and wind beat dark December, how	
FTLN 1588	In this our pinching cave shall we discourse	
FTLN 1589	The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.	
FTLN 1590	We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey,	
FTLN 1591	Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.	45
FTLN 1592	Our valor is to chase what flies. Our cage	
FTLN 1593	We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,	
FTLN 1594	And sing our bondage freely.	
FTLN 1595	BELARIUS, 'as MORGAN' How you speak!	
FTLN 1596	Did you but know the city's usuries	50
FTLN 1597	And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,	
FTLN 1598	As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb	
FTLN 1599	Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that	
FTLN 1600	The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' th' war,	
FTLN 1601	A pain that only seems to seek out danger	55
FTLN 1602	I' th' name of fame and honor, which dies i' th' search	
FTLN 1603	And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph	
FTLN 1604	As record of fair act—nay, many times	
FTLN 1605	Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,	
FTLN 1606	Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, this story	60
FTLN 1607	The world may read in me. My body's marked	
FTLN 1608	With Roman swords, and my report was once	
FTLN 1609	First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me,	
FTLN 1610	And when a soldier was the theme, my name	
FTLN 1611	Was not far off. Then was I as a tree	65
FTLN 1612	Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night	
FTLN 1613	A storm or robbery, call it what you will,	
FTLN 1614	Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,	
FTLN 1615	And left me bare to weather.	
FTLN 1616	GUIDERIUS, 'as POLYDOR' Uncertain favor!	70

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 1617 My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,  
 FTLN 1618 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed  
 FTLN 1619 Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline  
 FTLN 1620 I was confederate with the Romans. So  
 FTLN 1621 Followed my banishment; and this twenty years 75  
 FTLN 1622 This rock and these demesnes have been my world,  
 FTLN 1623 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid  
 FTLN 1624 More pious debts to heaven than in all  
 FTLN 1625 The fore-end of my time. But up to th' mountains!  
 FTLN 1626 This is not hunters' language. He that strikes 80  
 FTLN 1627 The venison first shall be the lord o' th' feast;  
 FTLN 1628 To him the other two shall minister,  
 FTLN 1629 And we will fear no poison, which attends  
 FTLN 1630 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

*Guiderius and Arviragus* exit.

*Belarius*

FTLN 1631 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! 85  
 FTLN 1632 These boys know little they are sons to th' King,  
 FTLN 1633 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 FTLN 1634 They think they are mine, and, though trained up  
 FTLN 1635 thus meanly,  
 FTLN 1636 I' th' cave *wherein they* bow, their thoughts do hit 90  
 FTLN 1637 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
 FTLN 1638 In simple and low things to prince it much  
 FTLN 1639 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydor,  
 FTLN 1640 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
 FTLN 1641 The King his father called Guiderius—Jove! 95  
 FTLN 1642 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
 FTLN 1643 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 FTLN 1644 Into my story; say “Thus mine enemy fell,  
 FTLN 1645 And thus I set my foot on 's neck,” even then  
 FTLN 1646 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, 100  
 FTLN 1647 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 FTLN 1648 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
 FTLN 1649 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure

---

FTLN 1650	Strikes life into my speech and shows much more	
FTLN 1651	His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!	105
FTLN 1652	O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows	
FTLN 1653	Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,	
FTLN 1654	At three and two years old I stole these babes,	
FTLN 1655	Thinking to bar thee of succession as	
FTLN 1656	Thou refts me of my lands. Euriphile,	110
FTLN 1657	Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their	
FTLN 1658	mother,	
FTLN 1659	And every day do honor to her grave.	
FTLN 1660	Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,	
FTLN 1661	They take for natural father. The game is up!	115

*He exits.*

#### Scene 4

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

IMOGEN

FTLN 1662	Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place	
FTLN 1663	Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so	
FTLN 1664	To see me first as I have now. Pisanio, man,	
FTLN 1665	Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind	
FTLN 1666	That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that	5
FTLN 1667	sigh	
FTLN 1668	From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus	
FTLN 1669	Would be interpreted a thing perplexed	
FTLN 1670	Beyond self-explication. Put thyself	
FTLN 1671	Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness	10
FTLN 1672	Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?	
	<i>「Pisanio hands her a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 1673	Why tender'st thou that paper to me with	
FTLN 1674	A look untender? If 't be summer news,	
FTLN 1675	Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st	
FTLN 1676	But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand!	15

---

FTLN 1677	That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,	
FTLN 1678	And he's at some hard point. Speak, man! Thy tongue	
FTLN 1679	May take off some extremity, which to read	
FTLN 1680	Would be even mortal to me.	
FTLN 1681	PISANIO Please you read,	20
FTLN 1682	And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing	
FTLN 1683	The most disdained of fortune.	
FTLN 1684	IMOGEN <i>reads: Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the</i>	
FTLN 1685	<i>strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lies</i>	
FTLN 1686	<i>bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises but</i>	25
FTLN 1687	<i>from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I</i>	
FTLN 1688	<i>expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act</i>	
FTLN 1689	<i>for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of</i>	
FTLN 1690	<i>hers. Let thine own hands take away her life. I shall</i>	
FTLN 1691	<i>give thee opportunity at Milford Haven—she hath</i>	30
FTLN 1692	<i>my letter for the purpose—where, if thou fear to</i>	
FTLN 1693	<i>strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the</i>	
FTLN 1694	<i>pander to her dishonor and equally to me disloyal.</i>	
	PISANIO, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1695	What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper	
FTLN 1696	Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,	35
FTLN 1697	Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue	
FTLN 1698	Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath	
FTLN 1699	Rides on the posting winds and doth belie	
FTLN 1700	All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,	
FTLN 1701	Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave	40
FTLN 1702	This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?	
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 1703	False to his bed? What is it to be false?	
FTLN 1704	To lie in watch there and to think on him?	
FTLN 1705	To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,	
FTLN 1706	To break it with a fearful dream of him	45
FTLN 1707	And cry myself awake? That's false to 's bed, is it?	
FTLN 1708	PISANIO Alas, good lady!	
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 1709	I false? Thy conscience witness! Iachimo,	



FTLN 1710	Thou didst accuse him of incontinency.	
FTLN 1711	Thou then looked'st like a villain. Now methinks	50
FTLN 1712	Thy favor's good enough. Some jay of Italy,	
FTLN 1713	Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.	
FTLN 1714	Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,	
FTLN 1715	And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,	
FTLN 1716	I must be ripped. To pieces with me! O,	55
FTLN 1717	Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,	
FTLN 1718	By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought	
FTLN 1719	Put on for villainy, not born where 't grows,	
FTLN 1720	But worn a bait for ladies.	
FTLN 1721	PISANIO                      Good madam, hear me.	60
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 1722	True honest men, being heard like false Aeneas,	
FTLN 1723	Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping	
FTLN 1724	Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity	
FTLN 1725	From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,	
FTLN 1726	Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;	65
FTLN 1727	Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured	
FTLN 1728	From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;	
FTLN 1729	Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,	
FTLN 1730	A little witness my obedience. Look,	
FTLN 1731	I draw the sword myself.	70
	<i>She draws Pisanio's sword from its scabbard and hands it to him.</i>	
FTLN 1732	Take it, and hit	
FTLN 1733	The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.	
FTLN 1734	Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief.	
FTLN 1735	Thy master is not there, who was indeed	
FTLN 1736	The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.	75
FTLN 1737	Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,	
FTLN 1738	But now thou seem'st a coward.	
FTLN 1739	PISANIO, <i>throwing down the sword</i> Hence, vile	
FTLN 1740	instrument!	
FTLN 1741	Thou shalt not damn my hand.	80
FTLN 1742	IMOGEN                      Why, I must die,	

---

FTLN 1743	And if I do not by thy hand, thou art	
FTLN 1744	No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter	
FTLN 1745	There is a prohibition so divine	
FTLN 1746	That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart—	85
FTLN 1747	Something's 'afore 't.' Soft, soft! We'll no defense—	
FTLN 1748	Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?	
	<i>'She takes papers from her bodice.'</i>	
FTLN 1749	The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,	
FTLN 1750	All turned to heresy? Away, away!	
	<i>'She throws away the letters.'</i>	
FTLN 1751	Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more	90
FTLN 1752	Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools	
FTLN 1753	Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed	
FTLN 1754	Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor	
FTLN 1755	Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,	
FTLN 1756	That didst set up	95
FTLN 1757	My disobedience 'gainst the King my father	
FTLN 1758	And 'make' me put into contempt the suits	
FTLN 1759	Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find	
FTLN 1760	It is no act of common passage, but	
FTLN 1761	A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself	100
FTLN 1762	To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her	
FTLN 1763	That now thou tirest on, how thy memory	
FTLN 1764	Will then be panged by me.—Prithee, dispatch.	
FTLN 1765	The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?	
FTLN 1766	Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding	105
FTLN 1767	When I desire it too.	
FTLN 1768	PISANIO O gracious lady,	
FTLN 1769	Since I received command to do this business	
FTLN 1770	I have not slept one wink.	
FTLN 1771	IMOGEN Do 't, and to bed, then.	110
	PISANIO	
FTLN 1772	I'll wake mine eyeballs 'out' first.	
FTLN 1773	IMOGEN Wherefore then	
FTLN 1774	Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused	
FTLN 1775	So many miles with a pretense? This place?	

---

FTLN 1776	Mine action and thine own? Our horses' labor?	115
FTLN 1777	The time inviting thee? The perturbed court	
FTLN 1778	For my being absent, whereunto I never	
FTLN 1779	Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far	
FTLN 1780	To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,	
FTLN 1781	Th' elected deer before thee?	120
FTLN 1782	PISANIO But to win time	
FTLN 1783	To lose so bad employment, in the which	
FTLN 1784	I have considered of a course. Good lady,	
FTLN 1785	Hear me with patience.	
FTLN 1786	IMOGEN Talk thy tongue weary.	125
FTLN 1787	Speak.	
FTLN 1788	I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,	
FTLN 1789	Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,	
FTLN 1790	Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.	
FTLN 1791	PISANIO Then, madam,	130
FTLN 1792	I thought you would not back again.	
FTLN 1793	IMOGEN Most like,	
FTLN 1794	Bringing me here to kill me.	
FTLN 1795	PISANIO Not so, neither.	
FTLN 1796	But if I were as wise as honest, then	135
FTLN 1797	My purpose would prove well. It cannot be	
FTLN 1798	But that my master is abused. Some villain,	
FTLN 1799	Ay, and singular in his art, hath done	
FTLN 1800	You both this cursèd injury.	
FTLN 1801	IMOGEN Some Roman courtesan?	140
FTLN 1802	PISANIO No, on my life.	
FTLN 1803	I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him	
FTLN 1804	Some bloody sign of it, for 'tis commanded	
FTLN 1805	I should do so. You shall be missed at court,	
FTLN 1806	And that will well confirm it.	145
FTLN 1807	IMOGEN Why, good fellow,	
FTLN 1808	What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?	
FTLN 1809	Or in my life what comfort when I am	
FTLN 1810	Dead to my husband?	

---

FTLN 1811	PISANIO	If you'll back to th' court—	150
	IMOGEN		
FTLN 1812		No court, no father, nor no more ado	
FTLN 1813		With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,	
FTLN 1814		That Cloten, whose love suit hath been to me	
FTLN 1815		As fearful as a siege.	
FTLN 1816	PISANIO	If not at court,	155
FTLN 1817		Then not in Britain must you bide.	
FTLN 1818	IMOGEN	Where, then?	
FTLN 1819		Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,	
FTLN 1820		Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume	
FTLN 1821		Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't,	160
FTLN 1822		In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithee think	
FTLN 1823		There's livers out of Britain.	
FTLN 1824	PISANIO	I am most glad	
FTLN 1825		You think of other place. Th' ambassador,	
FTLN 1826		Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven	165
FTLN 1827		Tomorrow. Now, if you could wear a mind	
FTLN 1828		Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise	
FTLN 1829		That which t' appear itself must not yet be	
FTLN 1830		But by self-danger, you should tread a course	
FTLN 1831		Pretty and full of view: yea, haply near	170
FTLN 1832		The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,	
FTLN 1833		That though his actions were not visible, yet	
FTLN 1834		Report should render him hourly to your ear	
FTLN 1835		As truly as he moves.	
FTLN 1836	IMOGEN	O, for such means,	175
FTLN 1837		Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,	
FTLN 1838		I would adventure.	
FTLN 1839	PISANIO	Well then, here's the point:	
FTLN 1840		You must forget to be a woman; change	
FTLN 1841		Command into obedience, fear and niceness—	180
FTLN 1842		The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,	
FTLN 1843		Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,	
FTLN 1844		Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and	

---

FTLN 1845	As quarrelous as the weasel. Nay, you must	
FTLN 1846	Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,	185
FTLN 1847	Exposing it—but O, the harder heart!	
FTLN 1848	Alack, no remedy—to the greedy touch	
FTLN 1849	Of common-kissing Titan, and forget	
FTLN 1850	Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein	
FTLN 1851	You made great Juno angry.	190
FTLN 1852	IMOGEN	Nay, be brief.
FTLN 1853	I see into thy end and am almost	
FTLN 1854	A man already.	
FTLN 1855	PISANIO	First, make yourself but like one.
FTLN 1856	Forethinking this, I have already fit—	195
FTLN 1857	'Tis in my cloakbag—doublet, hat, hose, all	
FTLN 1858	That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,	
FTLN 1859	And with what imitation you can borrow	
FTLN 1860	From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius	
FTLN 1861	Present yourself, desire his service, tell him	200
FTLN 1862	Wherein you're happy—which will make him know,	
FTLN 1863	If that his head have ear in music—doubtless	
FTLN 1864	With joy he will embrace you, for he's honorable	
FTLN 1865	And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:	
FTLN 1866	You have me, rich, and I will never fail	205
FTLN 1867	Beginning nor supplyment.	
FTLN 1868	IMOGEN, <i>['taking the cloakbag']</i>	Thou art all the comfort
FTLN 1869	The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away.	
FTLN 1870	There's more to be considered, but we'll even	
FTLN 1871	All that good time will give us. This attempt	210
FTLN 1872	I am soldier to, and will abide it with	
FTLN 1873	A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.	
FTLN 1874	PISANIO	
FTLN 1875	Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,	
FTLN 1876	Lest, being missed, I be suspected of	
FTLN 1877	Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,	215
	Here is a box. I had it from the Queen.	
	<i>['He hands her the box.']</i>	

FTLN 1884	Thus far, and so farewell.	
FTLN 1885	LUCIUS	Thanks, royal sir.
FTLN 1886	My emperor hath wrote I must from hence,	
FTLN 1887	And am right sorry that I must report you	
FTLN 1888	My master's enemy.	5
FTLN 1889	CYMBELINE	Our subjects, sir,
FTLN 1890	Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself	
FTLN 1891	To show less sovereignty than they must needs	
FTLN 1892	Appear unkinglike.	
FTLN 1893	LUCIUS	So, sir. I desire of you
FTLN 1894	A conduct overland to Milford Haven.—	10
FTLN 1895	Madam, all joy befall your Grace—and you.	
	CYMBELINE, <i>「to Lords」</i>	
FTLN 1896	My lords, you are appointed for that office.	
FTLN 1897	The due of honor in no point omit.—	
FTLN 1898	So, farewell, noble Lucius.	15
FTLN 1899	LUCIUS, <i>「to Cloten」</i>	Your hand, my lord.
	CLOTEN	
FTLN 1900	Receive it friendly, but from this time forth	
FTLN 1901	I wear it as your enemy.	
FTLN 1902	LUCIUS	Sir, the event
FTLN 1903	Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.	20

CYMBELINE

FTLN 1904 Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
 FTLN 1905 Till he have crossed the Severn. Happiness!  
*Exit Lucius and Lords.*

QUEEN

FTLN 1906 He goes hence frowning, but it honors us  
 FTLN 1907 That we have given him cause.

FTLN 1908 CLOTEN 'Tis all the better. 25  
 FTLN 1909 Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

CYMBELINE

FTLN 1910 Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor  
 FTLN 1911 How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
 FTLN 1912 Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.  
 FTLN 1913 The powers that he already hath in Gallia 30  
 FTLN 1914 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
 FTLN 1915 His war for Britain.

FTLN 1916 QUEEN 'Tis not sleepy business,  
 FTLN 1917 But must be looked to speedily and strongly.

CYMBELINE

FTLN 1918 Our expectation that it would be thus 35  
 FTLN 1919 Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
 FTLN 1920 Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared  
 FTLN 1921 Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered  
 FTLN 1922 The duty of the day. She looks us like  
 FTLN 1923 A thing more made of malice than of duty. 40  
 FTLN 1924 We have noted it.—Call her before us, for  
 FTLN 1925 We have been too slight in sufferance.

*An Attendant exits.*

FTLN 1926 QUEEN Royal sir,  
 FTLN 1927 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
 FTLN 1928 Hath her life been, the cure whereof, my lord, 45  
 FTLN 1929 'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,  
 FTLN 1930 Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady  
 FTLN 1931 So tender of rebukes that words are strokes  
 FTLN 1932 And strokes death to her.

*Enter Attendant.*

---

FTLN 1933	CYMBELINE	Where is she, sir? How	50
FTLN 1934		Can her contempt be answered?	
FTLN 1935	「ATTENDANT」	Please you, sir,	
FTLN 1936		Her chambers are all locked, and there's no answer	
FTLN 1937		That will be given to th' 「loud'st」 noise we make.	
	QUEEN		
FTLN 1938		My lord, when last I went to visit her,	55
FTLN 1939		She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;	
FTLN 1940		Whereto constrained by her infirmity,	
FTLN 1941		She should that duty leave unpaid to you	
FTLN 1942		Which daily she was bound to proffer. This	
FTLN 1943		She wished me to make known, but our great court	60
FTLN 1944		Made me to blame in memory.	
FTLN 1945	CYMBELINE	Her doors locked?	
FTLN 1946		Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I	
FTLN 1947		Fear prove false! <i>He exits 「with Attendant.」</i>	
FTLN 1948	QUEEN	Son, I say, follow the King.	65
	CLOTEN		
FTLN 1949		That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant	
FTLN 1950		I have not seen these two days.	
FTLN 1951	QUEEN	Go, look after.	
		<i>「Cloten」 exits.</i>	
FTLN 1952		<i>「Aside.」</i> Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus—	
FTLN 1953		He hath a drug of mine. I pray his absence	70
FTLN 1954		Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes	
FTLN 1955		It is a thing most precious. But for her,	
FTLN 1956		Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seized her,	
FTLN 1957		Or, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown	
FTLN 1958		To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is	75
FTLN 1959		To death or to dishonor, and my end	
FTLN 1960		Can make good use of either. She being down,	
FTLN 1961		I have the placing of the British crown.	

*Enter Cloten.*

FTLN 1962		How now, my son?	
FTLN 1963	CLOTEN	'Tis certain she is fled.	80



---

FTLN 1964	Go in and cheer the King. He rages; none	
FTLN 1965	Dare come about him.	
FTLN 1966	QUEEN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	All the better. May
FTLN 1967	This night forestall him of the coming day!	
	<i>Queen exits, 「with Attendants.」</i>	
	CLOTEN	
FTLN 1968	I love and hate her, for she's fair and royal,	85
FTLN 1969	And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite	
FTLN 1970	Than lady, ladies, woman. From every one	
FTLN 1971	The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,	
FTLN 1972	Outsells them all. I love her therefore, but	
FTLN 1973	Disdaining me and throwing favors on	90
FTLN 1974	The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment	
FTLN 1975	That what's else rare is choked. And in that point	
FTLN 1976	I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,	
FTLN 1977	To be revenged upon her. For, when fools	
FTLN 1978	Shall—	95
	<i>Enter Pisanio.</i>	
FTLN 1979	Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?	
FTLN 1980	Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,	
FTLN 1981	Where is thy lady? In a word, or else	
FTLN 1982	Thou art straightway with the fiends.	
	<i>「He draws his sword.」</i>	
FTLN 1983	PISANIO	O, good my lord— 100
	CLOTEN	
FTLN 1984	Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter—	
FTLN 1985	I will not ask again. Close villain,	
FTLN 1986	I'll have this secret from thy heart or rip	
FTLN 1987	Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus,	
FTLN 1988	From whose so many weights of baseness cannot	105
FTLN 1989	A dram of worth be drawn?	
FTLN 1990	PISANIO	Alas, my lord,
FTLN 1991	How can she be with him? When was she missed?	
FTLN 1992	He is in Rome.	
FTLN 1993	CLOTEN	Where is she, sir? Come nearer. 110

---

FTLN 1994	No farther halting. Satisfy me home	
FTLN 1995	What is become of her.	
	PISANIO	
FTLN 1996	O, my all-worthy lord!	
FTLN 1997	CLOTEN All-worthy villain!	
FTLN 1998	Discover where thy mistress is at once,	115
FTLN 1999	At the next word. No more of “worthy lord”!	
FTLN 2000	Speak, or thy silence on the instant is	
FTLN 2001	Thy condemnation and thy death.	
FTLN 2002	PISANIO Then, sir,	
FTLN 2003	This paper is the history of my knowledge	120
FTLN 2004	Touching her flight. <i>‘He gives Cloten a paper.’</i>	
FTLN 2005	CLOTEN Let’s see ’t. I will pursue her	
FTLN 2006	Even to Augustus’ throne.	
FTLN 2007	PISANIO, <i>‘aside’</i> Or this or perish.	
FTLN 2008	She’s far enough, and what he learns by this	125
FTLN 2009	May prove his travail, not her danger.	
FTLN 2010	CLOTEN Humh!	
	PISANIO, <i>‘aside’</i>	
FTLN 2011	I’ll write to my lord she’s dead. O Imogen,	
FTLN 2012	Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!	
FTLN 2013	CLOTEN Sirrah, is this letter true?	130
FTLN 2014	PISANIO Sir, as I think.	
FTLN 2015	CLOTEN It is Posthumus’ hand, I know ’t. Sirrah, if	
FTLN 2016	thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,	
FTLN 2017	undergo those employments wherein I should	
FTLN 2018	have cause to use thee with a serious industry—	135
FTLN 2019	that is, what villainy soe’er I bid thee do to perform	
FTLN 2020	it directly and truly—I would think thee an honest	
FTLN 2021	man. Thou shouldst neither want my means for thy	
FTLN 2022	relief nor my voice for thy preferment.	
FTLN 2023	PISANIO Well, my good lord.	140
FTLN 2024	CLOTEN Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and	
FTLN 2025	constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of	
FTLN 2026	that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the	
FTLN 2027	course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of	
FTLN 2028	mine. Wilt thou serve me?	145

---

FTLN 2029 PISANIO Sir, I will.

FTLN 2030 CLOTEN Give me thy hand. Here's my purse. *「Gives*  
 FTLN 2031 *him money.」* Hast any of thy late master's garments  
 FTLN 2032 in thy possession?

FTLN 2033 PISANIO I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he 150  
 FTLN 2034 wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

FTLN 2035 CLOTEN The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit  
 FTLN 2036 hither. Let it be thy first service. Go.

FTLN 2037 PISANIO I shall, my lord. *He exits.*

FTLN 2038 CLOTEN Meet thee at Milford Haven!—I forgot to ask 155  
 FTLN 2039 him one thing; I'll remember 't anon. Even there,  
 FTLN 2040 thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would  
 FTLN 2041 these garments were come. She said upon a time—  
 FTLN 2042 the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—  
 FTLN 2043 that she held the very garment of Posthumus in 160  
 FTLN 2044 more respect than my noble and natural person,  
 FTLN 2045 together with the adornment of my qualities. With  
 FTLN 2046 that suit upon my back will I ravish her. First, kill  
 FTLN 2047 him, and in her eyes. There shall she see my valor,  
 FTLN 2048 which will then be a torment to her contempt. 165  
 FTLN 2049 He on the ground, my speech of insultment  
 FTLN 2050 ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath  
 FTLN 2051 dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute  
 FTLN 2052 in the clothes that she so praised—to the court  
 FTLN 2053 I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath 170  
 FTLN 2054 despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my  
 FTLN 2055 revenge.

*Enter Pisanio 「with the clothes.」*

FTLN 2056 Be those the garments?

FTLN 2057 PISANIO Ay, my noble lord.

FTLN 2058 CLOTEN How long is 't since she went to Milford Haven? 175

FTLN 2059 PISANIO She can scarce be there yet.

FTLN 2060 CLOTEN Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the  
 FTLN 2061 second thing that I have commanded thee. The  
 FTLN 2062 third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my

FTLN 2063 design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall 180  
 FTLN 2064 tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford.  
 FTLN 2065 Would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.  
*He exits.*

PISANIO

FTLN 2066 Thou bidd'st me to my loss, for true to thee  
 FTLN 2067 Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
 FTLN 2068 To him that is most true. To Milford go, 185  
 FTLN 2069 And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
 FTLN 2070 You heavenly blessings, on her. This fool's speed  
 FTLN 2071 Be crossed with slowness. Labor be his meed.  
*He exits.*

### Scene 6

*Enter Imogen alone, 「dressed as a boy, Fidele.」*

IMOGEN

FTLN 2072 I see a man's life is a tedious one.  
 FTLN 2073 I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
 FTLN 2074 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick  
 FTLN 2075 But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
 FTLN 2076 When from the mountain top Pisanio showed thee, 5  
 FTLN 2077 Thou wast within a ken. O Jove, I think  
 FTLN 2078 Foundations fly the wretched—such, I mean,  
 FTLN 2079 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me  
 FTLN 2080 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,  
 FTLN 2081 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10  
 FTLN 2082 A punishment or trial? Yes. No wonder,  
 FTLN 2083 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness  
 FTLN 2084 Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
 FTLN 2085 Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,  
 FTLN 2086 Thou art one o' th' false ones. Now I think on thee, 15  
 FTLN 2087 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
 FTLN 2088 At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
 FTLN 2089 Here is a path to 't. 'Tis some savage hold.

FTLN 2090 I were best not call; I dare not call. Yet famine,  
 FTLN 2091 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20  
 FTLN 2092 Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever  
 FTLN 2093 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?  
 FTLN 2094 If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,  
 FTLN 2095 Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? Then I'll enter.  
 FTLN 2096 Best draw my sword; an if mine enemy 25  
 FTLN 2097 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.

*She draws her sword.*

FTLN 2098 Such a foe, good heavens!

*She exits, as into the cave.*

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

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 2099 You, Polydor, have proved best woodman and  
 FTLN 2100 Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I  
 FTLN 2101 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match. 30  
 FTLN 2102 The sweat of industry would dry and die  
 FTLN 2103 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs  
 FTLN 2104 Will make what's homely savory. Weariness  
 FTLN 2105 Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth  
 FTLN 2106 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here, 35  
 FTLN 2107 Poor house, that keep'st thyself.

FTLN 2108 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* I am throughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2109 I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*

FTLN 2110 There is cold meat i' th' cave. We'll browse on that  
 FTLN 2111 Whilst what we have killed be cooked. 40

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN, looking into the cave*

FTLN 2112 Stay, come

FTLN 2113 not in!

FTLN 2114 But that it eats our victuals, I should think

FTLN 2115 Here were a fairy.

FTLN 2116 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* What's the matter, sir? 45

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 2117 By Jupiter, an angel! Or, if not,  
FTLN 2118 An earthly paragon. Behold divineness  
FTLN 2119 No elder than a boy.

*Enter Imogen as Fidele.*

FTLN 2120 IMOGEN, *as FIDELE* Good masters, harm me not.  
FTLN 2121 Before I entered here, I called, and thought 50  
FTLN 2122 To have begged or bought what I have took. Good  
FTLN 2123 troth,  
FTLN 2124 I have stol'n naught, nor would not, though I had  
FTLN 2125 found  
FTLN 2126 Gold strewed i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat. 55  
*She offers money.*  
FTLN 2127 I would have left it on the board so soon  
FTLN 2128 As I had made my meal, and parted  
FTLN 2129 With prayers for the provider.  
FTLN 2130 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* Money, youth?  
ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*  
FTLN 2131 All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, 60  
FTLN 2132 As 'tis no better reckoned but of those  
FTLN 2133 Who worship dirty gods.  
FTLN 2134 IMOGEN, *as FIDELE* I see you're angry.  
FTLN 2135 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
FTLN 2136 Have died had I not made it. 65  
FTLN 2137 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* Whither bound?  
FTLN 2138 IMOGEN, *as FIDELE* To Milford Haven.  
FTLN 2139 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* What's your name?  
IMOGEN, *as FIDELE*  
FTLN 2140 Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
FTLN 2141 Is bound for Italy. He embarked at Milford, 70  
FTLN 2142 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
FTLN 2143 I am fall'n in this offense.  
FTLN 2144 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* Prithee, fair youth,  
FTLN 2145 Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
FTLN 2146 By this rude place we live in. Well encountered! 75  
FTLN 2147 'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer

---

FTLN 2148	Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.—	
FTLN 2149	Boys, bid him welcome.	
FTLN 2150	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Were you a woman, youth,	
FTLN 2151	I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty,	80
FTLN 2152	Ay, bid for you as I do buy.	
FTLN 2153	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> I'll make 't my comfort	
FTLN 2154	He is a man. I'll love him as my brother.—	
FTLN 2155	And such a welcome as I'd give to him	
FTLN 2156	After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome.	85
FTLN 2157	Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.	
FTLN 2158	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i> 'Mongst	
FTLN 2159	friends?	
FTLN 2160	If brothers— ( <i>aside</i> ) Would it had been so, that they	
FTLN 2161	Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize	90
FTLN 2162	Been less, and so more equal ballasting	
FTLN 2163	To thee, Posthumus.	
FTLN 2164	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> He wrings at some distress.	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2165	Would I could free 't!	
FTLN 2166	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Or I, whate'er it be,	95
FTLN 2167	What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!	
FTLN 2168	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> Hark, boys.	
	<i>They talk aside.</i>	
FTLN 2169	IMOGEN Great men	
FTLN 2170	That had a court no bigger than this cave,	
FTLN 2171	That did attend themselves and had the virtue	100
FTLN 2172	Which their own conscience sealed them, laying by	
FTLN 2173	That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,	
FTLN 2174	Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!	
FTLN 2175	I'd change my sex to be companion with them,	
FTLN 2176	Since Leonatus false.	105
FTLN 2177	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> It shall be so.	
FTLN 2178	Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in.	
FTLN 2179	Discourse is heavy, fasting. When we have supped,	
FTLN 2180	We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story	
FTLN 2181	So far as thou wilt speak it.	110

---

FTLN 2182 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* Pray, draw near.  
 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2183 The night to th' owl and morn to th' lark less  
 FTLN 2184 welcome.

FTLN 2185 IMOGEN, *as FIDELE* Thanks, sir.

FTLN 2186 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL* I pray, draw near. 115

*They exit.*

Scene *7*

*Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

FIRST SENATOR

FTLN 2187 This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ:  
 FTLN 2188 That since the common men are now in action  
 FTLN 2189 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
 FTLN 2190 And that the legions now in Gallia are  
 FTLN 2191 Full weak to undertake our wars against 5  
 FTLN 2192 The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
 FTLN 2193 The gentry to this business. He creates  
 FTLN 2194 Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes  
 FTLN 2195 For this immediate levy, he commends  
 FTLN 2196 His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! 10

TRIBUNE

FTLN 2197 Is Lucius general of the forces?

FTLN 2198 SECOND SENATOR Ay.

TRIBUNE

FTLN 2199 Remaining now in Gallia?

FTLN 2200 FIRST SENATOR With those legions  
 FTLN 2201 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy 15  
 FTLN 2202 Must be supplyant. The words of your commission  
 FTLN 2203 Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
 FTLN 2204 Of their dispatch.

FTLN 2205 TRIBUNE We will discharge our duty.

*They exit.*

---



## ACT 4

---

### Scene 1

*Enter Cloten alone, ʃdressed in Posthumus's garments. ʃ*

FTLN 2206	CLOTEN	I am near to th' place where they should meet,	
FTLN 2207		if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments	
FTLN 2208		serve me! Why should his mistress, who	
FTLN 2209		was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit	
FTLN 2210		too? The rather, saving reverence of the word, for	5
FTLN 2211		'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I	
FTLN 2212		must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,	
FTLN 2213		for it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to	
FTLN 2214		confer in his own chamber. I mean, the lines of my	
FTLN 2215		body are as well drawn as his, no less young, more	10
FTLN 2216		strong; not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him	
FTLN 2217		in the advantage of the time, above him in birth,	
FTLN 2218		alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable	
FTLN 2219		in single oppositions. Yet this imperceiverant	
FTLN 2220		thing loves him in my despite. What	15
FTLN 2221		mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is	
FTLN 2222		growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour	
FTLN 2223		be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to	
FTLN 2224		pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her	
FTLN 2225		home to her father, who may haply be a little angry	20
FTLN 2226		or my so rough usage. But my mother, having	
FTLN 2227		power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations.	
FTLN 2228		My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword,	
FTLN 2229		and to a sore purpose. Fortune, put them into my	

FTLN 2230 hand! This is the very description of their meeting 25  
 FTLN 2231 place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.  
*He 「draws his sword and」 exits.*

## Scene 2

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

BELARIUS, 「as MORGAN, to Fidele」  
 FTLN 2232 You are not well. Remain here in the cave.  
 FTLN 2233 We'll come to you after hunting.  
 FTLN 2234 ARVIRAGUS, 「as CADWAL, to Fidele」 Brother, stay here.  
 FTLN 2235 Are we not brothers?  
 FTLN 2236 IMOGEN, 「as FIDELE」 So man and man should be, 5  
 FTLN 2237 But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
 FTLN 2238 Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.  
 GUIDERIUS, 「as POLYDOR, to Morgan and Cadwal」  
 FTLN 2239 Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.  
 IMOGEN, 「as FIDELE」  
 FTLN 2240 So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
 FTLN 2241 But not so citizen a wanton as 10  
 FTLN 2242 To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me.  
 FTLN 2243 Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom  
 FTLN 2244 Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
 FTLN 2245 Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort  
 FTLN 2246 To one not sociable. I am not very sick, 15  
 FTLN 2247 Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here—  
 FTLN 2248 I'll rob none but myself—and let me die,  
 FTLN 2249 Stealing so poorly.  
 GUIDERIUS, 「as POLYDOR」  
 FTLN 2250 I love thee—I have spoke it—  
 FTLN 2251 How much the quantity, the weight as much 20  
 FTLN 2252 As I do love my father.  
 FTLN 2253 BELARIUS, 「as MORGAN」 What? How, how?

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2254 If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
 FTLN 2255 In my good brother's fault. I know not why  
 FTLN 2256 I love this youth, and I have heard you say 25  
 FTLN 2257 Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,  
 FTLN 2258 And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say  
 FTLN 2259 "My father, not this youth."

FTLN 2260 BELARIUS, *aside* O, noble strain!  
 FTLN 2261 O, worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! 30  
 FTLN 2262 Cowards father cowards and base things sire base;  
 FTLN 2263 Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
 FTLN 2264 I'm not their father, yet who this should be  
 FTLN 2265 Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—  
 FTLN 2266 'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn. 35

FTLN 2267 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL, to Fidele* Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN, *as FIDELE*

FTLN 2268 I wish you sport.

FTLN 2269 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL* You health.—So please you, sir.

IMOGEN, *aside*

FTLN 2270 These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!  
 FTLN 2271 Our courtiers say all's savage but at court; 40  
 FTLN 2272 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
 FTLN 2273 Th' imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish  
 FTLN 2274 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
 FTLN 2275 I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,  
 FTLN 2276 I'll now taste of thy drug. *She swallows the drug.* 45

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR, to Morgan and Cadwal*

FTLN 2277 I could not stir him.

FTLN 2278 He said he was gentle but unfortunate,

FTLN 2279 Dishonestly afflicted but yet honest.

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2280 Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter

FTLN 2281 I might know more. 50

FTLN 2282 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* To th' field, to th' field!

CLOTEN, *['to himself']*  
FTLN 2310 I cannot find those runagates. That villain  
FTLN 2311 Hath mocked me. I am faint. 80

---

	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN, to Polydor and Cadwal</i>	
FTLN 2312	“Those runagates”?	
FTLN 2313	Means he not us? I partly know him. ’Tis	
FTLN 2314	Cloten, the son o’ th’ Queen. I fear some ambush.	
FTLN 2315	I saw him not these many years, and yet	
FTLN 2316	I know ’tis he. We are held as outlaws. Hence.	85
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2317	He is but one. You and my brother search	
FTLN 2318	What companies are near. Pray you, away.	
FTLN 2319	Let me alone with him. <i>Belarius and Arviragus exit.</i>	
FTLN 2320	CLOTEN Soft, what are you	
FTLN 2321	That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?	90
FTLN 2322	I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?	
FTLN 2323	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> A thing	
FTLN 2324	More slavish did I ne’er than answering	
FTLN 2325	A slave without a knock.	
FTLN 2326	CLOTEN Thou art a robber,	95
FTLN 2327	A lawbreaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2328	To who? To thee? What art thou? Have not I	
FTLN 2329	An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?	
FTLN 2330	Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not	
FTLN 2331	My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,	100
FTLN 2332	Why I should yield to thee.	
FTLN 2333	CLOTEN Thou villain base,	
FTLN 2334	Know’st me not by my clothes?	
FTLN 2335	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> No, nor thy tailor,	
FTLN 2336	rascal.	105
FTLN 2337	Who is thy grandfather? He made those clothes,	
FTLN 2338	Which, as it seems, make thee.	
FTLN 2339	CLOTEN Thou precious varlet,	
FTLN 2340	My tailor made them not.	
FTLN 2341	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Hence then, and thank	110
FTLN 2342	The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool.	
FTLN 2343	I am loath to beat thee.	
FTLN 2344	CLOTEN Thou injurious thief,	
FTLN 2345	Hear but my name, and tremble.	

---

FTLN 2346 GUIDERIUS, 「*as POLYDOR*」 What's thy name? 115  
 FTLN 2347 CLOTEN Cloten, thou villain.  
 GUIDERIUS, 「*as POLYDOR*」  
 FTLN 2348 Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
 FTLN 2349 I cannot tremble at it. Were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,  
 FTLN 2350 'Twould move me sooner.  
 FTLN 2351 CLOTEN To thy further fear, 120  
 FTLN 2352 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
 FTLN 2353 I am son to th' Queen.  
 FTLN 2354 GUIDERIUS, 「*as POLYDOR*」 I am sorry for 't, not seeming  
 FTLN 2355 So worthy as thy birth.  
 FTLN 2356 CLOTEN Art not afeard? 125  
 GUIDERIUS, 「*as POLYDOR*」  
 FTLN 2357 Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise;  
 FTLN 2358 At fools I laugh, not fear them.  
 FTLN 2359 CLOTEN Die the death!  
 FTLN 2360 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
 FTLN 2361 I'll follow those that even now fled hence 130  
 FTLN 2362 And on the gates of Lud's Town set your heads.  
 FTLN 2363 Yield, rustic mountaineer!

*They fight and exit.*

*Enter Belarius 「as Morgan」 and Arviragus 「as  
Cadwal.」*

FTLN 2364 BELARIUS, 「*as MORGAN*」 No company's abroad?  
 ARVIRAGUS, 「*as CADWAL*」  
 FTLN 2365 None in the world. You did mistake him sure.  
 BELARIUS, 「*as MORGAN*」  
 FTLN 2366 I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him, 135  
 FTLN 2367 But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor  
 FTLN 2368 Which then he wore. The snatches in his voice  
 FTLN 2369 And burst of speaking were as his. I am absolute  
 FTLN 2370 'Twas very Cloten.  
 FTLN 2371 ARVIRAGUS, 「*as CADWAL*」 In this place we left them. 140  
 FTLN 2372 I wish my brother make good time with him,  
 FTLN 2373 You say he is so fell.

---

FTLN 2374 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* Being scarce made up,  
 FTLN 2375 I mean to man, he had not apprehension  
 FTLN 2376 Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment 145  
 FTLN 2377 Is oft the cause of fear.

*Enter Guiderius as Polydor, carrying Cloten's head.*

FTLN 2378 But see, thy brother.  
 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*  
 FTLN 2379 This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
 FTLN 2380 There was no money in 't. Not Hercules  
 FTLN 2381 Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none. 150  
 FTLN 2382 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
 FTLN 2383 My head as I do his.  
 FTLN 2384 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* What hast thou done?  
 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*  
 FTLN 2385 I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
 FTLN 2386 Son to the Queen, after his own report, 155  
 FTLN 2387 Who called me traitor mountaineer, and swore  
 FTLN 2388 With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
 FTLN 2389 Displace our heads where, *thank* the gods, they  
 FTLN 2390 grow,  
 FTLN 2391 And set them on Lud's Town. 160  
 FTLN 2392 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* We are all undone.  
 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*  
 FTLN 2393 Why, worthy father, what have we to lose  
 FTLN 2394 But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
 FTLN 2395 Protects not us. Then why should we be tender  
 FTLN 2396 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us, 165  
 FTLN 2397 Play judge and executioner all himself,  
 FTLN 2398 For we do fear the law? What company  
 FTLN 2399 Discover you abroad?  
 FTLN 2400 BELARIUS, *as MORGAN* No single soul  
 FTLN 2401 Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason 170  
 FTLN 2402 He must have some attendants. Though his *humor*  
 FTLN 2403 Was nothing but mutation—ay, and that  
 FTLN 2404 From one bad thing to worse—not frenzy,

---

FTLN 2405	Not absolute madness could so far have raved	
FTLN 2406	To bring him here alone. Although perhaps	175
FTLN 2407	It may be heard at court that such as we	
FTLN 2408	Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time	
FTLN 2409	May make some stronger head, the which he	
FTLN 2410	hearing—	
FTLN 2411	As it is like him—might break out and swear	180
FTLN 2412	He'd fetch us in, yet is 't not probable	
FTLN 2413	To come alone, either he so undertaking	
FTLN 2414	Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,	
FTLN 2415	If we do fear this body hath a tail	
FTLN 2416	More perilous than the head.	185
FTLN 2417	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Let ord'nance	
FTLN 2418	Come as the gods foresay it. Howsoe'er,	
FTLN 2419	My brother hath done well.	
FTLN 2420	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> I had no mind	
FTLN 2421	To hunt this day. The boy Fidele's sickness	190
FTLN 2422	Did make my way long forth.	
FTLN 2423	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> With his own sword,	
FTLN 2424	Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en	
FTLN 2425	His head from him. I'll throw 't into the creek	
FTLN 2426	Behind our rock, and let it to the sea	195
FTLN 2427	And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.	
FTLN 2428	That's all I reck.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2429	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> I fear 'twill be revenged.	
FTLN 2430	Would, Polydor, thou hadst not done 't, though valor	
FTLN 2431	Becomes thee well enough.	200
FTLN 2432	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Would I had done 't,	
FTLN 2433	So the revenge alone pursued me. Polydor,	
FTLN 2434	I love thee brotherly, but envy much	
FTLN 2435	Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges	
FTLN 2436	That possible strength might meet would seek us	205
FTLN 2437	through	
FTLN 2438	And put us to our answer.	
FTLN 2439	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> Well, 'tis done.	
FTLN 2440	We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger	



FTLN 2441	Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock.	210
FTLN 2442	You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay	
FTLN 2443	Till hasty Polydor return, and bring him	
FTLN 2444	To dinner presently.	
FTLN 2445	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Poor sick Fidele.	
FTLN 2446	I'll willingly to him. To gain his color	215
FTLN 2447	I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,	
FTLN 2448	And praise myself for charity.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2449	BELARIUS O thou goddess,	
FTLN 2450	Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st	
FTLN 2451	In these two princely boys! They are as gentle	220
FTLN 2452	As zephyrs blowing below the violet,	
FTLN 2453	Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,	
FTLN 2454	Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind	
FTLN 2455	That by the top doth take the mountain pine	
FTLN 2456	And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder	225
FTLN 2457	That an invisible instinct should frame them	
FTLN 2458	To royalty unlearned, honor untaught,	
FTLN 2459	Civility not seen from other, valor	
FTLN 2460	That wildly grows in them but yields a crop	
FTLN 2461	As if it had been sowed. Yet still it's strange	230
FTLN 2462	What Cloten's being here to us portends,	
FTLN 2463	Or what his death will bring us.	

*Enter Guiderius as Polydor.*

FTLN 2464	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Where's my brother?	
FTLN 2465	I have sent Cloten's clotpole down the stream	
FTLN 2466	In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage	235
FTLN 2467	For his return.	<i>Solemn music.</i>
FTLN 2468	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> My <i>ingenious</i> instrument!	
FTLN 2469	Hark, Polydor, it sounds! But what occasion	
FTLN 2470	Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark.	
FTLN 2471	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Is he at home?	240
FTLN 2472	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i> He went hence even now.	

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*

FTLN 2473     What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st  
 FTLN 2474         mother  
 FTLN 2475     It did not speak before. All solemn things  
 FTLN 2476     Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? 245  
 FTLN 2477     Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
 FTLN 2478     Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
 FTLN 2479     Is Cadwal mad?

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

FTLN 2480     BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*     Look, here he comes,  
 FTLN 2481         And brings the dire occasion in his arms 250  
 FTLN 2482         Of what we blame him for.

FTLN 2483     ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*     The bird is dead  
 FTLN 2484         That we have made so much on. I had rather  
 FTLN 2485         Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
 FTLN 2486         To have turned my leaping time into a crutch, 255  
 FTLN 2487         Than have seen this.

FTLN 2488     GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*     O sweetest, fairest lily!  
 FTLN 2489         My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
 FTLN 2490         As when thou grew'st thyself.

FTLN 2491     BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*     O melancholy, 260  
 FTLN 2492         Whoever yet could sound thy bottom, find  
 FTLN 2493         The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish *crare*  
 FTLN 2494         *Might* eas'liest harbor in?—Thou blessèd thing,  
 FTLN 2495         Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
 FTLN 2496         Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy.— 265  
 FTLN 2497         How found you him?

FTLN 2498     ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*     Stark, as you see;  
 FTLN 2499         Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
 FTLN 2500         Not as Death's dart being laughed at; his right cheek  
 FTLN 2501         Reposing on a cushion. 270

FTLN 2502     GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*     Where?

FTLN 2503     ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*     O' th' floor,  
 FTLN 2504         His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept, and put

FTLN 2505	My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness	
FTLN 2506	Answered my steps too loud.	275
FTLN 2507	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Why, he but sleeps.	
FTLN 2508	If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;	
FTLN 2509	With female fairies will his tomb be haunted—	
FTLN 2510	And worms will not come to thee.	
FTLN 2511	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> With fairest flowers,	280
FTLN 2512	Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,	
FTLN 2513	I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack	
FTLN 2514	The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor	
FTLN 2515	The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor	
FTLN 2516	The leaf of eglantine whom, not to slander,	285
FTLN 2517	Out-sweetened not thy breath. The ruddock would	
FTLN 2518	With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming	
FTLN 2519	Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie	
FTLN 2520	Without a monument—bring thee all this,	
FTLN 2521	Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none	290
FTLN 2522	To winter-ground thy corse.	
FTLN 2523	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Prithee, have done,	
FTLN 2524	And do not play in wench-like words with that	
FTLN 2525	Which is so serious. Let us bury him	
FTLN 2526	And not protract with admiration what	295
FTLN 2527	Is now due debt. To th' grave.	
FTLN 2528	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Say, where shall 's lay	
FTLN 2529	him?	
FTLN 2530	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> By good Euriphile, our mother.	
FTLN 2531	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> Be 't so.	300
FTLN 2532	And let us, Polydor, though now our voices	
FTLN 2533	Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground	
FTLN 2534	As once to our mother; use like note and words,	
FTLN 2535	Save that "Euriphile" must be "Fidele."	
FTLN 2536	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> Cadwal,	305
FTLN 2537	I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with thee,	
FTLN 2538	For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse	
FTLN 2539	Than priests and fanes that lie.	
FTLN 2540	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> We'll speak it then.	

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 2541 Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less, for Cloten 310  
 FTLN 2542 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,  
 FTLN 2543 And though he came our enemy, remember  
 FTLN 2544 He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,  
 FTLN 2545 Rotting together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
 FTLN 2546 That angel of the world, doth make distinction 315  
 FTLN 2547 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,  
 FTLN 2548 And though you took his life as being our foe,  
 FTLN 2549 Yet bury him as a prince.

FTLN 2550 GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR, to Morgan* Pray you fetch him  
 FTLN 2551 hither. 320

FTLN 2552 Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'  
 FTLN 2553 When neither are alive.

FTLN 2554 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL, to Morgan* If you'll go fetch  
 FTLN 2555 him,  
 FTLN 2556 We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. 325  
*Belarius exits.*

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*

FTLN 2557 Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;  
 FTLN 2558 My father hath a reason for 't.

FTLN 2559 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL* 'Tis true.

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*

FTLN 2560 Come on then, and remove him.  
*They move Imogen's body.*

FTLN 2561 ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL* So, begin. 330

*Song.*

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*

FTLN 2562 *Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,*  
 FTLN 2563 *Nor the furious winter's rages;*  
 FTLN 2564 *Thou thy worldly task hast done,*  
 FTLN 2565 *Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.*  
 FTLN 2566 *Golden lads and girls all must,* 335  
 FTLN 2567 *As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2568 *Fear no more the frown o' th' great;*  
 FTLN 2569 *Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.*

FTLN 2570	<i>Care no more to clothe and eat;</i>	
FTLN 2571	<i>To thee the reed is as the oak.</i>	340
FTLN 2572	<i>The scepter, learning, physic must</i>	
FTLN 2573	<i>All follow this and come to dust.</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2574	<i>Fear no more the lightning flash.</i>	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	
FTLN 2575	<i>Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone.</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2576	<i>Fear not slander, censure rash;</i>	345
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	
FTLN 2577	<i>Thou hast finished joy and moan.</i>	
FTLN 2578	BOTH <i>All lovers young, all lovers must</i>	
FTLN 2579	<i>Consign to thee and come to dust.</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2580	<i>No exorciser harm thee,</i>	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	
FTLN 2581	<i>Nor no witchcraft charm thee.</i>	350
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2582	<i>Ghost unlaid forbear thee.</i>	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	
FTLN 2583	<i>Nothing ill come near thee.</i>	
FTLN 2584	BOTH <i>Quiet consummation have,</i>	
FTLN 2585	<i>And renownèd be thy grave.</i>	
	<i>Enter Belarius as Morgan, with the body of Cloten.</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>	
FTLN 2586	<i>We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.</i>	355
	<i>Cloten's body is placed by Imogen's.</i>	
	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i>	
FTLN 2587	<i>Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more.</i>	
FTLN 2588	<i>The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night</i>	
FTLN 2589	<i>Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.—</i>	
FTLN 2590	<i>You were as flowers, now withered. Even so</i>	

FTLN 2599	But soft! No bedfellow? O gods and goddesses!	
FTLN 2600	These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,	
FTLN 2601	This bloody man the care on 't. I hope I dream,	370
FTLN 2602	For so I thought I was a cave-keeper	
FTLN 2603	And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so.	
FTLN 2604	'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,	
FTLN 2605	Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes	
FTLN 2606	Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,	375
FTLN 2607	I tremble still with fear; but if there be	
FTLN 2608	Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity	
FTLN 2609	As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!	
FTLN 2610	The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is	
FTLN 2611	Without me as within me, not imagined, felt.	380
FTLN 2612	A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?	
FTLN 2613	I know the shape of 's leg. This is his hand,	
FTLN 2614	His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,	
FTLN 2615	The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—	
FTLN 2616	Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,	385
FTLN 2617	All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,	
FTLN 2618	And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,	
FTLN 2619	Conspired with that irregularous devil Cloten,	
FTLN 2620	Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read	

---

FTLN 2621	Be henceforth treacherous. Damned Pisanio	390
FTLN 2622	Hath with his forgèd letters—damned Pisanio—	
FTLN 2623	From this most bravest vessel of the world	
FTLN 2624	Struck the maintop. O Posthumus, alas,	
FTLN 2625	Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's that?	
FTLN 2626	Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart	395
FTLN 2627	And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?	
FTLN 2628	'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them	
FTLN 2629	Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!	
FTLN 2630	The drug he gave me, which he said was precious	
FTLN 2631	And cordial to me, have I not found it	400
FTLN 2632	Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.	
FTLN 2633	This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten. O,	
FTLN 2634	Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,	
FTLN 2635	That we the horrider may seem to those	
FTLN 2636	Which chance to find us. O my lord! My lord!	405

*Enter Lucius, Captains, Soldiers, and a Soothsayer.*

CAPTAIN

FTLN 2637	To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,	
FTLN 2638	After your will, have crossed the sea, attending	
FTLN 2639	You here at Milford Haven with your ships.	
FTLN 2640	They are here in readiness.	

FTLN 2641	LUCIUS	But what from Rome?	410
-----------	--------	---------------------	-----

CAPTAIN

FTLN 2642	The Senate hath stirred up the confiners	
FTLN 2643	And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits	
FTLN 2644	That promise noble service, and they come	
FTLN 2645	Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,	
FTLN 2646	Siena's brother.	415

FTLN 2647	LUCIUS	When expect you them?
-----------	--------	-----------------------

CAPTAIN

FTLN 2648	With the next benefit o' th' wind.
-----------	------------------------------------

FTLN 2649	LUCIUS	This forwardness
FTLN 2650	Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers	

FTLN 2651	Be mustered; bid the Captains look to 't.—Now, sir,	420
FTLN 2652	What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?	
	SOOTHSAYER	
FTLN 2653	Last night the very gods showed me a vision—	
FTLN 2654	I fast and prayed for their intelligence—thus:	
FTLN 2655	I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged	
FTLN 2656	From the spongy south to this part of the west,	425
FTLN 2657	There vanished in the sunbeams, which portends—	
FTLN 2658	Unless my sins abuse my divination—	
FTLN 2659	Success to th' Roman host.	
FTLN 2660	LUCIUS Dream often so,	
FTLN 2661	And never false.—Soft, ho, what trunk is here	430
FTLN 2662	Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime	
FTLN 2663	It was a worthy building. How, a page?	
FTLN 2664	Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,	
FTLN 2665	For nature doth abhor to make his bed	
FTLN 2666	With the defunct or sleep upon the dead.	435
FTLN 2667	Let's see the boy's face.	
FTLN 2668	CAPTAIN He's alive, my lord.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2669	He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,	
FTLN 2670	Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems	
FTLN 2671	They crave to be demanded. Who is this	440
FTLN 2672	Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he	
FTLN 2673	That, otherwise than noble nature did,	
FTLN 2674	Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest	
FTLN 2675	In this sad wrack? How came 't? Who is 't?	
FTLN 2676	What art thou?	445
FTLN 2677	IMOGEN, [as FIDELE] I am nothing; or if not,	
FTLN 2678	Nothing to be were better. This was my master,	
FTLN 2679	A very valiant Briton, and a good,	
FTLN 2680	That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,	
FTLN 2681	There is no more such masters. I may wander	450
FTLN 2682	From east to occident, cry out for service,	
FTLN 2683	Try many, all good, serve truly, never	
FTLN 2684	Find such another master.	



FTLN 2685	LUCIUS	'Lack, good youth,	
FTLN 2686		Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than	455
FTLN 2687		Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.	
	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i>		
FTLN 2688		Richard du Champ. <i>Aside.</i> If I do lie and do	
FTLN 2689		No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope	
FTLN 2690		They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?	
FTLN 2691	LUCIUS	Thy name?	460
FTLN 2692	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i>	Fidele, sir.	
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 2693		Thou dost approve thyself the very same;	
FTLN 2694		Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.	
FTLN 2695		Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say	
FTLN 2696		Thou shalt be so well mastered, but be sure	465
FTLN 2697		No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's letters	
FTLN 2698		Sent by a consul to me should not sooner	
FTLN 2699		Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.	
	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i>		
FTLN 2700		I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,	
FTLN 2701		I'll hide my master from the flies as deep	470
FTLN 2702		As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when	
FTLN 2703		With wild-wood leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his	
FTLN 2704		grave	
FTLN 2705		And on it said a century of prayers,	
FTLN 2706		Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,	475
FTLN 2707		And leaving so his service, follow you,	
FTLN 2708		So please you entertain me.	
FTLN 2709	LUCIUS	Ay, good youth,	
FTLN 2710		And rather father thee than master thee.—My friends,	
FTLN 2711		The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us	480
FTLN 2712		Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,	
FTLN 2713		And make him with our pikes and partisans	
FTLN 2714		A grave. Come, arm him.—Boy, he's preferred	
FTLN 2715		By thee to us, and he shall be interred	
FTLN 2716		As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.	485
FTLN 2717		Some falls are means the happier to arise.	
		<i>They exit, the Soldiers carrying Cloten's body.</i>	

## Scene 3

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, 「and Attendants.」*

CYMBELINE

FTLN 2718	Again, and bring me word how 'tis with her.	
	<i>「An Attendant exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2719	A fever, with the absence of her son;	
FTLN 2720	A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,	
FTLN 2721	How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,	
FTLN 2722	The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen	5
FTLN 2723	Upon a desperate bed, and in a time	
FTLN 2724	When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,	
FTLN 2725	So needful for this present. It strikes me past	
FTLN 2726	The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,	
FTLN 2727	Who needs must know of her departure and	10
FTLN 2728	Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee	
FTLN 2729	By a sharp torture.	
FTLN 2730	PISANIO Sir, my life is yours.	
FTLN 2731	I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,	
FTLN 2732	I nothing know where she remains, why gone,	15
FTLN 2733	Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your	
FTLN 2734	Highness,	
FTLN 2735	Hold me your loyal servant.	
FTLN 2736	LORD Good my liege,	
FTLN 2737	The day that she was missing, he was here.	20
FTLN 2738	I dare be bound he's true and shall perform	
FTLN 2739	All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,	
FTLN 2740	There wants no diligence in seeking him,	
FTLN 2741	And will no doubt be found.	
FTLN 2742	CYMBELINE The time is troublesome.	25
FTLN 2743	<i>「To Pisanio.」</i> We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy	
FTLN 2744	Does yet depend.	
FTLN 2745	LORD So please your Majesty,	
FTLN 2746	The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,	
FTLN 2747	Are landed on your coast with a supply	30
FTLN 2748	Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent.	

CYMBELINE

FTLN 2749 Now for the counsel of my son and queen!

FTLN 2750 I am amazed with matter.

FTLN 2751 LORD Good my liege,

FTLN 2752 Your preparation can affront no less 35

FTLN 2753 Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're  
FTLN 2754 ready.

FTLN 2755 The want is but to put those powers in motion

FTLN 2756 That long to move.

FTLN 2757 CYMBELINE I thank you. Let's withdraw, 40

FTLN 2758 And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

FTLN 2759 What can from Italy annoy us, but

FTLN 2760 We grieve at chances here. Away.

*They exit. [Pisanio remains.]*

PISANIO

FTLN 2761 I heard no letter from my master since

FTLN 2762 I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange. 45

FTLN 2763 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

FTLN 2764 To yield me often tidings. Neither know I

FTLN 2765 What is [betid] to Cloten, but remain

FTLN 2766 Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.

FTLN 2767 Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true. 50

FTLN 2768 These present wars shall find I love my country,

FTLN 2769 Even to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.

FTLN 2770 All other doubts, by time let them be cleared.

FTLN 2771 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

*He exits.*

## Scene 4

*Enter Belarius [as Morgan,] Guiderius [as Polydor,]  
and Arviragus [as Cadwal.]*

GUIDERIUS, [as POLYDOR]

FTLN 2772 The noise is round about us.

FTLN 2773 BELARIUS, [as MORGAN] Let us from it.

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*

FTLN 2774     What pleasure, sir, *find we* in life, to lock it  
FTLN 2775     From action and adventure?

FTLN 2776     GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*     Nay, what hope

5

FTLN 2777     Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans  
FTLN 2778     Must or for Britons slay us or receive us  
FTLN 2779     For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
FTLN 2780     During their use, and slay us after.

FTLN 2781     BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*     Sons,

10

FTLN 2782     We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.  
FTLN 2783     To the King's party there's no going. Newness  
FTLN 2784     Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not mustered  
FTLN 2785     Among the bands—may drive us to a render  
FTLN 2786     Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that  
FTLN 2787     Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
FTLN 2788     Drawn on with torture.

FTLN 2789     GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*     This is, sir, a doubt

FTLN 2790     In such a time nothing becoming you

FTLN 2791     Nor satisfying us.

20

FTLN 2792     ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL*     It is not likely

FTLN 2793     That when they hear *the* Roman horses neigh,  
FTLN 2794     Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes  
FTLN 2795     And ears so cloyed importantly as now,  
FTLN 2796     That they will waste their time upon our note,  
FTLN 2797     To know from whence we are.

25

FTLN 2798     BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*     O, I am known

FTLN 2799     Of many in the army. Many years,  
FTLN 2800     Though Cloten then but young, you see not wore him  
FTLN 2801     From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
FTLN 2802     Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,  
FTLN 2803     Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
FTLN 2804     The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless  
FTLN 2805     To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
FTLN 2806     But to be still hot summer's tanlings and  
FTLN 2807     The shrinking slaves of winter.

30

FTLN 2808     GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR*     Than be so

35

FTLN 2809	Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army.	
FTLN 2810	I and my brother are not known; yourself	
FTLN 2811	So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,	40
FTLN 2812	Cannot be questioned.	
FTLN 2813	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> By this sun that shines,	
FTLN 2814	I'll thither. What thing is 't that I never	
FTLN 2815	Did see man die, scarce ever looked on blood	
FTLN 2816	But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!	45
FTLN 2817	Never bestrid a horse save one that had	
FTLN 2818	A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel	
FTLN 2819	Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed	
FTLN 2820	To look upon the holy sun, to have	
FTLN 2821	The benefit of his blest beams, remaining	50
FTLN 2822	So long a poor unknown.	
FTLN 2823	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> By heavens, I'll go!	
FTLN 2824	If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,	
FTLN 2825	I'll take the better care, but if you will not,	
FTLN 2826	The hazard therefore due fall on me by	55
FTLN 2827	The hands of Romans.	
FTLN 2828	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i> So say I. Amen.	
	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i>	
FTLN 2829	No reason I—since of your lives you set	
FTLN 2830	So slight a valuation—should reserve	
FTLN 2831	My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys!	60
FTLN 2832	If in your country wars you chance to die,	
FTLN 2833	That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie.	
FTLN 2834	Lead, lead. <i>Aside.</i> The time seems long; their	
FTLN 2835	blood thinks scorn	
FTLN 2836	Till it fly out and show them princes born.	65

*They exit.*

## ACT 5

---

### Scene 1

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

POSTHUMUS

FTLN 2837	Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wished	
FTLN 2838	Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married ones,	
FTLN 2839	If each of you should take this course, how many	
FTLN 2840	Must murder wives much better than themselves	
FTLN 2841	For wrying but a little! O Pisanio,	5
FTLN 2842	Every good servant does not all commands;	
FTLN 2843	No bond but to do just ones. Gods, if you	
FTLN 2844	Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never	
FTLN 2845	Had lived to put on this; so had you saved	
FTLN 2846	The noble Imogen to repent, and struck	10
FTLN 2847	Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,	
FTLN 2848	You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,	
FTLN 2849	To have them fall no more; you some permit	
FTLN 2850	To second ills with ills, each elder worse,	
FTLN 2851	And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.	15
FTLN 2852	But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,	
FTLN 2853	And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither	
FTLN 2854	Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight	
FTLN 2855	Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough	
FTLN 2856	That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress. Peace,	20
FTLN 2857	I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,	

FTLN 2858	Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me	
FTLN 2859	Of these Italian weeds and suit myself	
FTLN 2860	As does a Briton peasant. So I'll fight	
FTLN 2861	Against the part I come with; so I'll die	25
FTLN 2862	For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life	
FTLN 2863	Is every breath a death. And thus, unknown,	
FTLN 2864	Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril	
FTLN 2865	Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know	
FTLN 2866	More valor in me than my habits show.	30
FTLN 2867	Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me.	
FTLN 2868	To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin	
FTLN 2869	The fashion: less without and more within.	

*He exits.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door, and the Briton army at another, Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus. He vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

IACHIMO

FTLN 2870	The heaviness and guilt within my bosom	
FTLN 2871	Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,	
FTLN 2872	The Princess of this country, and the air on 't	
FTLN 2873	Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,	
FTLN 2874	A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me	5
FTLN 2875	In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne	
FTLN 2876	As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.	
FTLN 2877	If that thy gentry, Britain, go before	
FTLN 2878	This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds	
FTLN 2879	Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.	10

*He exits.*

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

BELARIUS, 'as MORGAN'

FTLN 2880 Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground.  
FTLN 2881 The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but  
FTLN 2882 The villainy of our fears.

GUIDERIUS, 'AS POLYDOR,' AND ARVIRAGUS, 'AS CADWAL'

FTLN 2883 Stand, stand, and fight!

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

LUCIUS, 'to Fidele'

FTLN 2884 Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself, 15  
FTLN 2885 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
FTLN 2886 As war were hoodwinked.

FTLN 2887 IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2888 It is a day turned strangely. Or betimes  
FTLN 2889 Let's reinforce, or fly. 20

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Posthumus and a Briton Lord.*

LORD

FTLN 2890 Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

FTLN 2891 POSTHUMUS I did,

FTLN 2892 Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

FTLN 2893 LORD 'Ay.'

POSTHUMUS

FTLN 2894 No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost, 5  
FTLN 2895 But that the heavens fought. The King himself



FTLN 2896	Of his wings destitute, the army broken,	
FTLN 2897	And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying	
FTLN 2898	Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,	
FTLN 2899	Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work	10
FTLN 2900	More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down	
FTLN 2901	Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling	
FTLN 2902	Merely through fear, that the strait pass was dammed	
FTLN 2903	With dead men hurt behind and cowards living	
FTLN 2904	To die with lengthened shame.	15
FTLN 2905	LORD	Where was this lane?
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 2906	Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf;	
FTLN 2907	Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,	
FTLN 2908	An honest one, I warrant, who deserved	
FTLN 2909	So long a breeding as his white beard came to,	20
FTLN 2910	In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,	
FTLN 2911	He with two striplings—lads more like to run	
FTLN 2912	The country base than to commit such slaughter,	
FTLN 2913	With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer	
FTLN 2914	Than those for preservation cased or shame—	25
FTLN 2915	Made good the passage, cried to those that fled	
FTLN 2916	“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.	
FTLN 2917	To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand,	
FTLN 2918	Or we are Romans and will give you that	
FTLN 2919	Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save	30
FTLN 2920	But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!” These three,	
FTLN 2921	Three thousand confident, in act as many—	
FTLN 2922	For three performers are the file when all	
FTLN 2923	The rest do nothing—with this word “Stand, stand,”	
FTLN 2924	Accommodated by the place, more charming	35
FTLN 2925	With their own nobleness, which could have turned	
FTLN 2926	A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,	
FTLN 2927	Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned	
FTLN 2928	coward	
FTLN 2929	But by example—O, a sin in war,	40
FTLN 2930	Damned in the first beginners!—gan to look	

FTLN 2931	The way that they did and to grin like lions	
FTLN 2932	Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began	
FTLN 2933	A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon	
FTLN 2934	A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly	45
FTLN 2935	Chickens the way which they 'stooped' eagles; slaves	
FTLN 2936	The strides 'they' victors made; and now our	
FTLN 2937	cowards,	
FTLN 2938	Like fragments in hard voyages, became	
FTLN 2939	The life o' th' need. Having found the backdoor open	50
FTLN 2940	Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!	
FTLN 2941	Some slain before, some dying, some their friends	
FTLN 2942	O'erborne i' th' former wave, ten chased by one,	
FTLN 2943	Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.	
FTLN 2944	Those that would die or ere resist are grown	55
FTLN 2945	The mortal bugs o' th' field.	
FTLN 2946	LORD	This was strange chance:
FTLN 2947	A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.	
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 2948	Nay, do not wonder at it. You are made	
FTLN 2949	Rather to wonder at the things you hear	60
FTLN 2950	Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't	
FTLN 2951	And vent it for a mock'ry? Here is one:	
FTLN 2952	"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,	
FTLN 2953	Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."	
	LORD	
FTLN 2954	Nay, be not angry, sir.	65
FTLN 2955	POSTHUMUS	'Lack, to what end?
FTLN 2956	Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;	
FTLN 2957	For if he'll do as he is made to do,	
FTLN 2958	I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.	
FTLN 2959	You have put me into rhyme.	70
FTLN 2960	LORD	Farewell. You're angry.
		<i>He exits.</i>
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 2961	Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery,	
FTLN 2962	To be i' th' field and ask "What news?" of me!	

FTLN 2963	Today how many would have given their honors	
FTLN 2964	To have saved their carcasses, took heel to do 't,	75
FTLN 2965	And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charmed,	
FTLN 2966	Could not find Death where I did hear him groan,	
FTLN 2967	Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,	
FTLN 2968	'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,	
FTLN 2969	Sweet words, or hath more ministers than we	80
FTLN 2970	That draw his knives i' th' war. Well, I will find him;	
FTLN 2971	For being now a favorer to the Briton,	
FTLN 2972	No more a Briton. ( <i>He removes his peasant</i>	
FTLN 2973	<i>costume.</i> ) I have resumed again	
FTLN 2974	The part I came in. Fight I will no more,	85
FTLN 2975	But yield me to the veriest hind that shall	
FTLN 2976	Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is	
FTLN 2977	Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be	
FTLN 2978	Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death.	
FTLN 2979	On either side I come to spend my breath,	90
FTLN 2980	Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,	
FTLN 2981	But end it by some means for Imogen.	

*Enter two Briton Captains, and Soldiers.*

FIRST CAPTAIN

FTLN 2982	Great Jupiter be praised, Lucius is taken!	
FTLN 2983	'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.	

SECOND CAPTAIN

FTLN 2984	There was a fourth man in a silly habit	95
FTLN 2985	That gave th' affront with them.	

FTLN 2986	FIRST CAPTAIN	So 'tis reported,	
FTLN 2987		But none of 'em can be found.—Stand. Who's there?	

FTLN 2988	POSTHUMUS	A Roman,	
FTLN 2989		Who had not now been drooping here if seconds	100
FTLN 2990		Had answered him.	

FTLN 2991	SECOND CAPTAIN	Lay hands on him. A dog,	
FTLN 2992		A leg of Rome shall not return to tell	
FTLN 2993		What crows have pecked them here. He brags his	
FTLN 2994		service	105
FTLN 2995		As if he were of note. Bring him to th' King.	

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

*'They exit.'*

#### Scene 4

*Enter Posthumus 'in chains,' and 'two Jailers.'*

JAILER

FTLN 2996 You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you.

FTLN 2997 So graze as you find pasture.

FTLN 2998 SECOND JAILER

Ay, or a stomach.

*'Jailers exit.'*

POSTHUMUS

FTLN 2999 Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,

FTLN 3000 I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

5

FTLN 3001 Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather

FTLN 3002 Groan so in perpetuity than be cured

FTLN 3003 By th' sure physician, Death, who is the key

FTLN 3004 T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered

FTLN 3005 More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods,

10

FTLN 3006 give me

FTLN 3007 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,

FTLN 3008 Then free forever. Is 't enough I am sorry?

FTLN 3009 So children temporal fathers do appease;

FTLN 3010 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,

15

FTLN 3011 I cannot do it better than in gyves,

FTLN 3012 Desired more than constrained. To satisfy,

FTLN 3013 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

FTLN 3014 No stricter render of me than my all.

FTLN 3015 I know you are more clement than vile men,

20

FTLN 3016 Who of their broken debtors take a third,

FTLN 3017 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

FTLN 3018 On their abatement. That's not my desire.  
 FTLN 3019 For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
 FTLN 3020 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it. 25  
 FTLN 3021 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
 FTLN 3022 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;  
 FTLN 3023 You rather mine, being yours. And so, great powers,  
 FTLN 3024 If you will take this audit, take this life  
 FTLN 3025 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen, 30  
 FTLN 3026 I'll speak to thee in silence. *「He lies down and sleeps.」*

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

## SICILIUS

FTLN 3027 No more, thou Thunder-master, show  
 FTLN 3028 Thy spite on mortal flies.  
 FTLN 3029 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 FTLN 3030 That thy adulteries 35  
 FTLN 3031 Rates and revenges.  
 FTLN 3032 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 FTLN 3033 Whose face I never saw?  
 FTLN 3034 I died whilst in the womb he stayed,  
 FTLN 3035 Attending nature's law; 40  
 FTLN 3036 Whose father then—as men report  
 FTLN 3037 Thou orphans' father art—  
 FTLN 3038 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
 FTLN 3039 From this earth-vexing smart.

## MOTHER

FTLN 3040 Lucina lent not me her aid, 45  
 FTLN 3041 But took me in my throes,

---

FTLN 3042	That from me was Posthumus ripped,	
FTLN 3043	Came crying 'mongst his foes,	
FTLN 3044	A thing of pity.	
	SICILIUS	
FTLN 3045	Great Nature, like his ancestry,	50
FTLN 3046	Molded the stuff so fair	
FTLN 3047	That he deserved the praise o' th' world	
FTLN 3048	As great Sicilius' heir.	
	FIRST BROTHER	
FTLN 3049	When once he was mature for man,	
FTLN 3050	In Britain where was he	55
FTLN 3051	That could stand up his parallel	
FTLN 3052	Or fruitful object be	
FTLN 3053	In eye of Imogen, that best	
FTLN 3054	Could deem his dignity?	
	MOTHER	
FTLN 3055	With marriage wherefore was he mocked,	60
FTLN 3056	To be exiled and thrown	
FTLN 3057	From Leonati seat, and cast	
FTLN 3058	From her, his dearest one,	
FTLN 3059	Sweet Imogen?	
	SICILIUS	
FTLN 3060	Why did you suffer Iachimo,	65
FTLN 3061	Slight thing of Italy,	
FTLN 3062	To taint his nobler heart and brain	
FTLN 3063	With needless jealousy,	
FTLN 3064	And to become the geck and scorn	
FTLN 3065	O' th' other's villainy?	70
	SECOND BROTHER	
FTLN 3066	For this, from stiller seats we came,	
FTLN 3067	Our parents and us twain,	
FTLN 3068	That striking in our country's cause	
FTLN 3069	Fell bravely and were slain,	
FTLN 3070	Our fealty and Tenantius' right	75
FTLN 3071	With honor to maintain.	

## FIRST BROTHER

FTLN 3072 Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 FTLN 3073 To Cymbeline performed.  
 FTLN 3074 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 FTLN 3075 Why hast thou thus adjourned 80  
 FTLN 3076 The graces for his merits due,  
 FTLN 3077 Being all to dolours turned?

## SICILIUS

FTLN 3078 Thy crystal window ope; look out.  
 FTLN 3079 No longer exercise  
 FTLN 3080 Upon a valiant race thy harsh 85  
 FTLN 3081 And potent injuries.

## MOTHER

FTLN 3082 Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
 FTLN 3083 Take off his miseries.

## SICILIUS

FTLN 3084 Peep through thy marble mansion. Help,  
 FTLN 3085 Or we poor ghosts will cry 90  
 FTLN 3086 To th' shining synod of the rest  
 FTLN 3087 Against thy deity.

## BROTHERS

FTLN 3088 Help, Jupiter, or we appeal  
 FTLN 3089 And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon  
 an eagle. He throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on  
 their knees.*

## JUPITER

FTLN 3090 No more, you petty spirits of region low, 95  
 FTLN 3091 Offend our hearing! Hush. How dare you ghosts  
 FTLN 3092 Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
 FTLN 3093 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts.  
 FTLN 3094 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest  
 FTLN 3095 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers. 100  
 FTLN 3096 Be not with mortal accidents oppressed.  
 FTLN 3097 No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.

FTLN 3098	Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,	
FTLN 3099	The more delayed, delighted. Be content.	
FTLN 3100	Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift.	105
FTLN 3101	His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.	
FTLN 3102	Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in	
FTLN 3103	Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.	
FTLN 3104	He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,	
FTLN 3105	And happier much by his affliction made.	110
	<i>He hands Sicilius a tablet.</i>	
FTLN 3106	This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein	
FTLN 3107	Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.	
FTLN 3108	And so away. No farther with your din	
FTLN 3109	Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—	
FTLN 3110	Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.	<i>Ascends.</i> 115
	SICILIUS	
FTLN 3111	He came in thunder. His celestial breath	
FTLN 3112	Was sulphurous to smell. The holy eagle	
FTLN 3113	Stooped as to foot us. His ascension is	
FTLN 3114	More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird	
FTLN 3115	Preens the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,	120
FTLN 3116	As when his god is pleased.	
FTLN 3117	ALL Thanks, Jupiter.	
	SICILIUS	
FTLN 3118	The marble pavement closes; he is entered	
FTLN 3119	His radiant roof. Away, and, to be blest,	
FTLN 3120	Let us with care perform his great behest.	125
	<i>He places the tablet on Posthumus' breast. They vanish.</i>	
	POSTHUMUS, <i>waking</i>	
FTLN 3121	Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire and begot	
FTLN 3122	A father to me, and thou hast created	
FTLN 3123	A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn,	
FTLN 3124	Gone! They went hence so soon as they were born.	
FTLN 3125	And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend	130
FTLN 3126	On greatness' favor dream as I have done,	
FTLN 3127	Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.	
FTLN 3128	Many dream not to find, neither deserve,	



FTLN 3129 And yet are steeped in favors; so am I  
 FTLN 3130 That have this golden chance and know not why. 135  
   *「Finding the tablet.」*  
 FTLN 3131 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one,  
 FTLN 3132 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
 FTLN 3133 Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects  
 FTLN 3134 So follow, to be, most unlike our courtiers,  
 FTLN 3135 As good as promise. 140  
       *(Reads.)*  
 FTLN 3136     *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,*  
 FTLN 3137     *without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of*  
 FTLN 3138     *tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be*  
 FTLN 3139     *lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall*  
 FTLN 3140     *after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly* 145  
 FTLN 3141     *grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain*  
 FTLN 3142     *be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.*  
 FTLN 3143 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
 FTLN 3144 Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing,  
 FTLN 3145 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such 150  
 FTLN 3146 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
 FTLN 3147 The action of my life is like it, which  
 FTLN 3148 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Enter Jailer.*

FTLN 3149 JAILER Come, sir, are you ready for death?  
 FTLN 3150 POSTHUMUS Over-roasted rather; ready long ago. 155  
 FTLN 3151 JAILER Hanging is the word, sir. If you be ready for  
 FTLN 3152 that, you are well cooked.  
 FTLN 3153 POSTHUMUS So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,  
 FTLN 3154 the dish pays the shot.  
 FTLN 3155 JAILER A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort 160  
 FTLN 3156 is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear  
 FTLN 3157 no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness  
 FTLN 3158 of parting as the procuring of mirth. You come in  
 FTLN 3159 faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too  
 FTLN 3160 much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, 165

FTLN 3161 and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and  
 FTLN 3162 brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being  
 FTLN 3163 too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness.  
 FTLN 3164 O, of this contradiction you shall now be  
 FTLN 3165 quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up 170  
 FTLN 3166 thousands in a trice. You have no true debtor and  
 FTLN 3167 creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the  
 FTLN 3168 discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters;  
 FTLN 3169 so the acquittance follows.  
 FTLN 3170 POSTHUMUS I am merrier to die than thou art to live. 175  
 FTLN 3171 JAILER Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the  
 FTLN 3172 toothache. But a man that were to sleep your  
 FTLN 3173 sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think  
 FTLN 3174 he would change places with his officer; for, look  
 FTLN 3175 you, sir, you know not which way you shall go. 180  
 FTLN 3176 POSTHUMUS Yes, indeed do I, fellow.  
 FTLN 3177 JAILER Your Death has eyes in 's head, then. I have not  
 FTLN 3178 seen him so pictured. You must either be directed  
 FTLN 3179 by some that take upon them to know, or to take  
 FTLN 3180 upon yourself that which I am sure you do not 185  
 FTLN 3181 know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril.  
 FTLN 3182 And how you shall speed in your journey's end, I  
 FTLN 3183 think you'll never return to tell one.  
 FTLN 3184 POSTHUMUS I tell thee, fellow, there are none want  
 FTLN 3185 eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as 190  
 FTLN 3186 wink and will not use them.  
 FTLN 3187 JAILER What an infinite mock is this, that a man  
 FTLN 3188 should have the best use of eyes to see the way of  
 FTLN 3189 blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

FTLN 3190 MESSENGER Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner 195  
 FTLN 3191 to the King.  
 FTLN 3192 POSTHUMUS Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be  
 FTLN 3193 made free.

FTLN 3194 JAILER I'll be hanged then.  
   *「He removes Posthumus's chains.」*  
 FTLN 3195 POSTHUMUS Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer. No 200  
 FTLN 3196 bolts for the dead. *「All but the Jailer」 exit.*  
 FTLN 3197 JAILER Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget  
 FTLN 3198 young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my  
 FTLN 3199 conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live,  
 FTLN 3200 for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them 205  
 FTLN 3201 too that die against their wills. So should I, if I  
 FTLN 3202 were one. I would we were all of one mind, and  
 FTLN 3203 one mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers  
 FTLN 3204 and gallowses! I speak against my present profit,  
 FTLN 3205 but my wish hath a preferment in 't. 210  
   *「He exits.」*

## Scene 5

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

CYMBELINE, *「to Morgan, Polydor, and Cadwal」*  
 FTLN 3206 Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made  
 FTLN 3207 Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
 FTLN 3208 That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
 FTLN 3209 Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast  
 FTLN 3210 Stepped before targes of proof, cannot be found. 5  
 FTLN 3211 He shall be happy that can find him, if  
 FTLN 3212 Our grace can make him so.  
 FTLN 3213 BELARIUS, *「as MORGAN」* I never saw  
 FTLN 3214 Such noble fury in so poor a thing,  
 FTLN 3215 Such precious deeds in one that promised naught 10  
 FTLN 3216 But beggary and poor looks.  
 FTLN 3217 CYMBELINE No tidings of him?  
 PISANIO  
 FTLN 3218 He hath been searched among the dead and living,  
 FTLN 3219 But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE, *['to Morgan, Polydor, and Cadwal']*

FTLN 3220 To my grief, I am 15

FTLN 3221 The heir of his reward, which I will add

FTLN 3222 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

FTLN 3223 By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time

FTLN 3224 To ask of whence you are. Report it.

FTLN 3225 BELARIUS, *['as MORGAN']* Sir, 20

FTLN 3226 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.

FTLN 3227 Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

FTLN 3228 Unless I add we are honest.

FTLN 3229 CYMBELINE Bow your knees.

*['They kneel. He taps their shoulders with his sword.']*

FTLN 3230 Arise my knights o' th' battle. I create you 25

FTLN 3231 Companions to our person, and will fit you

FTLN 3232 With dignities becoming your estates. *['They rise.']*

*Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*

FTLN 3233 There's business in these faces. Why so sadly

FTLN 3234 Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,

FTLN 3235 And not o' th' court of Britain. 30

FTLN 3236 CORNELIUS Hail, great king.

FTLN 3237 To sour your happiness I must report

FTLN 3238 The Queen is dead.

FTLN 3239 CYMBELINE Who worse than a physician

FTLN 3240 Would this report become? But I consider 35

FTLN 3241 By med'cine life may be prolonged, yet death

FTLN 3242 Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

CORNELIUS

FTLN 3243 With horror, madly dying, like her life,

FTLN 3244 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded

FTLN 3245 Most cruel to herself. What she confessed 40

FTLN 3246 I will report, so please you. These her women

FTLN 3247 Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks

FTLN 3248 Were present when she finished.

FTLN 3249 CYMBELINE Prithee, say.

CORNELIUS

FTLN 3250 First, she confessed she never loved you, only 45  
 FTLN 3251 Affected greatness got by you, not you;  
 FTLN 3252 Married your royalty, was wife to your place,  
 FTLN 3253 Abhorred your person.

FTLN 3254 CYMBELINE She alone knew this,  
 FTLN 3255 And but she spoke it dying, I would not 50  
 FTLN 3256 Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

CORNELIUS

FTLN 3257 Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
 FTLN 3258 With such integrity, she did confess  
 FTLN 3259 Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,  
 FTLN 3260 But that her flight prevented it, she had 55  
 FTLN 3261 Ta'en off by poison.

FTLN 3262 CYMBELINE O, most delicate fiend!  
 FTLN 3263 Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

CORNELIUS

FTLN 3264 More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had  
 FTLN 3265 For you a mortal mineral which, being took, 60  
 FTLN 3266 Should by the minute feed on life and, ling'ring,  
 FTLN 3267 By inches waste you. In which time she purposed,  
 FTLN 3268 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
 FTLN 3269 O'ercome you with her show and, in time,  
 FTLN 3270 When she had fitted you with her craft, to work 65  
 FTLN 3271 Her son into th' adoption of the crown;  
 FTLN 3272 But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
 FTLN 3273 Grew shameless desperate; opened, in despite  
 FTLN 3274 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
 FTLN 3275 The evils she hatched were not effected; so 70  
 FTLN 3276 Despairing died.

FTLN 3277 CYMBELINE Heard you all this, her women?

FTLN 3278 LADIES We did, so please your Highness.

FTLN 3279 CYMBELINE Mine eyes  
 FTLN 3280 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; 75  
 FTLN 3281 Mine ears that 'heard' her flattery; nor my heart,

FTLN 3282 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious  
 FTLN 3283 To have mistrusted her. Yet, O my daughter,  
 FTLN 3284 That it was folly in me thou mayst say,  
 FTLN 3285 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all. 80

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, 「Soothsayer,」 and other Roman  
 prisoners, 「Posthumus」 Leonatus behind, and Imogen  
 「as Fidele, with Briton Soldiers as guards.」*

FTLN 3286 Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute. That  
 FTLN 3287 The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
 FTLN 3288 Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit  
 FTLN 3289 That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter  
 FTLN 3290 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted. 85  
 FTLN 3291 So think of your estate.

LUCIUS

FTLN 3292 Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day  
 FTLN 3293 Was yours by accident. Had it gone with us,  
 FTLN 3294 We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
 FTLN 3295 threatened 90  
 FTLN 3296 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
 FTLN 3297 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 FTLN 3298 May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth  
 FTLN 3299 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.  
 FTLN 3300 Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much 95  
 FTLN 3301 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 FTLN 3302 I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,  
 FTLN 3303 Let him be ransomed. Never master had  
 FTLN 3304 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 FTLN 3305 So tender over his occasions, true, 100  
 FTLN 3306 So feat, so nurselike. Let his virtue join  
 FTLN 3307 With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness  
 FTLN 3308 Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm,  
 FTLN 3309 Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,  
 FTLN 3310 And spare no blood beside. 105

FTLN 3311 CYMBELINE I have surely seen him.  
 FTLN 3312 His favor is familiar to me.—Boy,

FTLN 3313	Thou hast looked thyself into my grace	
FTLN 3314	And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,	
FTLN 3315	To say "Live, boy." Ne'er thank thy master. Live,	110
FTLN 3316	And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,	
FTLN 3317	Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it,	
FTLN 3318	Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,	
FTLN 3319	The noblest ta'en.	
FTLN 3320	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i> I humbly thank your Highness.	115
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 3321	I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,	
FTLN 3322	And yet I know thou wilt.	
FTLN 3323	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i> No, no, alack,	
FTLN 3324	There's other work in hand. I see a thing	
FTLN 3325	Bitter to me as death. Your life, good master,	120
FTLN 3326	Must shuffle for itself.	
FTLN 3327	LUCIUS The boy disdains me,	
FTLN 3328	He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their joys	
FTLN 3329	That place them on the truth of girls and boys.	
FTLN 3330	Why stands he so perplexed?	125
	<i>Imogen stares at Iachimo.</i>	
FTLN 3331	CYMBELINE What would'st thou, boy?	
FTLN 3332	I love thee more and more. Think more and more	
FTLN 3333	What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?	
FTLN 3334	Speak.	
FTLN 3335	Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? Thy friend?	130
	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i>	
FTLN 3336	He is a Roman, no more kin to me	
FTLN 3337	Than I to your Highness, who, being born your vassal,	
FTLN 3338	Am something nearer.	
FTLN 3339	CYMBELINE Wherefore ey'st him so?	
	IMOGEN, <i>as FIDELE</i>	
FTLN 3340	I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please	135
FTLN 3341	To give me hearing.	
FTLN 3342	CYMBELINE Ay, with all my heart,	
FTLN 3343	And lend my best attention. What's thy name?	

IMOGEN, *as FIDELE*

FTLN 3344

Fidele, sir.

FTLN 3345

CYMBELINE Thou 'rt my good youth, my page.

140

FTLN 3346

I'll be thy master. Walk with me. Speak freely.

*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside and talk.*

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 3347

Is not this boy revived from death?

FTLN 3348

ARVIRAGUS, *as CADWAL* One and another

FTLN 3349

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad

FTLN 3350

Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

145

FTLN 3351

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* The same dead thing alive.

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 3352

Peace, peace. See further. He eyes us not. Forbear.

FTLN 3353

Creatures may be alike. Were 't he, I am sure

FTLN 3354

He would have spoke to us.

FTLN 3355

GUIDERIUS, *as POLYDOR* But we see him dead.

150

BELARIUS, *as MORGAN*

FTLN 3356

Be silent. Let's see further.

FTLN 3357

PISANIO, *aside* It is my mistress!

FTLN 3358

Since she is living, let the time run on

FTLN 3359

To good or bad.

*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

FTLN 3360

CYMBELINE, *to Imogen* Come, stand thou by our side.

155

FTLN 3361

Make thy demand aloud. (*To Iachimo.*) Sir, step

FTLN 3362

you forth.

FTLN 3363

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,

FTLN 3364

Or by our greatness and the grace of it,

FTLN 3365

Which is our honor, bitter torture shall

160

FTLN 3366

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On. Speak to

FTLN 3367

him.

IMOGEN, *as FIDELE, pointing to Iachimo's hand*

FTLN 3368

My boon is that this gentleman may render

FTLN 3369

Of whom he had this ring.

FTLN 3370

POSTHUMUS, *aside* What's that to him?

165

CYMBELINE

FTLN 3371

That diamond upon your finger, say

FTLN 3372

How came it yours.



IACHIMO

FTLN 3373 Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
 FTLN 3374 Which to be spoke would torture thee.

FTLN 3375 CYMBELINE How? Me? 170

IACHIMO

FTLN 3376 I am glad to be constrained to utter that  
 FTLN 3377 Which torments me to conceal. By villainy  
 FTLN 3378 I got this ring. 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,  
 FTLN 3379 Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may  
 FTLN 3380 grieve thee, 175  
 FTLN 3381 As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived  
 FTLN 3382 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

CYMBELINE

FTLN 3383 All that belongs to this.

FTLN 3384 IACHIMO That paragon, thy daughter,  
 FTLN 3385 For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits 180  
 FTLN 3386 Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

CYMBELINE

FTLN 3387 My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength.  
 FTLN 3388 I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
 FTLN 3389 Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO

FTLN 3390 Upon a time—unhappy was the clock 185  
 FTLN 3391 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—accursed  
 FTLN 3392 The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would  
 FTLN 3393 Our viands had been poisoned, or at least  
 FTLN 3394 Those which I heaved to head!—the good  
 FTLN 3395 Posthumus— 190

FTLN 3396 What should I say? He was too good to be  
 FTLN 3397 Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
 FTLN 3398 Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,  
 FTLN 3399 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
 FTLN 3400 For beauty that made barren the swelled boast 195  
 FTLN 3401 Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming  
 FTLN 3402 The shrine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,  
 FTLN 3403 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

---

FTLN 3404	A shop of all the qualities that man	
FTLN 3405	Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,	200
FTLN 3406	Fairness which strikes the eye—	
FTLN 3407	CYMBELINE	I stand on fire.
FTLN 3408	Come to the matter.	
FTLN 3409	IACHIMO	All too soon I shall,
FTLN 3410	Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,	205
FTLN 3411	Most like a noble lord in love and one	
FTLN 3412	That had a royal lover, took his hint,	
FTLN 3413	And, not dispraising whom we praised—therein	
FTLN 3414	He was as calm as virtue—he began	
FTLN 3415	His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made	210
FTLN 3416	And then a mind put in 't, either our brags	
FTLN 3417	Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description	
FTLN 3418	Proved us unspeaking sots.	
FTLN 3419	CYMBELINE	Nay, nay, to th' purpose.
	IACHIMO	
FTLN 3420	Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.	215
FTLN 3421	He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams	
FTLN 3422	And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,	
FTLN 3423	Made scruple of his praise and wagered with him	
FTLN 3424	Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore	
FTLN 3425	Upon his honored finger, to attain	220
FTLN 3426	In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring	
FTLN 3427	By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,	
FTLN 3428	No lesser of her honor confident	
FTLN 3429	Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,	
FTLN 3430	And would so, had it been a carbuncle	225
FTLN 3431	Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it	
FTLN 3432	Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain	
FTLN 3433	Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,	
FTLN 3434	Remember me at court, where I was taught	
FTLN 3435	Of your chaste daughter the wide difference	230
FTLN 3436	'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched	
FTLN 3437	Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain	
FTLN 3438	Gan in your duller Britain operate	

FTLN 3439	Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent.	
FTLN 3440	And to be brief, my practice so prevailed	235
FTLN 3441	That I returned with simular proof enough	
FTLN 3442	To make the noble Leonatus mad	
FTLN 3443	By wounding his belief in her renown	
FTLN 3444	With tokens thus and thus; averring notes	
FTLN 3445	Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet—	240
FTLN 3446	O, cunning how I got 'it'!—nay, some marks	
FTLN 3447	Of secret on her person, that he could not	
FTLN 3448	But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,	
FTLN 3449	I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—	
FTLN 3450	Methinks I see him now—	245
FTLN 3451	POSTHUMUS, <i>['coming forward']</i> Ay, so thou dost,	
FTLN 3452	Italian fiend.—Ay me, most credulous fool,	
FTLN 3453	Egregious murderer, thief, anything	
FTLN 3454	That's due to all the villains past, in being,	
FTLN 3455	To come. O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,	250
FTLN 3456	Some upright justicer.—Thou, king, send out	
FTLN 3457	For torturers ingenious. It is I	
FTLN 3458	That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' Earth amend	
FTLN 3459	By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,	
FTLN 3460	That killed thy daughter—villainlike, I lie—	255
FTLN 3461	That caused a lesser villain than myself,	
FTLN 3462	A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple	
FTLN 3463	Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.	
FTLN 3464	Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set	
FTLN 3465	The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain	260
FTLN 3466	Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and	
FTLN 3467	Be villainy less than 'twas. O Imogen!	
FTLN 3468	My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,	
FTLN 3469	Imogen, Imogen!	
FTLN 3470	IMOGEN, <i>['running to Posthumus']</i> Peace, my lord!	265
FTLN 3471	Hear, hear—	
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 3472	Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,	
FTLN 3473	There lie thy part. <i>['He pushes her away; she falls.']</i>	

---

FTLN 3474	PISANIO	O, gentlemen, help!—	
FTLN 3475		Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus,	270
FTLN 3476		You ne'er killed Imogen till now! Help, help!	
FTLN 3477		Mine honored lady—	
FTLN 3478	CYMBELINE	Does the world go round?	
	POSTHUMUS		
FTLN 3479		How comes these staggers on me?	
FTLN 3480	PISANIO	Wake, my mistress.	275
	CYMBELINE		
FTLN 3481		If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me	
FTLN 3482		To death with mortal joy.	
FTLN 3483	PISANIO	How fares my mistress?	
FTLN 3484	IMOGEN	O, get thee from my sight!	
FTLN 3485		Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence.	280
FTLN 3486		Breathe not where princes are.	
FTLN 3487	CYMBELINE	The tune of Imogen!	
	PISANIO		
FTLN 3488		Lady, the gods throw stones of sulfur on me if	
FTLN 3489		That box I gave you was not thought by me	
FTLN 3490		A precious thing. I had it from the Queen.	285
	CYMBELINE		
FTLN 3491		New matter still.	
FTLN 3492	IMOGEN	It poisoned me.	
FTLN 3493	CORNELIUS	O gods!	
FTLN 3494		「To Pisanio.」 I left out one thing which the Queen	
FTLN 3495		confessed,	290
FTLN 3496		Which must approve thee honest. “If Pisanio	
FTLN 3497		Have,” said she, “given his mistress that confection	
FTLN 3498		Which I gave him for cordial, she is served	
FTLN 3499		As I would serve a rat.”	
FTLN 3500	CYMBELINE	What's this, Cornelius?	295
	CORNELIUS		
FTLN 3501		The Queen, sir, very oft importuned me	
FTLN 3502		To temper poisons for her, still pretending	
FTLN 3503		The satisfaction of her knowledge only	
FTLN 3504		In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,	

FTLN 3505	Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose	300
FTLN 3506	Was of more danger, did compound for her	
FTLN 3507	A certain stuff which, being ta'en, would cease	
FTLN 3508	The present power of life, but in short time	
FTLN 3509	All offices of nature should again	
FTLN 3510	Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?	305
	IMOGEN	
FTLN 3511	Most like I did, for I was dead.	
	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN, aside to Guiderius and Arviragus</i>	
FTLN 3512	My boys,	
FTLN 3513	There was our error.	
FTLN 3514	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i> This is sure Fidele.	
	IMOGEN, <i>to Posthumus</i>	
FTLN 3515	Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?	310
FTLN 3516	Think that you are upon a rock, and now	
FTLN 3517	Throw me again. <i>She embraces him.</i>	
FTLN 3518	POSTHUMUS Hang there like fruit, my soul,	
FTLN 3519	Till the tree die.	
FTLN 3520	CYMBELINE, <i>to Imogen</i> How now, my flesh, my child?	315
FTLN 3521	What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?	
FTLN 3522	Wilt thou not speak to me?	
FTLN 3523	IMOGEN, <i>kneeling</i> Your blessing, sir.	
	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN, aside to Guiderius and Arviragus</i>	
FTLN 3524	Though you did love this youth, I blame you not.	
FTLN 3525	You had a motive for 't.	320
FTLN 3526	CYMBELINE, <i>to Imogen</i> My tears that fall	
FTLN 3527	Prove holy water on thee. Imogen,	
FTLN 3528	Thy mother's dead.	
FTLN 3529	IMOGEN I am sorry for 't, my lord.	
	<i>She rises.</i>	
	CYMBELINE	
FTLN 3530	O, she was naught, and long of her it was	325
FTLN 3531	That we meet here so strangely. But her son	
FTLN 3532	Is gone, we know not how nor where.	
FTLN 3533	PISANIO My lord,	
FTLN 3534	Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,	

FTLN 3535	Upon my lady's missing, came to me	330
FTLN 3536	With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and	
FTLN 3537	swore,	
FTLN 3538	If I discovered not which way she was gone,	
FTLN 3539	It was my instant death. By accident,	
FTLN 3540	I had a feignèd letter of my master's	335
FTLN 3541	Then in my pocket, which directed him	
FTLN 3542	To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;	
FTLN 3543	Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,	
FTLN 3544	Which he enforced from me, away he posts	
FTLN 3545	With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate	340
FTLN 3546	My lady's honor. What became of him	
FTLN 3547	I further know not.	
FTLN 3548	GUIDERIUS, [as POLYDOR] Let me end the story.	
FTLN 3549	I slew him there.	
FTLN 3550	CYMBELINE Marry, the gods forfend!	345
FTLN 3551	I would not thy good deeds should from my lips	
FTLN 3552	Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth,	
FTLN 3553	Deny 't again.	
FTLN 3554	GUIDERIUS, [as POLYDOR] I have spoke it, and I did it.	
FTLN 3555	CYMBELINE He was a prince.	350
FTLN 3556	GUIDERIUS, [as POLYDOR]	
FTLN 3557	A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me	
FTLN 3558	Were nothing princelike, for he did provoke me	
FTLN 3559	With language that would make me spurn the sea	
FTLN 3560	If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head,	355
FTLN 3561	And am right glad he is not standing here	
FTLN 3562	To tell this tale of mine.	
FTLN 3563	CYMBELINE I am sorrow for thee.	
FTLN 3564	By thine own tongue thou art condemned and must	
FTLN 3565	Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.	
FTLN 3566	IMOGEN That headless man	360
FTLN 3567	I thought had been my lord.	
FTLN 3568	CYMBELINE Bind the offender,	
	And take him from our presence.	
	[Attendants bind Guiderius.]	

FTLN 3569	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i>	Stay, sir king.	
FTLN 3570	This man is better than the man he slew,		365
FTLN 3571	As well descended as thyself, and hath		
FTLN 3572	More of thee merited than a band of Clotens		
FTLN 3573	Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone.		
FTLN 3574	They were not born for bondage.		
FTLN 3575	CYMBELINE	Why, old soldier,	370
FTLN 3576	Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for		
FTLN 3577	By tasting of our wrath? How of descent		
FTLN 3578	As good as we?		
FTLN 3579	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	In that he spake too far.	
	CYMBELINE, <i>to Morgan</i>		
FTLN 3580	And thou shalt die for 't.		375
FTLN 3581	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i>	We will die all three	
FTLN 3582	But I will prove that two on 's are as good		
FTLN 3583	As I have given out him.—My sons, I must		
FTLN 3584	For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,		
FTLN 3585	Though haply well for you.		380
FTLN 3586	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as CADWAL</i>	Your danger's ours.	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as POLYDOR</i>		
FTLN 3587	And our good his.		
FTLN 3588	BELARIUS, <i>as MORGAN</i>	Have at it, then.—By leave,	
FTLN 3589	Thou hadst, great king, a subject who		
FTLN 3590	Was called Belarius.		385
FTLN 3591	CYMBELINE	What of him? He is	
FTLN 3592	A banished traitor.		
FTLN 3593	BELARIUS	He it is that hath	
FTLN 3594	Assumed this age; indeed a banished man,		
FTLN 3595	I know not how a traitor.		390
FTLN 3596	CYMBELINE	Take him hence.	
FTLN 3597	The whole world shall not save him.		
FTLN 3598	BELARIUS	Not too hot.	
FTLN 3599	First pay me for the nursing of thy sons		
FTLN 3600	And let it be confiscate all, so soon		395
FTLN 3601	As I have received it.		
FTLN 3602	CYMBELINE	Nursing of my sons?	

BELARIUS

FTLN 3603 I am too blunt and saucy. Here's my knee.

*He kneels.*

FTLN 3604 Ere I arise I will prefer my sons,

FTLN 3605 Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, 400

FTLN 3606 These two young gentlemen that call me father

FTLN 3607 And think they are my sons are none of mine.

FTLN 3608 They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

FTLN 3609 And blood of your begetting.

FTLN 3610 CYMBELINE How? My issue? 405

BELARIUS

FTLN 3611 So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

FTLN 3612 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished.

FTLN 3613 Your pleasure was my *mere* offense, my punishment

FTLN 3614 Itself, and all my treason. That I suffered

FTLN 3615 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes— 410

FTLN 3616 For such and so they are—these twenty years

FTLN 3617 Have I trained up; those arts they have as I

FTLN 3618 Could put into them. My breeding was, sir, as

FTLN 3619 Your Highness knows. Their nurse Euriphile,

FTLN 3620 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children 415

FTLN 3621 Upon my banishment. I moved her to 't,

FTLN 3622 Having received the punishment before

FTLN 3623 For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty

FTLN 3624 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,

FTLN 3625 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped 420

FTLN 3626 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

FTLN 3627 Here are your sons again, and I must lose

FTLN 3628 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.

FTLN 3629 The benediction of these covering heavens

FTLN 3630 Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy 425

FTLN 3631 To inlay heaven with stars. *He weeps.*

FTLN 3632 CYMBELINE Thou weep'st and speak'st.

FTLN 3633 The service that you three have done is more

FTLN 3634 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children.

FTLN 3635 If these be they, I know not how to wish 430

FTLN 3636 A pair of worthier sons.



FTLN 3637	BELARIUS	Be pleased awhile.	
FTLN 3638		This gentleman whom I call Polydor,	
FTLN 3639		Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius;	
FTLN 3640		This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,	435
FTLN 3641		Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapped	
FTLN 3642		In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand	
FTLN 3643		Of his queen mother, which for more probation	
FTLN 3644		I can with ease produce.	
FTLN 3645	CYMBELINE	Guiderius had	440
FTLN 3646		Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star.	
FTLN 3647		It was a mark of wonder.	
FTLN 3648	BELARIUS	This is he,	
FTLN 3649		Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.	
FTLN 3650		It was wise Nature's end in the donation	445
FTLN 3651		To be his evidence now.	
FTLN 3652	CYMBELINE	O, what am I,	
FTLN 3653		A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother	
FTLN 3654		Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blest pray you be,	
FTLN 3655		That after this strange starting from your orbs,	450
FTLN 3656		You may reign in them now.—O Imogen,	
FTLN 3657		Thou hast lost by this a kingdom!	
FTLN 3658	IMOGEN	No, my lord.	
FTLN 3659		I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,	
FTLN 3660		Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter	455
FTLN 3661		But I am truest speaker. You called me "brother"	
FTLN 3662		When I was but your sister; I you "brothers"	
FTLN 3663		When we were so indeed.	
FTLN 3664	CYMBELINE	Did you e'er meet?	
	ARVIRAGUS		
FTLN 3665		Ay, my good lord.	460
FTLN 3666	GUIDERIUS	And at first meeting loved,	
FTLN 3667		Continued so until we thought he died.	
	CORNELIUS		
FTLN 3668		By the Queen's dram she swallowed.	
FTLN 3669	CYMBELINE, [to Imogen]	O, rare instinct!	

FTLN 3670	When shall I hear all through? This fierce	465
FTLN 3671	abridgment	
FTLN 3672	Hath to it circumstantial branches which	
FTLN 3673	Distinction should be rich in. Where, how lived you?	
FTLN 3674	And when came you to serve our Roman captive?	
FTLN 3675	How parted with your 'brothers'? How first met	470
FTLN 3676	them?	
FTLN 3677	Why fled you from the court? And whither?	
FTLN 3678	'To Belarius.' These,	
FTLN 3679	And your three motives to the battle, with	
FTLN 3680	I know not how much more, should be demanded,	475
FTLN 3681	And all the other by-dependences	
FTLN 3682	From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place	
FTLN 3683	Will serve our long interrogatories. See,	
FTLN 3684	Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;	
FTLN 3685	And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye	480
FTLN 3686	On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting	
FTLN 3687	Each object with a joy; the counterchange	
FTLN 3688	Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,	
FTLN 3689	And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.	
FTLN 3690	Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever.	485
	IMOGEN, 'to Belarius'	
FTLN 3691	You are my father too, and did relieve me	
FTLN 3692	To see this gracious season.	
FTLN 3693	CYMBELINE All o'erjoyed	
FTLN 3694	Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,	
FTLN 3695	For they shall taste our comfort.	490
FTLN 3696	IMOGEN, 'to Lucius'	My good master,
FTLN 3697	I will yet do you service.	
FTLN 3698	LUCIUS Happy be you!	
	CYMBELINE	
FTLN 3699	The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,	
FTLN 3700	He would have well becomed this place and graced	495
FTLN 3701	The thankings of a king.	
FTLN 3702	POSTHUMUS I am, sir,	
FTLN 3703	The soldier that did company these three	

FTLN 3704	In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for	
FTLN 3705	The purpose I then followed. That I was he,	500
FTLN 3706	Speak, Iachimo. I had you down and might	
FTLN 3707	Have made you finish.	
FTLN 3708	IACHIMO, <i>['kneeling']</i> I am down again,	
FTLN 3709	But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,	
FTLN 3710	As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,	505
FTLN 3711	Which I so often owe; but your ring first,	
FTLN 3712	And here the bracelet of the truest princess	
FTLN 3713	That ever swore her faith.	
	<i>['He holds out the ring and bracelet.']</i>	
FTLN 3714	POSTHUMUS Kneel not to me.	
FTLN 3715	The power that I have on you is to spare you;	510
FTLN 3716	The malice towards you to forgive you. Live	
FTLN 3717	And deal with others better.	
FTLN 3718	CYMBELINE Nobly doomed.	
FTLN 3719	We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:	
FTLN 3720	Pardon's the word to all. <i>['Iachimo rises.']</i>	515
FTLN 3721	ARVIRAGUS, <i>['to Posthumus']</i> You help us, sir,	
FTLN 3722	As you did mean indeed to be our brother.	
FTLN 3723	Joyed are we that you are.	
	POSTHUMUS	
FTLN 3724	Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,	
FTLN 3725	Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought	520
FTLN 3726	Great Jupiter upon his eagle backed	
FTLN 3727	Appeared to me, with other spritely shows	
FTLN 3728	Of mine own kindred. When I waked, I found	
FTLN 3729	This label on my bosom, whose containing	
FTLN 3730	Is so from sense in hardness that I can	525
FTLN 3731	Make no collection of it. Let him show	
FTLN 3732	His skill in the construction.	
FTLN 3733	LUCIUS Philarmonus!	
	SOOTHSAYER, <i>['coming forward']</i>	
FTLN 3734	Here, my good lord.	
FTLN 3735	LUCIUS Read, and declare the meaning.	530
FTLN 3736	<i>['SOOTHSAYER'] reads. Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to</i>	

FTLN 3737	<i>himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced</i>	
FTLN 3738	<i>by a piece of tender air; and when from a</i>	
FTLN 3739	<i>stately cedar shall be lopped branches which, being</i>	
FTLN 3740	<i>dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the</i>	535
FTLN 3741	<i>old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus</i>	
FTLN 3742	<i>end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish</i>	
FTLN 3743	<i>in peace and plenty.</i>	
FTLN 3744	Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp.	
FTLN 3745	The fit and apt construction of thy name,	540
FTLN 3746	Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.	
FTLN 3747	「To Cymbeline.」 The piece of tender air thy virtuous	
FTLN 3748	daughter,	
FTLN 3749	Which we call “ <i>mollis aer</i> ,” and “ <i>mollis aer</i> ”	
FTLN 3750	We term it “ <i>mulier</i> ,” which “ <i>mulier</i> ” I divine	545
FTLN 3751	Is this most constant wife; who, even now,	
FTLN 3752	Answering the letter of the oracle,	
FTLN 3753	「To Posthumus」 Unknown to you, unsought, were	
FTLN 3754	clipped about	
FTLN 3755	With this most tender air.	550
FTLN 3756	CYMBELINE This hath some seeming.	
	SOOTHSAYER	
FTLN 3757	The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,	
FTLN 3758	Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point	
FTLN 3759	Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,	
FTLN 3760	For many years thought dead, are now revived,	555
FTLN 3761	To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue	
FTLN 3762	Promises Britain peace and plenty.	
FTLN 3763	CYMBELINE Well,	
FTLN 3764	My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,	
FTLN 3765	Although the victor, we submit to Caesar	560
FTLN 3766	And to the Roman Empire, promising	
FTLN 3767	To pay our wonted tribute, from the which	
FTLN 3768	We were dissuaded by our wicked queen,	
FTLN 3769	Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers	
FTLN 3770	Have laid most heavy hand.	565

## SOOTHSAYER

FTLN 3771 The fingers of the powers above do tune  
FTLN 3772 The harmony of this peace. The vision  
FTLN 3773 Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke  
FTLN 3774 Of 'this yet' scarce-cold battle at this instant  
FTLN 3775 Is full accomplished. For the Roman eagle, 570  
FTLN 3776 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
FTLN 3777 Lessened herself and in the beams o' th' sun  
FTLN 3778 So vanished; which foreshowed our princely eagle,  
FTLN 3779 Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite  
FTLN 3780 His favor with the radiant Cymbeline, 575  
FTLN 3781 Which shines here in the west.

## CYMBELINE

FTLN 3782 Laud we the gods,  
FTLN 3783 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
FTLN 3784 From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
FTLN 3785 To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let 580  
FTLN 3786 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
FTLN 3787 Friendly together. So through Lud's Town march,  
FTLN 3788 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
FTLN 3789 Our peace we'll ratify, seal it with feasts.  
FTLN 3790 Set on there. Never was a war did cease, 585  
FTLN 3791 Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.

*They exit.*