

CYMBELINE

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

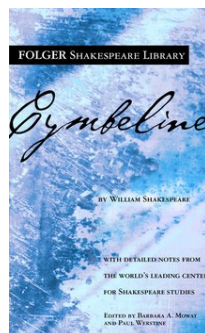
Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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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 exists 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 Shakespeare (formerly 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare 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 GENTLEMEN 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.	
	SECOND GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 0072	That a king's children should be so conveyed,	
FTLN 0073	So slackly guarded, and the search so slow	
FTLN 0074	That could not trace them!	
FTLN 0075	FIRST GENTLEMAN Howsoe'er 'tis strange,	75
FTLN 0076	Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,	
FTLN 0077	Yet is it true, sir.	
FTLN 0078	SECOND GENTLEMAN I do well believe you.	
	FIRST GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 0079	We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,	
FTLN 0080	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. *She exits.*
 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. *〔She weeps.〕*

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!
FTLN 0146	When shall we see again?	145

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

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.

FTLN 0169 CYMBELINE
 FTLN 0170 Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne 170
 FTLN 0171 A seat for baseness.

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!	
		<i>Enter Queen.</i>	
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. <i>He exits, [with Lords.]</i>	
FTLN 0195	QUEEN	Fie, you must give way.	195
		<i>Enter Pisanio.</i>	
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, 「to Imogen」 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, 「to Imogen」
 FTLN 0218 Pray, walk awhile.
 FTLN 0219 IMOGEN, 「to Pisanio」 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.
They exit.

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, 「aside」 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, 「aside」 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, 「aside」 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, *aside* 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, *aside* 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, *aside* 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, *aside* 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, *aside* 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 0361	if I offend ¹ not ¹ 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 ¹ but ¹	
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 ¹thousand¹ 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.

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.

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. <i>Pisanio exits.</i>	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.	
<i>Enter Pisanio and Ladies</i> 「 <i>carrying flowers.</i> 」		
FTLN 0586	「 <i>To the Ladies.</i> 」 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. <i>Queen and Ladies exit.</i>	
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
	<i>He exits.</i>	

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.	<i>He exits.</i>
	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 oft times	
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		Assurèd 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,	135
FTLN 0728	Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce	
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.	140
	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!
	IACHIMO	165
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.

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?

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

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
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, <i>aside</i> 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 <i>your</i> 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 <i>tonight</i> ?	
FTLN 0871	CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know on 't?	35
FTLN 0872	SECOND LORD, <i>aside</i> 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, <i>aside</i> 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.	
	<i>Cloten and First Lord</i> 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 ʃinto the trunk. The trunk
 and bed are removed. ʃ*

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 ʃCLOTEN ʃ 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.
<p>「Enter a Messenger.」</p>		
<p>MESSENGER, 「to Cymbeline」</p>		
FTLN 1014	So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;	
FTLN 1015	The one is Caius Lucius.	「Messenger exits.」
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.	
<p>「Cymbeline and Queen」 exit, 「with Lords and Attendants.」</p>		
<p>CLOTEN</p>		
FTLN 1026	If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,	70
FTLN 1027	Let her lie still and dream. (「He knocks.」) 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!
	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
	<i>Enter Pisanio.</i>	
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.	「 <i>Pisanio exits.</i> 」 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.	<i>She exits.</i>
	CLOTEN	
FTLN 1136	I'll be revenged! “His mean'st garment”? Well.	180
		<i>He exits.</i>

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'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 FTLN 1149 Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
 FTLN 1150 Will do 's commission throughly. 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.

POSTHUMUS

I do believe,

FTLN 1154 Statist though I am none nor like to be,
 FTLN 1155 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear 20
 FTLN 1156 The legion now in Gallia sooner landed
 FTLN 1157 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 FTLN 1158 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 ¹wingèd 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.

PHILARIO

Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS

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

IACHIMO

Your lady

FTLN 1173 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, <i>['handing him a paper']</i>	Here are letters for you.	
	POSTHUMUS		
FTLN 1179		Their tenor good, I trust.	
FTLN 1180	IACHIMO	'Tis very like.	
		<i>['Posthumus reads the letter.']</i>	
	<i>['PHILARIO']</i>		
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
		<i>['He indicates his ring.']</i>	
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 <i>['not,']</i> 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 <i>['you']</i> 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?

FTLN 1271 POSTHUMUS
 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 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.
 FTLN 1324 POSTHUMUS
 FTLN 1325 O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
 FTLN 1326 I will go there and do 't i' th' court, before
 FTLN 1327 Her father. I'll do something. *He exits.* 190

FTLN 1328 PHILARIO Quite beside
 FTLN 1329 The government of patience. You have won.
 FTLN 1330 Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath
 FTLN 1331 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.

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	

FTLN 1425	Ordained our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar	
FTLN 1426	Hath too much mangled, whose repair and franchise	
FTLN 1427	Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,	60
FTLN 1428	Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made	
FTLN 1429	our laws,	
FTLN 1430	Who was the first of Britain which did put	
FTLN 1431	His brows within a golden crown and called	
FTLN 1432	Himself a king.	65
FTLN 1433	LUCIUS I am sorry, Cymbeline,	
FTLN 1434	That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar—	
FTLN 1435	Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than	
FTLN 1436	Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.	
FTLN 1437	Receive it from me, then: war and confusion	70
FTLN 1438	In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee. Look	
FTLN 1439	For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,	
FTLN 1440	I thank thee for myself.	
FTLN 1441	CYMBELINE Thou art welcome, Caius.	
FTLN 1442	Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent	75
FTLN 1443	Much under him. Of him I gathered honor,	
FTLN 1444	Which he to seek of me again perforce	
FTLN 1445	Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect	
FTLN 1446	That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for	
FTLN 1447	Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent	80
FTLN 1448	Which not to read would show the Britons cold.	
FTLN 1449	So Caesar shall not find them.	
FTLN 1450	LUCIUS Let proof speak.	
FTLN 1451	CLOTEN His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime	
FTLN 1452	with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards	85
FTLN 1453	in other terms, you shall find us in our saltwater	
FTLN 1454	girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If	
FTLN 1455	you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the	
FTLN 1456	better for you, and there's an end.	
FTLN 1457	LUCIUS So, sir.	90
	CYMBELINE	
FTLN 1458	I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.	
FTLN 1459	All the remain is welcome.	

They exit.

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? (「*He reads:*」) *Do 't!*
 FTLN 1477 *The letter*
 FTLN 1478 *That I have sent her, by her own command*
 FTLN 1479 *Shall give thee opportunity.* 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.
 「*He gives her a paper.*」
 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.
 IMOGEN
 FTLN 1533 Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
 FTLN 1534 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers 75
 FTLN 1535 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 FTLN 1536 That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
 FTLN 1537 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 FTLN 1538 She'll home to her father; and provide me presently
 FTLN 1539 A riding suit no costlier than would fit 80
 FTLN 1540 A franklin's huswife.
 FTLN 1541 PISANIO Madam, you're best consider.
 IMOGEN
 FTLN 1542 I see before me, man. Nor here, 「nor」 here,
 FTLN 1543 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
 FTLN 1544 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee. 85
 FTLN 1545 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 prize 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
	<i>He exits.</i>	

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</i> : <i>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.
	IMOGEN	60
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.
FTLN 1787	Speak.	125
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,
FTLN 1792	I thought you would not back again.	130
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?
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	

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.	
		<i>Enter Cloten.</i>	
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.	
	<i>「She draws her sword.」</i>	
FTLN 2098	Such a foe, good heavens!	
	<i>She exits, 「as into the cave.」</i>	
	<i>Enter Belarius 「as Morgan,」 Guiderius 「as Polydor,」 and Arviragus 「as Cadwal.」</i>	
	BELARIUS, <i>「as Morgan」</i>	
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, <i>「as Polydor」</i> I am throughly weary.	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>「as Cadwal」</i>	
FTLN 2109	I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>「as Polydor」</i>	
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, <i>「as Morgan, looking into the cave」</i>	
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, <i>「as Polydor」</i> 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?

FTLN 2140 IMOGEN, *as Fidele*
FTLN 2141 Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who 70
FTLN 2142 Is bound for Italy. He embarked at Milford,
FTLN 2143 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
FTLN 2144 I am fall'n in this offense.

FTLN 2145 BELARIUS, *as Morgan* Prithee, fair youth,
FTLN 2146 Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds 75
FTLN 2147 By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'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.	
FTLN 2165	GUIDERIUS, <i>['as Polydor']</i> 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, 「dressed in Posthumus's garments.」

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, <i>as Cadwal</i> ¹	
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, <i>aside</i> ¹	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, <i>as Cadwal, to Fidele</i> ¹	Brother, farewell.
	IMOGEN, <i>as Fidele</i> ¹	
FTLN 2268	I wish you sport.	
FTLN 2269	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as Cadwal</i> ¹	You health.—So please you, sir.
	IMOGEN, <i>aside</i> ¹	
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. <i>She swallows the drug.</i> ¹	45
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor, to Morgan and Cadwal</i> ¹	
FTLN 2277	I could not stir him.	
FTLN 2278	He said he was gentle but unfortunate,	
FTLN 2279	Dishonestly afflicted but yet honest.	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as Cadwal</i> ¹	
FTLN 2280	Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter	
FTLN 2281	I might know more.	50
FTLN 2282	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i> ¹	To th' field, to th' field!

FTLN 2283	「 <i>To Fidele.</i> 」 We'll leave you for this time. Go in and	
FTLN 2284	rest.	
	ARVIRAGUS, 「 <i>as Cadwal</i> 」	
FTLN 2285	We'll not be long away.	
FTLN 2286	BELARIUS, 「 <i>as Morgan</i> 」 Pray, be not sick,	55
FTLN 2287	For you must be our huswife.	
FTLN 2288	IMOGEN, 「 <i>as Fidele</i> 」 Well or ill,	
FTLN 2289	I am bound to you.	
FTLN 2290	BELARIUS, 「 <i>as Morgan</i> 」 And shalt be ever.	
	「 <i>Imogen</i> 」 exits 「 <i>as into the cave.</i> 」	
FTLN 2291	This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had	60
FTLN 2292	Good ancestors.	
FTLN 2293	ARVIRAGUS, 「 <i>as Cadwal</i> 」 How angel-like he sings!	
	GUIDERIUS, 「 <i>as Polydor</i> 」	
FTLN 2294	But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters	
FTLN 2295	And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick	
FTLN 2296	And he her dieter.	65
FTLN 2297	ARVIRAGUS, 「 <i>as Cadwal</i> 」 Nobly he yokes	
FTLN 2298	A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh	
FTLN 2299	Was that it was for not being such a smile,	
FTLN 2300	The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly	
FTLN 2301	From so divine a temple to commix	70
FTLN 2302	With winds that sailors rail at.	
FTLN 2303	GUIDERIUS, 「 <i>as Polydor</i> 」 I do note	
FTLN 2304	That grief and patience, rooted in them both,	
FTLN 2305	Mingle their spurs together.	
FTLN 2306	ARVIRAGUS, 「 <i>as Cadwal</i> 」 Grow, 「 <i>patience,</i> 」	75
FTLN 2307	And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine	
FTLN 2308	His perishing root with the increasing vine!	
	BELARIUS, 「 <i>as Morgan</i> 」	
FTLN 2309	It is great morning. Come, away. Who's there?	
	<i>Enter Cloten.</i>	
	CLOTEN, 「 <i>to himself</i> 」	
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> ¹	
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> ¹	
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> ¹	
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> ¹ 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> ¹	
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> ¹ 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> ¹ 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, <i>as Polydor</i>	What's thy name?	115
FTLN 2347	CLOTEN	Cloten, thou villain.	
FTLN 2348	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i>	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, <i>as Polydor</i>	I am sorry for 't, not seeming	
FTLN 2355		So worthy as thy birth.	
FTLN 2356	CLOTEN	Art not afeard?	125
FTLN 2357	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i>	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!	
		<i>They fight and exit.</i>	
		<i>Enter Belarius as Morgan and Arviragus as Cadwal.</i>	
FTLN 2364	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i>	No company's abroad?	
FTLN 2365	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as Cadwal</i>	None in the world. You did mistake him sure.	
FTLN 2366	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i>	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, <i>as Cadwal</i>	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 reckon. <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, *as Cadwal* 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. *He exits.*
 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, *as Polydor* 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. *Solemn music.*
 FTLN 2468 BELARIUS, *as Morgan* My *ingenious* instrument!
 FTLN 2469 Hark, Polydor, it sounds! But what occasion
 FTLN 2470 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark.
 FTLN 2471 GUIDERIUS, *as Polydor*
 FTLN 2471 Is he at home? 240
 FTLN 2472 BELARIUS, *as Morgan* 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?	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i>	
FTLN 2530	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, <i>「as Morgan」</i>	
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, <i>「as Polydor, to Morgan」</i> 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, <i>「as Cadwal, to Morgan」</i> If you'll go fetch	
FTLN 2555	him,	
FTLN 2556	We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.	325
	<i>「Belarius exits.」</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>「as Polydor」</i>	
FTLN 2557	Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;	
FTLN 2558	My father hath a reason for 't.	
FTLN 2559	ARVIRAGUS, <i>「as Cadwal」</i> 'Tis true.	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>「as Polydor」</i>	
FTLN 2560	Come on then, and remove him.	
	<i>「They move Imogen's body.」</i>	
FTLN 2561	ARVIRAGUS, <i>「as Cadwal」</i> So, begin.	330
	<i>Song.</i>	
	GUIDERIUS, <i>「as Polydor」</i>	
FTLN 2562	<i>Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,</i>	
FTLN 2563	<i>Nor the furious winter's rages;</i>	
FTLN 2564	<i>Thou thy worldly task hast done,</i>	
FTLN 2565	<i>Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.</i>	
FTLN 2566	<i>Golden lads and girls all must,</i>	335
FTLN 2567	<i>As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.</i>	
	ARVIRAGUS, <i>「as Cadwal」</i>	
FTLN 2568	<i>Fear no more the frown o' th' great;</i>	
FTLN 2569	<i>Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.</i>	

FTLN 2570 *Care no more to clothe and eat;*
 FTLN 2571 *To thee the reed is as the oak.* 340
 FTLN 2572 *The scepter, learning, physic must*
 FTLN 2573 *All follow this and come to dust.*
 GUIDERIUS, 「as Polydor」
 FTLN 2574 *Fear no more the lightning flash.*
 ARVIRAGUS, 「as Cadwal」
 FTLN 2575 *Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone.*
 GUIDERIUS, 「as Polydor」
 FTLN 2576 *Fear not slander, censure rash;* 345
 ARVIRAGUS, 「as Cadwal」
 FTLN 2577 *Thou hast finished joy and moan.*
 FTLN 2578 BOTH *All lovers young, all lovers must*
 FTLN 2579 *Consign to thee and come to dust.*
 GUIDERIUS, 「as Polydor」
 FTLN 2580 *No exorciser harm thee,*
 ARVIRAGUS, 「as Cadwal」
 FTLN 2581 *Nor no witchcraft charm thee.* 350
 GUIDERIUS, 「as Polydor」
 FTLN 2582 *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*
 ARVIRAGUS, 「as Cadwal」
 FTLN 2583 *Nothing ill come near thee.*
 FTLN 2584 BOTH *Quiet consummation have,*
 FTLN 2585 *And renownèd be thy grave.*

Enter Belarius 「as Morgan,」 with the body of Cloten.

FTLN 2586 GUIDERIUS, 「as Polydor」
 We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down. 355
 「Cloten's body is placed by Imogen's.」
 BELARIUS, 「as Morgan」
 FTLN 2587 Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more.
 FTLN 2588 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
 FTLN 2589 Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.—
 FTLN 2590 You were as flowers, now withered. Even so

FTLN 2591 These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.— 360
 FTLN 2592 Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
 FTLN 2593 The ground that gave them first has them again.
 FTLN 2594 Their pleasures here are past; so 'tis their pain.
They exit.

Imogen awakes.

「IMOGEN」

FTLN 2595 Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which is the way?
 FTLN 2596 I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither? 365
 FTLN 2597 Ods pittikins, can it be six mile yet?
 FTLN 2598 I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
「She sees Cloten's headless body.」
 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 irregulous 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
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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?	
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CAPTAIN

FTLN 2648	With the next benefit o' th' wind.	
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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, [<i>as Fidele</i>]	
	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.

[An Attendant exits.]

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

[To Pisanio.] 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. [Pisano 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, <i>as Cadwal</i> ¹	
FTLN 2774	What pleasure, sir, <i>find we</i> ¹ in life, to lock it	
FTLN 2775	From action and adventure?	
FTLN 2776	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i> ¹	Nay, what hope
FTLN 2777		5
FTLN 2778	Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans	
FTLN 2779	Must or for Britons slay us or receive us	
FTLN 2780	For barbarous and unnatural revolts	
FTLN 2781	During their use, and slay us after.	
FTLN 2782	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i> ¹	Sons,
FTLN 2783		10
FTLN 2784	We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.	
FTLN 2785	To the King's party there's no going. Newness	
FTLN 2786	Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not mustered	
FTLN 2787	Among the bands—may drive us to a render	
FTLN 2788	Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that	15
FTLN 2789	Which we have done, whose answer would be death	
FTLN 2790	Drawn on with torture.	
FTLN 2791	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i> ¹	This is, sir, a doubt
FTLN 2792		
FTLN 2793	In such a time nothing becoming you	
FTLN 2794	Nor satisfying us.	20
FTLN 2795	ARVIRAGUS, <i>as Cadwal</i> ¹	It is not likely
FTLN 2796		
FTLN 2797	That when they hear <i>the</i> ¹ Roman horses neigh,	
FTLN 2798	Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes	
FTLN 2799	And ears so cloyed importantly as now,	
FTLN 2800	That they will waste their time upon our note,	25
FTLN 2801	To know from whence we are.	
FTLN 2802	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i> ¹	O, I am known
FTLN 2803		
FTLN 2804	Of many in the army. Many years,	
FTLN 2805	Though Cloten then but young, you see not wore him	
FTLN 2806	From my remembrance. And besides, the King	30
FTLN 2807	Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,	
FTLN 2808	Who find in my exile the want of breeding,	
FTLN 2809	The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless	
FTLN 2810	To have the courtesy your cradle promised,	
FTLN 2811	But to be still hot summer's tanlings and	35
FTLN 2812	The shrinking slaves of winter.	
FTLN 2813	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i> ¹	Than be so

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> ¹ 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> ¹ 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> ¹ So say I. Amen.	
	BELARIUS, <i>as Morgan</i> ¹	
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> ¹ 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.

IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

FTLN 2887 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. (*He removes his peasant*
 FTLN 2973 *costume.*) 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.

FIRST CAPTAIN

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

POSTHUMUS A Roman,

FTLN 2989 Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 100
 FTLN 2990 Had answered him.

SECOND CAPTAIN

FTLN 2991 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 cloys 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
	<i>〔Finding the tablet.〕</i>	
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
	<i>(Reads.)</i>	
FTLN 3136	<i>Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,</i>	
FTLN 3137	<i>without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of</i>	
FTLN 3138	<i>tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be</i>	
FTLN 3139	<i>lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall</i>	
FTLN 3140	<i>after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly</i>	145
FTLN 3141	<i>grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain</i>	
FTLN 3142	<i>be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.</i>	
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.	
	<i>Enter Jailer.</i>	
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.	
		<i>〔He removes Posthumus's chains.〕</i>	
FTLN 3195	POSTHUMUS	Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer. No	200
FTLN 3196		bolts for the dead. <i>〔All but the Jailer〕 exit.</i>	
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
		<i>〔He exits.〕</i>	

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, <i>['to Morgan, Polydor, and Cadwal']</i>	
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, <i>['as Morgan']</i> 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.	
	<i>['They kneel. He taps their shoulders with his sword.']</i>	
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. <i>['They rise.']</i>	
	<i>Enter Cornelius and Ladies.</i>	
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?	
FTLN 3243	CORNELIUS 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, <i>「as Fidele」</i>	
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.	
	<i>「Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside and talk.」</i>	
	BELARIUS, <i>「as Morgan」</i>	
FTLN 3347	Is not this boy revived from death?	
FTLN 3348	ARVIRAGUS, <i>「as Cadwal」</i> One sand another	
FTLN 3349	Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad	
FTLN 3350	Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?	145
FTLN 3351	GUIDERIUS, <i>「as Polydor」</i> The same dead thing alive.	
	BELARIUS, <i>「as Morgan」</i>	
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, <i>「as Polydor」</i> But we see him dead.	150
	BELARIUS, <i>「as Morgan」</i>	
FTLN 3356	Be silent. Let's see further.	
FTLN 3357	PISANIO, <i>「aside」</i> It is my mistress!	
FTLN 3358	Since she is living, let the time run on	
FTLN 3359	To good or bad.	
	<i>「Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.」</i>	
FTLN 3360	CYMBELINE, <i>「to Imogen」</i> Come, stand thou by our side.	155
FTLN 3361	Make thy demand aloud. (<i>「To Iachimo.」</i>) 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, <i>「as Fidele, pointing to Iachimo's hand」</i>	
FTLN 3368	My boon is that this gentleman may render	
FTLN 3369	Of whom he had this ring.	
FTLN 3370	POSTHUMUS, <i>「aside」</i> 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, ^{⌈coming forward⌋} 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, ^{⌈running to Posthumus⌋} 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. ^{⌈He pushes her away; she falls.⌋}	

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		「 <i>To Pisanio.</i> 」 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>	
	My boys,	
	There was our error.	
FTLN 3512		
FTLN 3513	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i> This is sure Fidele.	
FTLN 3514	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, <i>['as Polydor']</i> 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, <i>['as Polydor']</i> I have spoke it, and I did it.	
FTLN 3555	CYMBELINE He was a prince.	350
FTLN 3556	GUIDERIUS, <i>['as Polydor']</i>	
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.	
	<i>['Attendants bind Guiderius.']</i>	

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.	
FTLN 3580	CYMBELINE, <i>as Morgan</i>	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.	
FTLN 3587	GUIDERIUS, <i>as Polydor</i>	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.	
		「 <i>He kneels.</i> 」
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.	「 <i>He weeps.</i> 」
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.</i>	<i>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 “mollis aer;” and “mollis aer”	
FTLN 3750	We term it “mulier;” which “mulier” 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 ¹ 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

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.