

CYMBELINE  
BY  
WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE  
1

DRAMATIS  
PERSONAE  
ACT

I  
SCENE

I.  
SCENE

II.  
SCENE

III.  
SCENE

IV.  
SCENE

V.  
SCENE

VI.  
ACT

II  
SCENE

I.  
SCENE

II.  
SCENE

III.  
SCENE

IV.  
SCENE

V.  
ACT

III  
SCENE

I.  
SCENE

II.  
SCENE

III.  
SCENE

IV.  
SCENE

V.  
SCENE

VI.  
SCENE

VII.

ACT  
IV  
SCENE  
I.  
SCENE  
II.  
2

SCENE

III.

SCENE

IV.

ACT

V

SCENE

I.

SCENE

II.

SCENE

III.

SCENE

IV.

SCENE

V.

3

DRAMATIS  
PERSONAE  
CYMBELINE,  
KING  
OF  
BRITAIN  
CLOTEN,  
SON  
TO  
THE  
QUEEN  
BY  
A  
FORMER  
HUSBAND  
POSTHUMUS  
LEONATUS,  
A  
GENTLEMAN,  
HUSBAND  
TO  
IMOGEN  
BELARIUS,  
A  
BANISHED  
LORD,  
DISGUISED  
UNDER  
THE  
NAME  
OF  
MORGAN  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS,  
SONS  
TO  
CYMBELINE,  
DISGUISED  
UNDER  
THE  
NAMES  
OF  
POLYDORE

AND  
CADWAL,  
SUPPOSED  
SONS  
TO  
BELARIUS  
PHILARIO,  
ITALIAN,  
FRIEND  
TO  
POSTHUMUS  
IACHIMO,  
ITALIAN,  
FRIEND  
TO  
PHILARIO  
A  
FRENCH  
GENTLEMAN,  
FRIEND  
TO  
PHILARIO  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS,  
GENERAL  
OF  
THE  
ROMAN  
FORCES  
A  
ROMAN  
CAPTAIN  
TWO  
BRITISH  
CAPTAINS  
PISANIO,  
SERVANT  
TO  
POSTHUMUS  
CORNELIUS,  
A  
PHYSICIAN  
TWO  
LORDS

OF  
CYMBELINE'S  
COURT  
TWO  
GENTLEMEN  
OF  
THE  
SAME  
TWO  
GAOLERS  
QUEEN,  
WIFE  
TO  
CYMBELINE  
IMOGEN,  
DAUGHTER  
TO  
CYMBELINE  
BY  
A  
FORMER  
QUEEN  
HELEN,  
A  
LADY  
ATTENDING  
ON  
IMOGEN  
APPARITIONS  
4

LORDS,  
LADIES,  
ROMAN  
SENATORS,  
TRIBUNES,  
A  
SOOTHSAYER,  
A  
DUTCH  
GENTLEMAN,  
A  
SPANISH  
GENTLEMAN,  
MUSICIANS,  
OFFICERS,  
CAPTAINS,  
SOLDIERS,  
MESSENGERS,  
AND  
ATTENDANTS  
5



SCENE:  
BRITAIN;  
ITALY  
ACT  
I  
SCENE  
I.  
BRITAIN.  
THE  
GARDEN  
OF  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
YOU  
DO  
NOT  
MEET  
A  
MAN  
BUT  
FROWNS;  
OUR  
BLOODS  
NO  
MORE  
OBEY  
THE  
HEAVENS  
THAN  
OUR  
COURTIERS  
STILL  
SEEM  
AS  
DOES  
THE  
KING'S.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
BUT  
WHAT'S  
THE

MATTER?  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
HIS  
DAUGHTER,  
AND  
THE  
HEIR  
OF'S  
KINGDOM,  
WHOM  
HE  
PURPOS'D  
TO  
HIS  
WIFE'S  
SOLE  
SON-  
A  
WIDOW  
THAT  
LATE  
HE  
MARRIED-  
HATH  
REFERR'D  
HERSELF  
UNTO  
A  
POOR  
BUT  
WORTHY  
GENTLEMAN.  
SHE'S  
WEDDED;  
HER  
HUSBAND  
BANISH'D;  
SHE  
IMPRISON'D.  
ALL  
IS  
OUTWARD  
SORROW,

THOUGH  
I  
THINK  
THE  
KING  
BE  
TOUCH'D  
AT  
VERY  
HEART.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
NONE  
BUT  
THE  
KING?  
6

FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
HE  
THAT  
HATH  
LOST  
HER  
TOO.  
SO  
IS  
THE  
QUEEN,  
THAT  
MOST  
DESIR'D  
THE  
MATCH.  
BUT  
NOT  
A  
COURTIER,  
ALTHOUGH  
THEY  
WEAR  
THEIR  
FACES  
TO  
THE  
BENT  
OF  
THE  
KING'S  
LOOKS,  
HATH  
A  
HEART  
THAT  
IS  
NOT  
GLAD  
AT  
THE  
THING  
THEY

SCOWL  
AT.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
AND  
WHY  
SO?  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
HE  
THAT  
HATH  
MISS'D  
THE  
PRINCESS  
IS  
A  
THING  
TOO  
BAD  
FOR  
BAD  
REPORT;  
AND  
HE  
THAT  
HATH  
HER-  
I  
MEAN  
THAT  
MARRIED  
HER,  
ALACK,  
GOOD  
MAN!  
AND  
THEREFORE  
BANISH'D-  
IS  
A  
CREATURE  
SUCH  
AS,

TO  
SEEK  
THROUGH  
THE  
REGIONS  
OF  
THE  
EARTH  
FOR  
ONE  
HIS  
LIKE,  
THERE  
WOULD  
BE  
SOMETHING  
FAILING  
IN  
HIM  
THAT  
SHOULD  
COMPARE.

I  
DO  
NOT  
THINK  
SO  
FAIR  
AN  
OUTWARD  
AND  
SUCH  
STUFF  
WITHIN  
ENDOWS  
A  
MAN  
BUT  
HE.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
YOU  
SPEAK  
HIM

FAR.

7

FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
I  
DO  
EXTEND  
HIM,  
SIR,  
WITHIN  
HIMSELF;  
CRUSH  
HIM  
TOGETHER  
RATHER  
THAN  
UNFOLD  
HIS  
MEASURE  
DULY.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
WHAT'S  
HIS  
NAME  
AND  
BIRTH?  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
I  
CANNOT  
DELVE  
HIM  
TO  
THE  
ROOT;  
HIS  
FATHER  
WAS  
CALL'D  
SICILIUS,  
WHO  
DID  
JOIN  
HIS  
HONOUR



AGAINST  
THE  
ROMANS  
WITH  
CASSIBELAN,  
BUT  
HAD  
HIS  
TITLES  
BY  
TENANTIUS,  
WHOM  
HE  
SERV'D  
WITH  
GLORY  
AND  
ADMIR'D  
SUCCESS,  
SO  
GAIN'D  
THE  
SUR-ADDITION  
LEONATUS;  
AND  
HAD,  
BESIDES  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN  
IN  
QUESTION,  
TWO  
OTHER  
SONS,  
WHO,  
IN  
THE  
WARS  
O'  
TH'  
TIME,  
DIED  
WITH  
THEIR

SWORDS  
IN  
HAND;  
FOR  
WHICH  
THEIR  
FATHER,  
THEN  
OLD  
AND  
FOND  
OF  
ISSUE,  
TOOK  
SUCH  
SORROW  
THAT  
HE  
QUIT  
BEING;  
AND  
HIS  
GENTLE  
LADY,  
BIG  
OF  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN,  
OUR  
THEME,  
DECEAS'D  
AS  
HE  
WAS  
BORN.  
THE  
KING  
HE  
TAKES  
THE  
BABE  
TO  
HIS  
PROTECTION,

CALLS  
HIM  
POSTHUMUS  
LEONATUS,  
BREEDS  
HIM  
AND  
MAKES  
HIM  
OF  
HIS  
BED-CHAMBER,  
PUTS  
TO  
HIM  
ALL  
THE  
LEARNINGS  
THAT  
HIS  
TIME  
8

COULD  
MAKE  
HIM  
THE  
RECEIVER  
OF;  
WHICH  
HE  
TOOK,  
AS  
WE  
DO  
AIR,  
FAST  
AS  
'T WAS  
MINIST' RED,  
AND  
IN'S  
SPRING  
BECAME  
A  
HARVEST,  
LIV'D  
IN  
COURT-  
WHICH  
RARE  
IT  
IS  
TO  
DO-  
MOST  
PRAIS'D,  
MOST  
LOV'D,  
A  
SAMPLE  
TO  
THE  
YOUNGEST;  
TO  
TH'  
MORE

MATURE  
A  
GLASS  
THAT  
FEATED  
THEM;  
AND  
TO  
THE  
GRAVER  
A  
CHILD  
THAT  
GUIDED  
DOTARDS.  
TO  
HIS  
MISTRESS,  
FOR  
WHOM  
HE  
NOW  
IS  
BANISH'D-  
HER  
OWN  
PRICE  
PROCLAIMS  
HOW  
SHE  
ESTEEM'D  
HIM  
AND  
HIS  
VIRTUE;  
BY  
HER  
ELECTION  
MAY  
BE  
TRULY  
READ  
WHAT  
KIND

OF  
MAN  
HE  
IS.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
I  
HONOUR  
HIM  
EVEN  
OUT  
OF  
YOUR  
REPORT.  
BUT  
PRAY  
YOU  
TELL  
ME,  
IS  
SHE  
SOLE  
CHILD  
TO  
TH'  
KING?  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
HIS  
ONLY  
CHILD.  
HE  
HAD  
TWO  
SONS-  
IF  
THIS  
BE  
WORTH  
YOUR  
HEARING,  
MARK  
IT-  
THE

ELDEST  
OF  
THEM  
AT  
THREE  
YEARS  
OLD,  
I'  
TH'  
SWATHING  
CLOTHES  
THE  
OTHER,  
FROM  
THEIR  
NURSERY  
WERE  
STOL'N;  
AND  
TO  
THIS  
HOUR  
NO  
GUESS  
IN  
KNOWLEDGE  
WHICH  
WAY  
THEY  
WENT.

SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
HOW  
LONG  
IS  
THIS  
AGO?  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
SOME  
TWENTY  
YEARS.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
THAT  
A  
KING'S  
CHILDREN  
SHOULD  
BE  
SO  
CONVEY'D,  
SO  
SLACKLY  
GUARDED,  
AND  
THE  
SEARCH  
SO  
SLOW  
THAT  
COULD  
NOT  
TRACE  
THEM!  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
HOWSOE'ER  
'TIS  
STRANGE,  
OR  
THAT  
THE  
NEGLIGENCE



MAY  
WELL  
BE  
LAUGH'D  
AT,  
YET  
IS  
IT  
TRUE,  
SIR.  
SECOND  
GENTLEMAN  
I  
DO  
WELL  
BELIEVE  
YOU.  
FIRST  
GENTLEMAN  
WE  
MUST  
FORBEAR;  
HERE  
COMES  
THE  
GENTLEMAN,  
THE  
QUEEN,  
AND  
PRINCESS.  
EXEUNT  
10

ENTER  
THE  
QUEEN,  
POSTHUMUS,  
AND  
IMOGEN  
QUEEN  
NO,  
BE  
ASSUR'D  
YOU  
SHALL  
NOT  
FIND  
ME,  
DAUGHTER,  
AFTER  
THE  
SLANDER  
OF  
MOST  
STEPMOTHERS,  
EVIL-EY'D  
UNTO  
YOU.  
YOU'RE  
MY  
PRISONER,  
BUT  
YOUR  
GAOLER  
SHALL  
DELIVER  
YOU  
THE  
KEYS  
THAT  
LOCK  
UP  
YOUR  
RESTRAINT.  
FOR  
YOU,  
POSTHUMUS,

SO  
SOON  
AS  
I  
CAN  
WIN  
TH'  
OFFENDED  
KING,  
I  
WILL  
BE  
KNOWN  
YOUR  
ADVOCATE.  
MARRY,  
YET  
THE  
FIRE  
OF  
RAGE  
IS  
IN  
HIM,  
AND  
'TWERE  
GOOD  
YOU  
LEAN'D  
UNTO  
HIS  
SENTENCE  
WITH  
WHAT  
PATIENCE  
YOUR  
WISDOM  
MAY  
INFORM  
YOU.  
POSTHUMUS  
PLEASE  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS,

I  
WILL  
FROM  
HENCE  
TO-DAY.  
QUEEN  
YOU  
KNOW  
THE  
PERIL.  
I'LL  
FETCH  
A  
TURN  
ABOUT  
THE  
GARDEN,  
PITYING  
THE  
PANGS  
OF  
BARR'D  
AFFECTIONS,  
THOUGH  
THE  
KING  
HATH  
CHARG'D  
YOU  
SHOULD  
NOT  
SPEAK  
TOGETHER.  
EXIT  
11

IMOGEN  
O  
DISSEMBLING  
COURTESY!  
HOW  
FINE  
THIS  
TYRANT  
CAN  
TICKLE  
WHERE  
SHE  
WOUNDS!  
MY  
DEAREST  
HUSBAND,  
I  
SOMETHING  
FEAR  
MY  
FATHER'S  
WRATH,  
BUT  
NOTHING-  
ALWAYS  
RESERV'D  
MY  
HOLY  
DUTY-  
WHAT  
HIS  
RAGE  
CAN  
DO  
ON  
ME.  
YOU  
MUST  
BE  
GONE;  
AND  
I  
SHALL  
HERE

ABIDE  
THE  
HOURLY  
SHOT  
OF  
ANGRY  
EYES,  
NOT  
COMFORTED  
TO  
LIVE  
BUT  
THAT  
THERE  
IS  
THIS  
JEWEL  
IN  
THE  
WORLD  
THAT  
I  
MAY  
SEE  
AGAIN.  
POSTHUMUS  
MY  
QUEEN!  
MY  
MISTRESS!  
O  
LADY,  
WEEP  
NO  
MORE,  
LEST  
I  
GIVE  
CAUSE  
TO  
BE  
SUSPECTED  
OF  
MORE

TENDERNESS  
THAN  
DOTH  
BECOME  
A  
MAN.  
I  
WILL  
REMAIN  
THE  
LOYAL'ST  
HUSBAND  
THAT  
DID  
E'ER  
PLIGHT  
TROTH;  
MY  
RESIDENCE  
IN  
ROME  
AT  
ONE  
PHILARIO'S,  
WHO  
TO  
MY  
FATHER  
WAS  
A  
FRIEND,  
TO  
ME  
KNOWN  
BUT  
BY  
LETTER;  
THITHER  
WRITE,  
MY  
QUEEN,  
AND  
WITH  
MINE

EYES  
I'LL  
DRINK  
THE  
WORDS  
YOU  
SEND,  
THOUGH  
INK  
BE  
MADE  
OF  
GALL.  
RE-ENTER  
QUEEN  
12



QUEEN  
BE  
BRIEF,  
I  
PRAY  
YOU.  
IF  
THE  
KING  
COME,  
I  
SHALL  
INCUR  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
HOW  
MUCH  
OF  
HIS  
DISPLEASURE.  
[ASIDE]  
YET  
I'LL  
MOVE  
HIM  
TO  
WALK  
THIS  
WAY.  
I  
NEVER  
DO  
HIM  
WRONG  
BUT  
HE  
DOES  
BUY  
MY  
INJURIES,  
TO  
BE  
FRIENDS;

PAYS  
DEAR  
FOR  
MY  
OFFENCES.  
EXIT  
POSTHUMUS  
SHOULD  
WE  
BE  
TAKING  
LEAVE  
AS  
LONG  
A  
TERM  
AS  
YET  
WE  
HAVE  
TO  
LIVE,  
THE  
LOATHNESS  
TO  
DEPART  
WOULD  
GROW.  
ADIEU!  
IMOGEN  
NAY,  
STAY  
A  
LITTLE.  
WERE  
YOU  
BUT  
RIDING  
FORTH  
TO  
AIR  
YOURSELF,  
SUCH  
PARTING

WERE  
TOO  
PETTY.  
LOOK  
HERE,  
LOVE:  
THIS  
DIAMOND  
WAS  
MY  
MOTHER'S;  
TAKE  
IT,  
HEART;  
BUT  
KEEP  
IT  
TILL  
YOU  
WOO  
ANOTHER  
WIFE,  
WHEN  
IMOGEN  
IS  
DEAD.  
POSTHUMUS  
13

HOW,  
HOW?  
ANOTHER?  
YOU  
GENTLE  
GODS,  
GIVE  
ME  
BUT  
THIS  
I  
HAVE,  
AND  
SEAR  
UP  
MY  
EMBRACEMENTS  
FROM  
A  
NEXT  
WITH  
BONDS  
OF  
DEATH!  
REMAIN,  
REMAIN  
THOU  
HERE  
[PUTS  
ON  
THE  
RING]  
WHILE  
SENSE  
CAN  
KEEP  
IT  
ON.  
AND,  
SWEETEST,  
FAIREST,  
AS  
I  
MY

POOR  
SELF  
DID  
EXCHANGE  
FOR  
YOU,  
TO  
YOUR  
SO  
INFINITE  
LOSS,  
SO  
IN  
OUR  
TRIFLES  
I  
STILL  
WIN  
OF  
YOU.  
FOR  
MY  
SAKE  
WEAR  
THIS;  
IT  
IS  
A  
MANACLE  
OF  
LOVE;  
I'LL  
PLACE  
IT  
UPON  
THIS  
FAIREST  
PRISONER.  
[PUTS  
A  
BRACELET  
ON  
HER  
ARM]

IMOGEN  
O  
THE  
GODS!  
WHEN  
SHALL  
WE  
SEE  
AGAIN?  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE  
AND  
LORDS  
POSTHUMUS  
ALACK,  
THE  
KING!  
14

CYMBELINE  
THOU  
BASEST  
THING,  
AVOID;  
HENCE  
FROM  
MY  
SIGHT  
IF  
AFTER  
THIS  
COMMAND  
THOU  
FRAUGHT  
THE  
COURT  
WITH  
THY  
UNWORTHINESS,  
THOU  
DIEST.  
AWAY!  
THOU'RT  
POISON  
TO  
MY  
BLOOD.  
POSTHUMUS  
THE  
GODS  
PROTECT  
YOU,  
AND  
BLESS  
THE  
GOOD  
REMAINDERS  
OF  
THE  
COURT!  
I  
AM  
GONE.

EXIT  
IMOGEN  
THERE  
CANNOT  
BE  
A  
PINCH  
IN  
DEATH  
MORE  
SHARP  
THAN  
THIS  
IS.  
CYMBELINE  
O  
DISLOYAL  
THING,  
THAT  
SHOULDST  
REPAIR  
MY  
YOUTH,  
THOU  
HEAP'ST  
A  
YEAR'S  
AGE  
ON  
ME!  
IMOGEN  
I  
BESEECH  
YOU,  
SIR,  
HARM  
NOT  
YOURSELF  
WITH  
YOUR  
VEXATION.  
15



I  
AM  
SENSELESS  
OF  
YOUR  
WRATH;  
A  
TOUCH  
MORE  
RARE  
SUBDUES  
ALL  
PANGS,  
ALL  
FEARS.  
CYMBELINE  
PAST  
GRACE?  
OBEDIENCE?  
IMOGEN  
PAST  
HOPE,  
AND  
IN  
DESPAIR;  
THAT  
WAY  
PAST  
GRACE.  
CYMBELINE  
THAT  
MIGHTST  
HAVE  
HAD  
THE  
SOLE  
SON  
OF  
MY  
QUEEN!  
IMOGEN  
O  
BLESSED  
THAT

I  
MIGHT  
NOT!  
I  
CHOSE  
AN  
EAGLE,  
AND  
DID  
AVOID  
A  
PUTTOCK.  
CYMBELINE  
THOU  
TOOK'ST  
A  
BEGGAR,  
WOULDST  
HAVE  
MADE  
MY  
THRONE  
A  
SEAT  
FOR  
BASENESS.  
IMOGEN  
NO;  
I  
RATHER  
ADDED  
A  
LUSTRE  
TO  
IT.  
CYMBELINE  
16

O  
THOU  
VILE  
ONE!  
IMOGEN  
SIR,  
IT  
IS  
YOUR  
FAULT  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
LOV'D  
POSTHUMUS.  
YOU  
BRED  
HIM  
AS  
MY  
PLAYFELLOW,  
AND  
HE  
IS  
A  
MAN  
WORTH  
ANY  
WOMAN;  
OVERBUYS  
ME  
ALMOST  
THE  
SUM  
HE  
PAYS.  
CYMBELINE  
WHAT,  
ART  
THOU  
MAD?  
IMOGEN  
ALMOST,  
SIR.

HEAVEN  
RESTORE  
ME!  
WOULD  
I  
WERE  
A  
NEAT-HERD'S  
DAUGHTER,  
AND  
MY  
LEONATUS  
OUR  
NEIGHBOUR  
SHEPHERD'S  
SON!  
RE-ENTER  
QUEEN  
CYMBELINE  
THOU  
FOOLISH  
THING!  
[TO  
THE  
QUEEN]  
THEY  
WERE  
AGAIN  
TOGETHER.  
YOU  
HAVE  
DONE  
NOT  
AFTER  
OUR  
COMMAND.  
AWAY  
WITH  
HER,  
AND  
PEN  
HER  
UP.  
17



QUEEN  
BESEECH  
YOUR  
PATIENCE.-  
PEACE,  
DEAR  
LADY  
DAUGHTER,  
PEACE!-  
SWEET  
SOVEREIGN,  
LEAVE  
US  
TO  
OURSELVES,  
AND  
MAKE  
YOURSELF  
SOME  
COMFORT  
OUT  
OF  
YOUR  
BEST  
ADVICE.  
CYMBELINE  
NAY,  
LET  
HER  
LANGUISH  
A  
DROP  
OF  
BLOOD  
A  
DAY  
AND,  
BEING  
AGED,  
DIE  
OF  
THIS  
FOLLY.  
EXIT,

WITH  
LORDS  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
QUEEN  
FIE!  
YOU  
MUST  
GIVE  
WAY.  
HERE  
IS  
YOUR  
SERVANT.  
HOW  
NOW,  
SIR!  
WHAT  
NEWS?  
PISANIO  
MY  
LORD  
YOUR  
SON  
DREW  
ON  
MY  
MASTER.  
QUEEN  
HA!  
NO  
HARM,  
I  
TRUST,  
IS  
DONE?  
18

PISANIO  
THERE  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
BEEN,  
BUT  
THAT  
MY  
MASTER  
RATHER  
PLAY'D  
THAN  
FOUGHT,  
AND  
HAD  
NO  
HELP  
OF  
ANGER;  
THEY  
WERE  
PARTED  
BY  
GENTLEMEN  
AT  
HAND.  
QUEEN  
I  
AM  
VERY  
GLAD  
ON'T.  
IMOGEN  
YOUR  
SON'S  
MY  
FATHER'S  
FRIEND;  
HE  
TAKES  
HIS  
PART  
TO  
DRAW



UPON  
AN  
EXILE!  
O  
BRAVE  
SIR!  
I  
WOULD  
THEY  
WERE  
IN  
AFRIC  
BOTH  
TOGETHER;  
MYSELF  
BY  
WITH  
A  
NEEDLE,  
THAT  
I  
MIGHT  
PRICK  
THE  
GOER-BACK.  
WHY  
CAME  
YOU  
FROM  
YOUR  
MASTER?  
PISANIO  
ON  
HIS  
COMMAND.  
HE  
WOULD  
NOT  
SUFFER  
ME  
TO  
BRING  
HIM  
TO

THE  
HAVEN;  
LEFT  
THESE  
NOTES  
OF  
WHAT  
COMMANDS  
I  
SHOULD  
BE  
SUBJECT  
TO,  
WHEN'T  
PLEAS'D  
YOU  
TO  
EMPLOY  
ME.  
QUEEN  
THIS  
HATH  
BEEN  
19

YOUR  
FAITHFUL  
SERVANT.

I  
DARE  
LAY  
MINE  
HONOUR  
HE  
WILL  
REMAIN  
SO.

PISANIO

I  
HUMBLY  
THANK  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS.

QUEEN

PRAY  
WALK  
AWHILE.

IMOGEN  
ABOUT  
SOME  
HALF-HOUR

HENCE,

PRAY  
YOU  
SPEAK

WITH  
ME.

YOU  
SHALL

AT  
LEAST

GO

SEE

MY

LORD

ABOARD.

FOR

THIS

TIME

LEAVE  
ME.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
II.  
BRITAIN.  
A  
PUBLIC  
PLACE  
ENTER  
CLOTEN  
AND  
TWO  
LORDS  
FIRST  
LORD  
SIR,  
I  
WOULD  
ADVISE  
YOU  
TO  
SHIFT  
A  
SHIRT;  
THE  
VIOLENCE  
OF  
ACTION  
HATH  
MADE  
YOU  
REEK  
AS  
A  
SACRIFICE.  
WHERE  
AIR  
COMES  
OUT,  
AIR  
COMES  
IN;  
THERE'S

NONE  
ABROAD  
SO  
WHOLESOME  
AS  
THAT  
YOU  
VENT.  
20

CLOTEN  
IF  
MY  
SHIRT  
WERE  
BLOODY,  
THEN  
TO  
SHIFT  
IT.  
HAVE  
I  
HURT  
HIM?  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
NO,  
FAITH;  
NOT  
SO  
MUCH  
AS  
HIS  
PATIENCE.  
FIRST  
LORD  
HURT  
HIM!  
HIS  
BODY'S  
A  
PASSABLE  
CARCASS  
IF  
HE  
BE  
NOT  
HURT.  
IT  
IS  
A  
THROUGHFARE  
FOR

STEEL  
IF  
IT  
BE  
NOT  
HURT.  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
HIS  
STEEL  
WAS  
IN  
DEBT;  
IT  
WENT  
O'  
TH'  
BACK  
SIDE  
THE  
TOWN.  
CLOTEN  
THE  
VILLAIN  
WOULD  
NOT  
STAND  
ME.  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
NO;  
BUT  
HE  
FLED  
FORWARD  
STILL,  
TOWARD  
YOUR  
FACE.  
FIRST  
LORD  
STAND

YOU?  
YOU  
HAVE  
LAND  
ENOUGH  
OF  
YOUR  
OWN;  
BUT  
HE  
ADDED  
TO  
YOUR  
HAVING,  
GAVE  
YOU  
SOME  
GROUND.  
21



SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
AS  
MANY  
INCHES  
AS  
YOU  
HAVE  
OCEANS.  
PUPPIES!  
CLOTEN  
I  
WOULD  
THEY  
HAD  
NOT  
COME  
BETWEEN  
US.  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
SO  
WOULD  
I,  
TILL  
YOU  
HAD  
MEASUR'D  
HOW  
LONG  
A  
FOOL  
YOU  
WERE  
UPON  
THE  
GROUND.  
CLOTEN  
AND  
THAT  
SHE  
SHOULD

LOVE  
THIS  
FELLOW,  
AND  
REFUSE  
ME!  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
IF  
IT  
BE  
A  
SIN  
TO  
MAKE  
A  
TRUE  
ELECTION,  
SHE  
IS  
DAMN'D.  
FIRST  
LORD  
SIR,  
AS  
I  
TOLD  
YOU  
ALWAYS,  
HER  
BEAUTY  
AND  
HER  
BRAIN  
GO  
NOT  
TOGETHER;  
SHE'S  
A  
GOOD  
SIGN,  
BUT  
I

HAVE  
SEEN  
SMALL  
REFLECTION  
OF  
HER  
WIT.  
SECOND  
LORD  
22

[ASIDE]  
SHE  
SHINES  
NOT  
UPON  
FOOLS,  
LEST  
THE  
REFLECTION  
SHOULD  
HURT  
HER.  
CLOTEN  
COME,  
I'LL  
TO  
MY  
CHAMBER.  
WOULD  
THERE  
HAD  
BEEN  
SOME  
HURT  
DONE!  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
I  
WISH  
NOT  
SO;  
UNLESS  
IT  
HAD  
BEEN  
THE  
FALL  
OF  
AN  
ASS,  
WHICH  
IS  
NO

GREAT  
HURT.  
CLOTEN  
YOU'LL  
GO  
WITH  
US?  
FIRST  
LORD  
I'LL  
ATTEND  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP.  
CLOTEN  
NAY,  
COME,  
LET'S  
GO  
TOGETHER.  
SECOND  
LORD  
WELL,  
MY  
LORD.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
III.  
23

BRITAIN.  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
AND  
PISANIO  
IMOGEN  
I  
WOULD  
THOU  
GREW'ST  
UNTO  
THE  
SHORES  
O'  
TH'  
HAVEN,  
AND  
QUESTIONED'ST  
EVERY  
SAIL;  
IF  
HE  
SHOULD  
WRITE,  
AND  
I  
NOT  
HAVE  
IT,  
'TWERE  
A  
PAPER  
LOST,  
AS  
OFFER'D  
MERCY  
IS.  
WHAT  
WAS  
THE  
LAST  
THAT

HE  
SPAKE  
TO  
THEE?  
PISANIO  
IT  
WAS:  
HIS  
QUEEN,  
HIS  
QUEEN!  
IMOGEN  
THEN  
WAV'D  
HIS  
HANDKERCHIEF?  
PISANIO  
AND  
KISS'D  
IT,  
MADAM.  
IMOGEN  
SENSELESS  
LINEN,  
HAPPIER  
THEREIN  
THAN  
I!  
AND  
THAT  
WAS  
ALL?  
24

PISANIO  
NO,  
MADAM;  
FOR  
SO  
LONG  
AS  
HE  
COULD  
MAKE  
ME  
WITH  
HIS  
EYE,  
OR  
CARE  
DISTINGUISH  
HIM  
FROM  
OTHERS,  
HE  
DID  
KEEP  
THE  
DECK,  
WITH  
GLOVE,  
OR  
HAT,  
OR  
HANDKERCHIEF,  
STILL  
WAVING,  
AS  
THE  
FITS  
AND  
STIRS  
OF'S  
MIND  
COULD  
BEST  
EXPRESS  
HOW



SLOW  
HIS  
SOUL  
SAIL'D  
ON,  
HOW  
SWIFT  
HIS  
SHIP.  
IMOGEN  
THOU  
SHOULDST  
HAVE  
MADE  
HIM  
AS  
LITTLE  
AS  
A  
CROW,  
OR  
LESS,  
ERE  
LEFT  
TO  
AFTER-EYE  
HIM.  
PISANIO  
MADAM,  
SO  
I  
DID.  
IMOGEN  
I  
WOULD  
HAVE  
BROKE  
MINE  
EYESTRINGS,  
CRACK'D  
THEM  
BUT  
TO  
LOOK

UPON  
HIM,  
TILL  
THE  
DIMINUTION  
OF  
SPACE  
HAD  
POINTED  
HIM  
SHARP  
AS  
MY  
NEEDLE;  
NAY,  
FOLLOWED  
HIM  
TILL  
HE  
HAD  
MELTED  
FROM  
THE  
SMALLNESS  
OF  
A  
GNAT  
TO  
AIR,  
AND  
THEN  
HAVE  
TURN'D  
MINE  
EYE  
AND  
WEPT.  
BUT,  
GOOD  
PISANIO,  
WHEN  
SHALL  
WE  
HEAR

FROM  
HIM?  
25

PISANIO  
BE  
ASSUR'D,  
MADAM,  
WITH  
HIS  
NEXT  
VANTAGE.  
IMOGEN

I  
DID  
NOT  
TAKE  
MY  
LEAVE  
OF  
HIM,  
BUT  
HAD  
MOST  
PRETTY  
THINGS  
TO  
SAY.  
ERE

I  
COULD  
TELL  
HIM  
HOW

I  
WOULD  
THINK  
ON  
HIM  
AT  
CERTAIN  
HOURS  
SUCH  
THOUGHTS  
AND  
SUCH;  
OR  
I

COULD  
MAKE  
HIM  
SWEAR  
THE  
SHES  
OF  
ITALY  
SHOULD  
NOT  
BETRAY  
MINE  
INTEREST  
AND  
HIS  
HONOUR;  
OR  
HAVE  
CHARG'D  
HIM,  
AT  
THE  
SIXTH  
HOUR  
OF  
MORN,  
AT  
NOON,  
AT  
MIDNIGHT,  
T'  
ENCOUNTER  
ME  
WITH  
ORISONS,  
FOR  
THEN  
I  
AM  
IN  
HEAVEN  
FOR  
HIM;  
OR

ERE  
I  
COULD  
GIVE  
HIM  
THAT  
PARTING  
KISS  
WHICH  
I  
HAD  
SET  
BETWIXT  
TWO  
CHARMING  
WORDS,  
COMES  
IN  
MY  
FATHER,  
AND  
LIKE  
THE  
TYRANNOUS  
BREATHING  
OF  
THE  
NORTH  
SHAKES  
ALL  
OUR  
BUDS  
FROM  
GROWING.  
ENTER  
A  
LADY  
LADY  
THE  
QUEEN,  
MADAM,  
DESIRES  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS'

COMPANY.

26

IMOGEN  
THOSE  
THINGS  
I  
BID  
YOU  
DO,  
GET  
THEM  
DISPATCH'D.

I  
WILL  
ATTEND  
THE  
QUEEN.

PISANIO  
MADAM,

I  
SHALL.

EXEUNT  
SCENE

IV.

ROME.

PHILARIO'S  
HOUSE

ENTER

PHILARIO,

IACHIMO,

A

FRENCHMAN,

A

DUTCHMAN,

AND

A

SPANIARD

IACHIMO

BELIEVE

IT,

SIR,

I

HAVE

SEEN

HIM

IN



BRITAIN.  
HE  
WAS  
THEN  
OF  
A  
CRESCENT  
NOTE,  
EXPECTED  
TO  
PROVE  
SO  
WORTHY  
AS  
SINCE  
HE  
HATH  
BEEN  
ALLOWED  
THE  
NAME  
OF.  
BUT  
I  
COULD  
THEN  
HAVE  
LOOK'D  
ON  
HIM  
WITHOUT  
THE  
HELP  
OF  
ADMIRATION,  
THOUGH  
THE  
CATALOGUE  
OF  
HIS  
ENDOWMENTS  
HAD  
BEEN  
TABLED

BY  
HIS  
SIDE,  
AND  
I  
TO  
PERUSE  
HIM  
BY  
ITEMS.  
PHILARIO  
YOU  
SPEAK  
OF  
HIM  
WHEN  
HE  
WAS  
LESS  
FURNISH'D  
THAN  
NOW  
HE  
27

IS  
WITH  
THAT  
WHICH  
MAKES  
HIM  
BOTH  
WITHOUT  
AND  
WITHIN.  
FRENCHMAN  
I  
HAVE  
SEEN  
HIM  
IN  
FRANCE;  
WE  
HAD  
VERY  
MANY  
THERE  
COULD  
BEHOLD  
THE  
SUN  
WITH  
AS  
FIRM  
EYES  
AS  
HE.  
IACHIMO  
THIS  
MATTER  
OF  
MARRYING  
HIS  
KING'S  
DAUGHTER,  
WHEREIN  
HE  
MUST  
BE

WEIGHED  
RATHER  
BY  
HER  
VALUE  
THAN  
HIS  
OWN,  
WORDS  
HIM,  
I  
DOUBT  
NOT,  
A  
GREAT  
DEAL  
FROM  
THE  
MATTER.  
FRENCHMAN  
AND  
THEN  
HIS  
BANISHMENT.  
IACHIMO  
AY,  
AND  
THE  
APPROBATION  
OF  
THOSE  
THAT  
WEEP  
THIS  
LAMENTABLE  
DIVORCE  
UNDER  
HER  
COLOURS  
ARE  
WONDERFULLY  
TO  
EXTEND  
HIM,

BE  
IT  
BUT  
TO  
FORTIFY  
HER  
JUDGMENT,  
WHICH  
ELSE  
AN  
EASY  
BATTERY  
MIGHT  
LAY  
FLAT,  
FOR  
TAKING  
A  
BEGGAR,  
WITHOUT  
LESS  
QUALITY.  
BUT  
HOW  
COMES  
IT  
HE  
IS  
TO  
SOJOURN  
WITH  
YOU?  
HOW  
CREEPS  
ACQUAINTANCE?  
PHILARIO  
HIS  
FATHER  
AND  
I  
WERE  
SOLDIERS  
TOGETHER,  
TO

WHOM  
I  
HAVE  
BEEN  
OFTEN  
BOUND  
FOR  
NO  
LESS  
THAN  
MY  
LIFE.  
28

ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
HERE  
COMES  
THE  
BRITON.  
LET  
HIM  
BE  
SO  
ENTERTAINED  
AMONGST  
YOU  
AS  
SUITS  
WITH  
GENTLEMEN  
OF  
YOUR  
KNOWING  
TO  
A  
STRANGER  
OF  
HIS  
QUALITY.  
I  
BESEECH  
YOU  
ALL  
BE  
BETTER  
KNOWN  
TO  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN,  
WHOM  
I  
COMMEND  
TO  
YOU  
AS  
A  
NOBLE

FRIEND  
OF  
MINE.  
HOW  
WORTHY  
HE  
IS  
I  
WILL  
LEAVE  
TO  
APPEAR  
HEREAFTER,  
RATHER  
THAN  
STORY  
HIM  
IN  
HIS  
OWN  
HEARING.  
FRENCHMAN  
SIR,  
WE  
HAVE  
KNOWN  
TOGETHER  
IN  
ORLEANS.  
POSTHUMUS  
SINCE  
WHEN  
I  
HAVE  
BEEN  
DEBTOR  
TO  
YOU  
FOR  
COURTESIES,  
WHICH  
I  
WILL  
BE



EVER  
TO  
PAY  
AND  
YET  
PAY  
STILL.  
FRENCHMAN  
SIR,  
YOU  
O'ERRATE  
MY  
POOR  
KINDNESS.  
I  
WAS  
GLAD  
I  
DID  
ATONE  
MY  
COUNTRYMAN  
AND  
YOU;  
IT  
HAD  
BEEN  
PITY  
YOU  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
BEEN  
PUT  
TOGETHER  
WITH  
SO  
MORTAL  
A  
PURPOSE  
AS  
THEN  
EACH  
BORE,  
UPON

IMPORTANCE  
OF  
SO  
SLIGHT  
AND  
TRIVIAL  
A  
NATURE.  
POSTHUMUS  
BY  
YOUR  
PARDON,  
SIR.

I  
WAS  
THEN  
A  
YOUNG  
TRAVELLER;  
RATHER  
SHUNN'D  
TO  
GO  
EVEN  
WITH  
WHAT  
I  
HEARD  
THAN  
IN  
MY  
EVERY  
29

ACTION  
TO  
BE  
GUIDED  
BY  
OTHERS'  
EXPERIENCES;  
BUT  
UPON  
MY  
MENDED  
JUDGMENT-  
IF  
I  
OFFEND  
NOT  
TO  
SAY  
IT  
IS  
MENDED-  
MY  
QUARREL  
WAS  
NOT  
ALTOGETHER  
SLIGHT.  
FRENCHMAN  
FAITH,  
YES,  
TO  
BE  
PUT  
TO  
THE  
ARBITREMENT  
OF  
SWORDS,  
AND  
BY  
SUCH  
TWO  
THAT  
WOULD

BY  
ALL  
LIKELIHOOD  
HAVE  
CONFOUNDED  
ONE  
THE  
OTHER  
OR  
HAVE  
FALL'N  
BOTH.  
IACHIMO  
CAN  
WE,  
WITH  
MANNERS,  
ASK  
WHAT  
WAS  
THE  
DIFFERENCE?  
FRENCHMAN  
SAFELY,  
I  
THINK.  
'T WAS  
A  
CONTENTION  
IN  
PUBLIC,  
WHICH  
MAY,  
WITHOUT  
CONTRADICTION,  
SUFFER  
THE  
REPORT.  
IT  
WAS  
MUCH  
LIKE  
AN  
ARGUMENT

THAT  
FELL  
OUT  
LAST  
NIGHT,  
WHERE  
EACH  
OF  
US  
FELL  
IN  
PRAISE  
OF  
OUR  
COUNTRY  
MISTRESSES;  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN  
AT  
THAT  
TIME  
VOUCHING-  
AND  
UPON  
WARRANT  
OF  
BLOODY  
AFFIRMATION-  
HIS  
TO  
BE  
MORE  
FAIR,  
VIRTUOUS,  
WISE,  
CHASTE,  
CONSTANT,  
QUALIFIED,  
AND  
LESS  
ATTEMPTABLE,  
THAN  
ANY  
THE

RAREST  
OF  
OUR  
LADIES  
IN  
FRANCE.  
IACHIMO  
THAT  
LADY  
IS  
NOT  
NOW  
LIVING,  
OR  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN'S  
OPINION,  
BY  
THIS,  
WORN  
OUT.  
30

POSTHUMUS  
SHE  
HOLDS  
HER  
VIRTUE  
STILL,  
AND  
I  
MY  
MIND.  
IACHIMO  
YOU  
MUST  
NOT  
SO  
FAR  
PREFER  
HER  
FORE  
OURS  
OF  
ITALY.  
POSTHUMUS  
BEING  
SO  
FAR  
PROVOK'D  
AS  
I  
WAS  
IN  
FRANCE,  
I  
WOULD  
ABATE  
HER  
NOTHING,  
THOUGH  
I  
PROFESS  
MYSELF  
HER  
ADORER,  
NOT

HER  
FRIEND.  
IACHIMO  
AS  
FAIR  
AND  
AS  
GOOD-  
A  
KIND  
OF  
HAND-IN-HAND  
COMPARISON-  
HAD  
BEEN  
SOMETHING  
TOO  
FAIR  
AND  
TOO  
GOOD  
FOR  
ANY  
LADY  
IN  
BRITAIN.  
IF  
SHE  
WENT  
BEFORE  
OTHERS  
I  
HAVE  
SEEN  
AS  
THAT  
DIAMOND  
OF  
YOURS  
OUTLUSTRES  
MANY  
I  
HAVE  
BEHELD,



I  
COULD  
NOT  
BUT  
BELIEVE  
SHE  
EXCELLED  
MANY;  
BUT  
I  
HAVE  
NOT  
SEEN  
THE  
MOST  
PRECIOUS  
DIAMOND  
THAT  
IS,  
NOR  
YOU  
THE  
LADY.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
PRAIS'D  
HER  
AS  
I  
RATED  
HER.  
SO  
DO  
I  
MY  
STONE.  
IACHIMO  
WHAT  
DO  
YOU  
ESTEEM  
IT  
AT?  
POSTHUMUS



MORE  
THAN  
THE  
WORLD  
ENJOYS.  
IACHIMO  
EITHER  
YOUR  
UNPARAGON'D  
MISTRESS  
IS  
DEAD,  
OR  
SHE'S  
OUTPRIZ'D  
BY  
A  
TRIFLE.  
POSTHUMUS  
YOU  
ARE  
MISTAKEN:  
THE  
ONE  
MAY  
BE  
SOLD  
OR  
GIVEN,  
IF  
THERE  
WERE  
WEALTH  
ENOUGH  
FOR  
THE  
PURCHASE  
OR  
MERIT  
FOR  
THE  
GIFT;  
THE  
OTHER

IS  
NOT  
A  
THING  
FOR  
SALE,  
AND  
ONLY  
THE  
GIFT  
OF  
THE  
GODS.  
IACHIMO  
WHICH  
THE  
GODS  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
YOU?  
POSTHUMUS  
WHICH  
BY  
THEIR  
GRACES  
I  
WILL  
KEEP.  
IACHIMO  
YOU  
MAY  
WEAR  
HER  
IN  
TITLE  
YOURS;  
BUT  
YOU  
KNOW  
STRANGE  
FOWL  
LIGHT  
UPON  
NEIGHBOURING

PONDS.  
YOUR  
RING  
MAY  
BE  
STOL'N  
TOO.  
SO  
YOUR  
BRACE  
OF  
UNPRIZABLE  
ESTIMATIONS,  
THE  
ONE  
IS  
BUT  
FRAIL  
AND  
THE  
OTHER  
CASUAL;  
A  
CUNNING  
THIEF,  
OR  
A  
THAT-WAY-ACCOMPLISH'D  
COURTIER,  
WOULD  
HAZARD  
THE  
WINNING  
BOTH  
OF  
FIRST  
AND  
LAST.  
POSTHUMUS  
32

YOUR  
ITALY  
CONTAINS  
NONE  
SO  
ACCOMPLISH'D  
A  
COURTIER  
TO  
CONVINCE  
THE  
HONOUR  
OF  
MY  
MISTRESS,  
IF  
IN  
THE  
HOLDING  
OR  
LOSS  
OF  
THAT  
YOU  
TERM  
HER  
FRAIL.  
I  
DO  
NOTHING  
DOUBT  
YOU  
HAVE  
STORE  
OF  
THIEVES;  
NOTWITHSTANDING,  
I  
FEAR  
NOT  
MY  
RING.  
PHILARIO  
LET

US  
LEAVE  
HERE,  
GENTLEMEN.  
POSTHUMUS  
SIR,  
WITH  
ALL  
MY  
HEART.  
THIS  
WORTHY  
SIGNIOR,  
I  
THANK  
HIM,  
MAKES  
NO  
STRANGER  
OF  
ME;  
WE  
ARE  
FAMILIAR  
AT  
FIRST.  
IACHIMO  
WITH  
FIVE  
TIMES  
SO  
MUCH  
CONVERSATION  
I  
SHOULD  
GET  
GROUND  
OF  
YOUR  
FAIR  
MISTRESS;  
MAKE  
HER  
GO

BACK  
EVEN  
TO  
THE  
YIELDING,  
HAD  
I  
ADMITTANCE  
AND  
OPPORTUNITY  
TO  
FRIEND.  
POSTHUMUS  
NO,  
NO.  
IACHIMO  
I  
DARE  
THEREUPON  
PAWN  
THE  
MOIETY  
OF  
MY  
ESTATE  
TO  
YOUR  
RING,  
WHICH,  
IN  
MY  
OPINION,  
O'ERVALUES  
IT  
SOMETHING.  
BUT  
I  
MAKE  
MY  
WAGER  
RATHER  
AGAINST  
YOUR  
CONFIDENCE



THAN  
HER  
REPUTATION;  
AND,  
TO  
BAR  
YOUR  
OFFENCE  
HEREIN  
TOO,  
I  
DURST  
ATTEMPT  
IT  
AGAINST  
ANY  
33

LADY  
IN  
THE  
WORLD.  
POSTHUMUS  
YOU  
ARE  
A  
GREAT  
DEAL  
ABUS'D  
IN  
TOO  
BOLD  
A  
PERSUASION,  
AND  
I  
DOUBT  
NOT  
YOU  
SUSTAIN  
WHAT  
Y'ARE  
WORTHY  
OF  
BY  
YOUR  
ATTEMPT.  
IACHIMO  
WHAT'S  
THAT?  
POSTHUMUS  
A  
REPULSE;  
THOUGH  
YOUR  
ATTEMPT,  
AS  
YOU  
CALL  
IT,  
DESERVE  
MORE-

A  
PUNISHMENT  
TOO.  
PHILARIO  
GENTLEMEN,  
ENOUGH  
OF  
THIS.  
IT  
CAME  
IN  
TOO  
SUDDENLY;  
LET  
IT  
DIE  
AS  
IT  
WAS  
BORN,  
AND  
I  
PRAY  
YOU  
BE  
BETTER  
ACQUAINTED.  
IACHIMO  
WOULD  
I  
HAD  
PUT  
MY  
ESTATE  
AND  
MY  
NEIGHBOUR'S  
ON  
TH'  
APPROBATION  
OF  
WHAT  
I  
HAVE

SPOKE!  
POSTHUMUS  
WHAT  
LADY  
WOULD  
YOU  
CHOOSE  
TO  
ASSAIL?  
IACHIMO  
34

YOURS,  
WHOM  
IN  
CONSTANCY  
YOU  
THINK  
STANDS  
SO  
SAFE.  
I  
WILL  
LAY  
YOU  
TEN  
THOUSAND  
DUCATS  
TO  
YOUR  
RING  
THAT,  
COMMEND  
ME  
TO  
THE  
COURT  
WHERE  
YOUR  
LADY  
IS,  
WITH  
NO  
MORE  
ADVANTAGE  
THAN  
THE  
OPPORTUNITY  
OF  
A  
SECOND  
CONFERENCE,  
AND  
I  
WILL  
BRING

FROM  
THENCE  
THAT  
HONOUR  
OF  
HERS  
WHICH  
YOU  
IMAGINE  
SO  
RESERV'D.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
WILL  
WAGE  
AGAINST  
YOUR  
GOLD,  
GOLD  
TO  
IT.  
MY  
RING  
I  
HOLD  
DEAR  
AS  
MY  
FINGER;  
'TIS  
PART  
OF  
IT.  
IACHIMO  
YOU  
ARE  
A  
FRIEND,  
AND  
THEREIN  
THE  
WISER.  
IF  
YOU

BUY  
LADIES'  
FLESH  
AT  
A  
MILLION  
A  
DRAM,  
YOU  
CANNOT  
PRESERVE  
IT  
FROM  
TAINTING.  
BUT  
I  
SEE  
YOU  
HAVE  
SOME  
RELIGION  
IN  
YOU,  
THAT  
YOU  
FEAR.  
POSTHUMUS  
THIS  
IS  
BUT  
A  
CUSTOM  
IN  
YOUR  
TONGUE;  
YOU  
BEAR  
A  
GRAVER  
PURPOSE,  
I  
HOPE.  
IACHIMO  
I

AM  
THE  
MASTER  
OF  
MY  
SPEECHES,  
AND  
WOULD  
UNDERGO  
WHAT'S  
SPOKEN,  
I  
SWEAR.  
POSTHUMUS  
WILL  
YOU?  
I  
SHALL  
BUT  
LEND  
MY  
DIAMOND  
TILL  
YOUR  
RETURN.  
35



LET  
THERE  
BE  
COVENANTS  
DRAWN  
BETWEEN'S.  
MY  
MISTRESS  
EXCEEDS  
IN  
GOODNESS  
THE  
HUGENESS  
OF  
YOUR  
UNWORTHY  
THINKING.

I  
DARE  
YOU  
TO  
THIS  
MATCH:  
HERE'S  
MY  
RING.  
PHILARIO

I  
WILL  
HAVE  
IT  
NO  
LAY.  
IACHIMO  
BY  
THE  
GODS,  
IT  
IS  
ONE.  
IF  
I  
BRING  
YOU

NO  
SUFFICIENT  
TESTIMONY  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
ENJOY'D  
THE  
DEAREST  
BODILY  
PART  
OF  
YOUR  
MISTRESS,  
MY  
TEN  
THOUSAND  
DUCATS  
ARE  
YOURS;  
SO  
IS  
YOUR  
DIAMOND  
TOO.  
IF  
I  
COME  
OFF,  
AND  
LEAVE  
HER  
IN  
SUCH  
HONOUR  
AS  
YOU  
HAVE  
TRUST  
IN,  
SHE  
YOUR  
JEWEL,  
THIS

YOUR  
JEWEL,  
AND  
MY  
GOLD  
ARE  
YOURS-  
PROVIDED  
I  
HAVE  
YOUR  
COMMENDATION  
FOR  
MY  
MORE  
FREE  
ENTERTAINMENT.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
EMBRACE  
THESE  
CONDITIONS;  
LET  
US  
HAVE  
ARTICLES  
BETWIXT  
US.  
ONLY,  
THUS  
FAR  
YOU  
SHALL  
ANSWER:  
IF  
YOU  
MAKE  
YOUR  
VOYAGE  
UPON  
HER,  
AND  
GIVE  
ME

DIRECTLY  
TO  
UNDERSTAND  
YOU  
HAVE  
PREVAIL'D,  
I  
AM  
NO  
FURTHER  
YOUR  
ENEMY-  
SHE  
IS  
NOT  
WORTH  
OUR  
DEBATE;  
IF  
SHE  
REMAIN  
UNSEDUCT'D,  
YOU  
NOT  
MAKING  
IT  
APPEAR  
OTHERWISE,  
FOR  
YOUR  
ILL  
OPINION  
AND  
TH'  
ASSAULT  
YOU  
HAVE  
MADE  
TO  
HER  
CHASTITY  
YOU  
SHALL  
ANSWER

ME  
WITH  
YOUR  
SWORD.  
IACHIMO  
36

YOUR  
HAND-  
A  
COVENANT!  
WE  
WILL  
HAVE  
THESE  
THINGS  
SET  
DOWN  
BY  
LAWFUL  
COUNSEL,  
AND  
STRAIGHT  
AWAY  
FOR  
BRITAIN,  
LEST  
THE  
BARGAIN  
SHOULD  
CATCH  
COLD  
AND  
STARVE.  
I  
WILL  
FETCH  
MY  
GOLD  
AND  
HAVE  
OUR  
TWO  
WAGERS  
RECORDED.  
POSTHUMUS  
AGREED.  
EXEUNT  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
IACHIMO

FRENCHMAN  
WILL  
THIS  
HOLD,  
THINK  
YOU?  
PHILARIO  
SIGNIOR  
IACHIMO  
WILL  
NOT  
FROM  
IT.  
PRAY  
LET  
US  
FOLLOW  
'EM.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
V.  
BRITAIN.  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
QUEEN,  
LADIES,  
AND  
CORNELIUS  
QUEEN  
WHILES  
YET  
THE  
DEW'S  
ON  
GROUND,  
GATHER  
THOSE  
FLOWERS;  
37

MAKE  
HASTE;  
WHO  
HAS  
THE  
NOTE  
OF  
THEM?  
LADY  
I,  
MADAM.  
QUEEN  
DISPATCH.  
EXEUNT  
LADIES  
NOW,  
MASTER  
DOCTOR,  
HAVE  
YOU  
BROUGHT  
THOSE  
DRUGS?  
CORNELIUS  
PLEASETH  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS,  
AY.  
HERE  
THEY  
ARE,  
MADAM.  
[PRESENTING  
A  
BOX]  
BUT  
I  
BESEECH  
YOUR  
GRACE,  
WITHOUT  
OFFENCE-  
MY  
CONSCIENCE



BIDS  
ME  
ASK-  
WHEREFORE  
YOU  
HAVE  
COMMANDED  
OF  
ME  
THESE  
MOST  
POISONOUS  
COMPOUNDS  
WHICH  
ARE  
THE  
MOVERS  
OF  
A  
LANGUISHING  
DEATH,  
BUT,  
THOUGH  
SLOW,  
DEADLY?  
QUEEN  
I  
WONDER,  
DOCTOR,  
38

THOU  
ASK'ST  
ME  
SUCH  
A  
QUESTION.  
HAVE  
I  
NOT  
BEEN  
THY  
PUPIL  
LONG?  
HAST  
THOU  
NOT  
LEARN'D  
ME  
HOW  
TO  
MAKE  
PERFUMES?  
DISTIL?  
PRESERVE?  
YEA,  
SO  
THAT  
OUR  
GREAT  
KING  
HIMSELF  
DOTH  
WOO  
ME  
OFT  
FOR  
MY  
CONFECTIONS?  
HAVING  
THUS  
FAR  
PROCEEDED-  
UNLESS  
THOU

THINK'ST  
ME  
DEVILISH-  
IS'T  
NOT  
MEET  
THAT  
I  
DID  
AMPLIFY  
MY  
JUDGMENT  
IN  
OTHER  
CONCLUSIONS?  
I  
WILL  
TRY  
THE  
FORCES  
OF  
THESE  
THY  
COMPOUNDS  
ON  
SUCH  
CREATURES  
AS  
WE  
COUNT  
NOT  
WORTH  
THE  
HANGING-  
BUT  
NONE  
HUMAN-  
TO  
TRY  
THE  
VIGOUR  
OF  
THEM,  
AND

APPLY  
ALLAYMENTS  
TO  
THEIR  
ACT,  
AND  
BY  
THEM  
GATHER  
THEIR  
SEVERAL  
VIRTUES  
AND  
EFFECTS.  
CORNELIUS  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
SHALL  
FROM  
THIS  
PRACTICE  
BUT  
MAKE  
HARD  
YOUR  
HEART;  
BESIDES,  
THE  
SEEING  
THESE  
EFFECTS  
WILL  
BE  
BOTH  
NOISOME  
AND  
INFECTIOUS.  
QUEEN  
O,  
CONTENT  
THEE.  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
39



[ASIDE]  
HERE  
COMES  
A  
FLATTERING  
RASCAL;  
UPON  
HIM  
WILL  
I  
FIRST  
WORK.  
HE'S  
FOR  
HIS  
MASTER,  
AN  
ENEMY  
TO  
MY  
SON.-  
HOW  
NOW,  
PISANIO!  
DOCTOR,  
YOUR  
SERVICE  
FOR  
THIS  
TIME  
IS  
ENDED;  
TAKE  
YOUR  
OWN  
WAY.  
CORNELIUS  
[ASIDE]  
I  
DO  
SUSPECT  
YOU,  
MADAM;  
BUT

YOU  
SHALL  
DO  
NO  
HARM.  
QUEEN  
[TO  
PISANIO]  
HARK  
THEE,  
A  
WORD.  
CORNELIUS  
[ASIDE]  
I  
DO  
NOT  
LIKE  
HER.  
SHE  
DOTH  
THINK  
SHE  
HAS  
STRANGE  
LING'RING  
POISONS.  
I  
DO  
KNOW  
HER  
SPIRIT,  
AND  
WILL  
NOT  
TRUST  
ONE  
OF  
HER  
MALICE  
WITH  
A  
DRUG  
OF

SUCH  
DAMN'D  
NATURE.  
THOSE  
SHE  
HAS  
WILL  
STUPEFY  
AND  
DULL  
THE  
SENSE  
AWHILE,  
WHICH  
FIRST  
PERCHANCE  
SHE'LL  
PROVE  
ON  
CATS  
AND  
DOGS,  
THEN  
AFTERWARD  
UP  
HIGHER;  
BUT  
THERE  
IS  
NO  
DANGER  
IN  
WHAT  
SHOW  
OF  
DEATH  
IT  
MAKES,  
MORE  
THAN  
THE  
LOCKING  
UP  
THE



SPIRITS

A

TIME,

TO

BE

MORE

FRESH,

REVIVING.

SHE

IS

FOOL'D

WITH

A

MOST

FALSE

EFFECT;

AND

I

THE

TRUER

40

SO  
TO  
BE  
FALSE  
WITH  
HER.  
QUEEN  
NO  
FURTHER  
SERVICE,  
DOCTOR,  
UNTIL  
I  
SEND  
FOR  
THEE.  
CORNELIUS  
I  
HUMBLY  
TAKE  
MY  
LEAVE.  
EXIT  
QUEEN  
WEEPS  
SHE  
STILL,  
SAY'ST  
THOU?  
DOST  
THOU  
THINK  
IN  
TIME  
SHE  
WILL  
NOT  
QUENCH,  
AND  
LET  
INSTRUCTIONS  
ENTER  
WHERE  
FOLLY

NOW  
POSSESSES?  
DO  
THOU  
WORK.  
WHEN  
THOU  
SHALT  
BRING  
ME  
WORD  
SHE  
LOVES  
MY  
SON,  
I'LL  
TELL  
THEE  
ON  
THE  
INSTANT  
THOU  
ART  
THEN  
AS  
GREAT  
AS  
IS  
THY  
MASTER;  
GREATER,  
FOR  
HIS  
FORTUNES  
ALL  
LIE  
SPEECHLESS,  
AND  
HIS  
NAME  
IS  
AT  
LAST  
GASP.

RETURN  
HE  
CANNOT,  
NOR  
CONTINUE  
WHERE  
HE  
IS.  
TO  
SHIFT  
HIS  
BEING  
IS  
TO  
EXCHANGE  
ONE  
MISERY  
WITH  
ANOTHER,  
AND  
EVERY  
DAY  
THAT  
COMES  
COMES  
COMES  
TO  
A  
DAY'S  
WORK  
IN  
HIM.  
WHAT  
SHALT  
THOU  
EXPECT  
TO  
BE  
DEPENDER  
ON  
A  
THING  
THAT  
LEANS,



WHO  
CANNOT  
BE  
NEW  
BUILT,  
NOR  
HAS  
NO  
FRIENDS  
SO  
MUCH  
AS  
BUT  
TO  
PROP  
HIM?  
[THE  
QUEEN  
DROPS  
THE  
BOX.  
PISANIO  
TAKES  
IT  
UP]  
THOU  
TAK'ST  
UP  
THOU  
KNOW'ST  
NOT  
WHAT;  
BUT  
TAKE  
IT  
FOR  
THY  
LABOUR.  
IT  
IS  
A  
THING  
I  
MADE,

WHICH  
HATH  
THE  
KING  
FIVE  
TIMES  
REDEEM'D  
FROM  
DEATH.

I  
DO  
NOT  
KNOW  
WHAT  
IS  
MORE  
CORDIAL.

NAY,

I  
PRITHEE  
TAKE

IT;

IT

IS

AN

EARNEST

OF

A

FURTHER

GOOD

THAT

I

MEAN

TO

THEE.

TELL

THY

MISTRESS

HOW

THE

CASE

STANDS

WITH

HER;

DO'T  
AS  
FROM  
THYSELF.  
THINK  
WHAT  
A  
CHANCE  
THOU  
CHANGEST  
ON;  
BUT  
THINK  
THOU  
HAST  
THY  
MISTRESS  
STILL;  
TO  
BOOT,  
MY  
SON,  
WHO  
SHALL  
TAKE  
NOTICE  
OF  
THEE.  
I'LL  
MOVE  
THE  
KING  
TO  
ANY  
SHAPE  
OF  
THY  
PREFERMENT,  
SUCH  
AS  
THOU'LT  
DESIRE;  
AND  
THEN



MYSELF,  
I  
CHIEFLY,  
THAT  
SET  
THEE  
ON  
TO  
THIS  
DESERT,  
AM  
BOUND  
TO  
LOAD  
THY  
MERIT  
RICHLY.  
CALL  
MY  
WOMEN.  
THINK  
ON  
MY  
WORDS.  
EXIT  
PISANIO  
A  
SLY  
AND  
CONSTANT  
KNAVE,  
42

NOT  
TO  
BE  
SHAK'D;  
THE  
AGENT  
FOR  
HIS  
MASTER,  
AND  
THE  
REMEMBRANCER  
OF  
HER  
TO  
HOLD  
THE  
HAND-FAST  
TO  
HER  
LORD.  
I  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
HIM  
THAT  
WHICH,  
IF  
HE  
TAKE,  
SHALL  
QUITE  
UNPEOPLE  
HER  
OF  
LEIGERS  
FOR  
HER  
SWEET;  
AND  
WHICH  
SHE  
AFTER,  
EXCEPT

SHE  
BEND  
HER  
HUMOUR,  
SHALL  
BE  
ASSUR'D  
TO  
TASTE  
OF  
TOO.  
RE-ENTER  
PISANIO  
AND  
LADIES  
SO,  
SO.  
WELL  
DONE,  
WELL  
DONE.  
THE  
VIOLETS,  
COWSLIPS,  
AND  
THE  
PRIMROSES,  
BEAR  
TO  
MY  
CLOSET.  
FARE  
THEE  
WELL,  
PISANIO;  
THINK  
ON  
MY  
WORDS.  
EXEUNT  
QUEEN  
AND  
LADIES  
PISANIO

AND  
SHALL  
DO.  
BUT  
WHEN  
TO  
MY  
GOOD  
LORD  
I  
PROVE  
UNTRUE  
I'LL  
CHOKE  
MYSELF-  
THERE'S  
ALL  
I'LL  
DO  
FOR  
YOU.  
EXIT  
SCENE  
VI.  
43

BRITAIN.  
THE  
PALACE  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
ALONE  
IMOGEN  
A  
FATHER  
CRUEL  
AND  
A  
STEP-DAME  
FALSE;  
A  
FOOLISH  
SUITOR  
TO  
A  
WEDDED  
LADY  
THAT  
HATH  
HER  
HUSBAND  
BANISH'D.  
O,  
THAT  
HUSBAND!  
MY  
SUPREME  
CROWN  
OF  
GRIEF!  
AND  
THOSE  
REPEATED  
VEXATIONS  
OF  
IT!  
HAD  
I  
BEEN  
THIEF-STOL'N,

AS  
MY  
TWO  
BROTHERS,  
HAPPY!  
BUT  
MOST  
MISERABLE  
IS  
THE  
DESIRE  
THAT'S  
GLORIOUS.  
BLESSED  
BE  
THOSE,  
HOW  
MEAN  
SOE'ER,  
THAT  
HAVE  
THEIR  
HONEST  
WILLS,  
WHICH  
SEASONS  
COMFORT.  
WHO  
MAY  
THIS  
BE?  
FIE!  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
AND  
IACHIMO  
PISANIO  
MADAM,  
A  
NOBLE  
GENTLEMAN  
OF  
ROME  
COMES

FROM  
MY  
LORD  
WITH  
LETTERS.  
IACHIMO  
CHANGE  
YOU,  
MADAM?  
THE  
WORTHY  
LEONATUS  
IS  
IN  
SAFETY,  
AND  
GREETES  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
DEARLY.  
44

[PRESENTS  
A  
LETTER]  
IMOGEN  
THANKS,  
GOOD  
SIR.  
YOU'RE  
KINDLY  
WELCOME.  
IACHIMO  
[ASIDE]  
ALL  
OF  
HER  
THAT  
IS  
OUT  
OF  
DOOR  
MOST  
RICH!  
IF  
SHE  
BE  
FURNISH'D  
WITH  
A  
MIND  
SO  
RARE,  
SHE  
IS  
ALONE  
TH'  
ARABIAN  
BIRD,  
AND  
I  
HAVE  
LOST  
THE  
WAGER.  
BOLDNESS



BE  
MY  
FRIEND!  
ARM  
ME,  
AUDACITY,  
FROM  
HEAD  
TO  
FOOT!  
OR,  
LIKE  
THE  
PARTHIAN,  
I  
SHALL  
FLYING  
FIGHT;  
RATHER,  
DIRECTLY  
FLY.  
IMOGEN  
[READS]  
'HE  
IS  
ONE  
OF  
THE  
NOBLEST  
NOTE,  
TO  
WHOSE  
KINDNESSES  
I  
AM  
MOST  
INFINITELY  
TIED.  
REFLECT  
UPON  
HIM  
ACCORDINGLY,  
AS  
YOU

VALUE  
YOUR  
TRUST.  
LEONATUS.'  
SO  
FAR  
I  
READ  
ALOUD;  
BUT  
EVEN  
THE  
VERY  
MIDDLE  
OF  
MY  
HEART  
IS  
WARM'D  
BY  
TH'  
REST  
AND  
TAKES  
IT  
THANKFULLY.  
YOU  
ARE  
AS  
WELCOME,  
WORTHY  
SIR,  
AS  
I  
45

HAVE  
WORDS  
TO  
BID  
YOU;  
AND  
SHALL  
FIND  
IT  
SO  
IN  
ALL  
THAT  
I  
CAN  
DO.  
IACHIMO  
THANKS,  
FAIREST  
LADY.  
WHAT,  
ARE  
MEN  
MAD?  
HATH  
NATURE  
GIVEN  
THEM  
EYES  
TO  
SEE  
THIS  
VAULTED  
ARCH  
AND  
THE  
RICH  
CROP  
OF  
SEA  
AND  
LAND,  
WHICH  
CAN

DISTINGUISH  
'TWIXT  
THE  
FIERY  
ORBS  
ABOVE  
AND  
THE  
TWINN'D  
STONES  
UPON  
THE  
NUMBER'D  
BEACH,  
AND  
CAN  
WE  
NOT  
PARTITION  
MAKE  
WITH  
SPECTACLES  
SO  
PRECIOUS  
'TWIXT  
FAIR  
AND  
FOUL?  
IMOGEN  
WHAT  
MAKES  
YOUR  
ADMIRATION?  
IACHIMO  
IT  
CANNOT  
BE  
I'  
TH'  
EYE,  
FOR  
APES  
AND  
MONKEYS,

'TWINX  
TWO  
SUCH  
SHES,  
WOULD  
CHATTER  
THIS  
WAY  
AND  
CONTEMN  
WITH  
MOWS  
THE  
OTHER;  
NOR  
I'  
TH'  
JUDGMENT,  
FOR  
IDIOTS  
IN  
THIS  
CASE  
OF  
FAVOUR  
WOULD  
BE  
WISELY  
DEFINITE;  
NOR  
I'  
TH'  
APPETITE;  
SLUTTERY,  
TO  
SUCH  
NEAT  
EXCELLENCE  
OPPOS'D,  
SHOULD  
MAKE  
DESIRE  
VOMIT  
EMPTINESS,

NOT  
SO  
ALLUR'D  
TO  
FEED.  
46

IMOGEN  
WHAT  
IS  
THE  
MATTER,  
TROW?  
IACHIMO  
THE  
CLOYED  
WILL-  
THAT  
SATIATE  
YET  
UNSATISFIED  
DESIRE,  
THAT  
TUB  
BOTH  
FILL'D  
AND  
RUNNING-  
RAVENING  
FIRST  
THE  
LAMB,  
LONGS  
AFTER  
FOR  
THE  
GARBAGE.  
IMOGEN  
WHAT,  
DEAR  
SIR,  
THUS  
RAPS  
YOU?  
ARE  
YOU  
WELL?  
IACHIMO  
THANKS,  
MADAM;  
WELL.-

BESEECH  
YOU,  
SIR,  
DESIRE  
MY  
MAN'S  
ABODE  
WHERE  
I  
DID  
LEAVE  
HIM.  
HE'S  
STRANGE  
AND  
PEEVISH.  
PISANIO  
I  
WAS  
GOING,  
SIR,  
TO  
GIVE  
HIM  
WELCOME.  
EXIT  
47



IMOGEN  
CONTINUES  
WELL  
MY  
LORD?  
HIS  
HEALTH  
BESEECH  
YOU?  
IACHIMO  
WELL,  
MADAM.  
IMOGEN  
IS  
HE  
DISPOS'D  
TO  
MIRTH?  
I  
HOPE  
HE  
IS.  
IACHIMO  
EXCEEDING  
PLEASANT;  
NONE  
A  
STRANGER  
THERE  
SO  
MERRY  
AND  
SO  
GAMESOME.  
HE  
IS  
CALL'D  
THE  
BRITAIN  
REVELLER.  
IMOGEN  
WHEN  
HE  
WAS

HERE  
HE  
DID  
INCLINE  
TO  
SADNESS,  
AND  
OFT-TIMES  
NOT  
KNOWING  
WHY.  
IACHIMO  
I  
NEVER  
SAW  
HIM  
SAD.  
THERE  
IS  
A  
FRENCHMAN  
HIS  
COMPANION,  
ONE  
AN  
EMINENT  
MONSIEUR  
THAT,  
IT  
SEEMS,  
MUCH  
LOVES  
A  
GALLIAN  
GIRL  
AT  
HOME.  
HE  
FURNACES  
THE  
THICK  
SIGHS  
FROM  
HIM;

WHILES  
THE  
JOLLY  
BRITON-  
48

YOUR  
LORD,  
I  
MEAN-  
LAUGHS  
FROM'S  
FREE  
LUNGS,  
CRIES  
'O,  
CAN  
MY  
SIDES  
HOLD,  
TO  
THINK  
THAT  
MAN-  
WHO  
KNOWS  
BY  
HISTORY,  
REPORT,  
OR  
HIS  
OWN  
PROOF,  
WHAT  
WOMAN  
IS,  
YEA,  
WHAT  
SHE  
CANNOT  
CHOOSE  
BUT  
MUST  
BE-  
WILL'S  
FREE  
HOURS  
LANGUISH  
FOR  
ASSURED

BONDAGE?'  
IMOGEN  
WILL  
MY  
LORD  
SAY  
SO?  
IACHIMO  
AY,  
MADAM,  
WITH  
HIS  
EYES  
IN  
FLOOD  
WITH  
LAUGHTER.  
IT  
IS  
A  
RECREATION  
TO  
BE  
BY  
AND  
HEAR  
HIM  
MOCK  
THE  
FRENCHMAN.  
BUT  
HEAVENS  
KNOW  
SOME  
MEN  
ARE  
MUCH  
TO  
BLAME.  
IMOGEN  
NOT  
HE,  
I  
HOPE.

IACHIMO  
NOT  
HE;  
BUT  
YET  
HEAVEN'S  
BOUNTY  
TOWARDS  
HIM  
MIGHT  
BE  
US'D  
MORE  
THANKFULLY.  
IN  
HIMSELF,  
'TIS  
MUCH;  
IN  
YOU,  
WHICH  
I  
ACCOUNT  
HIS,  
BEYOND  
ALL  
TALENTS.  
WHILST  
I  
AM  
BOUND  
TO  
WONDER,  
I  
AM  
BOUND  
TO  
PITY  
TOO.  
49

IMOGEN  
WHAT  
DO  
YOU  
PITY,  
SIR?  
IACHIMO  
TWO  
CREATURES  
HEARTILY.  
IMOGEN  
AM  
I  
ONE,  
SIR?  
YOU  
LOOK  
ON  
ME:  
WHAT  
WRECK  
DISCERN  
YOU  
IN  
ME  
DESERVES  
YOUR  
PITY?  
IACHIMO  
LAMENTABLE!  
WHAT,  
TO  
HIDE  
ME  
FROM  
THE  
RADIANT  
SUN  
AND  
SOLACE  
I'  
TH'  
DUNGEON  
BY

A  
SNUFF?  
IMOGEN  
I  
PRAY  
YOU,  
SIR,  
DELIVER  
WITH  
MORE  
OPENNESS  
YOUR  
ANSWERS  
TO  
MY  
DEMANDS.  
WHY  
DO  
YOU  
PITY  
ME?  
IACHIMO  
THAT  
OTHERS  
DO,  
I  
WAS  
ABOUT  
TO  
SAY,  
ENJOY  
YOUR-  
BUT  
50



IT  
IS  
AN  
OFFICE  
OF  
THE  
GODS  
TO  
VENGE  
IT,  
NOT  
MINE  
TO  
SPEAK  
ON'T.  
IMOGEN  
YOU  
DO  
SEEM  
TO  
KNOW  
SOMETHING  
OF  
ME,  
OR  
WHAT  
CONCERNS  
ME;  
PRAY  
YOU-  
SINCE  
DOUBTING  
THINGS  
GO  
ILL  
OFTEN  
HURTS  
MORE  
THAN  
TO  
BE  
SURE  
THEY  
DO;

FOR  
CERTAINTIES  
EITHER  
ARE  
PAST  
REMEDIES,  
OR,  
TIMELY  
KNOWING,  
THE  
REMEDY  
THEN  
BORN-  
DISCOVER  
TO  
ME  
WHAT  
BOTH  
YOU  
SPUR  
AND  
STOP.  
IACHIMO  
HAD  
I  
THIS  
CHEEK  
TO  
BATHE  
MY  
LIPS  
UPON;  
THIS  
HAND,  
WHOSE  
TOUCH,  
WHOSE  
EVERY  
TOUCH,  
WOULD  
FORCE  
THE  
FEELER'S  
SOUL

TO  
TH'  
OATH  
OF  
LOYALTY;  
THIS  
OBJECT,  
WHICH  
TAKES  
PRISONER  
THE  
WILD  
MOTION  
OF  
MINE  
EYE,  
FIXING  
IT  
ONLY  
HERE;  
SHOULD  
I,  
DAMN'D  
THEN,  
SLAVER  
WITH  
LIPS  
AS  
COMMON  
AS  
THE  
STAIRS  
THAT  
MOUNT  
THE  
CAPITOL;  
JOIN  
GRIPES  
WITH  
HANDS  
MADE  
HARD  
WITH  
HOURLY

FALSEHOOD-  
FALSEHOOD  
AS  
WITH  
LABOUR;  
THEN  
BY-PEEPING  
IN  
AN  
EYE  
BASE  
AND  
ILLUSTRIOUS  
AS  
THE  
SMOKY  
LIGHT  
THAT'S  
FED  
WITH  
STINKING  
TALLOW-  
IT  
WERE  
FIT  
51

THAT  
ALL  
THE  
PLAGUES  
OF  
HELL  
SHOULD  
AT  
ONE  
TIME  
ENCOUNTER  
SUCH  
REVOLT.  
IMOGEN  
MY  
LORD,  
I  
FEAR,  
HAS  
FORGOT  
BRITAIN.  
IACHIMO  
AND  
HIMSELF.  
NOT  
I  
INCLIN'D  
TO  
THIS  
INTELLIGENCE  
PRONOUNCE  
THE  
BEGGARY  
OF  
HIS  
CHANGE;  
BUT  
'TIS  
YOUR  
GRACES  
THAT  
FROM  
MY  
MUTEST

CONSCIENCE  
TO  
MY  
TONGUE  
CHARMS  
THIS  
REPORT  
OUT.  
IMOGEN  
LET  
ME  
HEAR  
NO  
MORE.  
IACHIMO  
O  
DEAREST  
SOUL,  
YOUR  
CAUSE  
DOTH  
STRIKE  
MY  
HEART  
WITH  
PITY  
THAT  
DOTH  
MAKE  
ME  
SICK!  
A  
LADY  
SO  
FAIR,  
AND  
FASTEN'D  
TO  
AN  
EMPERY,  
WOULD  
MAKE  
THE  
GREAT'ST

KING  
DOUBLE,  
TO  
BE  
PARTNER'D  
WITH  
TOMBOYS  
HIR'D  
WITH  
THAT  
SELF  
EXHIBITION  
WHICH  
YOUR  
OWN  
COFFERS  
YIELD!  
WITH  
DISEAS'D  
VENTURES  
THAT  
PLAY  
WITH  
ALL  
INFIRMITIES  
FOR  
GOLD  
52

WHICH  
ROTTENNESS  
CAN  
LEND  
NATURE!  
SUCH  
BOIL'D  
STUFF  
AS  
WELL  
MIGHT  
POISON  
POISON!  
BE  
REVENG'D;  
OR  
SHE  
THAT  
BORE  
YOU  
WAS  
NO  
QUEEN,  
AND  
YOU  
RECOIL  
FROM  
YOUR  
GREAT  
STOCK.  
IMOGEN  
REVENG'D?  
HOW  
SHOULD  
I  
BE  
REVENG'D?  
IF  
THIS  
BE  
TRUE-  
AS  
I  
HAVE



SUCH  
A  
HEART  
THAT  
BOTH  
MINE  
EARS  
MUST  
NOT  
IN  
HASTE  
ABUSE-  
IF  
IT  
BE  
TRUE,  
HOW  
SHOULD  
I  
BE  
REVENG'D?  
IACHIMO  
SHOULD  
HE  
MAKE  
ME  
LIVE  
LIKE  
DIANA'S  
PRIEST  
BETWIXT  
COLD  
SHEETS,  
WHILES  
HE  
IS  
VAULTING  
VARIABLE  
RAMPS,  
IN  
YOUR  
DESPITE,  
UPON  
YOUR

PURSE?  
REVENGE  
IT.  
I  
DEDICATE  
MYSELF  
TO  
YOUR  
SWEET  
PLEASURE,  
MORE  
NOBLE  
THAN  
THAT  
RUNAGATE  
TO  
YOUR  
BED,  
AND  
WILL  
CONTINUE  
FAST  
TO  
YOUR  
AFFECTION,  
STILL  
CLOSE  
AS  
SURE.  
IMOGEN  
WHAT  
HO,  
PISANIO!  
53

IACHIMO  
LET  
ME  
MY  
SERVICE  
TENDER  
ON  
YOUR  
LIPS.  
IMOGEN  
AWAY!  
I  
DO  
CONDEMN  
MINE  
EARS  
THAT  
HAVE  
SO  
LONG  
ATTENDED  
THEE.  
IF  
THOU  
WERT  
HONOURABLE,  
THOU  
WOULDST  
HAVE  
TOLD  
THIS  
TALE  
FOR  
VIRTUE,  
NOT  
FOR  
SUCH  
AN  
END  
THOU  
SEEK'ST,  
AS  
BASE  
AS

STRANGE.  
THOU  
WRONG'ST  
A  
GENTLEMAN  
WHO  
IS  
AS  
FAR  
FROM  
THY  
REPORT  
AS  
THOU  
FROM  
HONOUR;  
AND  
SOLICITS  
HERE  
A  
LADY  
THAT  
DISDAINS  
THEE  
AND  
THE  
DEVIL  
ALIKE.-  
WHAT  
HO,  
PISANIO!-  
THE  
KING  
MY  
FATHER  
SHALL  
BE  
MADE  
ACQUAINTED  
OF  
THY  
ASSAULT.  
IF  
HE

SHALL  
THINK  
IT  
FIT  
A  
SAUCY  
STRANGER  
IN  
HIS  
COURT  
TO  
MART  
AS  
IN  
A  
ROMISH  
STEW,  
AND  
TO  
EXPOUND  
HIS  
BEASTLY  
MIND  
TO  
US,  
HE  
HATH  
A  
COURT  
HE  
LITTLE  
CARES  
FOR,  
AND  
A  
DAUGHTER  
WHO  
HE  
NOT  
RESPECTS  
AT  
ALL.-  
WHAT  
HO,

PISANIO!  
IACHIMO  
O  
HAPPY  
LEONATUS!  
I  
MAY  
SAY  
THE  
CREDIT  
THAT  
THY  
LADY  
HATH  
OF  
THEE  
DESERVES  
THY  
TRUST,  
AND  
THY  
MOST  
PERFECT  
GOODNESS  
HER  
ASSUR'D  
CREDIT.  
BLESSED  
LIVE  
YOU  
LONG,  
54

A  
LADY  
TO  
THE  
WORTHIEST  
SIR  
THAT  
EVER  
COUNTRY  
CALL'D  
HIS!  
AND  
YOU  
HIS  
MISTRESS,  
ONLY  
FOR  
THE  
MOST  
WORTHIEST  
FIT!  
GIVE  
ME  
YOUR  
PARDON.  
I  
HAVE  
SPOKE  
THIS  
TO  
KNOW  
IF  
YOUR  
AFFIANCE  
WERE  
DEEPLY  
ROOTED,  
AND  
SHALL  
MAKE  
YOUR  
LORD  
THAT  
WHICH

HE  
IS  
NEW  
O'ER;  
AND  
HE  
IS  
ONE  
THE  
TRUEST  
MANNER'D,  
SUCH  
A  
HOLY  
WITCH  
THAT  
HE  
ENCHANTS  
SOCIETIES  
INTO  
HIM,  
HALF  
ALL  
MEN'S  
HEARTS  
ARE  
HIS.  
IMOGEN  
YOU  
MAKE  
AMENDS.  
IACHIMO  
HE  
SITS  
'MONGST  
MEN  
LIKE  
A  
DESCENDED  
GOD:  
HE  
HATH  
A  
KIND



OF  
HONOUR  
SETS  
HIM  
OF  
MORE  
THAN  
A  
MORTAL  
SEEMING.  
BE  
NOT  
ANGRY,  
MOST  
MIGHTY  
PRINCESS,  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
ADVENTUR'D  
TO  
TRY  
YOUR  
TAKING  
OF  
A  
FALSE  
REPORT,  
WHICH  
HATH  
HONOUR'D  
WITH  
CONFIRMATION  
YOUR  
GREAT  
JUDGMENT  
IN  
THE  
ELECTION  
OF  
A  
SIR  
SO  
RARE,

WHICH  
YOU  
KNOW  
CANNOT  
ERR.  
THE  
LOVE  
I  
BEAR  
HIM  
MADE  
ME  
TO  
FAN  
YOU  
THUS;  
BUT  
THE  
GODS  
MADE  
YOU,  
UNLIKE  
ALL  
OTHERS,  
CHAFFLESS.  
PRAY  
YOUR  
PARDON.

IMOGEN  
ALL'S  
WELL,  
SIR;  
TAKE  
MY  
POW'R  
I'  
TH'  
COURT  
FOR  
YOURS.  
IACHIMO  
MY  
HUMBLE  
THANKS.  
I  
HAD  
ALMOST  
FORGOT  
T'  
ENTREAT  
YOUR  
GRACE  
BUT  
IN  
A  
SMALL  
REQUEST,  
AND  
YET  
OF  
MOMENT  
TOO,  
FOR  
IT  
CONCERNS  
YOUR  
LORD;  
MYSELF  
AND  
OTHER  
NOBLE  
FRIENDS

ARE  
PARTNERS  
IN  
THE  
BUSINESS.  
IMOGEN  
PRAY  
WHAT  
IS'T?  
IACHIMO  
SOME  
DOZEN  
ROMANS  
OF  
US,  
AND  
YOUR  
LORD-  
THE  
BEST  
FEATHER  
OF  
OUR  
WING-  
HAVE  
MINGLED  
SUMS  
TO  
BUY  
A  
PRESENT  
FOR  
THE  
EMPEROR;  
WHICH  
I,  
THE  
FACTOR  
FOR  
THE  
REST,  
HAVE  
DONE  
IN

FRANCE.  
'TIS  
PLATE  
OF  
RARE  
DEVICE,  
AND  
JEWELS  
OF  
RICH  
AND  
EXQUISITE  
FORM,  
THEIR  
VALUES  
GREAT;  
AND  
I  
AM  
SOMETHING  
CURIOUS,  
BEING  
STRANGE,  
TO  
HAVE  
THEM  
IN  
SAFE  
STOWAGE.  
MAY  
IT  
PLEASE  
YOU  
TO  
TAKE  
THEM  
IN  
PROTECTION?  
IMOGEN  
56

WILLINGLY;  
AND  
PAWN  
MINE  
HONOUR  
FOR  
THEIR  
SAFETY.  
SINCE  
MY  
LORD  
HATH  
INTEREST  
IN  
THEM,  
I  
WILL  
KEEP  
THEM  
IN  
MY  
BEDCHAMBER.  
IACHIMO  
THEY  
ARE  
IN  
A  
TRUNK,  
ATTENDED  
BY  
MY  
MEN.  
I  
WILL  
MAKE  
BOLD  
TO  
SEND  
THEM  
TO  
YOU  
ONLY  
FOR  
THIS

NIGHT;  
I  
MUST  
ABOARD  
TO-MORROW.  
IMOGEN  
O,  
NO,  
NO.  
IACHIMO  
YES,  
I  
BESEECH;  
OR  
I  
SHALL  
SHORT  
MY  
WORD  
BY  
LENGTH'NING  
MY  
RETURN.  
FROM  
GALLIA  
I  
CROSS'D  
THE  
SEAS  
ON  
PURPOSE  
AND  
ON  
PROMISE  
TO  
SEE  
YOUR  
GRACE.  
IMOGEN  
I  
THANK  
YOU  
FOR  
YOUR

PAINS.  
BUT  
NOT  
AWAY  
TO-MORROW!  
IACHIMO  
57



O,  
I  
MUST,  
MADAM.  
THEREFORE  
I  
SHALL  
BESEECH  
YOU,  
IF  
YOU  
PLEASE  
TO  
GREET  
YOUR  
LORD  
WITH  
WRITING,  
DO'T  
TO-NIGHT.  
I  
HAVE  
OUTSTOOD  
MY  
TIME,  
WHICH  
IS  
MATERIAL  
'TO  
TH'  
TENDER  
OF  
OUR  
PRESENT.  
IMOGEN  
I  
WILL  
WRITE.  
SEND  
YOUR  
TRUNK  
TO  
ME;  
IT

SHALL  
SAFE  
BE  
KEPT  
AND  
TRULY  
YIELDED  
YOU.  
YOU'RE  
VERY  
WELCOME.  
EXEUNT  
ACT  
II  
SCENE  
I.  
BRITAIN.  
BEFORE  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
CLOTEN  
AND  
THE  
TWO  
LORDS  
CLOTEN  
WAS  
THERE  
EVER  
MAN  
HAD  
SUCH  
LUCK!  
WHEN  
I  
KISS'D  
THE  
JACK,  
UPON  
AN  
UP-CAST  
TO  
BE

HIT  
AWAY!  
I  
HAD  
A  
HUNDRED  
POUND  
ON'T;  
AND  
THEN  
A  
WHORESON  
JACKANAPES  
MUST  
TAKE  
ME  
UP  
FOR  
SWEARING,  
AS  
IF  
I  
BORROWED  
MINE  
OATHS  
OF  
HIM,  
AND  
MIGHT  
NOT  
SPEND  
THEM  
AT  
MY  
PLEASURE.  
58

FIRST  
LORD  
WHAT  
GOT  
HE  
BY  
THAT?  
YOU  
HAVE  
BROKE  
HIS  
PATE  
WITH  
YOUR  
BOWL.  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
IF  
HIS  
WIT  
HAD  
BEEN  
LIKE  
HIM  
THAT  
BROKE  
IT,  
IT  
WOULD  
HAVE  
RUN  
ALL  
OUT.  
CLOTEN  
WHEN  
A  
GENTLEMAN  
IS  
DISPOS'D  
TO  
SWEAR,  
IT  
IS

NOT  
FOR  
ANY  
STANDERS-BY  
TO  
CURTAIL  
HIS  
OATHS.  
HA?  
SECOND  
LORD  
NO,  
MY  
LORD;  
[ASIDE]  
NOR  
CROP  
THE  
EARS  
OF  
THEM.  
CLOTEN  
WHORES ON  
DOG!  
I  
GIVE  
HIM  
SATISFACTION?  
WOULD  
HE  
HAD  
BEEN  
ONE  
OF  
MY  
RANK!  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
TO  
HAVE  
SMELL'D  
LIKE  
A

FOOL.  
CLOTEN  
I  
AM  
NOT  
VEX'D  
MORE  
AT  
ANYTHING  
IN  
TH'  
EARTH.  
A  
POX  
ON'T!  
I  
59

HAD  
RATHER  
NOT  
BE  
SO  
NOBLE  
AS  
I  
AM;  
THEY  
DARE  
NOT  
FIGHT  
WITH  
ME,  
BECAUSE  
OF  
THE  
QUEEN  
MY  
MOTHER.  
EVERY  
JACKSLAVE  
HATH  
HIS  
BELLYFUL  
OF  
FIGHTING,  
AND  
I  
MUST  
GO  
UP  
AND  
DOWN  
LIKE  
A  
COCK  
THAT  
NOBODY  
CAN  
MATCH.  
SECOND  
LORD

[ASIDE]  
YOU  
ARE  
COCK  
AND  
CAPON  
TOO;  
AND  
YOU  
CROW,  
COCK,  
WITH  
YOUR  
COMB  
ON.  
CLOTEN  
SAYEST  
THOU?  
SECOND  
LORD  
IT  
IS  
NOT  
FIT  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP  
SHOULD  
UNDERTAKE  
EVERY  
COMPANION  
THAT  
YOU  
GIVE  
OFFENCE  
TO.  
CLOTEN  
NO,  
I  
KNOW  
THAT;  
BUT  
IT  
IS  
FIT



I  
SHOULD  
COMMIT  
OFFENCE  
TO  
MY  
INFERIORS.  
SECOND  
LORD  
AY,  
IT  
IS  
FIT  
FOR  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP  
ONLY.  
CLOTEN  
WHY,  
SO  
I  
SAY.  
60

FIRST  
LORD  
DID  
YOU  
HEAR  
OF  
A  
STRANGER  
THAT'S  
COME  
TO  
COURT  
TO-NIGHT?  
CLOTEN  
A  
STRANGER,  
AND  
I  
NOT  
KNOWN  
ON'T?  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
HE'S  
A  
STRANGE  
FELLOW  
HIMSELF,  
AND  
KNOWS  
IT  
NOT.  
FIRST  
LORD  
THERE'S  
AN  
ITALIAN  
COME,  
AND,  
'TIS  
THOUGHT,  
ONE  
OF

LEONATUS'  
FRIENDS.  
CLOTEN  
LEONATUS?  
A  
BANISH'D  
RASCAL;  
AND  
HE'S  
ANOTHER,  
WHATSOEVER  
HE  
BE.  
WHO  
TOLD  
YOU  
OF  
THIS  
STRANGER?  
FIRST  
LORD  
ONE  
OF  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP'S  
PAGES.  
CLOTEN  
IS  
IT  
FIT  
I  
WENT  
TO  
LOOK  
UPON  
HIM?  
IS  
THERE  
NO  
DEROGATION  
61

IN'T?  
SECOND  
LORD  
YOU  
CANNOT  
DEROGATE,  
MY  
LORD.  
CLOTEN  
NOT  
EASILY,  
I  
THINK.  
SECOND  
LORD  
[ASIDE]  
YOU  
ARE  
A  
FOOL  
GRANTED;  
THEREFORE  
YOUR  
ISSUES,  
BEING  
FOOLISH,  
DO  
NOT  
DEROGATE.  
CLOTEN  
COME,  
I'LL  
GO  
SEE  
THIS  
ITALIAN.  
WHAT  
I  
HAVE  
LOST  
TO-DAY  
AT  
BOWLS  
I'LL

WIN  
TO-NIGHT  
OF  
HIM.  
COME,  
GO.  
SECOND  
LORD  
I'LL  
ATTEND  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP.  
EXEUNT  
CLOTEN  
AND  
FIRST  
LORD  
THAT  
SUCH  
A  
CRAFTY  
DEVIL  
AS  
IS  
HIS  
MOTHER  
SHOULD  
YIELD  
THE  
WORLD  
THIS  
ASS!  
A  
WOMAN  
THAT  
BEARS  
ALL  
DOWN  
WITH  
HER  
BRAIN;  
AND  
THIS  
HER

SON  
CANNOT  
TAKE  
TWO  
FROM  
TWENTY,  
FOR  
HIS  
HEART,  
62

AND  
LEAVE  
EIGHTEEN.  
ALAS,  
POOR  
PRINCESS,  
THOU  
DIVINE  
IMOGEN,  
WHAT  
THOU  
ENDUR'ST,  
BETWIXT  
A  
FATHER  
BY  
THY  
STEP-DAME  
GOVERN'D,  
A  
MOTHER  
HOURLY  
COINING  
PLOTS,  
A  
WOOER  
MORE  
HATEFUL  
THAN  
THE  
FOUL  
EXPULSION  
IS  
OF  
THY  
DEAR  
HUSBAND,  
THAN  
THAT  
HORRID  
ACT  
OF  
THE  
DIVORCE

HE'D  
MAKE!  
THE  
HEAVENS  
HOLD  
FIRM  
THE  
WALLS  
OF  
THY  
DEAR  
HONOUR,  
KEEP  
UNSHAK'D  
THAT  
TEMPLE,  
THY  
FAIR  
MIND,  
THAT  
THOU  
MAYST  
STAND  
T'  
ENJOY  
THY  
BANISH'D  
LORD  
AND  
THIS  
GREAT  
LAND!  
EXIT  
SCENE  
II.  
BRITAIN.  
IMOGEN'S  
BEDCHAMBER  
IN  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE;  
A  
TRUNK  
IN



ONE  
CORNER  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
IN  
HER  
BED,  
AND  
A  
LADY  
ATTENDING  
IMOGEN  
WHO'S  
THERE?  
MY  
WOMAN?  
HELEN?  
LADY  
PLEASE  
YOU,  
MADAM.  
63

IMOGEN  
WHAT  
HOUR  
IS  
IT?  
LADY  
ALMOST  
MIDNIGHT,  
MADAM.  
IMOGEN  
I  
HAVE  
READ  
THREE  
HOURS  
THEN.  
MINE  
EYES  
ARE  
WEAK;  
FOLD  
DOWN  
THE  
LEAF  
WHERE  
I  
HAVE  
LEFT.  
TO  
BED.  
TAKE  
NOT  
AWAY  
THE  
TAPER,  
LEAVE  
IT  
BURNING;  
AND  
IF  
THOU  
CANST  
AWAKE  
BY

FOUR  
O'  
TH'  
CLOCK,  
I  
PRITHEE  
CALL  
ME.  
SLEEP  
HATH  
SEIZ'D  
ME  
WHOLLY.  
EXIT  
LADY  
TO  
YOUR  
PROTECTION  
I  
COMMEND  
ME,  
GODS.  
FROM  
FAIRIES  
AND  
THE  
TEMPTERS  
OF  
THE  
NIGHT  
GUARD  
ME,  
BESEECH  
YE!  
[SLEEPS.  
IACHIMO  
COMES  
FROM  
THE  
TRUNK]  
IACHIMO  
THE  
CRICKETS  
SING,

AND  
MAN'S  
O'ER-LABOUR'D  
SENSE  
REPAIRS  
ITSELF  
BY  
REST.  
OUR  
TARQUIN  
THUS  
DID  
SOFTLY  
PRESS  
THE  
RUSHES  
ERE  
HE  
WAKEN'D  
64

THE  
CHASTITY  
HE  
WOUNDED.  
CYTHEREA,  
HOW  
BRAVELY  
THOU  
BECOM'ST  
THY  
BED!  
FRESH  
LILY,  
AND  
WHITER  
THAN  
THE  
SHEETS!  
THAT  
I  
MIGHT  
TOUCH!  
BUT  
KISS;  
ONE  
KISS!  
RUBIES  
UNPARAGON'D,  
HOW  
DEARLY  
THEY  
DO'T!  
'TIS  
HER  
BREATHING  
THAT  
PERFUMES  
THE  
CHAMBER  
THUS.  
THE  
FLAME  
O'  
TH'

TAPER  
BOWS  
TOWARD  
HER  
AND  
WOULD  
UNDER-PEEP  
HER  
LIDS  
TO  
SEE  
TH'  
ENCLOSED  
LIGHTS,  
NOW  
CANOPIED  
UNDER  
THESE  
WINDOWS  
WHITE  
AND  
AZURE,  
LAC'D  
WITH  
BLUE  
OF  
HEAVEN'S  
OWN  
TINCT.  
BUT  
MY  
DESIGN  
TO  
NOTE  
THE  
CHAMBER.  
I  
WILL  
WRITE  
ALL  
DOWN:  
SUCH  
AND  
SUCH

PICTURES;  
THERE  
THE  
WINDOW;  
SUCH  
TH'  
ADORNMENT  
OF  
HER  
BED;  
THE  
ARRAS,  
FIGURES-  
WHY,  
SUCH  
AND  
SUCH;  
AND  
THE  
CONTENTS  
O'  
TH'  
STORY.  
AH,  
BUT  
SOME  
NATURAL  
NOTES  
ABOUT  
HER  
BODY  
ABOVE  
TEN  
THOUSAND  
MEANER  
MOVABLES  
WOULD  
TESTIFY,  
T'  
ENRICH  
MINE  
INVENTORY.  
O  
SLEEP,

THOU  
APE  
OF  
DEATH,  
LIE  
DULL  
UPON  
HER!  
AND  
BE  
HER  
SENSE  
BUT  
AS  
A  
MONUMENT,  
THUS  
IN  
A  
CHAPEL  
LYING!  
COME  
OFF,  
COME  
OFF;  
[TAKING  
OFF  
HER  
BRACELET]  
AS  
SLIPPERY  
AS  
THE  
GORDIAN  
KNOT  
WAS  
HARD!  
'TIS  
MINE;  
AND  
THIS  
WILL  
WITNESS  
OUTWARDLY,





AS  
STRONGLY  
AS  
THE  
CONSCIENCE  
DOES  
WITHIN,  
TO  
TH'  
MADDING  
OF  
HER  
LORD.  
ON  
HER  
LEFT  
BREAST  
A  
MOLE  
CINQUE-SPOTTED,  
LIKE  
THE  
CRIMSON  
DROPS  
I'  
TH'  
BOTTOM  
OF  
A  
COWSLIP.  
HERE'S  
A  
VOUCHER  
STRONGER  
THAN  
EVER  
LAW  
COULD  
MAKE;  
THIS  
SECRET  
WILL  
FORCE  
HIM

THINK  
I  
HAVE  
PICK'D  
THE  
LOCK  
AND  
TA'EN  
THE  
TREASURE  
OF  
HER  
HONOUR.  
NO  
MORE.  
TO  
WHAT  
END?  
WHY  
SHOULD  
I  
WRITE  
THIS  
DOWN  
THAT'S  
RIVETED,  
SCREW'D  
TO  
MY  
MEMORY?  
SHE  
HATH  
BEEN  
READING  
LATE  
THE  
TALE  
OF  
TEREUS;  
HERE  
THE  
LEAF'S  
TURN'D  
DOWN

WHERE  
PHILOMEL  
GAVE  
UP.  
I  
HAVE  
ENOUGH.  
TO  
TH'  
TRUNK  
AGAIN,  
AND  
SHUT  
THE  
SPRING  
OF  
IT.  
SWIFT,  
SWIFT,  
YOU  
DRAGONS  
OF  
THE  
NIGHT,  
THAT  
DAWNING  
MAY  
BARE  
THE  
RAVEN'S  
EYE!  
I  
LODGE  
IN  
FEAR;  
THOUGH  
THIS  
A  
HEAVENLY  
ANGEL,  
HELL  
IS  
HERE.  
[CLOCK

STRIKES]

ONE,

TWO,

THREE.

TIME,

TIME!

EXIT

INTO

THE

TRUNK

SCENE

III.

CYMBELINE'S

PALACE.

AN

ANTE-CHAMBER

ADJOINING

IMOGEN'S

APARTMENTS

66

ENTER  
CLOTEN  
AND  
LORDS  
FIRST  
LORD  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP  
IS  
THE  
MOST  
PATIENT  
MAN  
IN  
LOSS,  
THE  
MOST  
COLDEST  
THAT  
EVER  
TURN'D  
UP  
ACE.  
CLOTEN  
IT  
WOULD  
MAKE  
ANY  
MAN  
COLD  
TO  
LOSE.  
FIRST  
LORD  
BUT  
NOT  
EVERY  
MAN  
PATIENT  
AFTER  
THE  
NOBLE  
TEMPER  
OF

YOUR  
LORDSHIP.  
YOU  
ARE  
MOST  
HOT  
AND  
FURIOUS  
WHEN  
YOU  
WIN.  
CLOTEN  
WINNING  
WILL  
PUT  
ANY  
MAN  
INTO  
COURAGE.  
IF  
I  
COULD  
GET  
THIS  
FOOLISH  
IMOGEN,  
I  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
GOLD  
ENOUGH.  
IT'S  
ALMOST  
MORNING,  
IS'T  
NOT?  
FIRST  
LORD  
DAY,  
MY  
LORD.  
CLOTEN  
I  
WOULD

THIS  
MUSIC  
WOULD  
COME.  
I  
AM  
ADVISED  
TO  
GIVE  
HER  
MUSIC  
A  
MORNINGS;  
THEY  
SAY  
IT  
WILL  
PENETRATE.  
67



ENTER  
MUSICIANS  
COME  
ON,  
TUNE.  
IF  
YOU  
CAN  
PENETRATE  
HER  
WITH  
YOUR  
FINGERING,  
SO.  
WE'LL  
TRY  
WITH  
TONGUE  
TOO.  
IF  
NONE  
WILL  
DO,  
LET  
HER  
REMAIN;  
BUT  
I'LL  
NEVER  
GIVE  
O'ER.  
FIRST,  
A  
VERY  
EXCELLENT  
GOOD-CONCEITED  
THING;  
AFTER,  
A  
WONDERFUL  
SWEET  
AIR,  
WITH  
ADMIRABLE

RICH  
WORDS  
TO  
IT-  
AND  
THEN  
LET  
HER  
CONSIDER.  
SONG  
HARK,  
HARK!  
THE  
LARK  
AT  
HEAVEN'S  
GATE  
SINGS,  
AND  
PHOEBUS  
'GINS  
ARISE,  
HIS  
STEEDS  
TO  
WATER  
AT  
THOSE  
SPRINGS  
ON  
CHALIC'D  
FLOW'RS  
THAT  
LIES;  
AND  
WINKING  
MARY-BUDS  
BEGIN  
TO  
OPE  
THEIR  
GOLDEN  
EYES.  
WITH

EVERYTHING  
THAT  
PRETTY  
BIN,  
MY  
LADY  
SWEET,  
ARISE;  
ARISE,  
ARISE!  
SO,  
GET  
YOU  
GONE.  
IF  
THIS  
PENETRATE,  
I  
WILL  
CONSIDER  
YOUR  
MUSIC  
THE  
BETTER;  
IF  
IT  
DO  
NOT,  
IT  
IS  
A  
VICE  
IN  
HER  
EARS  
WHICH  
HORSEHAIRS  
AND  
CALVES'  
GUTS,  
NOR  
THE  
VOICE  
OF

UNPAVED  
EUNUCH  
TO  
BOOT,  
CAN  
NEVER  
AMEND.  
68

EXEUNT  
MUSICIANS  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE  
AND  
QUEEN  
SECOND  
LORD  
HERE  
COMES  
THE  
KING.  
CLOTEN  
I  
AM  
GLAD  
I  
WAS  
UP  
SO  
LATE,  
FOR  
THAT'S  
THE  
REASON  
I  
WAS  
UP  
SO  
EARLY.  
HE  
CANNOT  
CHOOSE  
BUT  
TAKE  
THIS  
SERVICE  
I  
HAVE  
DONE  
FATHERLY.-  
GOOD  
MORROW  
TO

YOUR  
MAJESTY  
AND  
TO  
MY  
GRACIOUS  
MOTHER.  
CYMBELINE  
ATTEND  
YOU  
HERE  
THE  
DOOR  
OF  
OUR  
STERN  
DAUGHTER?  
WILL  
SHE  
NOT  
FORTH?  
CLOTEN  
I  
HAVE  
ASSAIL'D  
HER  
WITH  
MUSICS,  
BUT  
SHE  
VOUCHSAFES  
NO  
NOTICE.  
CYMBELINE  
THE  
EXILE  
OF  
HER  
MINION  
IS  
TOO  
NEW;  
SHE  
HATH

NOT  
YET  
FORGOT  
HIM;  
SOME  
MORE  
TIME  
MUST  
WEAR  
THE  
PRINT  
OF  
HIS  
REMEMBRANCE  
OUT,  
AND  
THEN  
SHE'S  
YOURS.  
69

QUEEN  
YOU  
ARE  
MOST  
BOUND  
TO  
TH'  
KING,  
WHO  
LETS  
GO  
BY  
NO  
VANTAGES  
THAT  
MAY  
PREFER  
YOU  
TO  
HIS  
DAUGHTER.  
FRAME  
YOURSELF  
TO  
ORDERLY  
SOLICITING,  
AND  
BE  
FRIENDED  
WITH  
APTNESS  
OF  
THE  
SEASON;  
MAKE  
DENIALS  
INCREASE  
YOUR  
SERVICES;  
SO  
SEEM  
AS  
IF  
YOU



WERE  
INSPIR'D  
TO  
DO  
THOSE  
DUTIES  
WHICH  
YOU  
TENDER  
TO  
HER;  
THAT  
YOU  
IN  
ALL  
OBEY  
HER,  
SAVE  
WHEN  
COMMAND  
TO  
YOUR  
DISMISSION  
TENDS,  
AND  
THEREIN  
YOU  
ARE  
SENSELESS.  
CLOTEN  
SENSELESS?  
NOT  
SO.  
ENTER  
A  
MESSENGER  
MESSENGER  
SO  
LIKE  
YOU,  
SIR,  
AMBASSADORS  
FROM  
ROME;

THE  
ONE  
IS  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS.  
CYMBELINE  
A  
WORTHY  
FELLOW,  
ALBEIT  
HE  
COMES  
ON  
ANGRY  
PURPOSE  
NOW;  
70

BUT  
THAT'S  
NO  
FAULT  
OF  
HIS.  
WE  
MUST  
RECEIVE  
HIM  
ACCORDING  
TO  
THE  
HONOUR  
OF  
HIS  
SENDER;  
AND  
TOWARDS  
HIMSELF,  
HIS  
GOODNESS  
FORESPENT  
ON  
US,  
WE  
MUST  
EXTEND  
OUR  
NOTICE.  
OUR  
DEAR  
SON,  
WHEN  
YOU  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
GOOD  
MORNING  
TO  
YOUR  
MISTRESS,  
ATTEND  
THE

QUEEN  
AND  
US;  
WE  
SHALL  
HAVE  
NEED  
T'  
EMPLOY  
YOU  
TOWARDS  
THIS  
ROMAN.  
COME,  
OUR  
QUEEN.  
EXEUNT  
ALL  
BUT  
CLOTEN  
CLOTEN  
IF  
SHE  
BE  
UP,  
I'LL  
SPEAK  
WITH  
HER;  
IF  
NOT,  
LET  
HER  
LIE  
STILL  
AND  
DREAM.  
BY  
YOUR  
LEAVE,  
HO!  
[KNOCKS]  
I  
KNOW

HER  
WOMEN  
ARE  
ABOUT  
HER;  
WHAT  
IF  
I  
DO  
LINE  
ONE  
OF  
THEIR  
HANDS?  
'TIS  
GOLD  
WHICH  
BUYS  
ADMITTANCE;  
OFT  
IT  
DOTH-YEA,  
AND  
MAKES  
DIANA'S  
RANGERS  
FALSE  
THEMSELVES,  
YIELD  
UP  
THEIR  
DEER  
TO  
TH'  
STAND  
O'  
TH'  
STEALER;  
AND  
'TIS  
GOLD  
WHICH  
MAKES  
THE

TRUE  
MAN  
KILL'D  
AND  
SAVES  
THE  
THIEF;  
NAY,  
SOMETIME  
HANGS  
BOTH  
THIEF  
AND  
TRUE  
MAN.  
WHAT  
CAN  
IT  
NOT  
DO  
AND  
UNDO?  
I  
WILL  
MAKE  
ONE  
OF  
HER  
WOMEN  
LAWYER  
TO  
ME,  
FOR  
71

I  
YET  
NOT  
UNDERSTAND  
THE  
CASE  
MYSELF.

BY  
YOUR  
LEAVE.  
[KNOCKS]  
ENTER

A  
LADY  
LADY  
WHO'S  
THERE  
THAT  
KNOCKS?  
CLOTEN

A  
GENTLEMAN.  
LADY  
NO  
MORE?  
CLOTEN

YES,  
AND

A  
GENTLEWOMAN'S  
SON.

LADY  
THAT'S  
MORE  
THAN  
SOME  
WHOSE  
TAILORS  
ARE

AS  
DEAR  
AS  
YOURS  
CAN

JUSTLY  
BOAST  
OF.  
WHAT'S  
YOUR  
LORDSHIP'S  
PLEASURE?  
CLOTEN  
72



YOUR  
LADY'S  
PERSON;  
IS  
SHE  
READY?  
LADY  
AY,  
TO  
KEEP  
HER  
CHAMBER.  
CLOTEN  
THERE  
IS  
GOLD  
FOR  
YOU;  
SELL  
ME  
YOUR  
GOOD  
REPORT.  
LADY  
HOW?  
MY  
GOOD  
NAME?  
OR  
TO  
REPORT  
OF  
YOU  
WHAT  
I  
SHALL  
THINK  
IS  
GOOD?  
THE  
PRINCESS!  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
CLOTEN

GOOD  
MORROW,  
FAIREST  
SISTER.  
YOUR  
SWEET  
HAND.  
EXIT  
LADY  
IMOGEN  
GOOD  
MORROW,  
SIR.  
YOU  
LAY  
OUT  
TOO  
MUCH  
PAINS  
FOR  
PURCHASING  
BUT  
TROUBLE.  
THE  
THANKS  
I  
GIVE  
IS  
TELLING  
YOU  
THAT  
I  
AM  
POOR  
OF  
THANKS,  
AND  
SCARCE  
CAN  
SPARE  
THEM.  
73

CLOTEN  
STILL  
I  
SWEAR  
I  
LOVE  
YOU.  
IMOGEN  
IF  
YOU  
BUT  
SAID  
SO,  
'TWERE  
AS  
DEEP  
WITH  
ME.  
IF  
YOU  
SWEAR  
STILL,  
YOUR  
RECOMPENSE  
IS  
STILL  
THAT  
I  
REGARD  
IT  
NOT.  
CLOTEN  
THIS  
IS  
NO  
ANSWER.  
IMOGEN  
BUT  
THAT  
YOU  
SHALL  
NOT  
SAY  
I

YIELD,  
BEING  
SILENT,  
I  
WOULD  
NOT  
SPEAK.  
I  
PRAY  
YOU  
SPARE  
ME.  
FAITH,  
I  
SHALL  
UNFOLD  
EQUAL  
DISCOURTESY  
TO  
YOUR  
BEST  
KINDNESS;  
ONE  
OF  
YOUR  
GREAT  
KNOWING  
SHOULD  
LEARN,  
BEING  
TAUGHT,  
FORBEARANCE.  
CLOTEN  
TO  
LEAVE  
YOU  
IN  
YOUR  
MADNESS  
'TWERE  
MY  
SIN;  
I  
WILL

NOT.  
IMOGEN  
FOOLS  
ARE  
NOT  
MAD  
FOLKS.  
74

CLOTEN  
DO  
YOU  
CALL  
ME  
FOOL?  
IMOGEN  
AS  
I  
AM  
MAD,  
I  
DO;  
IF  
YOU'LL  
BE  
PATIENT,  
I'LL  
NO  
MORE  
BE  
MAD;  
THAT  
CURES  
US  
BOTH.  
I  
AM  
MUCH  
SORRY,  
SIR,  
YOU  
PUT  
ME  
TO  
FORGET  
A  
LADY'S  
MANNERS  
BY  
BEING  
SO  
VERBAL;  
AND

LEARN  
NOW,  
FOR  
ALL,  
THAT  
I,  
WHICH  
KNOW  
MY  
HEART,  
DO  
HERE  
PRONOUNCE,  
BY  
TH'  
VERY  
TRUTH  
OF  
IT,  
I  
CARE  
NOT  
FOR  
YOU,  
AND  
AM  
SO  
NEAR  
THE  
LACK  
OF  
CHARITY  
TO  
ACCUSE  
MYSELF  
I  
HATE  
YOU;  
WHICH  
I  
HAD  
RATHER  
YOU  
FELT

THAN  
MAKE'T  
MY  
BOAST.  
CLOTEN  
YOU  
SIN  
AGAINST  
OBEDIENCE,  
WHICH  
YOU  
OWE  
YOUR  
FATHER.  
FOR  
THE  
CONTRACT  
YOU  
PRETEND  
WITH  
THAT  
BASE  
WRETCH,  
ONE  
BRED  
OF  
ALMS  
AND  
FOSTER'D  
WITH  
COLD  
DISHES,  
WITH  
SCRAPS  
O'  
TH'  
COURT-  
IT  
IS  
NO  
CONTRACT,  
NONE.  
AND  
THOUGH



IT  
BE  
ALLOWED  
IN  
MEANER  
PARTIES-  
YET  
WHO  
THAN  
HE  
MORE  
MEAN?-  
TO  
KNIT  
THEIR  
SOULS-  
ON  
WHOM  
THERE  
IS  
NO  
MORE  
DEPENDENCY  
75

BUT  
BRATS  
AND  
BEGGARY-  
IN  
SELF-FIGUR'D  
KNOT,  
YET  
YOU  
ARE  
CURB'D  
FROM  
THAT  
ENLARGEMENT  
BY  
THE  
CONSEQUENCE  
O'  
TH'  
CROWN,  
AND  
MUST  
NOT  
FOIL  
THE  
PRECIOUS  
NOTE  
OF  
IT  
WITH  
A  
BASE  
SLAVE,  
A  
HILDING  
FOR  
A  
LIVERY,  
A  
SQUIRE'S  
CLOTH,  
A  
PANTLER-  
NOT

SO  
EMINENT!  
IMOGEN  
PROFANE  
FELLOW!  
WERT  
THOU  
THE  
SON  
OF  
JUPITER,  
AND  
NO  
MORE  
BUT  
WHAT  
THOU  
ART  
BESIDES,  
THOU  
WERT  
TOO  
BASE  
TO  
BE  
HIS  
GROOM.  
THOU  
WERT  
DIGNIFIED  
ENOUGH,  
EVEN  
TO  
THE  
POINT  
OF  
ENVY,  
IF  
'TWERE  
MADE  
COMPARATIVE  
FOR  
YOUR  
VIRTUES

TO  
BE  
STYL'D  
THE  
UNDER-HANGMAN  
OF  
HIS  
KINGDOM,  
AND  
HATED  
FOR  
BEING  
PREFERR'D  
SO  
WELL.  
CLOTEN  
THE  
SOUTH  
FOG  
ROT  
HIM!  
IMOGEN  
HE  
NEVER  
CAN  
MEET  
MORE  
MISCHANCE  
THAN  
COME  
TO  
BE  
BUT  
NAM'D  
OF  
THEE.  
HIS  
MEAN'ST  
GARMENT  
THAT  
EVER  
HATH  
BUT  
CLIPP'D

HIS  
BODY  
IS  
DEARER  
IN  
MY  
RESPECT  
THAN  
ALL  
THE  
HAIRS  
ABOVE  
THEE,  
76

WERE  
THEY  
ALL  
MADE  
SUCH  
MEN.  
HOW  
NOW,  
PISANIO!  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
CLOTEN  
'HIS  
GARMENTS'!  
NOW  
THE  
DEVIL-  
IMOGEN  
TO  
DOROTHY  
MY  
WOMAN  
HIE  
THEE  
PRESENTLY.  
CLOTEN  
'HIS  
GARMENT'!  
IMOGEN  
I  
AM  
SPRITED  
WITH  
A  
FOOL;  
FRIGHTED,  
AND  
ANG'RED  
WORSE.  
GO  
BID  
MY  
WOMAN  
SEARCH

FOR  
A  
JEWEL  
THAT  
TOO  
CASUALLY  
HATH  
LEFT  
MINE  
ARM.  
IT  
WAS  
THY  
MASTER'S;  
SHREW  
ME,  
IF  
I  
WOULD  
LOSE  
IT  
FOR  
A  
REVENUE  
OF  
ANY  
KING'S  
IN  
EUROPE!  
I  
DO  
THINK  
I  
SAW'T  
THIS  
MORNING;  
CONFIDENT  
I  
AM  
LAST  
NIGHT  
'T WAS  
ON  
MINE

ARM;  
I  
KISS'D  
IT.  
I  
HOPE  
IT  
BE  
NOT  
GONE  
TO  
TELL  
MY  
LORD  
THAT  
I  
KISS  
AUGHT  
BUT  
HE.  
77



PISANIO

'T'WILL

NOT

BE

LOST.

IMOGEN

I

HOPE

SO.

GO

AND

SEARCH.

EXIT

PISANIO

CLOTEN

YOU

HAVE

ABUS'D

ME.

'HIS

MEANEST

GARMENT'!

IMOGEN

AY,

I

SAID

SO,

SIR.

IF

YOU

WILL

MAKE

'T

AN

ACTION,

CALL

WITNESS

TO

'T.

CLOTEN

I

WILL

INFORM

YOUR

FATHER.  
IMOGEN  
YOUR  
MOTHER  
TOO.  
SHE'S  
MY  
GOOD  
LADY  
AND  
WILL  
CONCEIVE,  
I  
HOPE,  
BUT  
THE  
WORST  
OF  
ME.  
SO  
I  
LEAVE  
YOU,  
SIR,  
TO  
TH'  
WORST  
OF  
DISCONTENT.  
78

EXIT  
CLOTEN  
I'LL  
BE  
REVENG'D.  
'HIS  
MEAN'ST  
GARMENT'!  
WELL.

EXIT  
SCENE  
IV.  
ROME.  
PHILARIO'S  
HOUSE  
ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
PHILARIO  
POSTHUMUS  
FEAR

IT  
NOT,  
SIR;  
I  
WOULD  
I  
WERE  
SO  
SURE  
TO  
WIN  
THE  
KING  
AS  
I  
AM  
BOLD  
HER  
HONOUR  
WILL  
REMAIN  
HERS.  
PHILARIO

WHAT  
MEANS  
DO  
YOU  
MAKE  
TO  
HIM?  
POSTHUMUS  
NOT  
ANY;  
BUT  
ABIDE  
THE  
CHANGE  
OF  
TIME,  
QUAKE  
IN  
THE  
PRESENT  
WINTER'S  
STATE,  
AND  
WISH  
THAT  
WARMER  
DAYS  
WOULD  
COME.  
IN  
THESE  
FEAR'D  
HOPES  
79

I  
BARELY  
GRATIFY  
YOUR  
LOVE;  
THEY  
FAILING,  
I  
MUST  
DIE  
MUCH  
YOUR  
DEBTOR.  
PHILARIO  
YOUR  
VERY  
GOODNESS  
AND  
YOUR  
COMPANY  
O'ERPAYS  
ALL  
I  
CAN  
DO.  
BY  
THIS  
YOUR  
KING  
HATH  
HEARD  
OF  
GREAT  
AUGUSTUS.  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS  
WILL  
DO'S  
COMMISSION  
THROUGHLY;  
AND  
I  
THINK  
HE'LL

GRANT  
THE  
TRIBUTE,  
SEND  
TH'  
ARREARAGES,  
OR  
LOOK  
UPON  
OUR  
ROMANS,  
WHOSE  
REMEMBRANCE  
IS  
YET  
FRESH  
IN  
THEIR  
GRIEF.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
DO  
BELIEVE  
STATIST  
THOUGH  
I  
AM  
NONE,  
NOR  
LIKE  
TO  
BE,  
THAT  
THIS  
WILL  
PROVE  
A  
WAR;  
AND  
YOU  
SHALL  
HEAR  
THE  
LEGIONS

NOW  
IN  
GALLIA  
SOONER  
LANDED  
IN  
OUR  
NOT-FEARING  
BRITAIN  
THAN  
HAVE  
TIDINGS  
OF  
ANY  
PENNY  
TRIBUTE  
PAID.  
OUR  
COUNTRYMEN  
ARE  
MEN  
MORE  
ORDER'D  
THAN  
WHEN  
JULIUS  
CAESAR  
SMIL'D  
AT  
THEIR  
LACK  
OF  
SKILL,  
BUT  
FOUND  
THEIR  
COURAGE  
WORTHY  
HIS  
FROWNING  
AT.  
THEIR  
DISCIPLINE,  
NOW

MINGLED  
WITH  
THEIR  
COURAGES,  
WILL  
MAKE  
KNOWN  
TO  
THEIR  
APPROVERS  
THEY  
ARE  
PEOPLE  
SUCH  
THAT  
MEND  
UPON  
THE  
WORLD.  
80



ENTER  
IACHIMO  
PHILARIO  
SEE!  
IACHIMO!  
POSTHUMUS  
THE  
SWIFTEST  
HARTS  
HAVE  
POSTED  
YOU  
BY  
LAND,  
AND  
WINDS  
OF  
ALL  
THE  
COMERS  
KISS'D  
YOUR  
SAILS,  
TO  
MAKE  
YOUR  
VESSEL  
NIMBLE.  
PHILARIO  
WELCOME,  
SIR.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
HOPE  
THE  
BRIEFNESS  
OF  
YOUR  
ANSWER  
MADE  
THE  
SPEEDINESS  
OF  
YOUR

RETURN.  
IACHIMO  
YOUR  
LADY  
IS  
ONE  
OF  
THE  
FAIREST  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
LOOK'D  
UPON.  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
THEREWITHAL  
THE  
BEST;  
OR  
LET  
HER  
BEAUTY  
LOOK  
THROUGH  
A  
CASEMENT  
TO  
ALLURE  
FALSE  
HEARTS,  
81

AND  
BE  
FALSE  
WITH  
THEM.  
IACHIMO  
HERE  
ARE  
LETTERS  
FOR  
YOU.  
POSTHUMUS  
THEIR  
TENOUR  
GOOD,  
I  
TRUST.  
IACHIMO  
'TIS  
VERY  
LIKE.  
PHILARIO  
WAS  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS  
IN  
THE  
BRITAIN  
COURT  
WHEN  
YOU  
WERE  
THERE?  
IACHIMO  
HE  
WAS  
EXPECTED  
THEN,  
BUT  
NOT  
APPROACH'D.  
POSTHUMUS  
ALL  
IS

WELL  
YET.  
SPARKLES  
THIS  
STONE  
AS  
IT  
WAS  
WONT,  
OR  
IS'T  
NOT  
TOO  
DULL  
FOR  
YOUR  
GOOD  
WEARING?  
IACHIMO  
82

IF  
I  
HAVE  
LOST  
IT,  
I  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
LOST  
THE  
WORTH  
OF  
IT  
IN  
GOLD.  
I'LL  
MAKE  
A  
JOURNEY  
TWICE  
AS  
FAR  
T'  
ENJOY  
A  
SECOND  
NIGHT  
OF  
SUCH  
SWEET  
SHORTNESS  
WHICH  
WAS  
MINE  
IN  
BRITAIN;  
FOR  
THE  
RING  
IS  
WON.  
POSTHUMUS  
THE  
STONE'S

TOO  
HARD  
TO  
COME  
BY.  
IACHIMO  
NOT  
A  
WHIT,  
YOUR  
LADY  
BEING  
SO  
EASY.  
POSTHUMUS  
MAKE  
NOT,  
SIR,  
YOUR  
LOSS  
YOUR  
SPORT.  
I  
HOPE  
YOU  
KNOW  
THAT  
WE  
MUST  
NOT  
CONTINUE  
FRIENDS.  
IACHIMO  
GOOD  
SIR,  
WE  
MUST,  
IF  
YOU  
KEEP  
COVENANT.  
HAD  
I  
NOT

BROUGHT  
THE  
KNOWLEDGE  
OF  
YOUR  
MISTRESS  
HOME,  
I  
GRANT  
WE  
WERE  
TO  
QUESTION  
FARTHER;  
BUT  
I  
NOW  
PROFESS  
MYSELF  
THE  
WINNER  
OF  
HER  
HONOUR,  
TOGETHER  
WITH  
YOUR  
RING;  
AND  
NOT  
THE  
WRONGER

OF  
HER  
OR  
YOU,  
HAVING  
PROCEEDED  
BUT  
BY  
BOTH  
YOUR  
WILLS.  
POSTHUMUS  
IF  
YOU  
CAN  
MAKE'T  
APPARENT  
THAT  
YOU  
HAVE  
TASTED  
HER  
IN  
BED,  
MY  
HAND  
AND  
RING  
IS  
YOURS.  
IF  
NOT,  
THE  
FOUL  
OPINION  
YOU  
HAD  
OF  
HER  
PURE  
HONOUR  
GAINS  
OR  
LOSES



YOUR  
SWORD  
OR  
MINE,  
OR  
MASTERLESS  
LEAVES  
BOTH  
TO  
WHO  
SHALL  
FIND  
THEM.

IACHIMO

SIR,  
MY  
CIRCUMSTANCES,  
BEING  
SO  
NEAR  
THE  
TRUTH  
AS

I  
WILL  
MAKE  
THEM,  
MUST  
FIRST  
INDUCE  
YOU  
TO  
BELIEVE-  
WHOSE  
STRENGTH

I  
WILL  
CONFIRM  
WITH  
OATH;  
WHICH  
I  
DOUBT  
NOT

YOU'LL  
GIVE  
ME  
LEAVE  
TO  
SPARE  
WHEN  
YOU  
SHALL  
FIND  
YOU  
NEED  
IT  
NOT.  
POSTHUMUS  
PROCEED.  
IACHIMO  
FIRST,  
HER  
BEDCHAMBER,  
WHERE  
I  
CONFESS  
I  
SLEPT  
NOT,  
BUT  
PROFESS  
84

HAD  
THAT  
WAS  
WELL  
WORTH  
WATCHING-IT  
WAS  
HANG'D  
WITH  
TAPESTRY  
OF  
SILK  
AND  
SILVER;  
THE  
STORY,  
PROUD  
CLEOPATRA  
WHEN  
SHE  
MET  
HER  
ROMAN  
AND  
CYDNUS  
SWELL'D  
ABOVE  
THE  
BANKS,  
OR  
FOR  
THE  
PRESS  
OF  
BOATS  
OR  
PRIDE.  
A  
PIECE  
OF  
WORK  
SO  
BRAVELY  
DONE,

SO  
RICH,  
THAT  
IT  
DID  
STRIVE  
IN  
WORKMANSHIP  
AND  
VALUE;  
WHICH  
I  
WONDER'D  
COULD  
BE  
SO  
RARELY  
AND  
EXACTLY  
WROUGHT,  
SINCE  
THE  
TRUE  
LIFE  
ON'T  
WAS-  
POSTHUMUS  
THIS  
IS  
TRUE;  
AND  
THIS  
YOU  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
HEARD  
OF  
HERE,  
BY  
ME  
OR  
BY  
SOME  
OTHER.

IACHIMO  
MORE  
PARTICULARS  
MUST  
JUSTIFY  
MY  
KNOWLEDGE.  
POSTHUMUS  
SO  
THEY  
MUST,  
OR  
DO  
YOUR  
HONOUR  
INJURY.  
IACHIMO  
THE  
CHIMNEY  
85

IS  
SOUTH  
THE  
CHAMBER,  
AND  
THE  
CHIMNEYPiece  
CHASTE  
DIAN  
BATHING.  
NEVER  
SAW  
I  
FIGURES  
SO  
LIKELY  
TO  
REPORT  
THEMSELVES.  
THE  
CUTTER  
WAS  
AS  
ANOTHER  
NATURE,  
DUMB;  
OUTWENT  
HER,  
MOTION  
AND  
BREATH  
LEFT  
OUT.  
POSTHUMUS  
THIS  
IS  
A  
THING  
WHICH  
YOU  
MIGHT  
FROM  
RELATION  
LIKEWISE

REAP,  
BEING,  
AS  
IT  
IS,  
MUCH  
SPOKE  
OF.  
IACHIMO  
THE  
ROOF  
O'  
TH'  
CHAMBER  
WITH  
GOLDEN  
CHERUBINS  
IS  
FRETTE;  
HER  
AND IRONS-  
I  
HAD  
FORGOT  
THEM-  
WERE  
TWO  
WINKING  
CUPIDS  
OF  
SILVER,  
EACH  
ON  
ONE  
FOOT  
STANDING,  
NICELY  
DEPENDING  
ON  
THEIR  
BRANDS.  
POSTHUMUS  
THIS  
IS

HER  
HONOUR!  
LET  
IT  
BE  
GRANTED  
YOU  
HAVE  
SEEN  
ALL  
THIS,  
AND  
PRAISE  
BE  
GIVEN  
TO  
YOUR  
REMEMBRANCE;  
THE  
DESCRIPTION  
OF  
WHAT  
IS  
IN  
HER  
CHAMBER  
NOTHING  
SAVES  
THE  
WAGER  
YOU  
HAVE  
LAID.  
86



IACHIMO  
THEN,  
IF  
YOU  
CAN,  
[SHOWS  
THE  
BRACELET]  
BE  
PALE.  
I  
BEG  
BUT  
LEAVE  
TO  
AIR  
THIS  
JEWEL.  
SEE!  
AND  
NOW  
'TIS  
UP  
AGAIN.  
IT  
MUST  
BE  
MARRIED  
TO  
THAT  
YOUR  
DIAMOND;  
I'LL  
KEEP  
THEM.  
POSTHUMUS  
JOVE!  
ONCE  
MORE  
LET  
ME  
BEHOLD  
IT.  
IS

IT  
THAT  
WHICH  
I  
LEFT  
WITH  
HER?  
IACHIMO  
SIR-  
I  
THANK  
HER-  
THAT.  
SHE  
STRIPP'D  
IT  
FROM  
HER  
ARM;  
I  
SEE  
HER  
YET;  
HER  
PRETTY  
ACTION  
DID  
OUTSELL  
HER  
GIFT,  
AND  
YET  
ENRICH'D  
IT  
TOO.  
SHE  
GAVE  
IT  
ME,  
AND  
SAID  
SHE  
PRIZ'D  
IT

ONCE.  
POSTHUMUS  
MAY  
BE  
SHE  
PLUCK'D  
IT  
OF  
TO  
SEND  
IT  
ME.  
87

IACHIMO  
SHE  
WRITES  
SO  
TO  
YOU,  
DOTH  
SHE?  
POSTHUMUS  
O,  
NO,  
NO,  
NO!  
'TIS  
TRUE.  
HERE,  
TAKE  
THIS  
TOO;  
[GIVES  
THE  
RING]  
IT  
IS  
A  
BASILISK  
UNTO  
MINE  
EYE,  
KILLS  
ME  
TO  
LOOK  
ON'T.  
LET  
THERE  
BE  
NO  
HONOUR  
WHERE  
THERE  
IS  
BEAUTY;  
TRUTH

WHERE  
SEMBLANCE;  
LOVE  
WHERE  
THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
MAN.  
THE  
VOWS  
OF  
WOMEN  
OF  
NO  
MORE  
BONDAGE  
BE  
TO  
WHERE  
THEY  
ARE  
MADE  
THAN  
THEY  
ARE  
TO  
THEIR  
VIRTUES,  
WHICH  
IS  
NOTHING.  
O,  
ABOVE  
MEASURE  
FALSE!  
PHILARIO  
HAVE  
PATIENCE,  
SIR,  
AND  
TAKE  
YOUR  
RING  
AGAIN;  
'TIS

NOT  
YET  
WON.  
IT  
MAY  
BE  
PROBABLE  
SHE  
LOST  
IT,  
OR  
WHO  
KNOWS  
IF  
ONE  
HER  
WOMEN,  
BEING  
CORRUPTED  
HATH  
STOL'N  
IT  
FROM  
HER?  
POSTHUMUS  
VERY  
TRUE;  
88

AND  
SO  
I  
HOPE  
HE  
CAME  
BY'T.  
BACK  
MY  
RING.  
RENDER  
TO  
ME  
SOME  
CORPORAL  
SIGN  
ABOUT  
HER,  
MORE  
EVIDENT  
THAN  
THIS;  
FOR  
THIS  
WAS  
STOL'N.  
IACHIMO  
BY  
JUPITER,  
I  
HAD  
IT  
FROM  
HER  
ARM!  
POSTHUMUS  
HARK  
YOU,  
HE  
SWEARS;  
BY  
JUPITER  
HE  
SWEARS.

'TIS  
TRUE-  
NAY,  
KEEP  
THE  
RING,  
'TIS  
TRUE.  
I  
AM  
SURE  
SHE  
WOULD  
NOT  
LOSE  
IT.  
HER  
ATTENDANTS  
ARE  
ALL  
SWORN  
AND  
HONOURABLE-  
THEY  
INDUC'D  
TO  
STEAL  
IT!  
AND  
BY  
A  
STRANGER!  
NO,  
HE  
HATH  
ENJOY'D  
HER.  
THE  
COGNIZANCE  
OF  
HER  
INCONTINENCY  
IS  
THIS:



SHE  
HATH  
BOUGHT  
THE  
NAME  
OF  
WHORE  
THUS  
DEARLY.  
THERE,  
TAKE  
THY  
HIRE;  
AND  
ALL  
THE  
FIENDS  
OF  
HELL  
DIVIDE  
THEMSELVES  
BETWEEN  
YOU!  
PHILARIO  
SIR,  
BE  
PATIENT;  
THIS  
IS  
NOT  
STRONG  
ENOUGH  
TO  
BE  
BELIEV'D  
OF  
ONE  
PERSUADED  
WELL  
OF.  
POSTHUMUS  
NEVER  
TALK  
ON'T;



SHE  
HATH  
BEEN  
COLTED  
BY  
HIM.  
IACHIMO  
IF  
YOU  
SEEK  
FOR  
FURTHER  
SATISFYING,  
UNDER  
HER  
BREAST-  
WORTHY  
THE  
PRESSING-  
LIES  
A  
MOLE,  
RIGHT  
PROUD  
OF  
THAT  
MOST  
DELICATE  
LODGING.  
BY  
MY  
LIFE,  
I  
KISS'D  
IT;  
AND  
IT  
GAVE  
ME  
PRESENT  
HUNGER  
TO  
FEED  
AGAIN,

THOUGH  
FULL.  
YOU  
DO  
REMEMBER  
THIS  
STAIN  
UPON  
HER?  
POSTHUMUS  
AY,  
AND  
IT  
DOTH  
CONFIRM  
ANOTHER  
STAIN,  
AS  
BIG  
AS  
HELL  
CAN  
HOLD,  
WERE  
THERE  
NO  
MORE  
BUT  
IT.  
IACHIMO  
WILL  
YOU  
HEAR  
MORE?  
POSTHUMUS  
SPARE  
YOUR  
ARITHMETIC;  
NEVER  
COUNT  
THE  
TURNS.  
ONCE,  
AND

A  
MILLION!  
IACHIMO  
I'LL  
BE  
SWORN-  
90

POSTHUMUS  
NO  
SWEARING.  
IF  
YOU  
WILL  
SWEAR  
YOU  
HAVE  
NOT  
DONE'T,  
YOU  
LIE;  
AND  
I  
WILL  
KILL  
THEE  
IF  
THOU  
DOST  
DENY  
THOU'ST  
MADE  
ME  
CUCKOLD.  
IACHIMO  
I'LL  
DENY  
NOTHING.  
POSTHUMUS  
O  
THAT  
I  
HAD  
HER  
HERE  
TO  
TEAR  
HER  
LIMB-MEAL!  
I  
WILL  
GO

THERE  
AND  
DO'T,  
I'  
TH'  
COURT,  
BEFORE  
HER  
FATHER.  
I'LL  
DO  
SOMETHING-  
EXIT  
PHILARIO  
QUITE  
BESIDES  
THE  
GOVERNMENT  
OF  
PATIENCE!  
YOU  
HAVE  
WON.  
LET'S  
FOLLOW  
HIM  
AND  
PERVERT  
THE  
PRESENT  
WRATH  
HE  
HATH  
AGAINST  
HIMSELF.  
IACHIMO  
WITH  
ALL  
MY  
HEART.  
91

EXEUNT  
SCENE  
V.  
ROME.  
ANOTHER  
ROOM  
IN  
PHILARIO'S  
HOUSE  
ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
POSTHUMUS  
IS  
THERE  
NO  
WAY  
FOR  
MEN  
TO  
BE,  
BUT  
WOMEN  
MUST  
BE  
HALF-WORKERS?  
WE  
ARE  
ALL  
BASTARDS,  
AND  
THAT  
MOST  
VENERABLE  
MAN  
WHICH  
I  
DID  
CALL  
MY  
FATHER  
WAS  
I  
KNOW  
NOT



WHERE  
WHEN  
I  
WAS  
STAMP'D.  
SOME  
COINER  
WITH  
HIS  
TOOLS  
MADE  
ME  
A  
COUNTERFEIT;  
YET  
MY  
MOTHER  
SEEM'D  
THE  
DIAN  
OF  
THAT  
TIME.  
SO  
DOTH  
MY  
WIFE  
THE  
NONPAREIL  
OF  
THIS.  
O,  
VENGEANCE,  
VENGEANCE!  
ME  
OF  
MY  
LAWFUL  
PLEASURE  
SHE  
RESTRAIN'D,  
AND  
PRAY'D  
ME

OFT  
FORBEARANCE;  
DID  
IT  
WITH  
A  
PUDENCY  
SO  
ROSY,  
THE  
SWEET  
VIEW  
ON'T  
MIGHT  
WELL  
HAVE  
WARM'D  
OLD  
SATURN;  
THAT  
I  
THOUGHT  
HER  
AS  
CHASTE  
AS  
UNSUNN'D  
SNOW.  
O,  
ALL  
THE  
DEVILS!  
THIS  
YELLOW  
IACHIMO  
IN  
AN  
HOUR-  
WAS'T  
NOT?  
OR  
LESS!-  
AT  
FIRST?

PERCHANCE  
HE  
SPOKE  
NOT,  
BUT,  
LIKE  
A  
FULL-ACORN'D  
BOAR,  
A  
GERMAN  
ONE,  
92

CRIED  
'O!  
AND  
MOUNTED;  
FOUND  
NO  
OPPOSITION  
BUT  
WHAT  
HE  
LOOK'D  
FOR  
SHOULD  
OPPOSE  
AND  
SHE  
SHOULD  
FROM  
ENCOUNTER  
GUARD.  
COULD  
I  
FIND  
OUT  
THE  
WOMAN'S  
PART  
IN  
ME!  
FOR  
THERE'S  
NO  
MOTION  
THAT  
TENDS  
TO  
VICE  
IN  
MAN  
BUT  
I  
AFFIRM  
IT  
IS

THE  
WOMAN'S  
PART.  
BE  
IT  
LYING,  
NOTE  
IT,  
THE  
WOMAN'S;  
FLATTERING,  
HERS;  
DECEIVING,  
HERS;  
LUST  
AND  
RANK  
THOUGHTS,  
HERS,  
HERS;  
REVENGES,  
HERS;  
AMBITIONS,  
COVETINGS,  
CHANGE  
OF  
PRIDES,  
DISDAIN,  
NICE  
LONGING,  
SLANDERS,  
MUTABILITY,  
ALL  
FAULTS  
THAT  
MAN  
MAY  
NAME,  
NAY,  
THAT  
HELL  
KNOWS,  
WHY,  
HERS,

IN  
PART  
OR  
ALL;  
BUT  
RATHER  
ALL;  
FOR  
EVEN  
TO  
VICE  
THEY  
ARE  
NOT  
CONSTANT,  
BUT  
ARE  
CHANGING  
STILL  
ONE  
VICE  
BUT  
OF  
A  
MINUTE  
OLD  
FOR  
ONE  
NOT  
HALF  
SO  
OLD  
AS  
THAT.  
I'LL  
WRITE  
AGAINST  
THEM,  
DETEST  
THEM,  
CURSE  
THEM.  
YET  
'TIS

GREATER  
SKILL  
IN  
A  
TRUE  
HATE  
TO  
PRAY  
THEY  
HAVE  
THEIR  
WILL:  
THE  
VERY  
DEVILS  
CANNOT  
PLAGUE  
THEM  
BETTER.  
EXIT  
ACT  
III  
SCENE  
I.  
BRITAIN.  
A  
HALL  
IN  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
93

ENTER  
IN  
STATE,  
CYMBELINE,  
QUEEN,  
CLOTEN,  
AND  
LORDS  
AT  
ONE  
DOOR,  
AND  
AT  
ANOTHER  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS  
AND  
ATTENDANTS  
CYMBELINE  
NOW  
SAY,  
WHAT  
WOULD  
AUGUSTUS  
CAESAR  
WITH  
US?  
LUCIUS  
WHEN  
JULIUS  
CAESAR-  
WHOSE  
REMEMBRANCE  
YET  
LIVES  
IN  
MEN'S  
EYES,  
AND  
WILL  
TO  
EARS  
AND  
TONGUES



BE  
THEME  
AND  
HEARING  
EVER-  
WAS  
IN  
THIS  
BRITAIN,  
AND  
CONQUER'D  
IT,  
CASSIBELAN,  
THINE  
UNCLE,  
FAMOUS  
IN  
CAESAR'S  
PRAISES  
NO  
WHIT  
LESS  
THAN  
IN  
HIS  
FEATS  
DESERVING  
IT,  
FOR  
HIM  
AND  
HIS  
SUCCESSION  
GRANTED  
ROME  
A  
TRIBUTE,  
YEARLY  
THREE  
THOUSAND  
POUNDS,  
WHICH  
BY  
THEE

LATELY  
IS  
LEFT  
UNTENDER'D.  
QUEEN  
AND,  
TO  
KILL  
THE  
MARVEL,  
SHALL  
BE  
SO  
EVER.  
CLOTEN  
THERE  
BE  
MANY  
CAESARS  
ERE  
SUCH  
ANOTHER  
JULIUS.  
BRITAIN  
IS  
94

A  
WORLD  
BY  
ITSELF,  
AND  
WE  
WILL  
NOTHING  
PAY  
FOR  
WEARING  
OUR  
OWN  
NOSES.  
QUEEN  
THAT  
OPPORTUNITY,  
WHICH  
THEN  
THEY  
HAD  
TO  
TAKE  
FROM  
'S,  
TO  
RESUME  
WE  
HAVE  
AGAIN.  
REMEMBER,  
SIR,  
MY  
LIEGE,  
THE  
KINGS  
YOUR  
ANCESTORS,  
TOGETHER  
WITH  
THE  
NATURAL  
BRAVERY  
OF

YOUR  
ISLE,  
WHICH  
STANDS  
AS  
NEPTUNE'S  
PARK,  
RIBB'D  
AND  
PAL'D  
IN  
WITH  
ROCKS  
UNSCALABLE  
AND  
ROARING  
WATERS,  
WITH  
SANDS  
THAT  
WILL  
NOT  
BEAR  
YOUR  
ENEMIES'  
BOATS  
BUT  
SUCK  
THEM  
UP  
TO  
TH'  
TOP-MAST.  
A  
KIND  
OF  
CONQUEST  
CAESAR  
MADE  
HERE;  
BUT  
MADE  
NOT  
HERE

HIS  
BRAG  
OF  
'CAME,  
AND  
SAW,  
AND  
OVERCAME.'  
WITH  
SHAME-  
THE  
FIRST  
THAT  
EVER  
TOUCH'D  
HIM-  
HE  
WAS  
CARRIED  
FROM  
OFF  
OUR  
COAST,  
TWICE  
BEATEN;  
AND  
HIS  
SHIPPING-  
POOR  
IGNORANT  
BAUBLES!-  
ON  
OUR  
TERRIBLE  
SEAS,  
LIKE  
EGG-SHELLS  
MOV'D  
UPON  
THEIR  
SURGES,  
CRACK'D  
AS  
EASILY

'GAINST  
OUR  
ROCKS;  
FOR  
JOY  
WHEREOF  
THE  
FAM'D  
CASSIBELAN,  
WHO  
WAS  
ONCE  
AT  
POINT-  
O,  
GIGLOT  
FORTUNE!-  
TO  
MASTER  
CAESAR'S  
SWORD,  
MADE  
LUD'S  
TOWN  
WITH  
REJOICING  
FIRES  
BRIGHT  
AND  
BRITONS  
STRUT  
WITH  
COURAGE.  
95

CLOTEN  
COME,  
THERE'S  
NO  
MORE  
TRIBUTE  
TO  
BE  
PAID.  
OUR  
KINGDOM  
IS  
STRONGER  
THAN  
IT  
WAS  
AT  
THAT  
TIME;  
AND,  
AS  
I  
SAID,  
THERE  
IS  
NO  
MOE  
SUCH  
CAESARS.  
OTHER  
OF  
THEM  
MAY  
HAVE  
CROOK'D  
NOSES;  
BUT  
TO  
OWE  
SUCH  
STRAIGHT  
ARMS,  
NONE.  
CYMBELINE

SON,  
LET  
YOUR  
MOTHER  
END.  
CLOTEN  
WE  
HAVE  
YET  
MANY  
AMONG  
US  
CAN  
GRIPE  
AS  
HARD  
AS  
CASSIBELAN.  
I  
DO  
NOT  
SAY  
I  
AM  
ONE;  
BUT  
I  
HAVE  
A  
HAND.  
WHY  
TRIBUTE?  
WHY  
SHOULD  
WE  
PAY  
TRIBUTE?  
IF  
CAESAR  
CAN  
HIDE  
THE  
SUN  
FROM



US  
WITH  
A  
BLANKET,  
OR  
PUT  
THE  
MOON  
IN  
HIS  
POCKET,  
WE  
WILL  
PAY  
HIM  
TRIBUTE  
FOR  
LIGHT;  
ELSE,  
SIR,  
NO  
MORE  
TRIBUTE,  
PRAY  
YOU  
NOW.  
CYMBELINE  
YOU  
MUST  
KNOW,  
TILL  
THE  
INJURIOUS  
ROMANS  
DID  
EXTORT  
THIS  
TRIBUTE  
FROM  
US,  
WE  
WERE  
FREE.  
CAESAR'S

AMBITION-  
WHICH  
SWELL'D  
SO  
MUCH  
THAT  
IT  
DID  
ALMOST  
STRETCH  
THE  
SIDES  
O'  
TH'  
WORLD-  
AGAINST  
ALL  
COLOUR  
HERE  
DID  
PUT  
THE  
YOKE  
UPON'S;  
WHICH  
TO  
SHAKE  
OF  
BECOMES  
A  
WARLIKE  
PEOPLE,  
WHOM  
WE  
RECKON  
OURSELVES  
TO  
BE.  
96

CLOTEN  
WE  
DO.  
CYMBELINE  
SAY  
THEN  
TO  
CAESAR,  
OUR  
ANCESTOR  
WAS  
THAT  
MULMUTIUS  
WHICH  
ORDAIN'D  
OUR  
LAWS-  
WHOSE  
USE  
THE  
SWORD  
OF  
CAESAR  
HATH  
TOO  
MUCH  
MANGLED;  
WHOSE  
REPAIR  
AND  
FRANCHISE  
SHALL,  
BY  
THE  
POWER  
WE  
HOLD,  
BE  
OUR  
GOOD  
DEED,  
THOUGH  
ROME  
BE

THEREFORE  
ANGRY.  
MULMUTIUS  
MADE  
OUR  
LAWS,  
WHO  
WAS  
THE  
FIRST  
OF  
BRITAIN  
WHICH  
DID  
PUT  
HIS  
BROWS  
WITHIN  
A  
GOLDEN  
CROWN,  
AND  
CALL'D  
HIMSELF  
A  
KING.  
LUCIUS  
I  
AM  
SORRY,  
CYMBELINE,  
THAT  
I  
AM  
TO  
PRONOUNCE  
AUGUSTUS  
CAESAR-  
CAESAR,  
THAT  
HATH  
MOE  
KINGS  
HIS

SERVANTS  
THAN  
THYSELF  
DOMESTIC  
OFFICERS-  
THINE  
ENEMY.  
RECEIVE  
IT  
FROM  
ME,  
THEN:  
WAR  
AND  
CONFUSION  
IN  
CAESAR'S  
NAME  
PRONOUNCE  
I  
'GAINST  
THEE;  
LOOK  
FOR  
FURY  
NOT  
TO  
BE  
RESISTED.  
THUS  
DEFIED,  
I  
THANK  
THEE  
FOR  
MYSELF.  
97

CYMBELINE  
THOU  
ART  
WELCOME,  
CAIUS.  
THY  
CAESAR  
KNIGHTED  
ME;  
MY  
YOUTH  
I  
SPENT  
MUCH  
UNDER  
HIM;  
OF  
HIM  
I  
GATHER'D  
HONOUR,  
WHICH  
HE  
TO  
SEEK  
OF  
ME  
AGAIN,  
PERFORCE,  
BEHOVES  
ME  
KEEP  
AT  
UTTERANCE.  
I  
AM  
PERFECT  
THAT  
THE  
PANNONIANS  
AND  
DALMATIANS  
FOR  
THEIR

LIBERTIES  
ARE  
NOW  
IN  
ARMS,  
A  
PRECEDENT  
WHICH  
NOT  
TO  
READ  
WOULD  
SHOW  
THE  
BRITONS  
COLD;  
SO  
CAESAR  
SHALL  
NOT  
FIND  
THEM.  
LUCIUS  
LET  
PROOF  
SPEAK.  
CLOTEN  
HIS  
MAJESTY  
BIDS  
YOU  
WELCOME.  
MAKE  
PASTIME  
WITH  
US  
A  
DAY  
OR  
TWO,  
OR  
LONGER.  
IF  
YOU

SEEK  
US  
AFTERWARDS  
IN  
OTHER  
TERMS,  
YOU  
SHALL  
FIND  
US  
IN  
OUR  
SALT-WATER  
GIRDLE.  
IF  
YOU  
BEAT  
US  
OUT  
OF  
IT,  
IT  
IS  
YOURS;  
IF  
YOU  
FALL  
IN  
THE  
ADVENTURE,  
OUR  
CROWS  
SHALL  
FARE  
THE  
BETTER  
FOR  
YOU;  
AND  
THERE'S  
AN  
END.  
LUCIUS  
SO,



SIR.  
CYMBELINE  
98

I  
KNOW  
YOUR  
MASTER'S  
PLEASURE,  
AND  
HE  
MINE;  
ALL  
THE  
REMAIN  
IS,  
WELCOME.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
II.  
BRITAIN.  
ANOTHER  
ROOM  
IN  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
READING  
OF  
A  
LETTER  
PISANIO  
HOW?  
OF  
ADULTERY?  
WHEREFORE  
WRITE  
YOU  
NOT  
WHAT  
MONSTERS  
HER  
ACCUSE?  
LEONATUS!  
O  
MASTER,  
WHAT

A  
STRANGE  
INFECTION  
IS  
FALL'N  
INTO  
THY  
EAR!  
WHAT  
FALSE  
ITALIAN-  
AS  
POISONOUS-TONGU'D  
AS  
HANDLED-  
HATH  
PREVAIL'D  
ON  
THY  
TOO  
READY  
HEARING?  
DISLOYAL?  
NO.  
SHE'S  
PUNISH'D  
FOR  
HER  
TRUTH,  
AND  
UNDERGOES,  
MORE  
GODDESS-LIKE  
THAN  
WIFE-LIKE,  
SUCH  
ASSAULTS  
AS  
WOULD  
TAKE  
IN  
SOME  
VIRTUE.  
O

MY  
MASTER!  
THY  
MIND  
TO  
HER  
IS  
NOW  
AS  
LOW  
AS  
WERE  
THY  
FORTUNES.  
HOW?  
THAT  
I  
SHOULD  
MURDER  
HER?  
UPON  
THE  
LOVE,  
AND  
TRUTH,  
AND  
VOWS,  
WHICH  
I  
HAVE  
MADE  
TO  
THY  
COMMAND?  
I,  
HER?  
HER  
BLOOD?  
IF  
IT  
BE  
SO  
TO  
DO

GOOD  
SERVICE,  
NEVER  
99

LET  
ME  
BE  
COUNTED  
SERVICEABLE.  
HOW  
LOOK  
I  
THAT  
I  
SHOULD  
SEEM  
TO  
LACK  
HUMANITY  
SO  
MUCH  
AS  
THIS  
FACT  
COMES  
TO?  
[READS]  
'DO'T.  
THE  
LETTER  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
SENT  
HER,  
BY  
HER  
OWN  
COMMAND  
SHALL  
GIVE  
THEE  
OPPORTUNITY.'  
O  
DAMN'D  
PAPER,  
BLACK  
AS

THE  
INK  
THAT'S  
ON  
THEE!  
SENSELESS  
BAUBLE,  
ART  
THOU  
A  
FEDARY  
FOR  
THIS  
ACT,  
AND  
LOOK'ST  
SO  
VIRGIN-LIKE  
WITHOUT?  
LO,  
HERE  
SHE  
COMES.  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
I  
AM  
IGNORANT  
IN  
WHAT  
I  
AM  
COMMANDED.  
IMOGEN  
HOW  
NOW,  
PISANIO!  
PISANIO  
MADAM,  
HERE  
IS  
A  
LETTER  
FROM

MY  
LORD.  
IMOGEN  
WHO?  
THY  
LORD?  
THAT  
IS  
MY  
LORD-  
LEONATUS?  
O,  
LEARN'D  
INDEED  
WERE  
THAT  
ASTRONOMER  
THAT  
KNEW  
THE  
STARS  
AS  
I  
HIS  
CHARACTERS-  
HE'D  
LAY  
THE  
FUTURE  
OPEN.  
YOU  
GOOD  
GODS,  
LET  
WHAT  
IS  
HERE  
CONTAIN'D  
RELISH  
OF  
LOVE,  
100



OF  
MY  
LORD'S  
HEALTH,  
OF  
HIS  
CONTENT;  
YET  
NOT  
THAT  
WE  
TWO  
ARE  
ASUNDER-  
LET  
THAT  
GRIEVE  
HIM!  
SOME  
GRIEFS  
ARE  
MED'CINABLE;  
THAT  
IS  
ONE  
OF  
THEM,  
FOR  
IT  
DOTH  
PHYSIC  
LOVE-  
OF  
HIS  
CONTENT,  
ALL  
BUT  
IN  
THAT.  
GOOD  
WAX,  
THY  
LEAVE.  
BLEST

BE  
YOU  
BEES  
THAT  
MAKE  
THESE  
LOCKS  
OF  
COUNSEL!  
LOVERS  
AND  
MEN  
IN  
DANGEROUS  
BONDS  
PRAY  
NOT  
ALIKE;  
THOUGH  
FORFEITERS  
YOU  
CAST  
IN  
PRISON,  
YET  
YOU  
CLASP  
YOUNG  
CUPID'S  
TABLES.  
GOOD  
NEWS,  
GODS!  
[READS]  
'JUSTICE  
AND  
YOUR  
FATHER'S  
WRATH,  
SHOULD  
HE  
TAKE  
ME  
IN

HIS  
DOMINION,  
COULD  
NOT  
BE  
SO  
CRUEL  
TO  
ME  
AS  
YOU,  
O  
THE  
DEAREST  
OF  
CREATURES,  
WOULD  
EVEN  
RENEW  
ME  
WITH  
YOUR  
EYES.  
TAKE  
NOTICE  
THAT  
I  
AM  
IN  
CAMBRIA,  
AT  
MILFORD  
HAVEN.  
WHAT  
YOUR  
OWN  
LOVE  
WILL  
OUT  
OF  
THIS  
ADVISE  
YOU,  
FOLLOW.

SO  
HE  
WISHES  
YOU  
ALL  
HAPPINESS  
THAT  
REMAINS  
LOYAL  
TO  
HIS  
VOW,  
AND  
YOUR  
INCREASING  
IN  
LOVE  
LEONATUS  
POSTHUMUS.'  
O  
FOR  
A  
HORSE  
WITH  
WINGS!  
HEAR'ST  
THOU,  
PISANIO?  
HE  
IS  
AT  
MILFORD  
HAVEN.  
READ,  
AND  
TELL  
ME  
HOW  
FAR  
'TIS  
THITHER.  
IF  
ONE  
OF

MEAN  
AFFAIRS  
MAY  
PLOD  
IT  
IN  
A  
WEEK,  
WHY  
MAY  
NOT  
I  
GLIDE  
THITHER  
IN  
A  
DAY?  
THEN,  
TRUE  
PISANIO-  
101

WHO  
LONG'ST  
LIKE  
ME  
TO  
SEE  
THY  
LORD,  
WHO  
LONG'ST-  
O,  
LET  
ME  
'BATE!-  
BUT  
NOT  
LIKE  
ME,  
YET  
LONG'ST,  
BUT  
IN  
A  
FAINTER  
KIND-  
O,  
NOT  
LIKE  
ME,  
FOR  
MINE'S  
BEYOND  
BEYOND!-SAY,  
AND  
SPEAK  
THICK-  
LOVE'S  
COUNSELLOR  
SHOULD  
FILL  
THE  
BORES  
OF  
HEARING

TO  
TH'  
SMOTHERING  
OF  
THE  
SENSE-  
HOW  
FAR  
IT  
IS  
TO  
THIS  
SAME  
BLESSED  
MILFORD.  
AND  
BY  
TH'  
WAY  
TELL  
ME  
HOW  
WALES  
WAS  
MADE  
SO  
HAPPY  
AS  
T'  
INHERIT  
SUCH  
A  
HAVEN.  
BUT  
FIRST  
OF  
ALL,  
HOW  
WE  
MAY  
STEAL  
FROM  
HENCE;  
AND

FOR  
THE  
GAP  
THAT  
WE  
SHALL  
MAKE  
IN  
TIME  
FROM  
OUR  
HENCE-GOING  
AND  
OUR  
RETURN,  
TO  
EXCUSE.  
BUT  
FIRST,  
HOW  
GET  
HENCE.  
WHY  
SHOULD  
EXCUSE  
BE  
BORN  
OR  
ERE  
BEGOT?  
WE'LL  
TALK  
OF  
THAT  
HEREAFTER.  
PRITHEE  
SPEAK,  
HOW  
MANY  
SCORE  
OF  
MILES  
MAY  
WE



WELL  
RIDE  
'TWINXT  
HOUR  
AND  
HOUR?  
PISANIO  
ONE  
SCORE  
'TWINXT  
SUN  
AND  
SUN,  
MADAM,  
'S  
ENOUGH  
FOR  
YOU,  
AND  
TOO  
MUCH  
TOO.  
IMOGEN  
WHY,  
ONE  
THAT  
RODE  
TO'S  
EXECUTION,  
MAN,  
COULD  
NEVER  
GO  
SO  
SLOW.  
I  
HAVE  
HEARD  
OF  
RIDING  
WAGERS  
WHERE  
HORSES  
HAVE

BEEN  
NIMBLER  
THAN  
THE  
SANDS  
102

THAT  
RUN  
I'  
TH'  
CLOCK'S  
BEHALF.  
BUT  
THIS  
IS  
FOOL'RY.  
GO  
BID  
MY  
WOMAN  
FEIGN  
A  
SICKNESS;  
SAY  
SHE'LL  
HOME  
TO  
HER  
FATHER;  
AND  
PROVIDE  
ME  
PRESENTLY  
A  
RIDING  
SUIT,  
NO  
COSTLIER  
THAN  
WOULD  
FIT  
A  
FRANKLIN'S  
HUSWIFE.  
PISANIO  
MADAM,  
YOU'RE  
BEST  
CONSIDER.  
IMOGEN

I  
SEE  
BEFORE  
ME,  
MAN.  
NOR  
HERE,  
NOR  
HERE,  
NOR  
WHAT  
ENSUES,  
BUT  
HAVE  
A  
FOG  
IN  
THEM  
THAT  
I  
CANNOT  
LOOK  
THROUGH.  
AWAY,  
I  
PRITHEE;  
DO  
AS  
I  
BID  
THEE.  
THERE'S  
NO  
MORE  
TO  
SAY;  
ACCESSIBLE  
IS  
NONE  
BUT  
MILFORD  
WAY.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE

III.  
WALES.  
A  
MOUNTAINOUS  
COUNTRY  
WITH  
A  
CAVE  
ENTER  
FROM  
THE  
CAVE  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
BELARIUS  
A  
GOODLY  
DAY  
NOT  
TO  
KEEP  
HOUSE  
WITH  
SUCH  
103

WHOSE  
ROOF'S  
AS  
LOW  
AS  
OURS!  
STOOP,  
BOYS;  
THIS  
GATE  
INSTRUCTS  
YOU  
HOW  
T'  
ADORE  
THE  
HEAVENS,  
AND  
BOWS  
YOU  
TO  
A  
MORNING'S  
HOLY  
OFFICE.  
THE  
GATES  
OF  
MONARCHS  
ARE  
ARCH'D  
SO  
HIGH  
THAT  
GIANTS  
MAY  
JET  
THROUGH  
AND  
KEEP  
THEIR  
IMPIOUS  
TURBANS  
ON

WITHOUT  
GOOD  
MORROW  
TO  
THE  
SUN.  
HAIL,  
THOU  
FAIR  
HEAVEN!  
WE  
HOUSE  
I'  
TH'  
ROCK,  
YET  
USE  
THEE  
NOT  
SO  
HARDLY  
AS  
PROUDER  
LIVERS  
DO.  
GUIDERIUS  
HAIL,  
HEAVEN!  
ARVIRAGUS  
HAIL,  
HEAVEN!  
BELARIUS  
NOW  
FOR  
OUR  
MOUNTAIN  
SPORT.  
UP  
TO  
YOND  
HILL,  
YOUR  
LEGS  
ARE

YOUNG;  
I'LL  
TREAD  
THESE  
FLATS.  
CONSIDER,  
WHEN  
YOU  
ABOVE  
PERCEIVE  
ME  
LIKE  
A  
CROW,  
THAT  
IT  
IS  
PLACE  
WHICH  
LESSENS  
AND  
SETS  
OFF;  
AND  
YOU  
MAY  
THEN  
REVOLVE  
WHAT  
TALES  
I  
HAVE  
TOLD  
YOU  
OF  
COURTS,  
OF  
PRINCES,  
OF  
THE  
TRICKS  
IN  
WAR.  
THIS



SERVICE  
IS  
NOT  
SERVICE  
SO  
BEING  
DONE,  
BUT  
BEING  
SO  
ALLOW'D.  
TO  
APPREHEND  
THUS  
DRAWS  
US  
A  
PROFIT  
FROM  
ALL  
THINGS  
WE  
SEE,  
104

AND  
OFTEN  
TO  
OUR  
COMFORT  
SHALL  
WE  
FIND  
THE  
SHARDED  
BEETLE  
IN  
A  
SAFER  
HOLD  
THAN  
IS  
THE  
FULL-WING'D  
EAGLE.  
O,  
THIS  
LIFE  
IS  
NOBLER  
THAN  
ATTENDING  
FOR  
A  
CHECK,  
RICHER  
THAN  
DOING  
NOTHING  
FOR  
A  
BRIBE,  
PROUDER  
THAN  
RUSTLING  
IN  
UNPAID-FOR  
SILK:  
SUCH

GAIN  
THE  
CAP  
OF  
HIM  
THAT  
MAKES  
HIM  
FINE,  
YET  
KEEPS  
HIS  
BOOK  
UNCROSS'D.  
NO  
LIFE  
TO  
OURS!  
GUIDERIUS  
OUT  
OF  
YOUR  
PROOF  
YOU  
SPEAK.  
WE,  
POOR  
UNFLEDG'D,  
HAVE  
NEVER  
WING'D  
FROM  
VIEW  
O'  
TH'  
NEST,  
NOR  
KNOW  
NOT  
WHAT  
AIR'S  
FROM  
HOME.  
HAPLY

THIS  
LIFE  
IS  
BEST,  
IF  
QUIET  
LIFE  
BE  
BEST;  
SWEETER  
TO  
YOU  
THAT  
HAVE  
A  
SHARPER  
KNOWN;  
WELL  
CORRESPONDING  
WITH  
YOUR  
STIFF  
AGE.  
BUT  
UNTO  
US  
IT  
IS  
A  
CELL  
OF  
IGNORANCE,  
TRAVELLING  
ABED,  
A  
PRISON  
FOR  
A  
DEBTOR  
THAT  
NOT  
DARES  
TO  
STRIDE

A  
LIMIT.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WHAT  
SHOULD  
WE  
SPEAK  
OF  
WHEN  
WE  
ARE  
OLD  
AS  
YOU?  
WHEN  
WE  
SHALL  
HEAR  
THE  
RAIN  
AND  
WIND  
BEAT  
DARK  
DECEMBER,  
HOW,  
IN  
THIS  
OUR  
PINCHING  
CAVE,  
SHALL  
WE  
DISCOURSE.  
105

THE  
FREEZING  
HOURS  
AWAY?  
WE  
HAVE  
SEEN  
NOTHING;  
WE  
ARE  
BEASTLY:  
SUBTLE  
AS  
THE  
FOX  
FOR  
PREY,  
LIKE  
WARLIKE  
AS  
THE  
WOLF  
FOR  
WHAT  
WE  
EAT.  
OUR  
VALOUR  
IS  
TO  
CHASE  
WHAT  
FLIES;  
OUR  
CAGE  
WE  
MAKE  
A  
CHOIR,  
AS  
DOTH  
THE  
PRISON'D  
BIRD,

AND  
SING  
OUR  
BONDAGE  
FREELY.  
BELARIUS  
HOW  
YOU  
SPEAK!  
DID  
YOU  
BUT  
KNOW  
THE  
CITY'S  
USURIES,  
AND  
FELT  
THEM  
KNOWINGLY-  
THE  
ART  
O'  
TH'  
COURT,  
AS  
HARD  
TO  
LEAVE  
AS  
KEEP,  
WHOSE  
TOP  
TO  
CLIMB  
IS  
CERTAIN  
FALLING,  
OR  
SO  
SLIPP'RY  
THAT  
THE  
FEAR'S

AS  
BAD  
AS  
FALLING;  
THE  
TOIL  
O'  
TH'  
WAR,  
A  
PAIN  
THAT  
ONLY  
SEEMS  
TO  
SEEK  
OUT  
DANGER  
I'  
TH'NAME  
OF  
FAME  
AND  
HONOUR,  
WHICH  
DIES  
I'  
TH'SEARCH,  
AND  
HATH  
AS  
OFT  
A  
SLAND'ROUS  
EPITAPH  
AS  
RECORD  
OF  
FAIR  
ACT;  
NAY,  
MANY  
TIMES,  
DOTH



ILL  
DESERVE  
BY  
DOING  
WELL;  
WHAT'S  
WORSE-  
MUST  
CURTSY  
AT  
THE  
CENSURE.  
O,  
BOYS,  
THIS  
STORY  
THE  
WORLD  
MAY  
READ  
IN  
ME;  
MY  
BODY'S  
MARK'D  
WITH  
ROMAN  
SWORDS,  
AND  
MY  
REPORT  
WAS  
ONCE  
FIRST  
WITH  
THE  
BEST  
OF  
NOTE.  
CYMBELINE  
LOV'D  
ME;  
AND  
WHEN

A  
SOLDIER  
WAS  
THE  
THEME,  
MY  
NAME  
WAS  
NOT  
FAR  
OFF.  
THEN  
WAS  
I  
AS  
A  
TREE  
106

WHOSE  
BOUGHS  
DID  
BEND  
WITH  
FRUIT;  
BUT  
IN  
ONE  
NIGHT  
A  
STORM,  
OR  
ROBBERY,  
CALL  
IT  
WHAT  
YOU  
WILL,  
SHOOK  
DOWN  
MY  
MELLOW  
HANGINGS,  
NAY,  
MY  
LEAVES,  
AND  
LEFT  
ME  
BARE  
TO  
WEATHER.  
GUIDERIUS  
UNCERTAIN  
FAVOUR!  
BELARIUS  
MY  
FAULT  
BEING  
NOTHING-  
AS  
I  
HAVE

TOLD  
YOU  
OFT-  
BUT  
THAT  
TWO  
VILLAINS,  
WHOSE  
FALSE  
OATHS  
PREVAIL'D  
BEFORE  
MY  
PERFECT  
HONOUR,  
SWORE  
TO  
CYMBELINE  
I  
WAS  
CONFEDERATE  
WITH  
THE  
ROMANS.  
SO  
FOLLOW'D  
MY  
BANISHMENT,  
AND  
THIS  
TWENTY  
YEARS  
THIS  
ROCK  
AND  
THESE  
DEMESNES  
HAVE  
BEEN  
MY  
WORLD,  
WHERE  
I  
HAVE

LIV'D  
AT  
HONEST  
FREEDOM,  
PAID  
MORE  
PIOUS  
DEBTS  
TO  
HEAVEN  
THAN  
IN  
ALL  
THE  
FORE-END  
OF  
MY  
TIME.  
BUT  
UP  
TO  
TH'  
MOUNTAINS!  
THIS  
IS  
NOT  
HUNTERS'  
LANGUAGE.  
HE  
THAT  
STRIKES  
THE  
VENISON  
FIRST  
SHALL  
BE  
THE  
LORD  
O'  
TH'  
FEAST;  
TO  
HIM  
THE

OTHER  
TWO  
SHALL  
MINISTER;  
AND  
WE  
WILL  
FEAR  
NO  
POISON,  
WHICH  
ATTENDS  
IN  
PLACE  
OF  
GREATER  
STATE.  
I'LL  
MEET  
YOU  
IN  
THE  
VALLEYS.  
EXEUNT  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
107

HOW  
HARD  
IT  
IS  
TO  
HIDE  
THE  
SPARKS  
OF  
NATURE!  
THESE  
BOYS  
KNOW  
LITTLE  
THEY  
ARE  
SONS  
TO  
TH'  
KING,  
NOR  
CYMBELINE  
DREAMS  
THAT  
THEY  
ARE  
ALIVE.  
THEY  
THINK  
THEY  
ARE  
MINE;  
AND  
THOUGH  
TRAIN'D  
UP  
THUS  
MEANLY  
I'  
TH'  
CAVE  
WHEREIN  
THEY  
BOW,

THEIR  
THOUGHTS  
DO  
HIT  
THE  
ROOFS  
OF  
PALACES,  
AND  
NATURE  
PROMPTS  
THEM  
IN  
SIMPLE  
AND  
LOW  
THINGS  
TO  
PRINCE  
IT  
MUCH  
BEYOND  
THE  
TRICK  
OF  
OTHERS.  
THIS  
POLYDORE,  
THE  
HEIR  
OF  
CYMBELINE  
AND  
BRITAIN,  
WHO  
THE  
KING  
HIS  
FATHER  
CALL'D  
GUIDERIUS-  
JOVE!  
WHEN  
ON



MY  
THREE-FOOT  
STOOL  
I  
SIT  
AND  
TELL  
THE  
WARLIKE  
FEATS  
I  
HAVE  
DONE,  
HIS  
SPIRITS  
FLY  
OUT  
INTO  
MY  
STORY;  
SAY  
'THUS  
MINE  
ENEMY  
FELL,  
AND  
THUS  
I  
SET  
MY  
FOOT  
ON'S  
NECK';  
EVEN  
THEN  
THE  
PRINCELY  
BLOOD  
FLOWS  
IN  
HIS  
CHEEK,  
HE  
SWEATS,

STRAINS  
HIS  
YOUNG  
NERVES,  
AND  
PUTS  
HIMSELF  
IN  
POSTURE  
THAT  
ACTS  
MY  
WORDS.  
THE  
YOUNGER  
BROTHER,  
CADWAL,  
ONCE  
ARVIRAGUS,  
IN  
AS  
LIKE  
A  
FIGURE  
STRIKES  
LIFE  
INTO  
MY  
SPEECH,  
AND  
SHOWS  
MUCH  
MORE  
HIS  
OWN  
CONCEIVING.  
HARK,  
THE  
GAME  
IS  
ROUS'D!  
O  
CYMBELINE,  
HEAVEN

AND  
MY  
CONSCIENCE  
KNOWS  
THOU  
DIDST  
UNJUSTLY  
BANISH  
ME!  
WHEREON,  
AT  
THREE  
AND  
TWO  
YEARS  
OLD,  
I  
STOLE  
THESE  
BABES,  
THINKING  
TO  
BAR  
THEE  
OF  
SUCCESSION  
AS  
108

THOU  
REFTS  
ME  
OF  
MY  
LANDS.  
EURIPHILE,  
THOU  
WAST  
THEIR  
NURSE;  
THEY  
TOOK  
THEE  
FOR  
THEIR  
MOTHER,  
AND  
EVERY  
DAY  
DO  
HONOUR  
TO  
HER  
GRAVE.  
MYSELF,  
BELARIUS,  
THAT  
AM  
MORGAN  
CALL'D,  
THEY  
TAKE  
FOR  
NATURAL  
FATHER.  
THE  
GAME  
IS  
UP.  
EXIT  
SCENE  
IV.  
WALES,

NEAR  
MILFORD  
HAVEN  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
AND  
IMOGEN  
IMOGEN  
THOU  
TOLD'ST  
ME,  
WHEN  
WE  
CAME  
FROM  
HORSE,  
THE  
PLACE  
WAS  
NEAR  
AT  
HAND.  
NE'ER  
LONG'D  
MY  
MOTHER  
SO  
TO  
SEE  
ME  
FIRST  
AS  
I  
HAVE  
NOW.  
PISANIO!  
MAN!  
WHERE  
IS  
POSTHUMUS?  
WHAT  
IS  
IN  
THY

MIND  
THAT  
MAKES  
THEE  
STARE  
THUS?  
WHEREFORE  
BREAKS  
THAT  
SIGH  
FROM  
TH'  
INWARD  
OF  
THEE?  
ONE  
BUT  
PAINTED  
THUS  
WOULD  
BE  
INTERPRETED  
A  
THING  
PERPLEX'D  
BEYOND  
SELF-EXPLICATION.  
PUT  
THYSELF  
INTO  
A  
HAVIOUR  
OF  
LESS  
FEAR,  
ERE  
WILDNESS  
VANQUISH  
MY  
STAIDER  
SENSES.  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

WHY  
TENDER'ST  
THOU  
THAT  
PAPER  
TO  
ME  
WITH  
109

A  
LOOK  
UNTENDER!  
IF'T  
BE  
SUMMER  
NEWS,  
SMILE  
TO'T  
BEFORE;  
IF  
WINTERLY,  
THOU  
NEED'ST  
BUT  
KEEP  
THAT  
COUNT'NANCE  
STILL.  
MY  
HUSBAND'S  
HAND?  
THAT  
DRUG-DAMN'D  
ITALY  
HATH  
OUT-CRAFTIED  
HIM,  
AND  
HE'S  
AT  
SOME  
HARD  
POINT.  
SPEAK,  
MAN;  
THY  
TONGUE  
MAY  
TAKE  
OFF  
SOME  
EXTREMITY,  
WHICH



TO  
READ  
WOULD  
BE  
EVEN  
MORTAL  
TO  
ME.  
PISANIO  
PLEASE  
YOU  
READ,  
AND  
YOU  
SHALL  
FIND  
ME,  
WRETCHED  
MAN,  
A  
THING  
THE  
MOST  
DISDAIN'D  
OF  
FORTUNE.  
IMOGEN  
[READS]  
'THY  
MISTRESS,  
PISANIO,  
HATH  
PLAY'D  
THE  
STRUMPET  
IN  
MY  
BED,  
THE  
TESTIMONIES  
WHEREOF  
LIE  
BLEEDING  
IN

ME.  
I  
SPEAK  
NOT  
OUT  
OF  
WEAK  
SURMISES,  
BUT  
FROM  
PROOF  
AS  
STRONG  
AS  
MY  
GRIEF  
AND  
AS  
CERTAIN  
AS  
I  
EXPECT  
MY  
REVENGE.  
THAT  
PART  
THOU,  
PISANIO,  
MUST  
ACT  
FOR  
ME,  
IF  
THY  
FAITH  
BE  
NOT  
TAINTED  
WITH  
THE  
BREACH  
OF  
HERS.  
LET

THINE  
OWN  
HANDS  
TAKE  
AWAY  
HER  
LIFE;  
I  
SHALL  
GIVE  
THEE  
OPPORTUNITY  
AT  
MILFORD  
HAVEN;  
SHE  
HATH  
MY  
LETTER  
FOR  
THE  
PURPOSE;  
WHERE,  
IF  
THOU  
FEAR  
TO  
STRIKE,  
AND  
TO  
MAKE  
ME  
CERTAIN  
IT  
IS  
DONE,  
THOU  
ART  
THE  
PANDER  
TO  
HER  
DISHONOUR,  
AND

EQUALLY  
TO  
ME  
DISLOYAL.'  
PISANIO  
110

WHAT  
SHALL  
I  
NEED  
TO  
DRAW  
MY  
SWORD?  
THE  
PAPER  
HATH  
CUT  
HER  
THROAT  
ALREADY.  
NO,  
'TIS  
SLANDER,  
WHOSE  
EDGE  
IS  
SHARPER  
THAN  
THE  
SWORD,  
WHOSE  
TONGUE  
OUTVENOMS  
ALL  
THE  
WORMS  
OF  
NILE,  
WHOSE  
BREATH  
RIDES  
ON  
THE  
POSTING  
WINDS  
AND  
DOTH  
BELIE  
ALL

CORNERS  
OF  
THE  
WORLD.  
KINGS,  
QUEENS,  
AND  
STATES,  
MAIDS,  
MATRONS,  
NAY,  
THE  
SECRETS  
OF  
THE  
GRAVE,  
THIS  
VIPEROUS  
SLANDER  
ENTERS.  
WHAT  
CHEER,  
MADAM?  
IMOGEN  
FALSE  
TO  
HIS  
BED?  
WHAT  
IS  
IT  
TO  
BE  
FALSE?  
TO  
LIE  
IN  
WATCH  
THERE,  
AND  
TO  
THINK  
ON  
HIM?

TO  
WEEP  
TWIXT  
CLOCK  
AND  
CLOCK?  
IF  
SLEEP  
CHARGE  
NATURE,  
TO  
BREAK  
IT  
WITH  
A  
FEARFUL  
DREAM  
OF  
HIM,  
AND  
CRY  
MYSELF  
AWAKE?  
THAT'S  
FALSE  
TO'S  
BED,  
IS  
IT?  
PISANIO  
ALAS,  
GOOD  
LADY!  
IMOGEN  
I  
FALSE!  
THY  
CONSCIENCE  
WITNESS!  
IACHIMO,  
THOU  
DIDST  
ACCUSE  
HIM

OF  
INCONTINENCY;  
THOU  
THEN  
LOOK'DST  
LIKE  
A  
VILLAIN;  
NOW,  
METHINKS,  
THY  
FAVOUR'S  
GOOD  
ENOUGH.  
SOME  
JAY  
OF  
ITALY,  
111



WHOSE  
MOTHER  
WAS  
HER  
PAINTING,  
HATH  
BETRAY'D  
HIM.  
POOR  
I  
AM  
STALE,  
A  
GARMENT  
OUT  
OF  
FASHION,  
AND  
FOR  
I  
AM  
RICHER  
THAN  
TO  
HANG  
BY  
TH'  
WALLS  
I  
MUST  
BE  
RIPP'D.  
TO  
PIECES  
WITH  
ME!  
O,  
MEN'S  
VOWS  
ARE  
WOMEN'S  
TRAITORS!  
ALL  
GOOD

SEEMING,  
BY  
THY  
REVOLT,  
O  
HUSBAND,  
SHALL  
BE  
THOUGHT  
PUT  
ON  
FOR  
VILLAINY;  
NOT  
BORN  
WHERE'T  
GROWS,  
BUT  
WORN  
A  
BAIT  
FOR  
LADIES.  
PISANIO  
GOOD  
MADAM,  
HEAR  
ME.  
IMOGEN  
TRUE  
HONEST  
MEN  
BEING  
HEARD,  
LIKE  
FALSE  
AENEAS,  
WERE,  
IN  
HIS  
TIME,  
THOUGHT  
FALSE;  
AND

SINON'S  
WEEPING  
DID  
SCANDAL  
MANY  
A  
HOLY  
TEAR,  
TOOK  
PITY  
FROM  
MOST  
TRUE  
WRETCHEDNESS.  
SO  
THOU,  
POSTHUMUS,  
WILT  
LAY  
THE  
LEAVEN  
ON  
ALL  
PROPER  
MEN:  
GOODLY  
AND  
GALLANT  
SHALL  
BE  
FALSE  
AND  
PERJUR'D  
FROM  
THY  
GREAT  
FAIL.  
COME,  
FELLOW,  
BE  
THOU  
HONEST;  
DO  
THOU

THY  
MASTER'S  
BIDDING;  
WHEN  
THOU  
SEEST  
HIM,  
A  
LITTLE  
WITNESS  
MY  
OBEDIENCE.  
LOOK!  
I  
DRAW  
THE  
SWORD  
MYSELF;  
TAKE  
IT,  
AND  
HIT  
THE  
INNOCENT  
MANSION  
OF  
MY  
LOVE,  
MY  
HEART.  
FEAR  
NOT;  
'TIS  
EMPTY  
OF  
ALL  
THINGS  
BUT  
GRIEF;  
112

THY  
MASTER  
IS  
NOT  
THERE,  
WHO  
WAS  
INDEED  
THE  
RICHES  
OF  
IT.  
DO  
HIS  
BIDDING;  
STRIKE.  
THOU  
MAYST  
BE  
VALIANT  
IN  
A  
BETTER  
CAUSE,  
BUT  
NOW  
THOU  
SEEM'ST  
A  
COWARD.  
PISANIO  
HENCE,  
VILE  
INSTRUMENT!  
THOU  
SHALT  
NOT  
DAMN  
MY  
HAND.  
IMOGEN  
WHY,  
I  
MUST

DIE;  
AND  
IF  
I  
DO  
NOT  
BY  
THY  
HAND,  
THOU  
ART  
NO  
SERVANT  
OF  
THY  
MASTER'S.  
AGAINST  
SELF-SLAUGHTER  
THERE  
IS  
A  
PROHIBITION  
SO  
DIVINE  
THAT  
CRAVENS  
MY  
WEAK  
HAND.  
COME,  
HERE'S  
MY  
HEART-  
SOMETHING'S  
AFORE'T.  
SOFT,  
SOFT!  
WE'LL  
NO  
DEFENCE!-  
OBEDIENT  
AS  
THE  
SCABBARD.

WHAT  
IS  
HERE?  
THE  
SCRIPTURES  
OF  
THE  
LOYAL  
LEONATUS  
ALL  
TURN'D  
TO  
HERESY?  
AWAY,  
AWAY,  
CORRUPTERS  
OF  
MY  
FAITH!  
YOU  
SHALL  
NO  
MORE  
BE  
STOMACHERS  
TO  
MY  
HEART.  
THUS  
MAY  
POOR  
FOOLS  
BELIEVE  
FALSE  
TEACHERS;  
THOUGH  
THOSE  
THAT  
ARE  
BETRAY'D  
DO  
FEEL  
THE  
TREASON

SHARPLY,  
YET  
THE  
TRAITOR  
STANDS  
IN  
WORSE  
CASE  
OF  
WOE.  
AND  
THOU,  
POSTHUMUS,  
THAT  
DIDST  
SET  
UP  
MY  
DISOBEDIENCE  
'GAINST  
THE  
KING  
113



MY  
FATHER,  
AND  
MAKE  
ME  
PUT  
INTO  
CONTEMPT  
THE  
SUITS  
OF  
PRINCELY  
FELLOWS,  
SHALT  
HEREAFTER  
FIND  
IT  
IS  
NO  
ACT  
OF  
COMMON  
PASSAGE  
BUT  
A  
STRAIN  
OF  
RARENESS;  
AND  
I  
GRIEVE  
MYSELF  
TO  
THINK,  
WHEN  
THOU  
SHALT  
BE  
DISEDG'D  
BY  
HER  
THAT  
NOW  
THOU

TIREST  
ON,  
HOW  
THY  
MEMORY  
WILL  
THEN  
BE  
PANG'D  
BY  
ME.  
PRITHEE  
DISPATCH.  
THE  
LAMP  
ENTREATS  
THE  
BUTCHER.  
WHERE'S  
THY  
KNIFE?  
THOU  
ART  
TOO  
SLOW  
TO  
DO  
THY  
MASTER'S  
BIDDING,  
WHEN  
I  
DESIRE  
IT  
TOO.  
PISANIO  
O  
GRACIOUS  
LADY,  
SINCE  
I  
RECEIV'D  
COMMAND  
TO

DO  
THIS  
BUSINES  
I  
HAVE  
NOT  
SLEPT  
ONE  
WINK.  
IMOGEN  
DO'T,  
AND  
TO  
BED  
THEN.  
PISANIO  
I'LL  
WAKE  
MINE  
EYEBALLS  
FIRST.  
IMOGEN  
WHEREFORE  
THEN  
DIDST  
UNDERTAKE  
IT?  
WHY  
HAST  
THOU  
ABUS'D  
114

SO  
MANY  
MILES  
WITH  
A  
PRETENCE?  
THIS  
PLACE?  
MINE  
ACTION  
AND  
THINE  
OWN?  
OUR  
HORSES'  
LABOUR?  
THE  
TIME  
INVITING  
THEE?  
THE  
PERTURB'D  
COURT,  
FOR  
MY  
BEING  
ABSENT?-  
WHEREUNTO  
I  
NEVER  
PURPOSE  
RETURN.  
WHY  
HAST  
THOU  
GONE  
SO  
FAR  
TO  
BE  
UNBENT  
WHEN  
THOU  
HAST

TA'EN  
THY  
STAND,  
TH'  
ELECTED  
DEER  
BEFORE  
THEE?  
PISANIO  
BUT  
TO  
WIN  
TIME  
TO  
LOSE  
SO  
BAD  
EMPLOYMENT,  
IN  
THE  
WHICH  
I  
HAVE  
CONSIDER'D  
OF  
A  
COURSE.  
GOOD  
LADY,  
HEAR  
ME  
WITH  
PATIENCE.  
IMOGEN  
TALK  
THY  
TONGUE  
WEARY-  
SPEAK.  
I  
HAVE  
HEARD  
I  
AM

A  
STRUMPET,  
AND  
MINE  
EAR,  
THEREIN  
FALSE  
STRUCK,  
CAN  
TAKE  
NO  
GREATER  
WOUND,  
NOR  
TENT  
TO  
BOTTOM  
THAT.  
BUT  
SPEAK.  
PISANIO  
THEN,  
MADAM,  
I  
THOUGHT  
YOU  
WOULD  
NOT  
BACK  
AGAIN.  
IMOGEN  
115

MOST  
LIKE-  
BRINGING  
ME  
HERE  
TO  
KILL  
ME.  
PISANIO  
NOT  
SO,  
NEITHER;  
BUT  
IF  
I  
WERE  
AS  
WISE  
AS  
HONEST,  
THEN  
MY  
PURPOSE  
WOULD  
PROVE  
WELL.  
IT  
CANNOT  
BE  
BUT  
THAT  
MY  
MASTER  
IS  
ABUS'D.  
SOME  
VILLAIN,  
AY,  
AND  
SINGULAR  
IN  
HIS  
ART,  
HATH

DONE  
YOU  
BOTH  
THIS  
CURSED  
INJURY.  
IMOGEN  
SOME  
ROMAN  
COURTEZAN!  
PISANIO  
NO,  
ON  
MY  
LIFE!  
I'LL  
GIVE  
BUT  
NOTICE  
YOU  
ARE  
DEAD,  
AND  
SEND  
HIM  
SOME  
BLOODY  
SIGN  
OF  
IT,  
FOR  
'TIS  
COMMANDED  
I  
SHOULD  
DO  
SO.  
YOU  
SHALL  
BE  
MISS'D  
AT  
COURT,  
AND



THAT  
WILL  
WELL  
CONFIRM  
IT.  
IMOGEN  
WHY,  
GOOD  
FELLOW,  
WHAT  
SHALL  
I  
DO  
THE  
WHILE?  
WHERE  
BIDE?  
HOW  
LIVE?  
OR  
IN  
MY  
LIFE  
WHAT  
COMFORT,  
WHEN  
I  
AM

DEAD  
TO  
MY  
HUSBAND?  
PISANIO  
IF  
YOU'LL  
BACK  
TO  
TH'  
COURT-  
IMOGEN  
NO  
COURT,  
NO  
FATHER,  
NOR  
NO  
MORE  
ADO  
WITH  
THAT  
HARSH,  
NOBLE,  
SIMPLE  
NOTHING-  
THAT  
CLOTEN,  
WHOSE  
LOVE-SUIT  
HATH  
BEEN  
TO  
ME  
AS  
FEARFUL  
AS  
A  
SIEGE.  
PISANIO  
IF  
NOT  
AT  
COURT,

THEN  
NOT  
IN  
BRITAIN  
MUST  
YOU  
BIDE.  
IMOGEN  
WHERE  
THEN?  
HATH  
BRITAIN  
ALL  
THE  
SUN  
THAT  
SHINES?  
DAY,  
NIGHT,  
ARE  
THEY  
NOT  
BUT  
IN  
BRITAIN?  
I'  
TH'  
WORLD'S  
VOLUME  
OUR  
BRITAIN  
SEEMS  
AS  
OF  
IT,  
BUT  
NOT  
IN'T;  
IN  
A  
GREAT  
POOL  
A  
SWAN'S

NEST.  
PRITHEE  
THINK  
THERE'S  
LIVERS  
OUT  
OF  
BRITAIN.  
PISANIO  
I  
AM  
MOST  
GLAD  
117

YOU  
THINK  
OF  
OTHER  
PLACE.  
TH'  
AMBASSADOR,  
LUCIUS  
THE  
ROMAN,  
COMES  
TO  
MILFORD  
HAVEN  
TO-MORROW.  
NOW,  
IF  
YOU  
COULD  
WEAR  
A  
MIND  
DARK  
AS  
YOUR  
FORTUNE  
IS,  
AND  
BUT  
DISGUISE  
THAT  
WHICH  
T'  
APPEAR  
ITSELF  
MUST  
NOT  
YET  
BE  
BUT  
BY  
SELF-DANGER,  
YOU  
SHOULD

TREAD  
A  
COURSE  
PRETTY  
AND  
FULL  
OF  
VIEW;  
YEA,  
HAPPILY,  
NEAR  
THE  
RESIDENCE  
OF  
POSTHUMUS;  
SO  
NIGH,  
AT  
LEAST,  
THAT  
THOUGH  
HIS  
ACTIONS  
WERE  
NOT  
VISIBLE,  
YET  
REPORT  
SHOULD  
RENDER  
HIM  
HOURLY  
TO  
YOUR  
EAR  
AS  
TRULY  
AS  
HE  
MOVES.  
IMOGEN  
O!  
FOR  
SUCH

MEANS,  
THOUGH  
PERIL  
TO  
MY  
MODESTY,  
NOT  
DEATH  
ON'T,  
I  
WOULD  
ADVENTURE.  
PISANIO  
WELL  
THEN,  
HERE'S  
THE  
POINT:  
YOU  
MUST  
FORGET  
TO  
BE  
A  
WOMAN;  
CHANGE  
COMMAND  
INTO  
OBEDIENCE;  
FEAR  
AND  
NICENESS-  
THE  
HANDMAIDS  
OF  
ALL  
WOMEN,  
OR,  
MORE  
TRULY,  
WOMAN  
IT  
PRETTY  
SELF-

INTO  
A  
WAGGISH  
COURAGE;  
READY  
IN  
GIBES,  
QUICK-ANSWER'D,  
SAUCY,  
AND  
AS  
QUARRELOUS  
AS  
THE  
WEASEL.  
NAY,  
YOU  
MUST  
118



FORGET  
THAT  
RAREST  
TREASURE  
OF  
YOUR  
CHEEK,  
EXPOSING  
IT-  
BUT,  
O,  
THE  
HARDER  
HEART!  
ALACK,  
NO  
REMEDY!-  
TO  
THE  
GREEDY  
TOUCH  
OF  
COMMON-KISSING  
TITAN,  
AND  
FORGET  
YOUR  
LABOURSOME  
AND  
DAINTY  
TRIMS  
WHEREIN  
YOU  
MADE  
GREAT  
JUNO  
ANGRY.  
IMOGEN  
NAY,  
BE  
BRIEF;  
I  
SEE  
INTO

THY  
END,  
AND  
AM  
ALMOST  
A  
MAN  
ALREADY.  
PISANIO  
FIRST,  
MAKE  
YOURSELF  
BUT  
LIKE  
ONE.  
FORE-THINKING  
THIS,  
I  
HAVE  
ALREADY  
FIT-  
'TIS  
IN  
MY  
CLOAK-BAG-  
DOUBLET,  
HAT,  
HOSE,  
ALL  
THAT  
ANSWER  
TO  
THEM.  
WOULD  
YOU,  
IN  
THEIR  
SERVING,  
AND  
WITH  
WHAT  
IMITATION  
YOU  
CAN

BORROW  
FROM  
YOUTH  
OF  
SUCH  
A  
SEASON,  
FORE  
NOBLE  
LUCIUS  
PRESENT  
YOURSELF,  
DESIRE  
HIS  
SERVICE,  
TELL  
HIM  
WHEREIN  
YOU'RE  
HAPPY-  
WHICH  
WILL  
MAKE  
HIM  
KNOW  
IF  
THAT  
HIS  
HEAD  
HAVE  
EAR  
IN  
MUSIC;  
DOUBTLESS  
WITH  
JOY  
HE  
WILL  
EMBRACE  
YOU;  
FOR  
HE'S  
HONOURABLE,  
AND,

DOUBLING  
THAT,  
MOST  
HOLY.  
YOUR  
MEANS  
ABROAD-  
YOU  
HAVE  
ME,  
RICH;  
AND  
I  
WILL  
NEVER  
FAIL  
119

BEGINNING  
NOR  
SUPPLYMENT.  
IMOGEN  
THOU  
ART  
ALL  
THE  
COMFORT  
THE  
GODS  
WILL  
DIET  
ME  
WITH.  
PRITHEE  
AWAY!  
THERE'S  
MORE  
TO  
BE  
CONSIDER'D;  
BUT  
WE'LL  
EVEN  
ALL  
THAT  
GOOD  
TIME  
WILL  
GIVE  
US.  
THIS  
ATTEMPT  
I  
AM  
SOLDIER  
TO,  
AND  
WILL  
ABIDE  
IT  
WITH  
A

PRINCE'S  
COURAGE.  
AWAY,  
I  
PRITHEE.  
PISANIO  
WELL,  
MADAM,  
WE  
MUST  
TAKE  
A  
SHORT  
FAREWELL,  
LEST,  
BEING  
MISS'D,  
I  
BE  
SUSPECTED  
OF  
YOUR  
CARRIAGE  
FROM  
THE  
COURT.  
MY  
NOBLE  
MISTRESS,  
HERE  
IS  
A  
BOX;  
I  
HAD  
IT  
FROM  
THE  
QUEEN.  
WHAT'S  
IN'T  
IS  
PRECIOUS.  
IF

YOU  
ARE  
SICK  
AT  
SEA  
OR  
STOMACH-QUALM'D  
AT  
LAND,  
A  
DRAM  
OF  
THIS  
WILL  
DRIVE  
AWAY  
DISTEMPER.  
TO  
SOME  
SHADE,  
AND  
FIT  
YOU  
TO  
YOUR  
MANHOOD.  
MAY  
THE  
GODS  
DIRECT  
YOU  
TO  
THE  
BEST!  
IMOGEN  
AMEN.  
I  
THANK  
THEE.  
EXEUNT  
SEVERALLY  
120

SCENE  
V.  
BRITAIN.  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE,  
QUEEN,  
CLOTEN,  
LUCIUS,  
AND  
LORDS  
CYMBELINE  
THUS  
FAR;  
AND  
SO  
FAREWELL.  
LUCIUS  
THANKS,  
ROYAL  
SIR.  
MY  
EMPEROR  
HATH  
WROTE;  
I  
MUST  
FROM  
HENCE,  
AND  
AM  
RIGHT  
SORRY  
THAT  
I  
MUST  
REPORT  
YE  
MY  
MASTER'S  
ENEMY.  
CYMBELINE  
OUR



SUBJECTS,  
SIR,  
WILL  
NOT  
ENDURE  
HIS  
YOKE;  
AND  
FOR  
OURSELF  
TO  
SHOW  
LESS  
SOVEREIGNTY  
THAN  
THEY,  
MUST  
NEEDS  
APPEAR  
UNKINGLIKE.  
LUCIUS  
SO,  
SIR.  
I  
DESIRE  
OF  
YOU  
A  
CONDUCT  
OVERLAND  
TO  
MILFORD  
HAVEN.  
MADAM,  
ALL  
JOY  
BEFALL  
YOUR  
GRACE,  
AND  
YOU!  
121

CYMBELINE  
MY  
LORDS,  
YOU  
ARE  
APPOINTED  
FOR  
THAT  
OFFICE;  
THE  
DUE  
OF  
HONOUR  
IN  
NO  
POINT  
OMIT.  
SO  
FAREWELL,  
NOBLE  
LUCIUS.  
LUCIUS  
YOUR  
HAND,  
MY  
LORD.  
CLOTEN  
RECEIVE  
IT  
FRIENDLY;  
BUT  
FROM  
THIS  
TIME  
FORTH  
I  
WEAR  
IT  
AS  
YOUR  
ENEMY.  
LUCIUS  
SIR,  
THE

EVENT  
IS  
YET  
TO  
NAME  
THE  
WINNER.  
FARE  
YOU  
WELL.  
CYMBELINE  
LEAVE  
NOT  
THE  
WORTHY  
LUCIUS,  
GOOD  
MY  
LORDS,  
TILL  
HE  
HAVE  
CROSS'D  
THE  
SEVERN.  
HAPPINESS!  
EXEUNT  
LUCIUS  
AND  
LORDS  
QUEEN  
HE  
GOES  
HENCE  
FROWNING;  
BUT  
IT  
HONOURS  
US  
122

THAT  
WE  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
HIM  
CAUSE.  
CLOTEN  
'TIS  
ALL  
THE  
BETTER;  
YOUR  
VALIANT  
BRITONS  
HAVE  
THEIR  
WISHES  
IN  
IT.  
CYMBELINE  
LUCIUS  
HATH  
WROTE  
ALREADY  
TO  
THE  
EMPEROR  
HOW  
IT  
GOES  
HERE.  
IT  
FITS  
US  
THEREFORE  
RIPELY  
OUR  
CHARIOTS  
AND  
OUR  
HORSEMEN  
BE  
IN  
READINESS.

THE  
POW'RS  
THAT  
HE  
ALREADY  
HATH  
IN  
GALLIA  
WILL  
SOON  
BE  
DRAWN  
TO  
HEAD,  
FROM  
WHENCE  
HE  
MOVES  
HIS  
WAR  
FOR  
BRITAIN.  
QUEEN  
'TIS  
NOT  
SLEEPY  
BUSINESS,  
BUT  
MUST  
BE  
LOOK'D  
TO  
SPEEDILY  
AND  
STRONGLY.  
CYMBELINE  
OUR  
EXPECTATION  
THAT  
IT  
WOULD  
BE  
THUS  
HATH

MADE  
US  
FORWARD.  
BUT,  
MY  
GENTLE  
QUEEN,  
WHERE  
IS  
OUR  
DAUGHTER?  
SHE  
HATH  
NOT  
APPEAR'D  
BEFORE  
THE  
ROMAN,  
NOR  
TO  
US  
HATH  
TENDER'D  
THE  
DUTY  
OF  
THE  
DAY.  
SHE  
LOOKS  
US  
LIKE  
A  
THING  
MORE  
MADE  
OF  
MALICE  
THAN  
OF  
DUTY;  
123

WE  
HAVE  
NOTED  
IT.  
CALL  
HER  
BEFORE  
US,  
FOR  
WE  
HAVE  
BEEN  
TOO  
SLIGHT  
IN  
SUFFERANCE.  
EXIT  
A  
MESSENGER  
QUEEN  
ROYAL  
SIR,  
SINCE  
THE  
EXILE  
OF  
POSTHUMUS,  
MOST  
RETIR'D  
HATH  
HER  
LIFE  
BEEN;  
THE  
CURE  
WHEREOF,  
MY  
LORD,  
'TIS  
TIME  
MUST  
DO.  
BESEECH  
YOUR

MAJESTY,  
FORBEAR  
SHARP  
SPEECHES  
TO  
HER;  
SHE'S  
A  
LADY  
SO  
TENDER  
OF  
REBUKES  
THAT  
WORDS  
ARE  
STROKES,  
AND  
STROKES  
DEATH  
TO  
HER.  
RE-ENTER  
MESSENGER  
CYMBELINE  
WHERE  
IS  
SHE,  
SIR?  
HOW  
CAN  
HER  
CONTEMPT  
BE  
ANSWER'D?  
MESSENGER  
PLEASE  
YOU,  
SIR,  
HER  
CHAMBERS  
ARE  
ALL  
LOCK'D,



AND  
THERE'S  
NO  
ANSWER  
THAT  
WILL  
BE  
GIVEN  
TO  
TH'  
LOUD  
OF  
NOISE  
WE  
MAKE.  
124

QUEEN  
MY  
LORD,  
WHEN  
LAST  
I  
WENT  
TO  
VISIT  
HER,  
SHE  
PRAY'D  
ME  
TO  
EXCUSE  
HER  
KEEPING  
CLOSE;  
WHERE TO  
CONSTRAIN'D  
BY  
HER  
INFIRMITY  
SHE  
SHOULD  
THAT  
DUTY  
LEAVE  
UNPAID  
TO  
YOU  
WHICH  
DAILY  
SHE  
WAS  
BOUND  
TO  
PROFFER.  
THIS  
SHE  
WISH'D  
ME  
TO  
MAKE

KNOWN;  
BUT  
OUR  
GREAT  
COURT  
MADE  
ME  
TO  
BLAME  
IN  
MEMORY.  
CYMBELINE  
HER  
DOORS  
LOCK'D?  
NOT  
SEEN  
OF  
LATE?  
GRANT,  
HEAVENS,  
THAT  
WHICH  
I  
FEAR  
PROVE  
FALSE!  
EXIT  
QUEEN  
SON,  
I  
SAY,  
FOLLOW  
THE  
KING.  
CLOTEN  
THAT  
MAN  
OF  
HERS,  
PISANIO,  
HER  
OLD  
SERVANT,

I  
HAVE  
NOT  
SEEN  
THESE  
TWO  
DAYS.  
QUEEN  
GO,  
LOOK  
AFTER.  
125

EXIT  
CLOTEN  
PISANIO,  
THOU  
THAT  
STAND'ST  
SO  
FOR  
POSTHUMUS!  
HE  
HATH  
A  
DRUG  
OF  
MINE.  
I  
PRAY  
HIS  
ABSENCE  
PROCEED  
BY  
SWALLOWING  
THAT;  
FOR  
HE  
BELIEVES  
IT  
IS  
A  
THING  
MOST  
PRECIOUS.  
BUT  
FOR  
HER,  
WHERE  
IS  
SHE  
GONE?  
HAPLY  
DESPAIR  
HATH  
SEIZ'D  
HER;

OR,  
WING'D  
WITH  
FERVOUR  
OF  
HER  
LOVE,  
SHE'S  
FLOWN  
TO  
HER  
DESIR'D  
POSTHUMUS.  
GONE  
SHE  
IS  
TO  
DEATH  
OR  
TO  
DISHONOUR,  
AND  
MY  
END  
CAN  
MAKE  
GOOD  
USE  
OF  
EITHER.  
SHE  
BEING  
DOWN,  
I  
HAVE  
THE  
PLACING  
OF  
THE  
BRITISH  
CROWN.  
RE-ENTER  
CLOTEN  
HOW

NOW,  
MY  
SON?  
CLOTEN  
'TIS  
CERTAIN  
SHE  
IS  
FLED.  
GO  
IN  
AND  
CHEER  
THE  
KING.  
HE  
RAGES;  
NONE  
DARE  
COME  
ABOUT  
HIM.  
QUEEN  
ALL  
THE  
BETTER.  
MAY  
126

THIS  
NIGHT  
FORESTALL  
HIM  
OF  
THE  
COMING  
DAY!  
EXIT  
CLOTEN  
I  
LOVE  
AND  
HATE  
HER;  
FOR  
SHE'S  
FAIR  
AND  
ROYAL,  
AND  
THAT  
SHE  
HATH  
ALL  
COURTLY  
PARTS  
MORE  
EXQUISITE  
THAN  
LADY,  
LADIES,  
WOMAN.  
FROM  
EVERY  
ONE  
THE  
BEST  
SHE  
HATH,  
AND  
SHE,  
OF  
ALL



COMPOUNDED,  
OUTSELLS  
THEM  
ALL.  
I  
LOVE  
HER  
THEREFORE;  
BUT  
DISDAINING  
ME  
AND  
THROWING  
FAVOURS  
ON  
THE  
LOW  
POSTHUMUS  
SLANDERS  
SO  
HER  
JUDGMENT  
THAT  
WHAT'S  
ELSE  
RARE  
IS  
CHOK'D;  
AND  
IN  
THAT  
POINT  
I  
WILL  
CONCLUDE  
TO  
HATE  
HER,  
NAY,  
INDEED,  
TO  
BE  
REVENG'D  
UPON

HER.  
FOR  
WHEN  
FOOLS  
SHALL-  
ENTER  
PISANIO  
WHO  
IS  
HERE?  
WHAT,  
ARE  
YOU  
PACKING,  
SIRRAH?  
COME  
HITHER.  
AH,  
YOU  
PRECIOUS  
PANDER!  
VILLAIN,  
WHERE  
IS  
THY  
LADY?  
IN  
A  
WORD,  
OR  
ELSE  
THOU  
ART  
STRAIGHTWAY  
WITH  
THE  
FIENDS.  
PISANIO  
127

O  
GOOD  
MY  
LORD!  
CLOTEN  
WHERE  
IS  
THY  
LADY?  
OR,  
BY  
JUPITER-  
I  
WILL  
NOT  
ASK  
AGAIN.  
CLOSE  
VILLAIN,  
I'LL  
HAVE  
THIS  
SECRET  
FROM  
THY  
HEART,  
OR  
RIP  
THY  
HEART  
TO  
FIND  
IT.  
IS  
SHE  
WITH  
POSTHUMUS?  
FROM  
WHOSE  
SO  
MANY  
WEIGHTS  
OF  
BASENESS

CANNOT  
A  
DRAM  
OF  
WORTH  
BE  
DRAWN.  
PISANIO  
ALAS,  
MY  
LORD,  
HOW  
CAN  
SHE  
BE  
WITH  
HIM?  
WHEN  
WAS  
SHE  
MISS'D?  
HE  
IS  
IN  
ROME.  
CLOTEN  
WHERE  
IS  
SHE,  
SIR?  
COME  
NEARER.  
NO  
FARTHER  
HALTING!  
SATISFY  
ME  
HOME  
WHAT  
IS  
BECOME  
OF  
HER.  
PISANIO

O  
MY  
ALL-WORTHY  
LORD!  
CLOTEN  
ALL-WORTHY  
VILLAIN!  
128

DISCOVER  
WHERE  
THY  
MISTRESS  
IS  
AT  
ONCE,  
AT  
THE  
NEXT  
WORD.  
NO  
MORE  
OF  
'WORTHY  
LORD!'  
SPEAK,  
OR  
THY  
SILENCE  
ON  
THE  
INSTANT  
IS  
THY  
CONDEMNATION  
AND  
THY  
DEATH.  
PISANIO  
THEN,  
SIR,  
THIS  
PAPER  
IS  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MY  
KNOWLEDGE  
TOUCHING  
HER  
FLIGHT.  
[PRESENTING

A  
LETTER]  
CLOTEN  
LET'S  
SEE'T.  
I  
WILL  
PURSUE  
HER  
EVEN  
TO  
AUGUSTUS'  
THRONE.  
PISANIO  
[ASIDE]  
OR  
THIS  
OR  
PERISH.  
SHE'S  
FAR  
ENOUGH;  
AND  
WHAT  
HE  
LEARNS  
BY  
THIS  
MAY  
PROVE  
HIS  
TRAVEL,  
NOT  
HER  
DANGER.  
CLOTEN  
HUMH!  
PISANIO  
[ASIDE]  
I'LL  
WRITE  
TO  
MY  
LORD

SHE'S  
DEAD.  
O  
IMOGEN,  
SAFE  
MAYST  
THOU  
WANDER,  
SAFE  
RETURN  
AGAIN!  
129



CLOTEN  
SIRRAH,  
IS  
THIS  
LETTER  
TRUE?  
PISANIO  
SIR,  
AS  
I  
THINK.  
CLOTEN  
IT  
IS  
POSTHUMUS'  
HAND;  
I  
KNOW'T.  
SIRRAH,  
IF  
THOU  
WOULDST  
NOT  
BE  
A  
VILLAIN,  
BUT  
DO  
ME  
TRUE  
SERVICE,  
UNDERGO  
THOSE  
EMPLOYMENTS  
WHEREIN  
I  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
CAUSE  
TO  
USE  
THEE  
WITH  
A

SERIOUS  
INDUSTRY-  
THAT  
IS,  
WHAT  
VILLAINY  
SOE'ER  
I  
BID  
THEE  
DO,  
TO  
PERFORM  
IT  
DIRECTLY  
AND  
TRULY-  
I  
WOULD  
THINK  
THEE  
AN  
HONEST  
MAN;  
THOU  
SHOULDEST  
NEITHER  
WANT  
MY  
MEANS  
FOR  
THY  
RELIEF  
NOR  
MY  
VOICE  
FOR  
THY  
PREFERMENT.  
PISANIO  
WELL,  
MY  
GOOD  
LORD.

CLOTEN  
WILT  
THOU  
SERVE  
ME?  
FOR  
SINCE  
PATIENTLY  
AND  
CONSTANTLY  
THOU  
HAST  
STUCK  
TO  
THE  
BARE  
FORTUNE  
OF  
THAT  
BEGGAR  
POSTHUMUS,  
THOU  
CANST  
NOT,  
IN  
THE  
COURSE  
OF  
GRATITUDE,  
BUT  
BE  
A  
DILIGENT  
FOLLOWER  
OF  
MINE.  
WILT  
THOU  
SERVE  
ME?  
130

PISANIO  
SIR,  
I  
WILL.  
CLOTEN  
GIVE  
ME  
THY  
HAND;  
HERE'S  
MY  
PURSE.  
HAST  
ANY  
OF  
THY  
LATE  
MASTER'S  
GARMENTS  
IN  
THY  
POSSESSION?

PISANIO  
I  
HAVE,  
MY  
LORD,  
AT  
MY  
LODGING,  
THE  
SAME  
SUIT  
HE  
WORE  
WHEN  
HE  
TOOK  
LEAVE  
OF  
MY  
LADY  
AND  
MISTRESS.

CLOTEN  
THE  
FIRST  
SERVICE  
THOU  
DOST  
ME,  
FETCH  
THAT  
SUIT  
HITHER.  
LET  
IT  
BE  
THY  
FIRST  
SERVICE;  
GO.  
PISANIO  
I  
SHALL,  
MY  
LORD.  
EXIT  
CLOTEN  
MEET  
THEE  
AT  
MILFORD  
HAVEN!  
I  
FORGOT  
TO  
ASK  
HIM  
ONE  
THING;  
I'LL  
REMEMBER'T  
ANON.  
EVEN  
THERE,  
THOU  
VILLAIN

POSTHUMUS,  
WILL  
I  
KILL  
THEE.  
I  
WOULD  
THESE  
GARMENTS  
WERE  
COME.  
SHE  
SAID  
UPON  
A  
TIME-  
THE  
BITTERNESS  
OF  
IT  
I  
NOW  
BELCH  
FROM  
MY  
HEART-  
THAT  
SHE  
131

HELD  
THE  
VERY  
GARMENT  
OF  
POSTHUMUS  
IN  
MORE  
RESPECT  
THAN  
MY  
NOBLE  
AND  
NATURAL  
PERSON,  
TOGETHER  
WITH  
THE  
ADORNMENT  
OF  
MY  
QUALITIES.  
WITH  
THAT  
SUIT  
UPON  
MY  
BACK  
WILL  
I  
RAVISH  
HER;  
FIRST  
KILL  
HIM,  
AND  
IN  
HER  
EYES.  
THERE  
SHALL  
SHE  
SEE  
MY

VALOUR,  
WHICH  
WILL  
THEN  
BE  
A  
TORMENT  
TO  
HER  
CONTEMPT.  
HE  
ON  
THE  
GROUND,  
MY  
SPEECH  
OF  
INSULTMENT  
ENDED  
ON  
HIS  
DEAD  
BODY,  
AND  
WHEN  
MY  
LUST  
HATH  
DINED-  
WHICH,  
AS  
I  
SAY,  
TO  
VEX  
HER  
I  
WILL  
EXECUTE  
IN  
THE  
CLOTHES  
THAT  
SHE



SO  
PRAIS'D-  
TO  
THE  
COURT  
I'LL  
KNOCK  
HER  
BACK,  
FOOT  
HER  
HOME  
AGAIN.  
SHE  
HATH  
DESPIS'D  
ME  
REJOICINGLY,  
AND  
I'LL  
BE  
MERRY  
IN  
MY  
REVENGE.  
RE-ENTER  
PISANIO,  
WITH  
THE  
CLOTHES  
BE  
THOSE  
THE  
GARMENTS?  
PISANIO  
AY,  
MY  
NOBLE  
LORD.  
CLOTEN  
HOW  
LONG  
IS'T  
SINCE

SHE  
WENT  
TO  
MILFORD  
HAVEN?  
PISANIO  
SHE  
CAN  
SCARCE  
BE  
THERE  
YET.  
CLOTEN  
132

BRING  
THIS  
APPAREL  
TO  
MY  
CHAMBER;  
THAT  
IS  
THE  
SECOND  
THING  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
COMMANDED  
THEE.  
THE  
THIRD  
IS  
THAT  
THOU  
WILT  
BE  
A  
VOLUNTARY  
MUTE  
TO  
MY  
DESIGN.  
BE  
BUT  
DUTEOUS  
AND  
TRUE,  
PREFERMENT  
SHALL  
TENDER  
ITSELF  
TO  
THEE.  
MY  
REVENGE  
IS  
NOW

AT  
MILFORD,  
WOULD  
I  
HAD  
WINGS  
TO  
FOLLOW  
IT!  
COME,  
AND  
BE  
TRUE.  
EXIT  
PISANIO  
THOU  
BID'ST  
ME  
TO  
MY  
LOSS;  
FOR  
TRUE  
TO  
THEE  
WERE  
TO  
PROVE  
FALSE,  
WHICH  
I  
WILL  
NEVER  
BE,  
TO  
HIM  
THAT  
IS  
MOST  
TRUE.  
TO  
MILFORD  
GO,  
AND

FIND  
NOT  
HER  
WHOM  
THOU  
PURSUEST.  
FLOW,  
FLOW,  
YOU  
HEAVENLY  
BLESSINGS,  
ON  
HER!  
THIS  
FOOL'S  
SPEED  
BE  
CROSS'D  
WITH  
SLOWNESS!  
LABOUR  
BE  
HIS  
MEED!  
EXIT  
SCENE  
VI.  
WALES.  
BEFORE  
THE  
CAVE  
OF  
BELARIUS  
ENTER  
IMOGEN  
ALONE,  
IN  
BOY'S  
CLOTHES  
IMOGEN  
I  
SEE  
A  
MAN'S

LIFE  
IS  
A  
TEDIOUS  
ONE.  
133

I  
HAVE  
TIR'D  
MYSELF,  
AND  
FOR  
TWO  
NIGHTS  
TOGETHER  
HAVE  
MADE  
THE  
GROUND  
MY  
BED.  
I  
SHOULD  
BE  
SICK  
BUT  
THAT  
MY  
RESOLUTION  
HELPS  
ME.  
MILFORD,  
WHEN  
FROM  
THE  
MOUNTAIN-TOP  
PISANIO  
SHOW'D  
THEE,  
THOU  
WAST  
WITHIN  
A  
KEN.  
O  
JOVE!  
I  
THINK  
FOUNDATIONS  
FLY

THE  
WRETCHED;  
SUCH,  
I  
MEAN,  
WHERE  
THEY  
SHOULD  
BE  
RELIEV'D.  
TWO  
BEGGARS  
TOLD  
ME  
I  
COULD  
NOT  
MISS  
MY  
WAY.  
WILL  
POOR  
FOLKS  
LIE,  
THAT  
HAVE  
AFFLICTIONS  
ON  
THEM,  
KNOWING  
'TIS  
A  
PUNISHMENT  
OR  
TRIAL?  
YES;  
NO  
WONDER,  
WHEN  
RICH  
ONES  
SCARCE  
TELL  
TRUE.



TO  
LAPSE  
IN  
FULNESS  
IS  
SORER  
THAN  
TO  
LIE  
FOR  
NEED;  
AND  
FALSEHOOD  
IS  
WORSE  
IN  
KINGS  
THAN  
BEGGARS.  
MY  
DEAR  
LORD!  
THOU  
ART  
ONE  
O'  
TH'  
FALSE  
ONES.  
NOW  
I  
THINK  
ON  
THEE  
MY  
HUNGER'S  
GONE;  
BUT  
EVEN  
BEFORE,  
I  
WAS  
AT  
POINT

TO  
SINK  
FOR  
FOOD.  
BUT  
WHAT  
IS  
THIS?  
HERE  
IS  
A  
PATH  
TO'T;  
'TIS  
SOME  
SAVAGE  
HOLD.  
I  
WERE  
BEST  
NOT  
CALL;  
I  
DARE  
NOT  
CALL.  
YET  
FAMINE,  
ERE  
CLEAN  
IT  
O'ERTHROW  
NATURE,  
MAKES  
IT  
VALIANT.  
PLENTY  
AND  
PEACE  
BREEDS  
COWARDS;  
HARDNESS  
EVER  
OF

HARDINESS  
IS  
MOTHER.  
HO!  
WHO'S  
HERE?  
IF  
ANYTHING  
THAT'S  
CIVIL,  
SPEAK;  
IF  
SAVAGE,  
TAKE  
OR  
LEND.  
HO!  
NO  
ANSWER?  
THEN  
I'LL  
ENTER.  
BEST  
DRAW  
MY  
SWORD;  
AND  
IF  
MINE  
ENEMY  
BUT  
FEAR  
THE  
SWORD,  
LIKE  
ME,  
HE'LL  
SCARCELY  
LOOK  
ON'T.

SUCH  
A  
FOE,  
GOOD  
HEAVENS!  
EXIT  
INTO  
THE  
CAVE  
ENTER  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
BELARIUS  
YOU,  
POLYDORE,  
HAVE  
PROV'D  
BEST  
WOODMAN  
AND  
ARE  
MASTER  
OF  
THE  
FEAST.  
CADWAL  
AND  
I  
WILL  
PLAY  
THE  
COOK  
AND  
SERVANT;  
'TIS  
OUR  
MATCH.  
THE  
SWEAT  
OF  
INDUSTRY  
WOULD

DRY  
AND  
DIE  
BUT  
FOR  
THE  
END  
IT  
WORKS  
TO.  
COME,  
OUR  
STOMACHS  
WILL  
MAKE  
WHAT'S  
HOMELY  
SAVOURY;  
WEARINESS  
CAN  
SNORE  
UPON  
THE  
FLINT,  
WHEN  
RESTY  
SLOTH  
FINDS  
THE  
DOWN  
PILLOW  
HARD.  
NOW,  
PEACE  
BE  
HERE,  
POOR  
HOUSE,  
THAT  
KEEP'ST  
THYSELF!  
GUIDERIUS  
I  
AM

THOROUGHLY  
WEARY.  
ARVIRAGUS  
I  
AM  
WEAK  
WITH  
TOIL,  
YET  
STRONG  
IN  
APPETITE.  
GUIDERIUS  
THERE  
IS  
COLD  
MEAT  
I'  
TH'  
CAVE;  
WE'LL  
BROWSE  
ON  
THAT  
135

WHILST  
WHAT  
WE  
HAVE  
KILL'D  
BE  
COOK'D.  
BELARIUS  
[LOOKING  
INTO  
THE  
CAVE]  
STAY,  
COME  
NOT  
IN.  
BUT  
THAT  
IT  
EATS  
OUR  
VICTUALS,  
I  
SHOULD  
THINK  
HERE  
WERE  
A  
FAIRY.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER,  
SIR?  
BELARIUS  
BY  
JUPITER,  
AN  
ANGEL!  
OR,  
IF  
NOT,  
AN  
EARTHLY

PARAGON!  
BEHOLD  
DIVINENESS  
NO  
ELDER  
THAN  
A  
BOY!  
RE-ENTER  
IMOGEN  
IMOGEN  
GOOD  
MASTERS,  
HARM  
ME  
NOT.  
BEFORE  
I  
ENTER'D  
HERE  
I  
CALL'D,  
AND  
THOUGHT  
TO  
HAVE  
BEGG'D  
OR  
BOUGHT  
WHAT  
I  
HAVE  
TOOK.  
GOOD  
TROTH,  
I  
HAVE  
STOL'N  
NOUGHT;  
NOR  
WOULD  
NOT  
THOUGH  
I



HAD  
FOUND  
GOLD  
STREW'D  
I'  
TH'  
FLOOR.  
HERE'S  
MONEY  
FOR  
MY  
MEAT.  
I  
WOULD  
HAVE  
LEFT  
IT  
ON  
THE  
BOARD,  
SO  
SOON  
AS  
I  
HAD  
MADE  
MY  
MEAL,  
AND  
PARTED  
136

WITH  
PRAY'RS  
FOR  
THE  
PROVIDER.  
GUIDERIUS  
MONEY,  
YOUTH?  
ARVIRAGUS  
ALL  
GOLD  
AND  
SILVER  
RATHER  
TURN  
TO  
DIRT,  
AS  
'TIS  
NO  
BETTER  
RECKON'D  
BUT  
OF  
THOSE  
WHO  
WORSHIP  
DIRTY  
GODS.  
IMOGEN  
I  
SEE  
YOU'RE  
ANGRY.  
KNOW,  
IF  
YOU  
KILL  
ME  
FOR  
MY  
FAULT,  
I  
SHOULD

HAVE  
DIED  
HAD  
I  
NOT  
MADE  
IT.  
BELARIUS  
WHITHER  
BOUND?  
IMOGEN  
TO  
MILFORD  
HAVEN.  
BELARIUS  
WHAT'S  
YOUR  
NAME?  
IMOGEN  
137

FIDELE,  
SIR.  
I  
HAVE  
A  
KINSMAN  
WHO  
IS  
BOUND  
FOR  
ITALY;  
HE  
EMBARK'D  
AT  
MILFORD;  
TO  
WHOM  
BEING  
GOING,  
ALMOST  
SPENT  
WITH  
HUNGER,  
I  
AM  
FALL'N  
IN  
THIS  
OFFENCE.  
BELARIUS  
PRITHEE,  
FAIR  
YOUTH,  
THINK  
US  
NO  
CHURLS,  
NOR  
MEASURE  
OUR  
GOOD  
MINDS  
BY  
THIS

RUDE  
PLACE  
WE  
LIVE  
IN.  
WELL  
ENCOUNTER'D!  
'TIS  
ALMOST  
NIGHT;  
YOU  
SHALL  
HAVE  
BETTER  
CHEER  
ERE  
YOU  
DEPART,  
AND  
THANKS  
TO  
STAY  
AND  
EAT  
IT.  
BOYS,  
BID  
HIM  
WELCOME.  
GUIDERIUS  
WERE  
YOU  
A  
WOMAN,  
YOUTH,  
I  
SHOULD  
WOO  
HARD  
BUT  
BE  
YOUR  
GROOM.  
IN

HONESTY  
I  
BID  
FOR  
YOU  
AS  
I'D  
BUY.  
ARVIRAGUS  
I'LL  
MAKE'T  
MY  
COMFORT  
HE  
IS  
A  
MAN.  
I'LL  
LOVE  
HIM  
AS  
MY  
BROTHER;  
AND  
SUCH  
A  
WELCOME  
AS  
I'D  
GIVE  
TO  
HIM  
AFTER  
LONG  
ABSENCE,  
SUCH  
IS  
YOURS.  
MOST  
WELCOME!  
BE  
SPRIGHTLY,  
FOR  
YOU

FALL  
'MONGST  
FRIENDS.  
138

IMOGEN  
'MONGST  
FRIENDS,  
IF  
BROTHERS.  
[ASIDE]  
WOULD  
IT  
HAD  
BEEN  
SO  
THAT  
THEY  
HAD  
BEEN  
MY  
FATHER'S  
SONS!  
THEN  
HAD  
MY  
PRIZE  
BEEN  
LESS,  
AND  
SO  
MORE  
EQUAL  
BALLASTING  
TO  
THEE,  
POSTHUMUS.  
BELARIUS  
HE  
WRINGS  
AT  
SOME  
DISTRESS.  
GUIDERIUS  
WOULD  
I  
COULD  
FREE'T!  
ARVIRAGUS



OR  
I,  
WHATE'ER  
IT  
BE,  
WHAT  
PAIN  
IT  
COST,  
WHAT  
DANGER!  
GODS!  
BELARIUS  
[WHISPERING]  
HARK,  
BOYS.  
IMOGEN  
[ASIDE]  
GREAT  
MEN,  
THAT  
HAD  
A  
COURT  
NO  
BIGGER  
THAN  
THIS  
CAVE,  
THAT  
DID  
ATTEND  
THEMSELVES,  
AND  
HAD  
THE  
VIRTUE  
WHICH  
THEIR  
OWN  
CONSCIENCE  
SEAL'D  
THEM,  
LAYING



THAT  
NOTHING-GIFT  
OF  
DIFFERING  
MULTITUDES,  
COULD  
NOT  
OUT-PEER  
THESE  
TWIN.  
PARDON  
ME,  
GODS!  
I'D  
CHANGE  
MY  
SEX  
TO  
BE  
COMPANION  
WITH  
THEM,  
SINCE  
LEONATUS'  
FALSE.  
BELARIUS  
IT  
SHALL  
BE  
SO.  
BOYS,  
WE'LL  
GO  
DRESS  
OUR  
HUNT.  
FAIR  
YOUTH,  
COME  
IN.  
DISCOURSE  
IS  
HEAVY,  
FASTING;

WHEN  
WE  
HAVE  
SUPP'D,  
WE'LL  
MANNERLY  
DEMAND  
THEE  
OF  
THY  
STORY,  
SO  
FAR  
AS  
THOU  
WILT  
SPEAK  
IT.  
GUIDERIUS  
PRAY  
DRAW  
NEAR.  
ARVIRAGUS  
THE  
NIGHT  
TO  
TH'  
OWL  
AND  
MORN  
TO  
TH'  
LARK  
LESS  
WELCOME.  
IMOGEN  
THANKS,  
SIR.  
ARVIRAGUS  
I  
PRAY  
DRAW  
NEAR.  
EXEUNT



SCENE  
VII.  
ROME.  
A  
PUBLIC  
PLACE  
ENTER  
TWO  
ROMAN  
SENATORS  
AND  
TRIBUNES  
FIRST  
SENATOR  
THIS  
IS  
THE  
TENOUR  
OF  
THE  
EMPEROR'S  
WRIT:  
THAT  
SINCE  
THE  
COMMON  
MEN  
ARE  
NOW  
IN  
ACTION  
'GAINST  
THE  
PANNONIANS  
AND  
DALMATIANS,  
AND  
THAT  
THE  
LEGIONS  
NOW  
IN  
GALLIA  
ARE

FULL  
WEAK  
TO  
UNDERTAKE  
OUR  
WARS  
AGAINST  
THE  
FALL'N-OFF  
BRITONS,  
THAT  
WE  
DO  
INCITE  
THE  
GENTRY  
TO  
THIS  
BUSINESS.  
HE  
CREATES  
LUCIUS  
PROCONSUL;  
AND  
TO  
YOU,  
THE  
TRIBUNES,  
FOR  
THIS  
IMMEDIATE  
LEVY,  
HE  
COMMANDS  
HIS  
ABSOLUTE  
COMMISSION.  
LONG  
LIVE  
CAESAR!  
TRIBUNES  
IS  
LUCIUS  
GENERAL

OF  
THE  
FORCES?  
SECOND  
SENATOR  
AY.  
TRIBUNE  
141



REMAINING  
NOW  
IN  
GALLIA?  
FIRST  
SENATOR  
WITH  
THOSE  
LEGIONS  
WHICH  
I  
HAVE  
SPOKE  
OF,  
WHEREUNTO  
YOUR  
LEVY  
MUST  
BE  
SUPPLYANT.  
THE  
WORDS  
OF  
YOUR  
COMMISSION  
WILL  
TIE  
YOU  
TO  
THE  
NUMBERS  
AND  
THE  
TIME  
OF  
THEIR  
DISPATCH.  
TRIBUNES  
WE  
WILL  
DISCHARGE  
OUR  
DUTY.  
EXEUNT

ACT  
IV  
SCENE  
I.  
WALES.  
NEAR  
THE  
CAVE  
OF  
BELARIUS  
ENTER  
CLOTEN  
ALONE  
CLOTEN  
I  
AM  
NEAR  
TO  
TH'  
PLACE  
WHERE  
THEY  
SHOULD  
MEET,  
IF  
PISANIO  
HAVE  
MAPP'D  
IT  
TRULY.  
HOW  
FIT  
HIS  
GARMENTS  
SERVE  
ME!  
WHY  
SHOULD  
HIS  
MISTRESS,  
WHO  
WAS  
MADE  
BY

HIM  
THAT  
MADE  
THE  
TAILOR,  
NOT  
BE  
FIT  
TOO?  
THE  
RATHER-  
SAVING  
REVERENCE  
OF  
THE  
WORD-  
FOR  
'TIS  
SAID  
142

A  
WOMAN'S  
FITNESS  
COMES  
BY  
FITS.  
THEREIN  
I  
MUST  
PLAY  
THE  
WORKMAN.  
I  
DARE  
SPEAK  
IT  
TO  
MYSELF,  
FOR  
IT  
IS  
NOT  
VAIN-GLORY  
FOR  
A  
MAN  
AND  
HIS  
GLASS  
TO  
CONFER  
IN  
HIS  
OWN  
CHAMBER-  
I  
MEAN,  
THE  
LINES  
OF  
MY  
BODY  
ARE  
AS

WELL  
DRAWN  
AS  
HIS;  
NO  
LESS  
YOUNG,  
MORE  
STRONG,  
NOT  
BENEATH  
HIM  
IN  
FORTUNES,  
BEYOND  
HIM  
IN  
THE  
ADVANTAGE  
OF  
THE  
TIME,  
ABOVE  
HIM  
IN  
BIRTH,  
ALIKE  
CONVERSANT  
IN  
GENERAL  
SERVICES,  
AND  
MORE  
REMARKABLE  
IN  
SINGLE  
OPPOSITIONS.  
YET  
THIS  
IMPERCEIVERANT  
THING  
LOVES  
HIM  
IN

MY  
DESPITE.  
WHAT  
MORTALITY  
IS!  
POSTHUMUS,  
THY  
HEAD,  
WHICH  
NOW  
IS  
GROWING  
UPON  
THY  
SHOULDERS,  
SHALL  
WITHIN  
THIS  
HOUR  
BE  
OFF;  
THY  
MISTRESS  
ENFORCED;  
THY  
GARMENTS  
CUT  
TO  
PIECES  
BEFORE  
HER  
FACE;  
AND  
ALL  
THIS  
DONE,  
SPURN  
HER  
HOME  
TO  
HER  
FATHER,  
WHO  
MAY,

HAPLY,  
BE  
A  
LITTLE  
ANGRY  
FOR  
MY  
SO  
ROUGH  
USAGE;  
BUT  
MY  
MOTHER,  
HAVING  
POWER  
OF  
HIS  
TESTINESS,  
SHALL  
TURN  
ALL  
INTO  
MY  
COMMENDATIONS.  
MY  
HORSE  
IS  
TIED  
UP  
SAFE.  
OUT,  
SWORD,  
AND  
TO  
A  
SORE  
PURPOSE!  
FORTUNE,  
PUT  
THEM  
INTO  
MY  
HAND.  
THIS

IS  
THE  
VERY  
DESCRIPTION  
OF  
THEIR  
MEETING-PLACE;  
AND  
THE  
FELLOW  
DARES  
NOT  
DECEIVE  
ME.  
EXIT  
SCENE

II.  
WALES.  
BEFORE  
THE  
CAVE  
OF  
BELARIUS  
ENTER,  
FROM  
THE  
CAVE,  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS,  
AND  
IMOGEN

143



BELARIUS  
[TO  
IMOGEN]  
YOU  
ARE  
NOT  
WELL.  
REMAIN  
HERE  
IN  
THE  
CAVE;  
WE'LL  
COME  
TO  
YOU  
AFTER  
HUNTING.  
ARVIRAGUS

[TO  
IMOGEN]  
BROTHER,  
STAY  
HERE.  
ARE  
WE  
NOT  
BROTHERS?  
IMOGEN  
SO  
MAN  
AND  
MAN  
SHOULD  
BE;  
BUT  
CLAY  
AND  
CLAY  
DIFFERS  
IN  
DIGNITY,  
WHOSE  
DUST

IS  
BOTH  
ALIKE.  
I  
AM  
VERY  
SICK.  
GUIDERIUS  
GO  
YOU  
TO  
HUNTING;  
I'LL  
ABIDE  
WITH  
HIM.  
IMOGEN  
SO  
SICK  
I  
AM  
NOT,  
YET  
I  
AM  
NOT  
WELL;  
BUT  
NOT  
SO  
CITIZEN  
A  
WANTON  
AS  
TO  
SEEM  
TO  
DIE  
ERE  
SICK.  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOU,  
LEAVE

ME;  
STICK  
TO  
YOUR  
JOURNAL  
COURSE.  
THE  
BREACH  
OF  
CUSTOM  
IS  
BREACH  
OF  
ALL.  
I  
AM  
ILL,  
BUT  
YOUR  
BEING  
BY  
ME  
CANNOT  
AMEND  
ME;  
SOCIETY  
IS  
NO  
COMFORT  
TO  
ONE  
NOT  
SOCIABLE.  
I  
AM  
NOT  
VERY  
SICK,  
SINCE  
I  
CAN  
REASON  
OF  
IT.

PRAY  
YOU  
TRUST  
ME  
HERE.  
144

I'LL  
ROB  
NONE  
BUT  
MYSELF;  
AND  
LET  
ME  
DIE,  
STEALING  
SO  
POORLY.  
GUIDERIUS  
I  
LOVE  
THEE;  
I  
HAVE  
SPOKE  
IT.  
HOW  
MUCH  
THE  
QUANTITY,  
THE  
WEIGHT  
AS  
MUCH  
AS  
I  
DO  
LOVE  
MY  
FATHER.  
BELARIUS  
WHAT?  
HOW?  
HOW?  
ARVIRAGUS  
IF  
IT  
BE  
SIN  
TO

SAY  
SO,  
SIR,  
I  
YOKE  
ME  
IN  
MY  
GOOD  
BROTHER'S  
FAULT.  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
WHY  
I  
LOVE  
THIS  
YOUTH,  
AND  
I  
HAVE  
HEARD  
YOU  
SAY  
LOVE'S  
REASON'S  
WITHOUT  
REASON.  
THE  
BIER  
AT  
DOOR,  
AND  
A  
DEMAND  
WHO  
IS'T  
SHALL  
DIE,  
I'D  
SAY  
'MY  
FATHER,

NOT  
THIS  
YOUTH.'  
BELARIUS  
[ASIDE]  
O  
NOBLE  
STRAIN!  
O  
WORTHINESS  
OF  
NATURE!  
BREED  
OF  
GREATNESS!  
COWARDS  
FATHER  
COWARDS  
AND  
BASE  
THINGS  
SIRE  
BASE.  
NATURE  
HATH  
MEAL  
AND  
BRAN,  
CONTEMPT  
AND  
GRACE.  
I'M  
NOT  
THEIR  
FATHER;  
YET  
WHO  
THIS  
SHOULD  
BE  
145

DOTH  
MIRACLE  
ITSELF,  
LOV'D  
BEFORE  
ME.-  
'TIS  
THE  
NINTH  
HOUR  
O'  
TH'  
MORN.  
ARVIRAGUS  
BROTHER,  
FAREWELL.  
IMOGEN  
I  
WISH  
YE  
SPORT.  
ARVIRAGUS  
YOUR  
HEALTH.  
[TO  
BELARIUS]  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOU,  
SIR.  
IMOGEN  
[ASIDE]  
THESE  
ARE  
KIND  
CREATURES.  
GODS,  
WHAT  
LIES  
I  
HAVE  
HEARD!  
OUR  
COURTIERS



SAY  
ALL'S  
SAVAGE  
BUT  
AT  
COURT.  
EXPERIENCE,  
O,  
THOU  
DISPROV'ST  
REPORT!  
TH'  
IMPERIOUS  
SEAS  
BREED  
MONSTERS;  
FOR  
THE  
DISH,  
POOR  
TRIBUTARY  
RIVERS  
AS  
SWEET  
FISH.  
I  
AM  
SICK  
STILL;  
HEART-SICK.  
PISANIO,  
I'LL  
NOW  
TASTE  
OF  
THY  
DRUG.  
[SWALLOWS  
SOME]  
GUIDERIUS  
I  
COULD  
NOT  
STIR

HIM.  
HE  
SAID  
HE  
WAS  
GENTLE,  
BUT  
UNFORTUNATE;  
146

DISHONESTLY  
AFFLICTED,  
BUT  
YET  
HONEST.  
ARVIRAGUS  
THUS  
DID  
HE  
ANSWER  
ME;  
YET  
SAID  
HEREAFTER  
I  
MIGHT  
KNOW  
MORE.  
BELARIUS  
TO  
TH'  
FIELD,  
TO  
TH'  
FIELD!  
WE'LL  
LEAVE  
YOU  
FOR  
THIS  
TIME.  
GO  
IN  
AND  
REST.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WE'LL  
NOT  
BE  
LONG  
AWAY.  
BELARIUS  
PRAY  
BE

NOT  
SICK,  
FOR  
YOU  
MUST  
BE  
OUR  
HUSWIFE.  
IMOGEN  
WELL,  
OR  
ILL,  
I  
AM  
BOUND  
TO  
YOU.  
BELARIUS  
AND  
SHALT  
BE  
EVER.  
EXIT  
IMOGEN  
INTO  
THE  
CAVE  
147

THIS  
YOUTH,  
HOWE'ER  
DISTRESS'D,  
APPEARS  
HE  
HATH  
HAD  
GOOD  
ANCESTORS.  
ARVIRAGUS  
HOW  
ANGEL-LIKE  
HE  
SINGS!  
GUIDERIUS  
BUT  
HIS  
NEAT  
COOKERY!  
HE  
CUT  
OUR  
ROOTS  
IN  
CHARACTERS,  
AND  
SAUC'D  
OUR  
BROTHS  
AS  
JUNO  
HAD  
BEEN  
SICK,  
AND  
HE  
HER  
DIETER.  
ARVIRAGUS  
NOBLY  
HE  
YOKES  
A

SMILING  
WITH  
A  
SIGH,  
AS  
IF  
THE  
SIGH  
WAS  
THAT  
IT  
WAS  
FOR  
NOT  
BEING  
SUCH  
A  
SMILE;  
THE  
SMILE  
MOCKING  
THE  
SIGH  
THAT  
IT  
WOULD  
FLY  
FROM  
SO  
DIVINE  
A  
TEMPLE  
TO  
COMMIX  
WITH  
WINDS  
THAT  
SAILORS  
RAIL  
AT.  
GUIDERIUS  
I  
DO  
NOTE

THAT  
GRIEF  
AND  
PATIENCE,  
ROOTED  
IN  
HIM  
BOTH,  
MINGLE  
THEIR  
SPURS  
TOGETHER.

148

ARVIRAGUS  
GROW  
PATIENCE!  
AND  
LET  
THE  
STINKING  
ELDER,  
GRIEF,  
UNTWINE  
HIS  
PERISHING  
ROOT  
WITH  
THE  
INCREASING  
VINE!  
BELARIUS  
IT  
IS  
GREAT  
MORNING.  
COME,  
AWAY!  
WHO'S  
THERE?  
ENTER  
CLOTEN  
CLOTEN  
I  
CANNOT  
FIND  
THOSE  
RUNAGATES;  
THAT  
VILLAIN  
HATH  
MOCK'D  
ME.  
I  
AM  
FAINT.  
BELARIUS  
THOSE



RUNAGATES?

MEANS

HE

NOT

US?

I

PARTLY

KNOW

HIM;

'TIS

CLOTEN,

THE

SON

O'

TH'

QUEEN.

I

FEAR

SOME

AMBUSH.

I

SAW

HIM

NOT

THESE

MANY

YEARS,

AND

YET

I

KNOW

'TIS

HE.

WE

ARE

HELD

AS

OUTLAWS.

HENCE!

GUIDERIUS

HE

IS

BUT

ONE;

YOU  
AND  
MY  
BROTHER  
SEARCH  
WHAT  
COMPANIES  
ARE  
NEAR.  
PRAY  
YOU  
AWAY;  
LET  
ME  
ALONE  
WITH  
HIM.  
149

EXEUNT  
BELARIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
CLOTEN  
SOFT!  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU  
THAT  
FLY  
ME  
THUS?  
SOME  
VILLAIN  
MOUNTAINEERS?  
I  
HAVE  
HEARD  
OF  
SUCH.  
WHAT  
SLAVE  
ART  
THOU?  
GUIDERIUS  
A  
THING  
MORE  
SLAVISH  
DID  
I  
NE'ER  
THAN  
ANSWERING  
'A  
SLAVE'  
WITHOUT  
A  
KNOCK.  
CLOTEN  
THOU  
ART  
A

ROBBER,  
A  
LAW-BREAKER,  
A  
VILLAIN.  
YIELD  
THEE,  
THIEF.  
GUIDERIUS  
TO  
WHO?  
TO  
THEE?  
WHAT  
ART  
THOU?  
HAVE  
NOT  
I  
AN  
ARM  
AS  
BIG  
AS  
THINE,  
A  
HEART  
AS  
BIG?  
THY  
WORDS,  
I  
GRANT,  
ARE  
BIGGER,  
FOR  
I  
WEAR  
NOT  
MY  
DAGGER  
IN  
MY  
MOUTH.

SAY  
WHAT  
THOU  
ART;  
WHY  
I  
SHOULD  
YIELD  
TO  
THEE.  
CLOTEN  
150

THOU  
VILLAIN  
BASE,  
KNOW'ST  
ME  
NOT  
BY  
MY  
CLOTHES?  
GUIDERIUS  
NO,  
NOR  
THY  
TAILOR,  
RASCAL,  
WHO  
IS  
THY  
GRANDFATHER;  
HE  
MADE  
THOSE  
CLOTHES,  
WHICH,  
AS  
IT  
SEEMS,  
MAKE  
THEE.  
CLOTEN  
THOU  
PRECIOUS  
VARLET,  
MY  
TAILOR  
MADE  
THEM  
NOT.  
GUIDERIUS  
HENCE,  
THEN,  
AND  
THANK  
THE

MAN  
THAT  
GAVE  
THEM  
THEE.  
THOU  
ART  
SOME  
FOOL;  
I  
AM  
LOATH  
TO  
BEAT  
THEE.  
CLOTEN  
THOU  
INJURIOUS  
THIEF,  
HEAR  
BUT  
MY  
NAME,  
AND  
TREMBLE.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHAT'S  
THY  
NAME?  
CLOTEN  
151

CLOTEN,  
THOU  
VILLAIN.  
GUIDERIUS  
CLOTEN,  
THOU  
DOUBLE  
VILLAIN,  
BE  
THY  
NAME,  
I  
CANNOT  
TREMBLE  
AT  
IT.  
WERE  
IT  
TOAD,  
OR  
ADDER,  
SPIDER,  
'TWOULD  
MOVE  
ME  
SOONER.  
CLOTEN  
TO  
THY  
FURTHER  
FEAR,  
NAY,  
TO  
THY  
MERE  
CONFUSION,  
THOU  
SHALT  
KNOW  
I  
AM  
SON  
TO  
TH'



QUEEN.  
GUIDERIUS  
I'M  
SORRY  
FOR'T;  
NOT  
SEEMING  
SO  
WORTHY  
AS  
THY  
BIRTH.  
CLOTEN  
ART  
NOT  
AFEARD?  
GUIDERIUS  
THOSE  
THAT  
I  
REVERENCE,  
THOSE  
I  
FEAR-  
THE  
WISE:  
AT  
FOOLS  
I  
LAUGH,  
NOT  
FEAR  
THEM.  
CLOTEN  
DIE  
THE  
DEATH.  
152

WHEN  
I  
HAVE  
SLAIN  
THEE  
WITH  
MY  
PROPER  
HAND,  
I'LL  
FOLLOW  
THOSE  
THAT  
EVEN  
NOW  
FLED  
HENCE,  
AND  
ON  
THE  
GATES  
OF  
LUD'S  
TOWN  
SET  
YOUR  
HEADS.  
YIELD,  
RUSTIC  
MOUNTAINEER.  
EXEUNT,  
FIGHTING  
RE-ENTER  
BELARIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
BELARIUS  
NO  
COMPANY'S  
ABROAD.  
ARVIRAGUS  
NONE  
IN  
THE

WORLD;  
YOU  
DID  
MISTAKE  
HIM,  
SURE.  
BELARIUS  
I  
CANNOT  
TELL;  
LONG  
IS  
IT  
SINCE  
I  
SAW  
HIM,  
BUT  
TIME  
HATH  
NOTHING  
BLURR'D  
THOSE  
LINES  
OF  
FAVOUR  
WHICH  
THEN  
HE  
WORE;  
THE  
SNATCHES  
IN  
HIS  
VOICE,  
AND  
BURST  
OF  
SPEAKING,  
WERE  
AS  
HIS.  
I  
AM

ABSOLUTE  
'T WAS  
VERY  
CLOTEN.  
ARVIRAGUS  
IN  
THIS  
PLACE  
WE  
LEFT  
THEM.  
I  
WISH  
MY  
BROTHER  
MAKE  
GOOD  
TIME  
WITH  
HIM,  
153

YOU  
SAY  
HE  
IS  
SO  
FELL.  
BELARIUS  
BEING  
SCARCE  
MADE  
UP,  
I  
MEAN  
TO  
MAN,  
HE  
HAD  
NOT  
APPREHENSION  
OR  
ROARING  
TERRORS;  
FOR  
DEFECT  
OF  
JUDGMENT  
IS  
OFT  
THE  
CEASE  
OF  
FEAR.  
RE-ENTER  
GUIDERIUS  
WITH  
CLOTEN'S  
HEAD  
BUT,  
SEE,  
THY  
BROTHER.  
GUIDERIUS  
THIS  
CLOTEN

WAS  
A  
FOOL,  
AN  
EMPTY  
PURSE;  
THERE  
WAS  
NO  
MONEY  
IN'T.  
NOT  
HERCULES  
COULD  
HAVE  
KNOCK'D  
OUT  
HIS  
BRAINS,  
FOR  
HE  
HAD  
NONE;  
YET  
I  
NOT  
DOING  
THIS,  
THE  
FOOL  
HAD  
BORNE  
MY  
HEAD  
AS  
I  
DO  
HIS.  
BELARIUS  
WHAT  
HAST  
THOU  
DONE?  
GUIDERIUS

I  
AM  
PERFECT  
WHAT:  
CUT  
OFF  
ONE  
CLOTEN'S  
HEAD,  
SON  
TO  
THE  
QUEEN,  
AFTER  
HIS  
OWN  
REPORT;  
154

WHO  
CALL'D  
ME  
TRAITOR,  
MOUNTAINEER,  
AND  
SWORE  
WITH  
HIS  
OWN  
SINGLE  
HAND  
HE'D  
TAKE  
US  
IN,  
DISPLACE  
OUR  
HEADS  
WHERE-  
THANK  
THE  
GODS!-  
THEY  
GROW,  
AND  
SET  
THEM  
ON  
LUD'S  
TOWN.  
BELARIUS  
WE  
ARE  
ALL  
UNDONE.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHY,  
WORTHY  
FATHER,  
WHAT  
HAVE  
WE  
TO



LOSE  
BUT  
THAT  
HE  
SWORE  
TO  
TAKE,  
OUR  
LIVES?  
THE  
LAW  
PROTECTS  
NOT  
US;  
THEN  
WHY  
SHOULD  
WE  
BE  
TENDER  
TO  
LET  
AN  
ARROGANT  
PIECE  
OF  
FLESH  
THREAT  
US,  
PLAY  
JUDGE  
AND  
EXECUTIONER  
ALL  
HIMSELF,  
FOR  
WE  
DO  
FEAR  
THE  
LAW?  
WHAT  
COMPANY  
DISCOVER

YOU  
ABROAD?  
BELARIUS  
NO  
SINGLE  
SOUL  
CAN  
WE  
SET  
EYE  
ON,  
BUT  
IN  
AN  
SAFE  
REASON  
HE  
MUST  
HAVE  
SOME  
ATTENDANTS.  
THOUGH  
HIS  
HUMOUR  
WAS  
NOTHING  
BUT  
MUTATION-  
AY,  
AND  
THAT  
FROM  
ONE  
BAD  
THING  
TO  
WORSE-  
NOT  
FRENZY,  
NOT  
ABSOLUTE  
MADNESS  
COULD  
SO

FAR  
HAVE  
RAV'D,  
TO  
BRING  
HIM  
HERE  
ALONE.  
ALTHOUGH  
PERHAPS  
155

IT  
MAY  
BE  
HEARD  
AT  
COURT  
THAT  
SUCH  
AS  
WE  
CAVE  
HERE,  
HUNT  
HERE,  
ARE  
OUTLAWS,  
AND  
IN  
TIME  
MAY  
MAKE  
SOME  
STRONGER  
HEAD-  
THE  
WHICH  
HE  
HEARING,  
AS  
IT  
IS  
LIKE  
HIM,  
MIGHT  
BREAK  
OUT  
AND  
SWEAR  
HE'D  
FETCH  
US  
IN;  
YET  
IS'T

NOT  
PROBABLE  
TO  
COME  
ALONE,  
EITHER  
HE  
SO  
UNDERTAKING  
OR  
THEY  
SO  
SUFFERING.  
THEN  
ON  
GOOD  
GROUND  
WE  
FEAR,  
IF  
WE  
DO  
FEAR  
THIS  
BODY  
HATH  
A  
TAIL  
MORE  
PERILOUS  
THAN  
THE  
HEAD.  
ARVIRAGUS  
LET  
ORDINANCE  
COME  
AS  
THE  
GODS  
FORESAY  
IT.  
HOWSOE'ER,  
MY

BROTHER  
HATH  
DONE  
WELL.  
BELARIUS  
I  
HAD  
NO  
MIND  
TO  
HUNT  
THIS  
DAY;  
THE  
BOY  
FIDELE'S  
SICKNESS  
DID  
MAKE  
MY  
WAY  
LONG  
FORTH.  
GUIDERIUS  
WITH  
HIS  
OWN  
SWORD,  
WHICH  
HE  
DID  
WAVE  
AGAINST  
MY  
THROAT,  
I  
HAVE  
TA'EN  
HIS  
HEAD  
FROM  
HIM.  
I'LL  
THROW'T

INTO  
THE  
CREEK  
BEHIND  
OUR  
ROCK,  
AND  
LET  
IT  
TO  
THE  
SEA  
156

AND  
TELL  
THE  
FISHES  
HE'S  
THE  
QUEEN'S  
SON,  
CLOTEN.  
THAT'S  
ALL  
I  
RECK.  
EXIT  
BELARIUS  
I  
FEAR'TWILL  
BE  
REVENG'D.  
WOULD,  
POLYDORE,  
THOU  
HADST  
NOT  
DONE'T!  
THOUGH  
VALOUR  
BECOMES  
THEE  
WELL  
ENOUGH.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WOULD  
I  
HAD  
DONE'T,  
SO  
THE  
REVENGE  
ALONE  
PURSU'D  
ME!  
POLYDORE,  
I



LOVE  
THEE  
BROTHERLY,  
BUT  
ENVY  
MUCH  
THOU  
HAST  
ROBB'D  
ME  
OF  
THIS  
DEED.

I  
WOULD  
REVENGES,  
THAT  
POSSIBLE  
STRENGTH  
MIGHT  
MEET,  
WOULD  
SEEK  
US  
THROUGH,  
AND  
PUT  
US  
TO  
OUR  
ANSWER.  
BELARIUS  
WELL,  
'TIS  
DONE.  
WE'LL  
HUNT  
NO  
MORE  
TO-DAY,  
NOR  
SEEK  
FOR  
DANGER

WHERE  
THERE'S  
NO  
PROFIT.  
I  
PRITHEE  
TO  
OUR  
ROCK.  
YOU  
AND  
FIDELE  
PLAY  
THE  
COOKS;  
I'LL  
STAY  
TILL  
HASTY  
POLYDORE  
RETURN,  
AND  
BRING  
HIM  
TO  
DINNER  
PRESENTLY.  
157

ARVIRAGUS  
POOR  
SICK  
FIDELE!  
I'LL  
WILLINGLY  
TO  
HIM;  
TO  
GAIN  
HIS  
COLOUR  
I'D  
LET  
A  
PARISH  
OF  
SUCH  
CLOTEN'S  
BLOOD,  
AND  
PRAISE  
MYSELF  
FOR  
CHARITY.  
EXIT  
BELARIUS  
O  
THOU  
GODDESS,  
THOU  
DIVINE  
NATURE,  
THOU  
THYSELF  
THOU  
BLAZON'ST  
IN  
THESE  
TWO  
PRINCELY  
BOYS!  
THEY  
ARE

AS  
GENTLE  
AS  
ZEPHYRS  
BLOWING  
BELOW  
THE  
VIOLET,  
NOT  
WAGGING  
HIS  
SWEET  
HEAD;  
AND  
YET  
AS  
ROUGH,  
THEIR  
ROYAL  
BLOOD  
ENCHAF'D,  
AS  
THE  
RUD'ST  
WIND  
THAT  
BY  
THE  
TOP  
DOTH  
TAKE  
THE  
MOUNTAIN  
PINE  
AND  
MAKE  
HIM  
STOOP  
TO  
TH'  
VALE.  
'TIS  
WONDER  
THAT

AN  
INVISIBLE  
INSTINCT  
SHOULD  
FRAME  
THEM  
TO  
ROYALTY  
UNLEARN'D,  
HONOUR  
UNTAUGHT,  
CIVILITY  
NOT  
SEEN  
FROM  
OTHER,  
VALOUR  
THAT  
WILDLY  
GROWS  
IN  
THEM,  
BUT  
YIELDS  
A  
CROP  
AS  
IF  
IT  
HAD  
BEEN  
SOW'D.  
YET  
STILL  
IT'S  
STRANGE  
WHAT  
CLOTEN'S  
BEING  
HERE  
TO  
US  
PORTENDS,  
OR

WHAT  
HIS  
DEATH  
WILL  
BRING  
US.  
158

RE-ENTER  
GUIDERIUS  
GUIDERIUS  
WHERE'S  
MY  
BROTHER?  
I  
HAVE  
SENT  
CLOTEN'S  
CLOTPOLL  
DOWN  
THE  
STREAM,  
IN  
EMBASSY  
TO  
HIS  
MOTHER;  
HIS  
BODY'S  
HOSTAGE  
FOR  
HIS  
RETURN.  
[SOLEMN  
MUSIC]  
BELARIUS  
MY  
INGENIOUS  
INSTRUMENT!  
HARK,  
POLYDORE,  
IT  
SOUNDS.  
BUT  
WHAT  
OCCASION  
HATH  
CADWAL  
NOW  
TO  
GIVE  
IT

MOTION?  
HARK!  
GUIDERIUS  
IS  
HE  
AT  
HOME?  
BELARIUS  
HE  
WENT  
HENCE  
EVEN  
NOW.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHAT  
DOES  
HE  
MEAN?  
SINCE  
DEATH  
OF  
MY  
DEAR'ST  
MOTHER  
IT  
DID  
NOT  
SPEAK  
BEFORE.  
ALL  
SOLEMN  
THINGS  
159



SHOULD  
ANSWER  
SOLEMN  
ACCIDENTS.  
THE  
MATTER?  
TRIUMPHS  
FOR  
NOTHING  
AND  
LAMENTING  
TOYS  
IS  
JOLLITY  
FOR  
APES  
AND  
GRIEF  
FOR  
BOYS.  
IS  
CADWAL  
MAD?  
RE-ENTER  
ARVIRAGUS,  
WITH  
IMOGEN  
AS  
DEAD,  
BEARING  
HER  
IN  
HIS  
ARMS  
BELARIUS  
LOOK,  
HERE  
HE  
COMES,  
AND  
BRINGS  
THE  
DIRE  
OCCASION

IN  
HIS  
ARMS  
OF  
WHAT  
WE  
BLAME  
HIM  
FOR!  
ARVIRAGUS  
THE  
BIRD  
IS  
DEAD  
THAT  
WE  
HAVE  
MADE  
SO  
MUCH  
ON.  
I  
HAD  
RATHER  
HAVE  
SKIPP'D  
FROM  
SIXTEEN  
YEARS  
OF  
AGE  
TO  
SIXTY,  
TO  
HAVE  
TURN'D  
MY  
LEAPING  
TIME  
INTO  
A  
CRUTCH,  
THAN  
HAVE

SEEN  
THIS.  
GUIDERIUS  
O  
SWEETEST,  
FAIREST  
LILY!  
MY  
BROTHER  
WEARS  
THEE  
NOT  
THE  
ONE  
HALF  
SO  
WELL  
AS  
WHEN  
THOU  
GREW'ST  
THYSELF.  
BELARIUS  
160

O  
MELANCHOLY!  
WHO  
EVER  
YET  
COULD  
SOUND  
THY  
BOTTOM?  
FIND  
THE  
OOZE  
TO  
SHOW  
WHAT  
COAST  
THY  
SLUGGISH  
CRARE  
MIGHT'ST  
EASILIEST  
HARBOUR  
IN?  
THOU  
BLESSED  
THING!  
JOVE  
KNOWS  
WHAT  
MAN  
THOU  
MIGHTST  
HAVE  
MADE;  
BUT  
I,  
THOU  
DIEDST,  
A  
MOST  
RARE  
BOY,  
OF  
MELANCHOLY.

HOW  
FOUND  
YOU  
HIM?  
ARVIRAGUS  
STARK,  
AS  
YOU  
SEE;  
THUS  
SMILING,  
AS  
SOME  
FLY  
HAD  
TICKLED  
SLUMBER,  
NOT  
AS  
DEATH'S  
DART,  
BEING  
LAUGH'D  
AT;  
HIS  
RIGHT  
CHEEK  
REPOSING  
ON  
A  
CUSHION.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHERE?  
ARVIRAGUS  
O'  
TH'  
FLOOR;  
HIS  
ARMS  
THUS  
LEAGU'D.  
I  
THOUGHT  
HE

SLEPT,  
AND  
PUT  
MY  
CLOUTED  
BROGUES  
FROM  
OFF  
MY  
FEET,  
WHOSE  
RUDENESS  
ANSWER'D  
MY  
STEPS  
TOO  
LOUD.  
GUIDERIUS  
WHY,  
HE  
BUT  
SLEEPS.  
161

IF  
HE  
BE  
GONE  
HE'LL  
MAKE  
HIS  
GRAVE  
A  
BED;  
WITH  
FEMALE  
FAIRIES  
WILL  
HIS  
TOMB  
BE  
HAUNTED,  
AND  
WORMS  
WILL  
NOT  
COME  
TO  
THEE.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WITH  
FAIREST  
FLOWERS,  
WHILST  
SUMMER  
LASTS  
AND  
I  
LIVE  
HERE,  
FIDELE,  
I'LL  
SWEETEN  
THY  
SAD  
GRAVE.  
THOU  
SHALT

NOT  
LACK  
THE  
FLOWER  
THAT'S  
LIKE  
THY  
FACE,  
PALE  
PRIMROSE;  
NOR  
THE  
AZUR'D  
HARE-BELL,  
LIKE  
THY  
VEINS;  
NO,  
NOR  
THE  
LEAF  
OF  
EGLANTINE,  
WHOM  
NOT  
TO  
SLANDER,  
OUT-SWEET'NED  
NOT  
THY  
BREATH.  
THE  
RUDDOCK  
WOULD,  
WITH  
CHARITABLE  
BILL-  
O  
BILL,  
SORE  
SHAMING  
THOSE  
RICH-LEFT  
HEIRS



THAT  
LET  
THEIR  
FATHERS  
LIE  
WITHOUT  
A  
MONUMENT!-  
BRING  
THEE  
ALL  
THIS;  
YEA,  
AND  
FURR'D  
MOSS  
BESIDES,  
WHEN  
FLOW'RS  
ARE  
NONE,  
TO  
WINTER-GROUND  
THY  
CORSE-  
GUIDERIUS  
PRITHEE  
HAVE  
DONE,  
AND  
DO  
NOT  
PLAY  
IN  
WENCH-LIKE  
WORDS  
WITH  
THAT  
WHICH  
IS  
SO  
SERIOUS.  
LET  
US

BURY  
HIM,  
AND  
NOT  
PROTRACT  
WITH  
ADMIRATION  
WHAT  
IS  
NOW  
DUE  
DEBT.  
TO  
TH'  
GRAVE.  
162

ARVIRAGUS  
SAY,  
WHERE  
SHALL'S  
LAY  
HIM?  
GUIDERIUS  
BY  
GOOD  
EURIPHILE,  
OUR  
MOTHER.  
ARVIRAGUS  
BE'T  
SO;  
AND  
LET  
US,  
POLYDORE,  
THOUGH  
NOW  
OUR  
VOICES  
HAVE  
GOT  
THE  
MANNISH  
CRACK,  
SING  
HIM  
TO  
TH'  
GROUND,  
AS  
ONCE  
TO  
OUR  
MOTHER;  
USE  
LIKE  
NOTE  
AND  
WORDS,  
SAVE

THAT  
EURIPHILE  
MUST  
BE  
FIDELE.  
GUIDERIUS  
CADWAL,  
I  
CANNOT  
SING.  
I'LL  
WEEP,  
AND  
WORD  
IT  
WITH  
THEE;  
FOR  
NOTES  
OF  
SORROW  
OUT  
OF  
TUNE  
ARE  
WORSE  
THAN  
PRIESTS  
AND  
FANES  
THAT  
LIE.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WE'LL  
SPEAK  
IT,  
THEN.  
BELARIUS  
GREAT  
GRIEFS,  
I  
SEE,  
MED'CINE  
THE

LESS,  
FOR  
CLOTEN  
IS  
QUITE  
FORGOT.  
HE  
WAS  
A  
QUEEN'S  
SON,  
BOYS;  
163

AND  
THOUGH  
HE  
CAME  
OUR  
ENEMY,  
REMEMBER  
HE  
WAS  
PAID  
FOR  
THAT.  
THOUGH  
MEAN  
AND  
MIGHTY  
ROTTING  
TOGETHER  
HAVE  
ONE  
DUST,  
YET  
REVERENCE-  
THAT  
ANGEL  
OF  
THE  
WORLD-  
DOTH  
MAKE  
DISTINCTION  
OF  
PLACE  
'TWEEN  
HIGH  
AND  
LOW.  
OUR  
FOE  
WAS  
PRINCELY;  
AND  
THOUGH  
YOU

TOOK  
HIS  
LIFE,  
AS  
BEING  
OUR  
FOE,  
YET  
BURY  
HIM  
AS  
A  
PRINCE.  
GUIDERIUS  
PRAY  
YOU  
FETCH  
HIM  
HITHER.  
THERSITES'  
BODY  
IS  
AS  
GOOD  
AS  
AJAX',  
WHEN  
NEITHER  
ARE  
ALIVE.  
ARVIRAGUS  
IF  
YOU'LL  
GO  
FETCH  
HIM,  
WE'LL  
SAY  
OUR  
SONG  
THE  
WHILST.  
BROTHER,  
BEGIN.

EXIT  
BELARIUS  
GUIDERIUS  
NAY,  
CADWAL,  
WE  
MUST  
LAY  
HIS  
HEAD  
TO  
TH'  
EAST;  
MY  
FATHER  
HATH  
A  
REASON  
FOR'T.  
ARVIRAGUS  
'TIS  
TRUE.  
164



GUIDERIUS  
COME  
ON,  
THEN,  
AND  
REMOVE  
HIM.  
ARVIRAGUS  
SO.  
BEGIN.  
SONG  
GUIDERIUS  
FEAR  
NO  
MORE  
THE  
HEAT  
O'  
TH'  
SUN  
NOR  
THE  
FURIOUS  
WINTER'S  
RAGES;  
THOU  
THY  
WORLDLY  
TASK  
HAST  
DONE,  
HOME  
ART  
GONE,  
AND  
TA'EN  
THY  
WAGES.  
GOLDEN  
LADS  
AND  
GIRLS  
ALL  
MUST,

AS  
CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS,  
COME  
TO  
DUST.  
ARVIRAGUS  
FEAR  
NO  
MORE  
THE  
FROWN  
O'  
TH'  
GREAT;  
THOU  
ART  
PAST  
THE  
TYRANT'S  
STROKE.  
CARE  
NO  
MORE  
TO  
CLOTHE  
AND  
EAT;  
TO  
THEE  
THE  
REED  
IS  
AS  
THE  
OAK.  
THE  
SCEPTRE,  
LEARNING,  
PHYSIC,  
MUST  
ALL  
FOLLOW  
THIS  
AND

COME  
TO  
DUST.  
165

GUIDERIUS  
FEAR  
NO  
MORE  
THE  
LIGHTNING  
FLASH,  
ARVIRAGUS  
NOR  
TH'  
ALL-DREADED  
THUNDER-STONE;  
GUIDERIUS  
FEAR  
NOT  
SLANDER,  
CENSURE  
RASH;  
ARVIRAGUS  
THOU  
HAST  
FINISH'D  
JOY  
AND  
MOAN.  
BOTH  
ALL  
LOVERS  
YOUNG,  
ALL  
LOVERS  
MUST  
CONSIGN  
TO  
THEE  
AND  
COME  
TO  
DUST.  
GUIDERIUS  
NO  
EXORCISER  
HARM  
THEE!

ARVIRAGUS  
NOR  
NO  
WITCHCRAFT  
CHARM  
THEE!  
GUIDERIUS  
GHOST  
UNLAID  
FORBEAR  
THEE!  
166

ARVIRAGUS  
NOTHING  
ILL  
COME  
NEAR  
THEE!  
BOTH  
QUIET  
CONSUMMATION  
HAVE,  
AND  
RENOWNED  
BE  
THY  
GRAVE!  
RE-ENTER  
BELARIUS  
WITH  
THE  
BODY  
OF  
CLOTEN  
GUIDERIUS  
WE  
HAVE  
DONE  
OUR  
OBSEQUIES.  
COME,  
LAY  
HIM  
DOWN.  
BELARIUS  
HERE'S  
A  
FEW  
FLOWERS;  
BUT  
'BOUT  
MIDNIGHT,  
MORE.  
THE  
HERBS  
THAT

HAVE  
ON  
THEM  
COLD  
DEW  
O'  
TH'  
NIGHT  
ARE  
STREWINGS  
FIT'ST  
FOR  
GRAVES.  
UPON  
THEIR  
FACES.  
YOU  
WERE  
AS  
FLOW'RS,  
NOW  
WITHER'D.  
EVEN  
SO  
THESE  
HERBLETS  
SHALL  
WHICH  
WE  
UPON  
YOU  
STREW.  
COME  
ON,  
AWAY.  
APART  
UPON  
OUR  
KNEES.  
THE  
GROUND  
THAT  
GAVE  
THEM

FIRST  
HAS  
THEM  
AGAIN.  
THEIR  
PLEASURES  
HERE  
ARE  
PAST,  
SO  
IS  
THEIR  
PAIN.  
EXEUNT  
ALL  
BUT  
IMOGEN  
IMOGEN  
167



[AWAKING]  
YES,  
SIR,  
TO  
MILFORD  
HAVEN.  
WHICH  
IS  
THE  
WAY?  
I  
THANK  
YOU.  
BY  
YOND  
BUSH?  
PRAY,  
HOW  
FAR  
THITHER?  
'ODS  
PITTIKINS!  
CAN  
IT  
BE  
SIX  
MILE  
YET?  
I  
HAVE  
GONE  
ALL  
NIGHT.  
FAITH,  
I'LL  
LIE  
DOWN  
AND  
SLEEP.  
BUT,  
SOFT!  
NO  
BEDFELLOW.  
O

GODS  
AND  
GODDESSES!  
[SEEING  
THE  
BODY]  
THESE  
FLOW'RS  
ARE  
LIKE  
THE  
PLEASURES  
OF  
THE  
WORLD;  
THIS  
BLOODY  
MAN,  
THE  
CARE  
ON'T.  
I  
HOPE  
I  
DREAM;  
FOR  
SO  
I  
THOUGHT  
I  
WAS  
A  
CAVE-KEEPER,  
AND  
COOK  
TO  
HONEST  
CREATURES.  
BUT  
'TIS  
NOT  
SO;  
'T WAS  
BUT

A  
BOLT  
OF  
NOTHING,  
SHOT  
AT  
NOTHING,  
WHICH  
THE  
BRAIN  
MAKES  
OF  
FUMES.  
OUR  
VERY  
EYES  
ARE  
SOMETIMES,  
LIKE  
OUR  
JUDGMENTS,  
BLIND.  
GOOD  
FAITH,  
I  
TREMBLE  
STILL  
WITH  
FEAR;  
BUT  
IF  
THERE  
BE  
YET  
LEFT  
IN  
HEAVEN  
AS  
SMALL  
A  
DROP  
OF  
PITY  
AS

A  
WREN'S  
EYE,  
FEAR'D  
GODS,  
A  
PART  
OF  
IT!  
THE  
DREAM'S  
HERE  
STILL.  
EVEN  
WHEN  
I  
WAKE  
IT  
IS  
WITHOUT  
ME,  
AS  
WITHIN  
ME;  
NOT  
IMAGIN'D,  
FELT.  
A  
HEADLESS  
MAN?  
THE  
GARMENTS  
OF  
POSTHUMUS?  
I  
KNOW  
THE  
SHAPE  
OF'S  
LEG;  
THIS  
IS  
HIS  
HAND,

HIS  
FOOT  
MERCURIAL,  
HIS  
MARTIAL  
THIGH,  
THE  
BRAWNS  
OF  
HERCULES;  
BUT  
HIS  
JOVIAL  
FACE-  
MURDER  
IN  
HEAVEN!  
HOW!  
'TIS  
GONE.  
PISANIO,  
168

ALL  
CURSES  
MADDED  
HECUBA  
GAVE  
THE  
GREEKS,  
AND  
MINE  
TO  
BOOT,  
BE  
DARTED  
ON  
THEE!  
THOU,  
CONSPIR'D  
WITH  
THAT  
IRREGULOUS  
DEVIL,  
CLOTEN,  
HATH  
HERE  
CUT  
OFF  
MY  
LORD.  
TO  
WRITE  
AND  
READ  
BE  
HENCEFORTH  
TREACHEROUS!  
DAMN'D  
PISANIO  
HATH  
WITH  
HIS  
FORGED  
LETTERS-  
DAMN'D  
PISANIO-

FROM  
THIS  
MOST  
BRAVEST  
VESSEL  
OF  
THE  
WORLD  
STRUCK  
THE  
MAIN-TOP.  
O  
POSTHUMUS!  
ALAS,  
WHERE  
IS  
THY  
HEAD?  
WHERE'S  
THAT?  
AY  
ME!  
WHERE'S  
THAT?  
PISANIO  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
KILL'D  
THEE  
AT  
THE  
HEART,  
AND  
LEFT  
THIS  
HEAD  
ON.  
HOW  
SHOULD  
THIS  
BE?  
PISANIO?  
'TIS  
HE

AND  
CLOTEN;  
MALICE  
AND  
LUCRE  
IN  
THEM  
HAVE  
LAID  
THIS  
WOE  
HERE.  
O,  
'TIS  
PREGNANT,  
PREGNANT!  
THE  
DRUG  
HE  
GAVE  
ME,  
WHICH  
HE  
SAID  
WAS  
PRECIOUS  
AND  
CORDIAL  
TO  
ME,  
HAVE  
I  
NOT  
FOUND  
IT  
MURD'ROUS  
TO  
TH'  
SENSES?  
THAT  
CONFIRMS  
IT  
HOME.  
THIS



IS  
PISANIO'S  
DEED,  
AND  
CLOTEN.  
O!  
GIVE  
COLOUR  
TO  
MY  
PALE  
CHEEK  
WITH  
THY  
BLOOD,  
THAT  
WE  
THE  
HORRIDER  
MAY  
SEEM  
TO  
THOSE  
WHICH  
CHANCE  
TO  
FIND  
US.  
O,  
MY  
LORD,  
MY  
LORD!  
[FALLS  
FAINTING  
ON  
THE  
BODY]  
ENTER  
LUCIUS,  
CAPTAINS,  
AND  
A  
SOOTHSAYER



CAPTAIN  
TO  
THEM  
THE  
LEGIONS  
GARRISON'D  
IN  
GALLIA,  
AFTER  
YOUR  
WILL,  
HAVE  
CROSS'D  
THE  
SEA,  
ATTENDING  
YOU  
HERE  
AT  
MILFORD  
HAVEN;  
WITH  
YOUR  
SHIPS,  
THEY  
ARE  
IN  
READINESS.  
LUCIUS  
BUT  
WHAT  
FROM  
ROME?  
CAPTAIN  
THE  
SENATE  
HATH  
STIRR'D  
UP  
THE  
CONFINERS  
AND  
GENTLEMEN  
OF

ITALY,  
MOST  
WILLING  
SPIRITS,  
THAT  
PROMISE  
NOBLE  
SERVICE;  
AND  
THEY  
COME  
UNDER  
THE  
CONDUCT  
OF  
BOLD  
IACHIMO,  
SIENNA'S  
BROTHER.  
LUCIUS  
WHEN  
EXPECT  
YOU  
THEM?  
CAPTAIN  
WITH  
THE  
NEXT  
BENEFIT  
O'  
TH'  
WIND.  
LUCIUS  
THIS  
FORWARDNESS  
MAKES  
OUR  
HOPES  
FAIR.  
COMMAND  
OUR  
PRESENT  
NUMBERS  
170



BE  
MUSTER'D;  
BID  
THE  
CAPTAINS  
LOOK  
TO'T.  
NOW,  
SIR,  
WHAT  
HAVE  
YOU  
DREAM'D  
OF  
LATE  
OF  
THIS  
WAR'S  
PURPOSE?  
SOOTHSAYER  
LAST  
NIGHT  
THE  
VERY  
GODS  
SHOW'D  
ME  
A  
VISION-  
I  
FAST  
AND  
PRAY'D  
FOR  
THEIR  
INTELLIGENCE-  
THUS:  
I  
SAW  
JOVE'S  
BIRD,  
THE  
ROMAN  
EAGLE,

WING'D  
FROM  
THE  
SPONGY  
SOUTH  
TO  
THIS  
PART  
OF  
THE  
WEST,  
THERE  
VANISH'D  
IN  
THE  
SUNBEAMS;  
WHICH  
PORTENDS,  
UNLESS  
MY  
SINS  
ABUSE  
MY  
DIVINATION,  
SUCCESS  
TO  
TH'  
ROMAN  
HOST.  
LUCIUS  
DREAM  
OFTEN  
SO,  
AND  
NEVER  
FALSE.  
SOFT,  
HO!  
WHAT  
TRUNK  
IS  
HERE  
WITHOUT  
HIS

TOP?  
THE  
RUIN  
SPEAKS  
THAT  
SOMETIME  
IT  
WAS  
A  
WORTHY  
BUILDING.  
HOW?  
A  
PAGE?  
OR  
DEAD  
OR  
SLEEPING  
ON  
HIM?  
BUT  
DEAD,  
RATHER;  
FOR  
NATURE  
DOTH  
ABHOR  
TO  
MAKE  
HIS  
BED  
WITH  
THE  
DEFUNCT,  
OR  
SLEEP  
UPON  
THE  
DEAD.  
LET'S  
SEE  
THE  
BOY'S  
FACE.



CAPTAIN  
HE'S  
ALIVE,  
MY  
LORD.  
171

LUCIUS  
HE'LL  
THEN  
INSTRUCT  
US  
OF  
THIS  
BODY.  
YOUNG  
ONE,  
INFORM  
US  
OF  
THY  
FORTUNES;  
FOR  
IT  
SEEMS  
THEY  
CRAVE  
TO  
BE  
DEMANDED.  
WHO  
IS  
THIS  
THOU  
MAK'ST  
THY  
BLOODY  
PILLOW?  
OR  
WHO  
WAS  
HE  
THAT,  
OTHERWISE  
THAN  
NOBLE  
NATURE  
DID,  
HATH  
ALTER'D  
THAT

GOOD  
PICTURE?  
WHAT'S  
THY  
INTEREST  
IN  
THIS  
SAD  
WRECK?  
HOW  
CAME'T?  
WHO  
IS'T?  
WHAT  
ART  
THOU?  
IMOGEN  
I  
AM  
NOTHING;  
OR  
IF  
NOT,  
NOTHING  
TO  
BE  
WERE  
BETTER.  
THIS  
WAS  
MY  
MASTER,  
A  
VERY  
VALIANT  
BRITON  
AND  
A  
GOOD,  
THAT  
HERE  
BY  
MOUNTAINEERS  
LIES

SLAIN.  
ALAS!  
THERE  
IS  
NO  
MORE  
SUCH  
MASTERS.  
I  
MAY  
WANDER  
FROM  
EAST  
TO  
OCCIDENT;  
CRY  
OUT  
FOR  
SERVICE;  
TRY  
MANY,  
ALL  
GOOD;  
SERVE  
TRULY;  
NEVER  
FIND  
SUCH  
ANOTHER  
MASTER.  
LUCIUS  
'LACK,  
GOOD  
YOUTH!  
THOU  
MOV'ST  
NO  
LESS  
WITH  
THY  
COMPLAINING  
THAN  
THY  
MASTER

IN  
BLEEDING.  
SAY  
HIS  
NAME,  
GOOD  
FRIEND.  
IMOGEN  
172

RICHARD  
DU  
CHAMP.  
[ASIDE]  
IF  
I  
DO  
LIE,  
AND  
DO  
NO  
HARM  
BY  
IT,  
THOUGH  
THE  
GODS  
HEAR,  
I  
HOPE  
THEY'LL  
PARDON  
IT.-  
SAY  
YOU,  
SIR?  
LUCIUS  
THY  
NAME?  
IMOGEN  
FIDELE,  
SIR.  
LUCIUS  
THOU  
DOST  
APPROVE  
THYSELF  
THE  
VERY  
SAME;  
THY  
NAME  
WELL  
FITS

THY  
FAITH,  
THY  
FAITH  
THY  
NAME.  
WILT  
TAKE  
THY  
CHANCE  
WITH  
ME?  
I  
WILL  
NOT  
SAY  
THOU  
SHALT  
BE  
SO  
WELL  
MASTER'D;  
BUT,  
BE  
SURE,  
NO  
LESS  
BELOV'D.  
THE  
ROMAN  
EMPEROR'S  
LETTERS,  
SENT  
BY  
A  
CONSUL  
TO  
ME,  
SHOULD  
NOT  
SOONER  
THAN  
THINE  
OWN

WORTH  
PREFER  
THEE.  
GO  
WITH  
ME.  
IMOGEN  
I'LL  
FOLLOW,  
SIR.  
BUT  
FIRST,  
AN'T  
PLEASE  
THE  
GODS,  
I'LL  
HIDE  
MY  
MASTER  
FROM  
THE  
FLIES,  
AS  
DEEP  
AS  
THESE  
POOR  
PICKAXES  
CAN  
DIG;  
AND  
WHEN  
WITH  
WILD  
WOOD-LEAVES  
AND  
WEEDS  
I  
HA'  
STREW'D  
HIS  
GRAVE,  
AND



ON  
IT  
SAID  
A  
CENTURY  
OF  
PRAYERS,  
173

SUCH  
AS  
I  
CAN,  
TWICE  
O'ER,  
I'LL  
WEEP  
AND  
SIGH;  
AND  
LEAVING  
SO  
HIS  
SERVICE,  
FOLLOW  
YOU,  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOU  
ENTERTAIN  
ME.  
LUCIUS  
AY,  
GOOD  
YOUTH;  
AND  
RATHER  
FATHER  
THEE  
THAN  
MASTER  
THEE.  
MY  
FRIENDS,  
THE  
BOY  
HATH  
TAUGHT  
US  
MANLY  
DUTIES;  
LET  
US

FIND  
OUT  
THE  
PRETTIEST  
DAISIED  
PLOT  
WE  
CAN,  
AND  
MAKE  
HIM  
WITH  
OUR  
PIKES  
AND  
PARTISANS  
A  
GRAVE.  
COME,  
ARM  
HIM.  
BOY,  
HE  
IS  
PREFERR'D  
BY  
THEE  
TO  
US;  
AND  
HE  
SHALL  
BE  
INTERR'D  
AS  
SOLDIERS  
CAN.  
BE  
CHEERFUL;  
WIPE  
THINE  
EYES.  
SOME  
FALLS

ARE  
MEANS  
THE  
HAPPIER  
TO  
ARISE.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
III.  
BRITAIN.  
CYMBELINE'S  
PALACE  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE,  
LORDS,  
PISANIO,  
AND  
ATTENDANTS  
CYMBELINE  
AGAIN!  
AND  
BRING  
ME  
WORD  
HOW  
'TIS  
WITH  
HER.  
174

EXIT  
AN  
ATTENDANT  
A  
FEVER  
WITH  
THE  
ABSENCE  
OF  
HER  
SON;  
A  
MADNESS,  
OF  
WHICH  
HER  
LIFE'S  
IN  
DANGER.  
HEAVENS,  
HOW  
DEEPLY  
YOU  
AT  
ONCE  
DO  
TOUCH  
ME!  
IMOGEN,  
THE  
GREAT  
PART  
OF  
MY  
COMFORT,  
GONE;  
MY  
QUEEN  
UPON  
A  
DESPERATE  
BED,  
AND  
IN

A  
TIME  
WHEN  
FEARFUL  
WARS  
POINT  
AT  
ME;  
HER  
SON  
GONE,  
SO  
NEEDFUL  
FOR  
THIS  
PRESENT.  
IT  
STRIKES  
ME  
PAST  
THE  
HOPE  
OF  
COMFORT.  
BUT  
FOR  
THEE,  
FELLOW,  
WHO  
NEEDS  
MUST  
KNOW  
OF  
HER  
DEPARTURE  
AND  
DOST  
SEEM  
SO  
IGNORANT,  
WE'LL  
ENFORCE  
IT  
FROM

THEE  
BY  
A  
SHARP  
TORTURE.  
PISANIO  
SIR,  
MY  
LIFE  
IS  
YOURS;  
I  
HUMBLY  
SET  
IT  
AT  
YOUR  
WILL;  
BUT  
FOR  
MY  
MISTRESS,  
I  
NOTHING  
KNOW  
WHERE  
SHE  
REMAINS,  
WHY  
GONE,  
NOR  
WHEN  
SHE  
PURPOSES  
RETURN.  
BESEECH  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS,  
HOLD  
ME  
YOUR  
LOYAL  
SERVANT.  
LORD

GOOD  
MY  
LIEGE,  
THE  
DAY  
THAT  
SHE  
WAS  
MISSING  
HE  
WAS  
HERE.  
175



I  
DARE  
BE  
BOUND  
HE'S  
TRUE  
AND  
SHALL  
PERFORM  
ALL  
PARTS  
OF  
HIS  
SUBJECTION  
LOYALLY.  
FOR  
CLOTEN,  
THERE  
WANTS  
NO  
DILIGENCE  
IN  
SEEKING  
HIM,  
AND  
WILL  
NO  
DOUBT  
BE  
FOUND.  
CYMBELINE  
THE  
TIME  
IS  
TROUBLESOME.  
[TO  
PISANIO]  
WE'LL  
SLIP  
YOU  
FOR  
A  
SEASON;  
BUT

OUR  
JEALOUSY  
DOES  
YET  
DEPEND.  
LORD  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOUR  
MAJESTY,  
THE  
ROMAN  
LEGIONS,  
ALL  
FROM  
GALLIA  
DRAWN,  
ARE  
LANDED  
ON  
YOUR  
COAST,  
WITH  
A  
SUPPLY  
OF  
ROMAN  
GENTLEMEN  
BY  
THE  
SENATE  
SENT.  
CYMBELINE  
NOW  
FOR  
THE  
COUNSEL  
OF  
MY  
SON  
AND  
QUEEN!  
I  
AM

AMAZ'D  
WITH  
MATTER.  
LORD  
GOOD  
MY  
LIEGE,  
YOUR  
PREPARATION  
CAN  
AFFRONT  
NO  
LESS  
THAN  
WHAT  
YOU  
HEAR  
OF.  
COME  
MORE,  
FOR  
MORE  
YOU'RE  
READY.  
THE  
WANT  
IS  
BUT  
TO  
PUT  
THOSE  
POW'RS  
IN  
MOTION  
176

THAT  
LONG  
TO  
MOVE.  
CYMBELINE  
I  
THANK  
YOU.  
LET'S  
WITHDRAW,  
AND  
MEET  
THE  
TIME  
AS  
IT  
SEEKS  
US.  
WE  
FEAR  
NOT  
WHAT  
CAN  
FROM  
ITALY  
ANNOY  
US;  
BUT  
WE  
GRIEVE  
AT  
CHANCES  
HERE.  
AWAY!  
EXEUNT  
ALL  
BUT  
PISANIO  
PISANIO  
I  
HEARD  
NO  
LETTER  
FROM

MY  
MASTER  
SINCE  
I  
WROTE  
HIM  
IMOGEN  
WAS  
SLAIN.  
'TIS  
STRANGE.  
NOR  
HEAR  
I  
FROM  
MY  
MISTRESS,  
WHO  
DID  
PROMISE  
TO  
YIELD  
ME  
OFTEN  
TIDINGS.  
NEITHER  
KNOW  
WHAT  
IS  
BETID  
TO  
CLOTEN,  
BUT  
REMAIN  
PERPLEX'D  
IN  
ALL.  
THE  
HEAVENS  
STILL  
MUST  
WORK.  
WHEREIN  
I

AM  
FALSE  
I  
AM  
HONEST;  
NOT  
TRUE,  
TO  
BE  
TRUE.  
THESE  
PRESENT  
WARS  
SHALL  
FIND  
I  
LOVE  
MY  
COUNTRY,  
EVEN  
TO  
THE  
NOTE  
O'  
TH'  
KING,  
OR  
I'LL  
FALL  
IN  
THEM.  
ALL  
OTHER  
DOUBTS,  
BY  
TIME  
LET  
THEM  
BE  
CLEAR'D:  
FORTUNE  
BRINGS  
IN  
SOME

BOATS  
THAT  
ARE  
NOT  
STEER'D.  
EXIT  
SCENE  
IV.  
WALES.  
BEFORE  
THE  
CAVE  
OF  
BELARIUS  
177

ENTER  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
GUIDERIUS  
THE  
NOISE  
IS  
ROUND  
ABOUT  
US.  
BELARIUS  
LET  
US  
FROM  
IT.  
ARVIRAGUS  
WHAT  
PLEASURE,  
SIR,  
FIND  
WE  
IN  
LIFE,  
TO  
LOCK  
IT  
FROM  
ACTION  
AND  
ADVENTURE?  
GUIDERIUS  
NAY,  
WHAT  
HOPE  
HAVE  
WE  
IN  
HIDING  
US?  
THIS  
WAY  
THE



ROMANS  
MUST  
OR  
FOR  
BRITONS  
SLAY  
US,  
OR  
RECEIVE  
US  
FOR  
BARBAROUS  
AND  
UNNATURAL  
REVOLTS  
DURING  
THEIR  
USE,  
AND  
SLAY  
US  
AFTER.  
BELARIUS  
SONS,  
WE'LL  
HIGHER  
TO  
THE  
MOUNTAINS;  
THERE  
SECURE  
US.  
TO  
THE  
KING'S  
PARTY  
THERE'S  
NO  
GOING.  
NEWNESS  
OF  
CLOTEN'S  
DEATH-  
WE

BEING  
NOT  
KNOWN,  
NOT  
MUSTER'D  
178

AMONG  
THE  
BANDS-MAY  
DRIVE  
US  
TO  
A  
RENDER  
WHERE  
WE  
HAVE  
LIV'D,  
AND  
SO  
EXTORT  
FROM'S  
THAT  
WHICH  
WE  
HAVE  
DONE,  
WHOSE  
ANSWER  
WOULD  
BE  
DEATH,  
DRAWN  
ON  
WITH  
TORTURE.  
GUIDERIUS  
THIS  
IS,  
SIR,  
A  
DOUBT  
IN  
SUCH  
A  
TIME  
NOTHING  
BECOMING  
YOU  
NOR

SATISFYING  
US.  
ARVIRAGUS  
IT  
IS  
NOT  
LIKELY  
THAT  
WHEN  
THEY  
HEAR  
THE  
ROMAN  
HORSES  
NEIGH,  
BEHOLD  
THEIR  
QUARTER'D  
FIRES,  
HAVE  
BOTH  
THEIR  
EYES  
AND  
EARS  
SO  
CLOY'D  
IMPORTANTLY  
AS  
NOW,  
THAT  
THEY  
WILL  
WASTE  
THEIR  
TIME  
UPON  
OUR  
NOTE,  
TO  
KNOW  
FROM  
WHENCE  
WE

ARE.  
BELARIUS  
O,  
I  
AM  
KNOWN  
OF  
MANY  
IN  
THE  
ARMY.  
MANY  
YEARS,  
THOUGH  
CLOTEN  
THEN  
BUT  
YOUNG,  
YOU  
SEE,  
NOT  
WORE  
HIM  
FROM  
MY  
REMEMBRANCE.  
AND,  
BESIDES,  
THE  
KING  
HATH  
NOT  
DESERV'D  
MY  
SERVICE  
NOR  
YOUR  
LOVES,  
WHO  
FIND  
IN  
MY  
EXILE  
THE

WANT  
OF  
BREEDING,  
179

THE  
CERTAINTY  
OF  
THIS  
HARD  
LIFE;  
AYE  
HOPELESS  
TO  
HAVE  
THE  
COURTESY  
YOUR  
CRADLE  
PROMIS'D,  
BUT  
TO  
BE  
STILL  
HOT  
SUMMER'S  
TANLINGS  
AND  
THE  
SHRINKING  
SLAVES  
OF  
WINTER.  
GUIDERIUS  
THAN  
BE  
SO,  
BETTER  
TO  
CEASE  
TO  
BE.  
PRAY,  
SIR,  
TO  
TH'  
ARMY.  
I  
AND

MY  
BROTHER  
ARE  
NOT  
KNOWN;  
YOURSELF  
SO  
OUT  
OF  
THOUGHT,  
AND  
THERETO  
SO  
O'ERGROWN,  
CANNOT  
BE  
QUESTIONED.  
ARVIRAGUS  
BY  
THIS  
SUN  
THAT  
SHINES,  
I'LL  
THITHER.  
WHAT  
THING  
IS'T  
THAT  
I  
NEVER  
DID  
SEE  
MAN  
DIE!  
SCARCE  
EVER  
LOOK'D  
ON  
BLOOD  
BUT  
THAT  
OF  
COWARD



HARES,  
HOT  
GOATS,  
AND  
VENISON!  
NEVER  
BESTRID  
A  
HORSE,  
SAVE  
ONE  
THAT  
HAD  
A  
RIDER  
LIKE  
MYSELF,  
WHO  
NE'ER  
WORE  
ROWEL  
NOR  
IRON  
ON  
HIS  
HEEL!  
I  
AM  
ASHAM'D  
TO  
LOOK  
UPON  
THE  
HOLY  
SUN,  
TO  
HAVE  
THE  
BENEFIT  
OF  
HIS  
BLEST  
BEAMS,  
REMAINING

SO  
LONG  
A  
POOR  
UNKNOWN.  
GUIDERIUS  
180

BY  
HEAVENS,  
I'LL  
GO!  
IF  
YOU  
WILL  
BLESS  
ME,  
SIR,  
AND  
GIVE  
ME  
LEAVE,  
I'LL  
TAKE  
THE  
BETTER  
CARE;  
BUT  
IF  
YOU  
WILL  
NOT,  
THE  
HAZARD  
THEREFORE  
DUE  
FALL  
ON  
ME  
BY  
THE  
HANDS  
OF  
ROMANS!  
ARVIRAGUS  
SO  
SAY  
I.  
AMEN.  
BELARIUS  
NO  
REASON

I,  
SINCE  
OF  
YOUR  
LIVES  
YOU  
SET  
SO  
SLIGHT  
A  
VALUATION,  
SHOULD  
RESERVE  
MY  
CRACK'D  
ONE  
TO  
MORE  
CARE.  
HAVE  
WITH  
YOU,  
BOYS!  
IF  
IN  
YOUR  
COUNTRY  
WARS  
YOU  
CHANCE  
TO  
DIE,  
THAT  
IS  
MY  
BED  
TOO,  
LADS,  
AND  
THERE  
I'LL  
LIE.  
LEAD,  
LEAD.

[ASIDE]  
THE  
TIME  
SEEMS  
LONG;  
THEIR  
BLOOD  
THINKS  
SCORN  
TILL  
IT  
FLY  
OUT  
AND  
SHOW  
THEM  
PRINCES  
BORN.  
EXEUNT  
ACT  
V  
SCENE  
I.  
BRITAIN.  
THE  
ROMAN  
CAMP  
ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
ALONE,  
WITH  
A  
BLOODY  
HANDKERCHIEF  
181

POSTHUMUS  
YEA,  
BLOODY  
CLOTH,  
I'LL  
KEEP  
THEE;  
FOR  
I  
WISH'D  
THOU  
SHOULDST  
BE  
COLOUR'D  
THUS.  
YOU  
MARRIED  
ONES,  
IF  
EACH  
OF  
YOU  
SHOULD  
TAKE  
THIS  
COURSE,  
HOW  
MANY  
MUST  
MURDER  
WIVES  
MUCH  
BETTER  
THAN  
THEMSELVES  
FOR  
WRYING  
BUT  
A  
LITTLE!  
O  
PISANIO!  
EVERY  
GOOD

SERVANT  
DOES  
NOT  
ALL  
COMMANDS;  
NO  
BOND  
BUT  
TO  
DO  
JUST  
ONES.  
GODS!  
IF  
YOU  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
TA'EN  
VENGEANCE  
ON  
MY  
FAULTS,  
I  
NEVER  
HAD  
LIV'D  
TO  
PUT  
ON  
THIS;  
SO  
HAD  
YOU  
SAVED  
THE  
NOBLE  
IMOGEN  
TO  
REPENT,  
AND  
STRUCK  
ME,  
WRETCH  
MORE

WORTH  
YOUR  
VENGEANCE.  
BUT  
ALACK,  
YOU  
SNATCH  
SOME  
HENCE  
FOR  
LITTLE  
FAULTS;  
THAT'S  
LOVE,  
TO  
HAVE  
THEM  
FALL  
NO  
MORE.  
YOU  
SOME  
PERMIT  
TO  
SECOND  
ILLS  
WITH  
ILLS,  
EACH  
ELDER  
WORSE,  
AND  
MAKE  
THEM  
DREAD  
IT,  
TO  
THE  
DOER'S  
THRIFT.  
BUT  
IMOGEN  
IS  
YOUR



OWN.  
DO  
YOUR  
BEST  
WILLS,  
AND  
MAKE  
ME  
BLEST  
TO  
OBEY.  
I  
AM  
BROUGHT  
HITHER  
AMONG  
TH'  
ITALIAN  
GENTRY,  
AND  
TO  
FIGHT  
AGAINST  
MY  
LADY'S  
KINGDOM.  
'TIS  
ENOUGH  
THAT,  
BRITAIN,  
I  
HAVE  
KILL'D  
THY  
MISTRESS;  
PEACE!  
I'LL  
GIVE  
NO  
WOUND  
TO  
THEE.  
THEREFORE,  
GOOD

HEAVENS,  
HEAR  
PATIENTLY  
MY  
PURPOSE.  
I'LL  
DISROBE  
ME  
OF  
THESE  
ITALIAN  
WEEDS,  
AND  
SUIT  
MYSELF  
182

AS  
DOES  
A  
BRITAIN  
PEASANT.  
SO  
I'LL  
FIGHT  
AGAINST  
THE  
PART  
I  
COME  
WITH;  
SO  
I'LL  
DIE  
FOR  
THEE,  
O  
IMOGEN,  
EVEN  
FOR  
WHOM  
MY  
LIFE  
IS  
EVERY  
BREATH  
A  
DEATH.  
AND  
THUS  
UNKNOWN,  
PITIED  
NOR  
HATED,  
TO  
THE  
FACE  
OF  
PERIL  
MYSELF  
I'LL

DEDICATE.  
LET  
ME  
MAKE  
MEN  
KNOW  
MORE  
VALOUR  
IN  
ME  
THAN  
MY  
HABITS  
SHOW.  
GODS,  
PUT  
THE  
STRENGTH  
O'  
TH'  
LEONATI  
IN  
ME!  
TO  
SHAME  
THE  
GUISE  
O'  
TH'  
WORLD,  
I  
WILL  
BEGIN  
THE  
FASHION-  
LESS  
WITHOUT  
AND  
MORE  
WITHIN.  
EXIT  
SCENE  
II.  
BRITAIN.

A  
FIELD  
OF  
BATTLE  
BETWEEN  
THE  
BRITISH  
AND  
ROMAN  
CAMPS  
ENTER  
LUCIUS,  
IACHIMO,  
AND  
THE  
ROMAN  
ARMY  
AT  
ONE  
DOOR,  
AND  
THE  
BRITISH  
ARMY  
AT  
ANOTHER,  
LEONATUS  
POSTHUMUS  
FOLLOWING  
LIKE  
A  
POOR  
SOLDIER.  
THEY  
MARCH  
OVER  
AND  
GO  
OUT.  
ALARUMS.  
THEN  
ENTER  
AGAIN,  
IN

SKIRMISH,  
IACHIMO  
AND  
POSTHUMUS.  
HE  
VANQUISHETH  
AND  
DISARMETH  
IACHIMO,  
AND  
THEN  
LEAVES  
HIM  
IACHIMO  
THE  
HEAVINESS  
AND  
GUILT  
WITHIN  
MY  
BOSOM  
TAKES  
OFF  
MY  
MANHOOD.  
I  
HAVE  
BELIED  
A  
LADY,  
183

THE  
PRINCESS  
OF  
THIS  
COUNTRY,  
AND  
THE  
AIR  
ON'T  
REVENGINGLY  
ENFEEBLES  
ME;  
OR  
COULD  
THIS  
CARL,  
A  
VERY  
DRUDGE  
OF  
NATURE'S,  
HAVE  
SUBDU'D  
ME  
IN  
MY  
PROFESSION?  
KNIGHTHOODS  
AND  
HONOURS  
BORNE  
AS  
I  
WEAR  
MINE  
ARE  
TITLES  
BUT  
OF  
SCORN.  
IF  
THAT  
THY  
GENTRY,

BRITAIN,  
GO  
BEFORE  
THIS  
LOUT  
AS  
HE  
EXCEEDS  
OUR  
LORDS,  
THE  
ODDS  
IS  
THAT  
WE  
SCARCE  
ARE  
MEN,  
AND  
YOU  
ARE  
GODS.  
EXIT  
THE  
BATTLE  
CONTINUES;  
THE  
BRITONS  
FLY;  
CYMBELINE  
IS  
TAKEN.  
THEN  
ENTER  
TO  
HIS  
RESCUE  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS  
BELARIUS  
STAND,  
STAND!



WE  
HAVE  
TH'  
ADVANTAGE  
OF  
THE  
GROUND;  
THE  
LANE  
IS  
GUARDED;  
NOTHING  
ROUTS  
US  
BUT  
THE  
VILLAINY  
OF  
OUR  
FEARS.  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS.  
STAND,  
STAND,  
AND  
FIGHT!  
RE-ENTER  
POSTHUMUS,  
AND  
SECONDS  
THE  
BRITONS;  
THEY  
RESCUE  
CYMBELINE,  
AND  
EXEUNT.  
THEN  
RE-ENTER  
LUCIUS  
AND  
IACHIMO,  
WITH

IMOGEN  
LUCIUS  
184

AWAY,  
BOY,  
FROM  
THE  
TROOPS,  
AND  
SAVE  
THYSELF;  
FOR  
FRIENDS  
KILL  
FRIENDS,  
AND  
THE  
DISORDER'S  
SUCH  
AS  
WAR  
WERE  
HOODWINK'D.  
IACHIMO  
'TIS  
THEIR  
FRESH  
SUPPLIES.  
LUCIUS  
IT  
IS  
A  
DAY  
TURN'D  
STRANGELY.  
OR  
BETIMES  
LET'S  
REINFORCE  
OR  
FLY.  
EXEUNT  
SCENE  
III.  
ANOTHER  
PART  
OF

THE  
FIELD  
ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
A  
BRITAIN  
LORD  
LORD  
CAM'ST  
THOU  
FROM  
WHERE  
THEY  
MADE  
THE  
STAND?  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
DID:  
THOUGH  
YOU,  
IT  
SEEMS,  
COME  
FROM  
THE  
FLIERS.  
185

LORD  
I  
DID.  
POSTHUMUS  
NO  
BLAME  
BE  
TO  
YOU,  
SIR,  
FOR  
ALL  
WAS  
LOST,  
BUT  
THAT  
THE  
HEAVENS  
FOUGHT.  
THE  
KING  
HIMSELF  
OF  
HIS  
WINGS  
DESTITUTE,  
THE  
ARMY  
BROKEN,  
AND  
BUT  
THE  
BACKS  
OF  
BRITONS  
SEEN,  
AN  
FLYING,  
THROUGH  
A  
STRAIT  
LANE-  
THE  
ENEMY,

FULL-HEARTED,  
LOLLING  
THE  
TONGUE  
WITH  
SLAUGHT'RING,  
HAVING  
WORK  
MORE  
PLENTIFUL  
THAN  
TOOLS  
TO  
DO'T,  
STRUCK  
DOWN  
SOME  
MORTALLY,  
SOME  
SLIGHTLY  
TOUCH'D,  
SOME  
FALLING  
MERELY  
THROUGH  
FEAR,  
THAT  
THE  
STRAIT  
PASS  
WAS  
DAMM'D  
WITH  
DEAD  
MEN  
HURT  
BEHIND,  
AND  
COWARDS  
LIVING  
TO  
DIE  
WITH  
LENGTH'NED

SHAME.  
LORD  
WHERE  
WAS  
THIS  
LANE?  
POSTHUMUS  
CLOSE  
BY  
THE  
BATTLE,  
DITCH'D,  
AND  
WALL'D  
WITH  
TURF,  
WHICH  
GAVE  
ADVANTAGE  
TO  
AN  
ANCIENT  
SOLDIER-  
AN  
HONEST  
ONE,  
I  
WARRANT,  
WHO  
DESERV'D  
SO  
LONG  
A  
BREEDING  
AS  
HIS  
WHITE  
BEARD  
CAME  
TO,  
IN  
DOING  
THIS  
FOR'S

COUNTRY.  
ATHWART  
THE  
LANE  
186



HE,  
WITH  
TWO  
STRIPLINGS-  
LADS  
MORE  
LIKE  
TO  
RUN  
THE  
COUNTRY  
BASE  
THAN  
TO  
COMMIT  
SUCH  
SLAUGHTER;  
WITH  
FACES  
FIT  
FOR  
MASKS,  
OR  
RATHER  
FAIRER  
THAN  
THOSE  
FOR  
PRESERVATION  
CAS'D  
OR  
SHAME-  
MADE  
GOOD  
THE  
PASSAGE,  
CRIED  
TO  
THOSE  
THAT  
FLED  
'OUR  
BRITAIN'S  
HARTS

DIE  
FLYING,  
NOT  
OUR  
MEN.  
TO  
DARKNESS  
FLEET  
SOULS  
THAT  
FLY  
BACKWARDS!  
STAND;  
OR  
WE  
ARE  
ROMANS  
AND  
WILL  
GIVE  
YOU  
THAT,  
LIKE  
BEASTS,  
WHICH  
YOU  
SHUN  
BEASTLY,  
AND  
MAY  
SAVE  
BUT  
TO  
LOOK  
BACK  
IN  
FROWN.  
STAND,  
STAND!  
THESE  
THREE,  
THREE  
THOUSAND  
CONFIDENT,

IN  
ACT  
AS  
MANY-  
FOR  
THREE  
PERFORMERS  
ARE  
THE  
FILE  
WHEN  
ALL  
THE  
REST  
DO  
NOTHING-  
WITH  
THIS  
WORD  
'STAND,  
STAND!'  
ACCOMMODATED  
BY  
THE  
PLACE,  
MORE  
CHARMING  
WITH  
THEIR  
OWN  
NOBLENESSE,  
WHICH  
COULD  
HAVE  
TURN'D  
A  
DISTAFF  
TO  
A  
LANCE,  
GILDED  
PALE  
LOOKS,  
PART

SHAME,  
PART  
SPIRIT  
RENEW'D;  
THAT  
SOME  
TURN'D  
COWARD  
BUT  
BY  
EXAMPLE-  
O,  
A  
SIN  
IN  
WAR  
DAMN'D  
IN  
THE  
FIRST  
BEGINNERS!-  
GAN  
TO  
LOOK  
THE  
WAY  
THAT  
THEY  
DID  
AND  
TO  
GRIN  
LIKE  
LIONS  
UPON  
THE  
PIKES  
O'  
TH'  
HUNTERS.  
THEN  
BEGAN  
A  
STOP

I'  
TH'  
CHASER,  
A  
RETIRE;  
ANON  
A  
ROUT,  
CONFUSION  
THICK.  
FORTHWITH  
THEY  
FLY,  
CHICKENS,  
THE  
WAY  
WHICH  
THEY  
STOOP'D  
EAGLES;  
SLAVES,  
THE  
STRIDES  
THEY  
VICTORS  
MADE;  
AND  
NOW  
OUR  
COWARDS,  
187

LIKE  
FRAGMENTS  
IN  
HARD  
VOYAGES,  
BECAME  
THE  
LIFE  
O'  
TH'  
NEED.  
HAVING  
FOUND  
THE  
BACK-DOOR  
OPEN  
OF  
THE  
UNGUARDED  
HEARTS,  
HEAVENS,  
HOW  
THEY  
WOUND!  
SOME  
SLAIN  
BEFORE,  
SOME  
DYING,  
SOME  
THEIR  
FRIENDS  
O'ERBORNE  
I'  
TH'  
FORMER  
WAVE.  
TEN  
CHAS'D  
BY  
ONE  
ARE  
NOW  
EACH

ONE  
THE  
SLAUGHTERMAN  
OF  
TWENTY.  
THOSE  
THAT  
WOULD  
DIE  
OR  
ERE  
RESIST  
ARE  
GROWN  
THE  
MORTAL  
BUGS  
O'  
TH'  
FIELD.  
LORD  
THIS  
WAS  
STRANGE  
CHANCE:  
A  
NARROW  
LANE,  
AN  
OLD  
MAN,  
AND  
TWO  
BOYS.  
POSTHUMUS  
NAY,  
DO  
NOT  
WONDER  
AT  
IT;  
YOU  
ARE  
MADE

RATHER  
TO  
WONDER  
AT  
THE  
THINGS  
YOU  
HEAR  
THAN  
TO  
WORK  
ANY.  
WILL  
YOU  
RHYME  
UPON'T,  
AND  
VENT  
IT  
FOR  
A  
MOCK'RY?  
HERE  
IS  
ONE:  
'TWO  
BOYS,  
AN  
OLD  
MAN  
(TWICE  
A  
BOY),  
A  
LANE,  
PRESERV'D  
THE  
BRITONS,  
WAS  
THE  
ROMANS'  
BANE.'  
LORD  
NAY,



BE  
NOT  
ANGRY,  
SIR.  
POSTHUMUS  
188

'LACK,  
TO  
WHAT  
END?  
WHO  
DARES  
NOT  
STAND  
HIS  
FOE  
I'LL  
BE  
HIS  
FRIEND;  
FOR  
IF  
HE'LL  
DO  
AS  
HE  
IS  
MADE  
TO  
DO,  
I  
KNOW  
HE'LL  
QUICKLY  
FLY  
MY  
FRIENDSHIP  
TOO.  
YOU  
HAVE  
PUT  
ME  
INTO  
RHYME.  
LORD  
FAREWELL;  
YOU'RE  
ANGRY.  
EXIT  
POSTHUMUS

STILL  
GOING?  
THIS  
IS  
A  
LORD!  
O  
NOBLE  
MISERY,  
TO  
BE  
I'  
TH'  
FIELD  
AND  
ASK  
'WHAT  
NEWS?'  
OF  
ME!  
TO-DAY  
HOW  
MANY  
WOULD  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
THEIR  
HONOURS  
TO  
HAVE  
SAV'D  
THEIR  
CARCASSES!  
TOOK  
HEEL  
TO  
DO'T,  
AND  
YET  
DIED  
TOO!  
I,  
IN  
MINE

OWN  
WOE  
CHARM'D,  
COULD  
NOT  
FIND  
DEATH  
WHERE  
I  
DID  
HEAR  
HIM  
GROAN,  
NOR  
FEEL  
HIM  
WHERE  
HE  
STRUCK.  
BEING  
AN  
UGLY  
MONSTER,  
'TIS  
STRANGE  
HE  
HIDES  
HIM  
IN  
FRESH  
CUPS,  
SOFT  
BEDS,  
SWEET  
WORDS;  
OR  
HATH  
MOE  
MINISTERS  
THAN  
WE  
THAT  
DRAW  
HIS

KNIVES  
I'  
TH'  
WAR.  
WELL,  
I  
WILL  
FIND  
HIM;  
FOR  
BEING  
NOW  
A  
FAVOURER  
TO  
THE  
BRITON,  
NO  
MORE  
A  
BRITON,  
I  
HAVE  
RESUM'D  
AGAIN  
THE  
PART  
I  
CAME  
IN.  
FIGHT  
I  
WILL  
NO  
MORE,  
189

BUT  
YIELD  
ME  
TO  
THE  
VERIEST  
HIND  
THAT  
SHALL  
ONCE  
TOUCH  
MY  
SHOULDER.  
GREAT  
THE  
SLAUGHTER  
IS  
HERE  
MADE  
BY  
TH'  
ROMAN;  
GREAT  
THE  
ANSWER  
BE  
BRITONS  
MUST  
TAKE.  
FOR  
ME,  
MY  
RANSOM'S  
DEATH;  
ON  
EITHER  
SIDE  
I  
COME  
TO  
SPEND  
MY  
BREATH,  
WHICH

NEITHER  
HERE  
I'LL  
KEEP  
NOR  
BEAR  
AGAIN,  
BUT  
END  
IT  
BY  
SOME  
MEANS  
FOR  
IMOGEN.  
ENTER  
TWO  
BRITISH  
CAPTAINS  
AND  
SOLDIERS  
FIRST  
CAPTAIN  
GREAT  
JUPITER  
BE  
PRAIS'D!  
LUCIUS  
IS  
TAKEN.  
'TIS  
THOUGHT  
THE  
OLD  
MAN  
AND  
HIS  
SONS  
WERE  
ANGELS.  
SECOND  
CAPTAIN  
THERE  
WAS

A  
FOURTH  
MAN,  
IN  
A  
SILLY  
HABIT,  
THAT  
GAVE  
TH'  
AFFRONT  
WITH  
THEM.  
FIRST  
CAPTAIN  
SO  
'TIS  
REPORTED;  
BUT  
NONE  
OF  
'EM  
CAN  
BE  
FOUND.  
STAND!  
WHO'S  
THERE?  
POSTHUMUS  
A  
ROMAN,  
WHO  
HAD  
NOT  
NOW  
BEEN  
DROOPING  
HERE  
IF  
SECONDS  
190



HAD  
ANSWER'D  
HIM.  
SECOND  
CAPTAIN  
LAY  
HANDS  
ON  
HIM;  
A  
DOG!  
A  
LEG  
OF  
ROME  
SHALL  
NOT  
RETURN  
TO  
TELL  
WHAT  
CROWS  
HAVE  
PECK'D  
THEM  
HERE.  
HE  
BRAGS  
HIS  
SERVICE,  
AS  
IF  
HE  
WERE  
OF  
NOTE.  
BRING  
HIM  
TO  
TH'  
KING.  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE,  
BELARIUS,

GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS,  
PISANIO,  
AND  
ROMAN  
CAPTIVES.  
THE  
CAPTAINS  
PRESENT  
POSTHUMUS  
TO  
CYMBELINE,  
WHO  
DELIVERS  
HIM  
OVER  
TO  
A  
GAOLER.  
EXEUNT  
OMNES  
SCENE  
IV.  
BRITAIN.  
A  
PRISON  
ENTER  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
TWO  
GAOLERS  
FIRST  
GAOLER  
YOU  
SHALL  
NOT  
NOW  
BE  
STOL'N,  
YOU  
HAVE  
LOCKS  
UPON  
YOU;

SO  
GRAZE  
AS  
YOU  
FIND  
PASTURE.  
SECOND  
GAOLER  
AY,  
OR  
A  
STOMACH.  
EXEUNT  
GAOLERS  
191

POSTHUMUS  
MOST  
WELCOME,  
BONDAGE!  
FOR  
THOU  
ART  
A  
WAY,  
I  
THINK,  
TO  
LIBERTY.  
YET  
AM  
I  
BETTER  
THAN  
ONE  
THAT'S  
SICK  
O'  
TH'  
GOUT,  
SINCE  
HE  
HAD  
RATHER  
GROAN  
SO  
IN  
PERPETUITY  
THAN  
BE  
CUR'D  
BY  
TH'  
SURE  
PHYSICIAN  
DEATH,  
WHO  
IS  
THE  
KEY

T'  
UNBAR  
THESE  
LOCKS.  
MY  
CONSCIENCE,  
THOU  
ART  
FETTER'D  
MORE  
THAN  
MY  
SHANKS  
AND  
WRISTS;  
YOU  
GOOD  
GODS,  
GIVE  
ME  
THE  
PENITENT  
INSTRUMENT  
TO  
PICK  
THAT  
BOLT,  
THEN,  
FREE  
FOR  
EVER!  
IS'T  
ENOUGH  
I  
AM  
SORRY?  
SO  
CHILDREN  
TEMPORAL  
FATHERS  
DO  
APPEASE;  
GODS  
ARE

MORE  
FULL  
OF  
MERCY.  
MUST  
I  
REPENT,  
I  
CANNOT  
DO  
IT  
BETTER  
THAN  
IN  
GYVES,  
DESIR'D  
MORE  
THAN  
CONSTRAIN'D.  
TO  
SATISFY,  
IF  
OF  
MY  
FREEDOM  
'TIS  
THE  
MAIN  
PART,  
TAKE  
NO  
STRICTER  
RENDER  
OF  
ME  
THAN  
MY  
ALL.  
I  
KNOW  
YOU  
ARE  
MORE  
CLEMENT

THAN  
VILE  
MEN,  
WHO  
OF  
THEIR  
BROKEN  
DEBTORS  
TAKE  
A  
THIRD,  
A  
SIXTH,  
A  
TENTH,  
LETTING  
THEM  
THRIVE  
AGAIN  
ON  
THEIR  
ABATEMENT;  
THAT'S  
NOT  
MY  
DESIRE.  
FOR  
IMOGEN'S  
DEAR  
LIFE  
TAKE  
MINE;  
AND  
THOUGH  
'TIS  
NOT  
SO  
DEAR,  
YET  
'TIS  
A  
LIFE;  
YOU  
COIN'D

IT.  
'TWEEN  
MAN  
AND  
MAN  
THEY  
WEIGH  
NOT  
EVERY  
STAMP;  
THOUGH  
LIGHT,  
TAKE  
PIECES  
FOR  
THE  
FIGURE'S  
SAKE;  
192



YOU  
RATHER  
MINE,  
BEING  
YOURS.  
AND  
SO,  
GREAT  
POW'RS,  
IF  
YOU  
WILL  
TAKE  
THIS  
AUDIT,  
TAKE  
THIS  
LIFE,  
AND  
CANCEL  
THESE  
COLD  
BONDS.  
O  
IMOGEN!  
I'LL  
SPEAK  
TO  
THEE  
IN  
SILENCE.  
[SLEEPS]  
SOLEMN  
MUSIC.  
ENTER,  
AS  
IN  
AN  
APPARITION,  
SICILIUS  
LEONATUS,  
FATHER  
TO  
POSTHUMUS,

AN  
OLD  
MAN  
ATTIRED  
LIKE  
A  
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  
NO  
MORE,  
THOU  
THUNDER-MASTER,  
SHOW  
THY  
SPITE  
ON  
MORTAL  
FLIES.  
WITH  
MARS  
FALL  
OUT,  
WITH  
JUNO  
CHIDE,  
THAT  
THY  
ADULTERIES  
RATES  
AND  
REVENGES.  
HATH  
MY  
POOR  
BOY  
DONE  
AUGHT  
BUT  
WELL,  
WHOSE  
FACE  
I  
NEVER

SAW?  
I  
DIED  
WHILST  
IN  
THE  
WOMB  
HE  
STAY'D  
193

ATTENDING  
NATURE'S  
LAW;  
WHOSE  
FATHER  
THEN,  
AS  
MEN  
REPORT  
THOU  
ORPHANS'  
FATHER  
ART,  
THOU  
SHOULDST  
HAVE  
BEEN,  
AND  
SHIELDED  
HIM  
FROM  
THIS  
EARTH-VEXING  
SMART.  
MOTHER  
LUCINA  
LENT  
NOT  
ME  
HER  
AID,  
BUT  
TOOK  
ME  
IN  
MY  
THROES,  
THAT  
FROM  
ME  
WAS  
POSTHUMUS  
RIPP'D,  
CAME

CRYING  
'MONGST  
HIS  
FOES,  
A  
THING  
OF  
PITY.  
SICILIUS  
GREAT  
NATURE  
LIKE  
HIS  
ANCESTRY  
MOULDED  
THE  
STUFF  
SO  
FAIR  
THAT  
HE  
DESERV'D  
THE  
PRAISE  
O'  
TH'  
WORLD  
AS  
GREAT  
SICILIUS'  
HEIR.  
FIRST  
BROTHER  
WHEN  
ONCE  
HE  
WAS  
MATURE  
FOR  
MAN,  
IN  
BRITAIN  
WHERE  
WAS

HE  
THAT  
COULD  
STAND  
UP  
HIS  
PARALLEL,  
OR  
FRUITFUL  
OBJECT  
BE  
IN  
EYE  
OF  
IMOGEN,  
THAT  
BEST  
194

COULD  
DEEM  
HIS  
DIGNITY?  
MOTHER  
WITH  
MARRIAGE  
WHEREFORE  
WAS  
HE  
MOCK'D,  
TO  
BE  
EXIL'D  
AND  
THROWN  
FROM  
LEONATI  
SEAT  
AND  
CAST  
FROM  
HER  
HIS  
DEAREST  
ONE,  
SWEET  
IMOGEN?  
SICILIUS  
WHY  
DID  
YOU  
SUFFER  
IACHIMO,  
SLIGHT  
THING  
OF  
ITALY,  
TO  
TAINT  
HIS  
NOBLER  
HEART  
AND



BRAIN  
WITH  
NEEDLESS  
JEALOUSY,  
AND  
TO  
BECOME  
THE  
GECK  
AND  
SCORN  
O'  
TH'  
OTHER'S  
VILLAINY?  
SECOND  
BROTHER  
FOR  
THIS  
FROM  
STILLER  
SEATS  
WE  
CAME,  
OUR  
PARENTS  
AND  
US  
TWAIN,  
THAT,  
STRIKING  
IN  
OUR  
COUNTRY'S  
CAUSE,  
FELL  
BRAVELY  
AND  
WERE  
SLAIN,  
OUR  
FEALTY  
AND  
TENANTIUS'

RIGHT  
WITH  
HONOUR  
TO  
MAINTAIN.  
195

FIRST  
BROTHER  
LIKE  
HARDIMENT  
POSTHUMUS  
HATH  
TO  
CYMBELINE  
PERFORM'D.  
THEN,  
JUPITER,  
THOU  
KING  
OF  
GODS,  
WHY  
HAST  
THOU  
THUS  
ADJOURN'D  
THE  
GRACES  
FOR  
HIS  
MERITS  
DUE,  
BEING  
ALL  
TO  
DOLOURS  
TURN'D?  
SICILIUS  
THY  
CRYSTAL  
WINDOW  
OPE;  
LOOK  
OUT;  
NO  
LONGER  
EXERCISE  
UPON  
A  
VALIANT

RACE  
THY  
HARSH  
AND  
POTENT  
INJURIES.  
MOTHER  
SINCE,  
JUPITER,  
OUR  
SON  
IS  
GOOD,  
TAKE  
OFF  
HIS  
MISERIES.  
SICILIUS  
PEEP  
THROUGH  
THY  
MARBLE  
MANSION.  
HELP!  
OR  
WE  
POOR  
GHOSTS  
WILL  
CRY  
TO  
TH'  
SHINING  
SYNOD  
OF  
THE  
REST  
AGAINST  
THY  
DEITY.  
BROTHERS  
196

HELP,  
JUPITER!  
OR  
WE  
APPEAL,  
AND  
FROM  
THY  
JUSTICE  
FLY.  
JUPITER  
DESCENDS-IN  
THUNDER  
AND  
LIGHTNING,  
SITTING  
UPON  
AN  
EAGLE.  
HE  
THROWS  
A  
THUNDERBOLT.  
THE  
GHOSTS  
FALL  
ON  
THEIR  
KNEES  
JUPITER  
NO  
MORE,  
YOU  
PETTY  
SPIRITS  
OF  
REGION  
LOW,  
OFFEND  
OUR  
HEARING;  
HUSH!  
HOW  
DARE

YOU  
GHOSTS  
ACCUSE  
THE  
THUNDERER  
WHOSE  
BOLT,  
YOU  
KNOW,  
SKY-PLANTED,  
BATTERS  
ALL  
REBELLING  
COASTS?  
POOR  
SHADOWS  
OF  
ELYSIUM,  
HENCE  
AND  
REST  
UPON  
YOUR  
NEVER-WITHERING  
BANKS  
OF  
FLOW'RS.  
BE  
NOT  
WITH  
MORTAL  
ACCIDENTS  
OPPREST:  
NO  
CARE  
OF  
YOURS  
IT  
IS;  
YOU  
KNOW  
'TIS  
OURS.  
WHOM

BEST  
I  
LOVE  
I  
CROSS;  
TO  
MAKE  
MY  
GIFT,  
THE  
MORE  
DELAY'D,  
DELIGHTED.  
BE  
CONTENT;  
YOUR  
LOW-LAID  
SON  
OUR  
GODHEAD  
WILL  
UPLIFT;  
HIS  
COMFORTS  
THRIVE,  
HIS  
TRIALS  
WELL  
ARE  
SPENT.  
OUR  
JOVIAL  
STAR  
REIGN'D  
AT  
HIS  
BIRTH,  
AND  
IN  
OUR  
TEMPLE  
WAS  
HE  
MARRIED.

RISE  
AND  
FADE!  
HE  
SHALL  
BE  
LORD  
OF  
LADY  
IMOGEN,  
AND  
HAPPIER  
MUCH  
BY  
HIS  
AFFLICTION  
MADE.  
THIS  
TABLET  
LAY  
UPON  
HIS  
BREAST,  
WHEREIN  
197



OUR  
PLEASURE  
HIS  
FULL  
FORTUNE  
DOTH  
CONFINE;  
AND  
SO,  
AWAY;  
NO  
FARTHER  
WITH  
YOUR  
DIN  
EXPRESS  
IMPATIENCE,  
LEST  
YOU  
STIR  
UP  
MINE.  
MOUNT,  
EAGLE,  
TO  
MY  
PALACE  
CRYSTALLINE.  
[ASCENDS]  
SICILIUS  
HE  
CAME  
IN  
THUNDER;  
HIS  
CELESTIAL  
BREATH  
WAS  
SULPHEROUS  
TO  
SMELL;  
THE  
HOLY  
EAGLE

STOOP'D  
AS  
TO  
FOOT  
US.  
HIS  
ASCENSION  
IS  
MORE  
SWEET  
THAN  
OUR  
BLEST  
FIELDS.  
HIS  
ROYAL  
BIRD  
PRUNES  
THE  
IMMORTAL  
WING,  
AND  
CLOYS  
HIS  
BEAK,  
AS  
WHEN  
HIS  
GOD  
IS  
PLEAS'D.  
ALL  
THANKS,  
JUPITER!  
SICILIUS  
THE  
MARBLE  
PAVEMENT  
CLOSES,  
HE  
IS  
ENTER'D  
HIS  
RADIANT

ROOF.  
AWAY!  
AND,  
TO  
BE  
BLEST,  
LET  
US  
WITH  
CARE  
PERFORM  
HIS  
GREAT  
BEHEST.  
[GHOSTS  
VANISH]  
198

POSTHUMUS  
[WAKING]  
SLEEP,  
THOU  
HAS  
BEEN  
A  
GRANDSIRE  
AND  
BEGOT  
A  
FATHER  
TO  
ME;  
AND  
THOU  
HAST  
CREATED  
A  
MOTHER  
AND  
TWO  
BROTHERS.  
BUT,  
O  
SCORN,  
GONE!  
THEY  
WENT  
HENCE  
SO  
SOON  
AS  
THEY  
WERE  
BORN.  
AND  
SO  
I  
AM  
AWAKE.  
POOR  
WRETCHES,  
THAT

DEPEND  
ON  
GREATNESS'  
FAVOUR,  
DREAM  
AS  
I  
HAVE  
DONE;  
WAKE  
AND  
FIND  
NOTHING.  
BUT,  
ALAS,  
I  
SWERVE;  
MANY  
DREAM  
NOT  
TO  
FIND,  
NEITHER  
DESERVE,  
AND  
YET  
ARE  
STEEP'D  
IN  
FAVOURS;  
SO  
AM  
I,  
THAT  
HAVE  
THIS  
GOLDEN  
CHANCE,  
AND  
KNOW  
NOT  
WHY.  
WHAT  
FAIRIES

HAUNT  
THIS  
GROUND?  
A  
BOOK?  
O  
RARE  
ONE!  
BE  
NOT,  
AS  
IS  
OUR  
FANGLED  
WORLD,  
A  
GARMENT  
NOBLER  
THAN  
THAT  
IT  
COVERS.  
LET  
THY  
EFFECTS  
SO  
FOLLOW  
TO  
BE  
MOST  
UNLIKE  
OUR  
COURTIERS,  
AS  
GOOD  
AS  
PROMISE.  
[READS]  
'WHEN  
AS  
A  
LION'S  
WHELP  
SHALL,

TO  
HIMSELF  
UNKNOWN,  
WITHOUT  
SEEKING  
FIND,  
AND  
BE  
EMBRAC'D  
BY  
A  
PIECE  
OF  
TENDER  
AIR;  
AND  
WHEN  
FROM  
A  
STATELY  
CEDAR  
SHALL  
BE  
LOPP'D  
BRANCHES  
WHICH,  
BEING  
DEAD  
MANY  
YEARS,  
SHALL  
AFTER  
REVIVE,  
BE  
JOINTED  
TO  
THE  
OLD  
STOCK,  
AND  
FRESHLY  
GROW;  
THEN  
SHALL

POSTHUMUS  
END  
HIS  
MISERIES,  
BRITAIN  
BE  
FORTUNATE  
AND  
FLOURISH  
IN  
PEACE  
AND  
PLENTY.'  
'TIS  
STILL  
A  
DREAM,  
OR  
ELSE  
SUCH  
STUFF  
AS  
MADMEN  
199



TONGUE,  
AND  
BRAIN  
NOT;  
EITHER  
BOTH  
OR  
NOTHING,  
OR  
SENSELESS  
SPEAKING,  
OR  
A  
SPEAKING  
SUCH  
AS  
SENSE  
CANNOT  
UNTIE.  
BE  
WHAT  
IT  
IS,  
THE  
ACTION  
OF  
MY  
LIFE  
IS  
LIKE  
IT,  
WHICH  
I'LL  
KEEP,  
IF  
BUT  
FOR  
SYMPATHY.  
RE-ENTER  
GAOLER  
GAOLER  
COME,  
SIR,  
ARE

YOU  
READY  
FOR  
DEATH?  
POSTHUMUS  
OVER-ROASTED  
RATHER;  
READY  
LONG  
AGO.  
GAOLER  
HANGING  
IS  
THE  
WORD,  
SIR;  
IF  
YOU  
BE  
READY  
FOR  
THAT,  
YOU  
ARE  
WELL  
COOK'D.  
POSTHUMUS  
SO,  
IF  
I  
PROVE  
A  
GOOD  
REPAST  
TO  
THE  
SPECTATORS,  
THE  
DISH  
PAYS  
THE  
SHOT.  
GAOLER  
A

HEAVY  
RECKONING  
FOR  
YOU,  
SIR.  
BUT  
THE  
COMFORT  
IS,  
YOU  
SHALL  
BE  
CALLED  
TO  
NO  
MORE  
PAYMENTS,  
FEAR  
NO  
MORE  
TAVERN  
BILLS,  
200

WHICH  
ARE  
OFTEN  
THE  
SADNESS  
OF  
PARTING,  
AS  
THE  
PROCURING  
OF  
MIRTH.  
YOU  
COME  
IN  
FAINT  
FOR  
WANT  
OF  
MEAT,  
DEPART  
REELING  
WITH  
TOO  
MUCH  
DRINK;  
SORRY  
THAT  
YOU  
HAVE  
PAID  
TOO  
MUCH,  
AND  
SORRY  
THAT  
YOU  
ARE  
PAID  
TOO  
MUCH;  
PURSE  
AND  
BRAIN

BOTH  
EMPTY;  
THE  
BRAIN  
THE  
HEAVIER  
FOR  
BEING  
TOO  
LIGHT,  
THE  
PURSE  
TOO  
LIGHT,  
BEING  
DRAWN  
OF  
HEAVINESS.  
O,  
OF  
THIS  
CONTRADICTION  
YOU  
SHALL  
NOW  
BE  
QUIT.  
O,  
THE  
CHARITY  
OF  
A  
PENNY  
CORD!  
IT  
SUMS  
UP  
THOUSANDS  
IN  
A  
TRICE.  
YOU  
HAVE  
NO

TRUE  
DEBITOR  
AND  
CREDITOR  
BUT  
IT;  
OF  
WHAT'S  
PAST,  
IS,  
AND  
TO  
COME,  
THE  
DISCHARGE.  
YOUR  
NECK,  
SIR,  
IS  
PEN,  
BOOK,  
AND  
COUNTERS;  
SO  
THE  
ACQUITTANCE  
FOLLOWS.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
AM  
MERRIER  
TO  
DIE  
THAN  
THOU  
ART  
TO  
LIVE.  
GAOLER  
INDEED,  
SIR,  
HE  
THAT  
SLEEPS

FEELS  
NOT  
THE  
TOOTHACHE.  
BUT  
A  
MAN  
THAT  
WERE  
TO  
SLEEP  
YOUR  
SLEEP,  
AND  
A  
HANGMAN  
TO  
HELP  
HIM  
TO  
BED,  
I  
THINK  
HE  
WOULD  
CHANGE  
PLACES  
WITH  
HIS  
OFFICER;  
FOR  
LOOK  
YOU,  
SIR,  
YOU  
KNOW  
NOT  
WHICH  
WAY  
YOU  
SHALL  
GO.  
POSTHUMUS  
YES

INDEED  
DO  
I,  
FELLOW.  
GAOLER  
YOUR  
DEATH  
HAS  
EYES  
IN'S  
HEAD,  
THEN;  
I  
HAVE  
NOT  
SEEN  
HIM  
SO  
201



PICTUR'D.  
YOU  
MUST  
EITHER  
BE  
DIRECTED  
BY  
SOME  
THAT  
TAKE  
UPON  
THEM  
TO  
KNOW,  
OR  
TO  
TAKE  
UPON  
YOURSELF  
THAT  
WHICH  
I  
AM  
SURE  
YOU  
DO  
NOT  
KNOW,  
OR  
JUMP  
THE  
AFTER-INQUIRY  
ON  
YOUR  
OWN  
PERIL.  
AND  
HOW  
YOU  
SHALL  
SPEED  
IN  
YOUR  
JOURNEY'S

END,  
I  
THINK  
YOU'LL  
NEVER  
RETURN  
TO  
TELL  
ONE.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
TELL  
THEE,  
FELLOW,  
THERE  
ARE  
NONE  
WANT  
EYES  
TO  
DIRECT  
THEM  
THE  
WAY  
I  
AM  
GOING,  
BUT  
SUCH  
AS  
WINK  
AND  
WILL  
NOT  
USE  
THEM.  
GAOLER  
WHAT  
AN  
INFINITE  
MOCK  
IS  
THIS,  
THAT

A  
MAN  
SHOULD  
HAVE  
THE  
BEST  
USE  
OF  
EYES  
TO  
SEE  
THE  
WAY  
OF  
BLINDNESS!

I  
AM  
SURE  
HANGING'S  
THE  
WAY  
OF  
WINKING.  
ENTER

A  
MESSENGER  
MESSENGER  
KNOCK  
OFF  
HIS  
MANACLES;  
BRING  
YOUR  
PRISONER  
TO  
THE  
KING.  
POSTHUMUS  
THOU  
BRING'ST  
GOOD  
NEWS:  
I  
AM

CALL'D  
TO  
BE  
MADE  
FREE.  
GAOLER  
I'LL  
BE  
HANG'D  
THEN.  
202

POSTHUMUS  
THOU  
SHALT  
BE  
THEN  
FREER  
THAN  
A  
GAOLER;  
NO  
BOLTS  
FOR  
THE  
DEAD.  
EXEUNT  
POSTHUMUS  
AND  
MESSENGER  
GAOLER  
UNLESS  
A  
MAN  
WOULD  
MARRY  
A  
GALLOWS  
AND  
BEGET  
YOUNG  
GIBBETS,  
I  
NEVER  
SAW  
ONE  
SO  
PRONE.  
YET,  
ON  
MY  
CONSCIENCE,  
THERE  
ARE  
VERIER  
KNAVES

DESIRE  
TO  
LIVE,  
FOR  
ALL  
HE  
BE  
A  
ROMAN;  
AND  
THERE  
BE  
SOME  
OF  
THEM  
TOO  
THAT  
DIE  
AGAINST  
THEIR  
WILLS;  
SO  
SHOULD  
I,  
IF  
I  
WERE  
ONE.  
I  
WOULD  
WE  
WERE  
ALL  
OF  
ONE  
MIND,  
AND  
ONE  
MIND  
GOOD.  
O,  
THERE  
WERE  
DESOLATION

OF  
GAOLERS  
AND  
GALLOWSES!  
I  
SPEAK  
AGAINST  
MY  
PRESENT  
PROFIT,  
BUT  
MY  
WISH  
HATH  
A  
PREFERMENT  
IN'T.  
EXIT  
SCENE  
V.  
BRITAIN.  
CYMBELINE'S  
TENT  
ENTER  
CYMBELINE,  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS,  
PISANIO,  
LORDS,  
OFFICERS,  
AND  
ATTENDANTS  
CYMBELINE  
203

STAND  
BY  
MY  
SIDE,  
YOU  
WHOM  
THE  
GODS  
HAVE  
MADE  
PRESERVERS  
OF  
MY  
THRONE.  
WOE  
IS  
MY  
HEART  
THAT  
THE  
POOR  
SOLDIER  
THAT  
SO  
RICHLY  
FOUGHT,  
WHOSE  
RAGS  
SHAM'D  
GILDED  
ARMS,  
WHOSE  
NAKED  
BREAST  
STEPP'D  
BEFORE  
TARGES  
OF  
PROOF,  
CANNOT  
BE  
FOUND.  
HE  
SHALL



BE  
HAPPY  
THAT  
CAN  
FIND  
HIM,  
IF  
OUR  
GRACE  
CAN  
MAKE  
HIM  
SO.  
BELARIUS  
I  
NEVER  
SAW  
SUCH  
NOBLE  
FURY  
IN  
SO  
POOR  
A  
THING;  
SUCH  
PRECIOUS  
DEEDS  
IN  
ONE  
THAT  
PROMIS'D  
NOUGHT  
BUT  
BEGGARY  
AND  
POOR  
LOOKS.  
CYMBELINE  
NO  
TIDINGS  
OF  
HIM?  
PISANIO

HE  
HATH  
BEEN  
SEARCH'D  
AMONG  
THE  
DEAD  
AND  
LIVING,  
BUT  
NO  
TRACE  
OF  
HIM.  
CYMBELINE  
TO  
MY  
GRIEF,  
I  
AM  
THE  
HEIR  
OF  
HIS  
REWARD;  
[TO  
BELARIUS,  
GUIDERIUS,  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS]  
WHICH  
I  
WILL  
ADD

TO  
YOU,  
THE  
LIVER,  
HEART,  
AND  
BRAIN,  
OF  
BRITAIN,  
BY  
WHOM  
I  
GRANT  
SHE  
LIVES.  
'TIS  
NOW  
THE  
TIME  
TO  
ASK  
OF  
WHENCE  
YOU  
ARE.  
REPORT  
IT.  
BELARIUS  
SIR,  
IN  
CAMBRIA  
ARE  
WE  
BORN,  
AND  
GENTLEMEN;  
FURTHER  
TO  
BOAST  
WERE  
NEITHER  
TRUE  
NOR  
MODEST,

UNLESS  
I  
ADD  
WE  
ARE  
HONEST.  
CYMBELINE  
BOW  
YOUR  
KNEES.  
ARISE  
MY  
KNIGHTS  
O'  
TH'  
BATTLE;  
I  
CREATE  
YOU  
COMPANIONS  
TO  
OUR  
PERSON,  
AND  
WILL  
FIT  
YOU  
WITH  
DIGNITIES  
BECOMING  
YOUR  
ESTATES.  
ENTER  
CORNELIUS  
AND  
LADIES  
THERE'S  
BUSINESS  
IN  
THESE  
FACES.  
WHY  
SO  
SADLY

GREET  
YOU  
OUR  
VICTORY?  
YOU  
LOOK  
LIKE  
ROMANS,  
AND  
NOT  
O'  
TH'  
COURT  
OF  
BRITAIN.  
CORNELIUS  
HAIL,  
GREAT  
KING!  
TO  
SOUR  
YOUR  
HAPPINESS  
I  
MUST  
REPORT  
205

THE  
QUEEN  
IS  
DEAD.  
CYMBELINE  
WHO  
WORSE  
THAN  
A  
PHYSICIAN  
WOULD  
THIS  
REPORT  
BECOME?  
BUT  
I  
CONSIDER  
BY  
MED'CINE'LIFE  
MAY  
BE  
PROLONG'D,  
YET  
DEATH  
WILL  
SEIZE  
THE  
DOCTOR  
TOO.  
HOW  
ENDED  
SHE?  
CORNELIUS  
WITH  
HORROR,  
MADLY  
DYING,  
LIKE  
HER  
LIFE;  
WHICH,  
BEING  
CRUEL  
TO

THE  
WORLD,  
CONCLUDED  
MOST  
CRUEL  
TO  
HERSELF.  
WHAT  
SHE  
CONFESS'D  
I  
WILL  
REPORT,  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOU;  
THESE  
HER  
WOMEN  
CAN  
TRIP  
ME  
IF  
I  
ERR,  
WHO  
WITH  
WET  
CHEEKS  
WERE  
PRESENT  
WHEN  
SHE  
FINISH'D.  
CYMBELINE  
PRITHEE  
SAY.  
CORNELIUS  
FIRST,  
SHE  
CONFESS'D  
SHE  
NEVER  
LOV'D

YOU;  
ONLY  
AFFECTED  
GREATNESS  
GOT  
BY  
YOU,  
NOT  
YOU;  
MARRIED  
YOUR  
ROYALTY,  
WAS  
WIFE  
TO  
YOUR  
PLACE;  
ABHORR'D  
YOUR  
PERSON.  
206



CYMBELINE  
SHE  
ALONE  
KNEW  
THIS;  
AND  
BUT  
SHE  
SPOKE  
IT  
DYING,  
I  
WOULD  
NOT  
BELIEVE  
HER  
LIPS  
IN  
OPENING  
IT.  
PROCEED.  
CORNELIUS  
YOUR  
DAUGHTER,  
WHOM  
SHE  
BORE  
IN  
HAND  
TO  
LOVE  
WITH  
SUCH  
INTEGRITY,  
SHE  
DID  
CONFESS  
WAS  
AS  
A  
SCORPION  
TO  
HER  
SIGHT;

WHOSE  
LIFE,  
BUT  
THAT  
HER  
FLIGHT  
PREVENTED  
IT,  
SHE  
HAD  
TA'EN  
OFF  
BY  
POISON.  
CYMBELINE  
O  
MOST  
DELICATE  
FIEND!  
WHO  
IS'T  
CAN  
READ  
A  
WOMAN?  
IS  
THERE  
MORE?  
CORNELIUS  
MORE,  
SIR,  
AND  
WORSE.  
SHE  
DID  
CONFESS  
SHE  
HAD  
FOR  
YOU  
A  
MORTAL  
MINERAL,  
WHICH,

BEING  
TOOK,  
SHOULD  
BY  
THE  
MINUTE  
FEED  
ON  
LIFE,  
AND  
LING'RING,  
BY  
INCHES  
WASTE  
YOU.  
IN  
WHICH  
TIME  
SHE  
PURPOS'D,  
BY  
WATCHING,  
WEEPING,  
TENDANCE,  
KISSING,  
TO  
O'ERCOME  
YOU  
WITH  
HER  
SHOW;  
AND  
IN  
TIME,  
WHEN  
SHE  
HAD  
FITTED  
YOU  
WITH  
HER  
CRAFT,  
TO  
WORK

HER  
SON  
INTO  
TH'  
ADOPTION  
OF  
THE  
CROWN;  
207

BUT  
FAILING  
OF  
HER  
END  
BY  
HIS  
STRANGE  
ABSENCE,  
GREW  
SHAMELESS-DESPERATE,  
OPEN'D,  
IN  
DESPITE  
OF  
HEAVEN  
AND  
MEN,  
HER  
PURPOSES,  
REPENTED  
THE  
EVILS  
SHE  
HATCH'D  
WERE  
NOT  
EFFECTED;  
SO,  
DESPAIRING,  
DIED.  
CYMBELINE  
HEARD  
YOU  
ALL  
THIS,  
HER  
WOMEN?  
LADY  
WE  
DID,  
SO  
PLEASE  
YOUR

HIGHNESS.  
CYMBELINE  
MINE  
EYES  
WERE  
NOT  
IN  
FAULT,  
FOR  
SHE  
WAS  
BEAUTIFUL;  
MINE  
EARS,  
THAT  
HEARD  
HER  
FLATTERY;  
NOR  
MY  
HEART  
THAT  
THOUGHT  
HER  
LIKE  
HER  
SEEMING.  
IT  
HAD  
BEEN  
VICIOUS  
TO  
HAVE  
MISTRUSTED  
HER;  
YET,  
O  
MY  
DAUGHTER!  
THAT  
IT  
WAS  
FOLLY  
IN

ME  
THOU  
MAYST  
SAY,  
AND  
PROVE  
IT  
IN  
THY  
FEELING.  
HEAVEN  
MEND  
ALL!  
ENTER  
LUCIUS,  
IACHIMO,  
THE  
SOOTHSAYER,  
AND  
OTHER  
ROMAN  
PRISONERS,  
GUARDED;  
POSTHUMUS  
BEHIND,  
AND  
IMOGEN  
THOU  
COM'ST  
NOT,  
CAIUS,  
NOW  
FOR  
TRIBUTE;  
THAT  
208

THE  
BRITONS  
HAVE  
RAZ'D  
OUT,  
THOUGH  
WITH  
THE  
LOSS  
OF  
MANY  
A  
BOLD  
ONE,  
WHOSE  
KINSMEN  
HAVE  
MADE  
SUIT  
THAT  
THEIR  
GOOD  
SOULS  
MAY  
BE  
APPEAS'D  
WITH  
SLAUGHTER  
OF  
YOU  
THEIR  
CAPTIVES,  
WHICH  
OURSELF  
HAVE  
GRANTED;  
SO  
THINK  
OF  
YOUR  
ESTATE.  
LUCIUS  
CONSIDER,  
SIR,



THE  
CHANCE  
OF  
WAR.  
THE  
DAY  
WAS  
YOURS  
BY  
ACCIDENT;  
HAD  
IT  
GONE  
WITH  
US,  
WE  
SHOULD  
NOT,  
WHEN  
THE  
BLOOD  
WAS  
COOL,  
HAVE  
THREATEN'D  
OUR  
PRISONERS  
WITH  
THE  
SWORD.  
BUT  
SINCE  
THE  
GODS  
WILL  
HAVE  
IT  
THUS,  
THAT  
NOTHING  
BUT  
OUR  
LIVES  
MAY

BE  
CALL'D  
RANSOM,  
LET  
IT  
COME.  
SUFFICETH  
A  
ROMAN  
WITH  
A  
ROMAN'S  
HEART  
CAN  
SUFFER.  
AUGUSTUS  
LIVES  
TO  
THINK  
ON'T;  
AND  
SO  
MUCH  
FOR  
MY  
PECULIAR  
CARE.  
THIS  
ONE  
THING  
ONLY  
I  
WILL  
ENTREAT:  
MY  
BOY,  
A  
BRITON  
BORN,  
LET  
HIM  
BE  
RANSOM'D.  
NEVER

MASTER  
HAD  
A  
PAGE  
SO  
KIND,  
SO  
DUTEOUS,  
DILIGENT,  
SO  
TENDER  
OVER  
HIS  
OCCASIONS,  
TRUE,  
SO  
FEAT,  
SO  
NURSE-LIKE;  
LET  
HIS  
VIRTUE  
JOIN  
WITH  
MY  
REQUEST,  
WHICH  
I'LL  
MAKE  
BOLD  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
CANNOT  
DENY;  
HE  
HATH  
DONE  
NO  
BRITON  
HARM  
THOUGH  
HE  
HAVE  
SERV'D

A  
ROMAN.  
SAVE  
HIM,  
SIR,  
AND  
SPARE  
NO  
BLOOD  
BESIDE.  
209

CYMBELINE

I  
HAVE  
SURELY  
SEEN  
HIM;  
HIS  
FAVOUR  
IS  
FAMILIAR  
TO  
ME.  
BOY,  
THOU  
HAST  
LOOK'D  
THYSELF  
INTO  
MY  
GRACE,  
AND  
ART  
MINE  
OWN.  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
WHY,  
WHEREFORE  
TO  
SAY  
'LIVE,  
BOY.'  
NE'ER  
THANK  
THY  
MASTER.  
LIVE;  
AND  
ASK  
OF  
CYMBELINE  
WHAT  
BOON

THOU  
WILT,  
FITTING  
MY  
BOUNTY  
AND  
THY  
STATE,  
I'LL  
GIVE  
IT;  
YEA,  
THOUGH  
THOU  
DO  
DEMAND  
A  
PRISONER,  
THE  
NOBLEST  
TA'EN.  
IMOGEN  
I  
HUMBLY  
THANK  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS.  
LUCIUS  
I  
DO  
NOT  
BID  
THEE  
BEG  
MY  
LIFE,  
GOOD  
LAD,  
AND  
YET  
I  
KNOW  
THOU  
WILT.

IMOGEN  
NO,  
NO!  
ALACK,  
THERE'S  
OTHER  
WORK  
IN  
HAND.  
I  
SEE  
A  
THING  
BITTER  
TO  
ME  
AS  
DEATH;  
YOUR  
LIFE,  
GOOD  
MASTER,  
MUST  
SHUFFLE  
FOR  
ITSELF.  
210

LUCIUS  
THE  
BOY  
DISDAINS  
ME,  
HE  
LEAVES  
ME,  
SCORNS  
ME.  
BRIEFLY  
DIE  
THEIR  
JOYS  
THAT  
PLACE  
THEM  
ON  
THE  
TRUTH  
OF  
GIRLS  
AND  
BOYS.  
WHY  
STANDS  
HE  
SO  
PERPLEX'D?  
CYMBELINE  
WHAT  
WOULDST  
THOU,  
BOY?  
I  
LOVE  
THEE  
MORE  
AND  
MORE;  
THINK  
MORE  
AND  
MORE



WHAT'S  
BEST  
TO  
ASK.  
KNOW'ST  
HIM  
THOU  
LOOK'ST  
ON?  
SPEAK,  
WILT  
HAVE  
HIM  
LIVE?  
IS  
HE  
THY  
KIN?  
THY  
FRIEND?  
IMOGEN  
HE  
IS  
A  
ROMAN,  
NO  
MORE  
KIN  
TO  
ME  
THAN  
I  
TO  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS;  
WHO,  
BEING  
BORN  
YOUR  
VASSAL,  
AM  
SOMETHING  
NEARER.  
CYMBELINE

WHEREFORE  
EY'ST  
HIM  
SO?  
IMOGEN  
I'LL  
TELL  
YOU,  
SIR,  
IN  
PRIVATE,  
IF  
YOU  
PLEASE  
TO  
GIVE  
ME  
HEARING.  
CYMBELINE  
211

AY,  
WITH  
ALL  
MY  
HEART,  
AND  
LEND  
MY  
BEST  
ATTENTION.  
WHAT'S  
THY  
NAME?  
IMOGEN  
FIDELE,  
SIR.  
CYMBELINE  
THOU'RT  
MY  
GOOD  
YOUTH,  
MY  
PAGE;  
I'LL  
BE  
THY  
MASTER.  
WALK  
WITH  
ME;  
SPEAK  
FREELY.  
[CYMBELINE  
AND  
IMOGEN  
CONVERSE  
APART]  
BELARIUS  
IS  
NOT  
THIS  
BOY  
REVIV'D  
FROM

DEATH?  
ARVIRAGUS  
ONE  
SAND  
ANOTHER  
NOT  
MORE  
RESEMBLES-  
THAT  
SWEET  
ROSY  
LAD  
WHO  
DIED  
AND  
WAS  
FIDELE.  
WHAT  
THINK  
YOU?  
GUIDERIUS  
THE  
SAME  
DEAD  
THING  
ALIVE.  
BELARIUS  
PEACE,  
PEACE!  
SEE  
FURTHER.  
HE  
EYES  
US  
NOT;  
FORBEAR.  
212

CREATURES  
MAY  
BE  
ALIKE;  
WERE'T  
HE,  
I  
AM  
SURE  
HE  
WOULD  
HAVE  
SPOKE  
TO  
US.  
GUIDERIUS  
BUT  
WE  
SAW  
HIM  
DEAD.  
BELARIUS  
BE  
SILENT;  
LET'S  
SEE  
FURTHER.  
PISANIO  
[ASIDE]  
IT  
IS  
MY  
MISTRESS.  
SINCE  
SHE  
IS  
LIVING,  
LET  
THE  
TIME  
RUN  
ON  
TO  
GOOD

OR  
BAD.  
[CYMBELINE  
AND  
IMOGEN  
ADVANCE]  
CYMBELINE  
COME,  
STAND  
THOU  
BY  
OUR  
SIDE;  
MAKE  
THY  
DEMAND  
ALOUD.  
[TO  
IACHIMO]  
SIR,  
STEP  
YOU  
FORTH;  
GIVE  
ANSWER  
TO  
THIS  
BOY,  
AND  
DO  
IT  
FREELY,  
OR,  
BY  
OUR  
GREATNESS  
AND  
THE  
GRACE  
OF  
IT,  
WHICH  
IS  
OUR

HONOUR,  
BITTER  
TORTURE  
SHALL  
WINNOW  
THE  
TRUTH  
FROM  
FALSEHOOD.  
ON,  
SPEAK  
TO  
HIM.  
IMOGEN  
213

MY  
BOON  
IS  
THAT  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN  
MAY  
RENDER  
OF  
WHOM  
HE  
HAD  
THIS  
RING.  
POSTHUMUS  
[ASIDE]  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
TO  
HIM?  
CYMBELINE  
THAT  
DIAMOND  
UPON  
YOUR  
FINGER,  
SAY  
HOW  
CAME  
IT  
YOURS?  
IACHIMO  
THOU'LT  
TORTURE  
ME  
TO  
LEAVE  
UNSPOKEN  
THAT  
WHICH  
TO  
BE  
SPOKE  
WOULD



TORTURE  
THEE.  
CYMBELINE  
HOW?  
ME?  
IACHIMO  
I  
AM  
GLAD  
TO  
BE  
CONSTRAIN'D  
TO  
UTTER  
THAT  
WHICH  
TORMENTS  
ME  
TO  
CONCEAL.  
BY  
VILLAINY  
I  
GOT  
THIS  
RING;  
'T WAS  
LEONATUS'  
JEWEL,  
WHOM  
THOU  
DIDST  
BANISH;  
AND-  
WHICH  
MORE  
MAY  
GRIEVE  
THEE,  
AS  
IT  
DOTH  
ME-  
A

NOBLER  
SIR  
NE'ER  
LIV'D  
'TWIXT  
SKY  
AND  
GROUND.  
WILT  
THOU  
HEAR  
MORE,  
MY  
LORD?  
214

CYMBELINE  
ALL  
THAT  
BELONGS  
TO  
THIS.  
IACHIMO  
THAT  
PARAGON,  
THY  
DAUGHTER,  
FOR  
WHOM  
MY  
HEART  
DROPS  
BLOOD  
AND  
MY  
FALSE  
SPIRITS  
QUAIL  
TO  
REMEMBER-  
GIVE  
ME  
LEAVE,  
I  
FAINT.  
CYMBELINE  
MY  
DAUGHTER?  
WHAT  
OF  
HER?  
RENEW  
THY  
STRENGTH;  
I  
HAD  
RATHER  
THOU  
SHOULDEST  
LIVE

WHILE  
NATURE  
WILL  
THAN  
DIE  
ERE  
I  
HEAR  
MORE.  
STRIVE,  
MAN,  
AND  
SPEAK.  
IACHIMO  
UPON  
A  
TIME-  
UNHAPPY  
WAS  
THE  
CLOCK  
THAT  
STRUCK  
THE  
HOUR!-  
WAS  
IN  
ROME-  
ACCURS'D  
THE  
MANSION  
WHERE!-  
'T WAS  
AT  
A  
FEAST-  
O,  
WOULD  
OUR  
VIANDS  
HAD  
BEEN  
POISON'D,  
OR

AT  
LEAST  
THOSE  
WHICH  
I  
HEAV'D  
TO  
HEAD!-  
THE  
GOOD  
POSTHUMUS-  
WHAT  
SHOULD  
I  
SAY?  
HE  
WAS  
TOO  
GOOD  
TO  
BE  
WHERE  
ILL  
MEN  
WERE,  
AND  
WAS  
THE  
BEST  
OF  
ALL  
AMONGST  
THE  
RAR'ST  
OF  
GOOD  
ONES-  
SITTING  
SADLY  
HEARING  
US  
PRAISE  
OUR  
LOVES

OF  
ITALY  
FOR  
BEAUTY  
THAT  
MADE  
BARREN  
THE  
SWELL'D  
BOAST  
OF  
HIM  
THAT  
BEST  
COULD  
SPEAK;  
FOR  
FEATURE,  
LAMING  
215

THE  
SHRINE  
OF  
VENUS  
OR  
STRAIGHT-PIGHT  
MINERVA,  
POSTURES  
BEYOND  
BRIEF  
NATURE;  
FOR  
CONDITION,  
A  
SHOP  
OF  
ALL  
THE  
QUALITIES  
THAT  
MAN  
LOVES  
WOMAN  
FOR;  
BESIDES  
THAT  
HOOK  
OF  
WIVING,  
FAIRNESS  
WHICH  
STRIKES  
THE  
EYE-  
CYMBELINE  
I  
STAND  
ON  
FIRE.  
COME  
TO  
THE  
MATTER.  
IACHIMO

ALL  
TOO  
SOON  
I  
SHALL,  
UNLESS  
THOU  
WOULDST  
GRIEVE  
QUICKLY.  
THIS  
POSTHUMUS,  
MOST  
LIKE  
A  
NOBLE  
LORD  
IN  
LOVE  
AND  
ONE  
THAT  
HAD  
A  
ROYAL  
LOVER,  
TOOK  
HIS  
HINT;  
AND  
NOT  
DISPRAISING  
WHOM  
WE  
PRAIS'D-  
THEREIN  
HE  
WAS  
AS  
CALM  
AS  
VIRTUE-  
HE  
BEGAN



HIS  
MISTRESS'  
PICTURE;  
WHICH  
BY  
HIS  
TONGUE  
BEING  
MADE,  
AND  
THEN  
A  
MIND  
PUT  
IN'T,  
EITHER  
OUR  
BRAGS  
WERE  
CRACK'D  
OF  
KITCHEN  
TRULLS,  
OR  
HIS  
DESCRIPTION  
PROV'D  
US  
UNSPEAKING  
SOTS.  
CYMBELINE  
NAY,  
NAY,  
TO  
TH'  
PURPOSE.  
216

IACHIMO  
YOUR  
DAUGHTER'S  
CHASTITY-  
THERE  
IT  
BEGINS.  
HE  
SPAKE  
OF  
HER  
AS  
DIAN  
HAD  
HOT  
DREAMS  
AND  
SHE  
ALONE  
WERE  
COLD;  
WHEREAT  
I,  
WRETCH,  
MADE  
SCRUPLE  
OF  
HIS  
PRAISE,  
AND  
WAGER'D  
WITH  
HIM  
PIECES  
OF  
GOLD  
'GAINST  
THIS  
WHICH  
THEN  
HE  
WORE  
UPON  
HIS

HONOUR'D  
FINGER,  
TO  
ATTAIN  
IN  
SUIT  
THE  
PLACE  
OF'S  
BED,  
AND  
WIN  
THIS  
RING  
BY  
HERS  
AND  
MINE  
ADULTERY.  
HE,  
TRUE  
KNIGHT,  
NO  
LESSER  
OF  
HER  
HONOUR  
CONFIDENT  
THAN  
I  
DID  
TRULY  
FIND  
HER,  
STAKES  
THIS  
RING;  
AND  
WOULD  
SO,  
HAD  
IT  
BEEN  
A

CARBUNCLE  
OF  
PHOEBUS'  
WHEEL;  
AND  
MIGHT  
SO  
SAFELY,  
HAD  
IT  
BEEN  
ALL  
THE  
WORTH  
OF'S  
CAR.  
AWAY  
TO  
BRITAIN  
POST  
I  
IN  
THIS  
DESIGN.  
WELL  
MAY  
YOU,  
SIR,  
REMEMBER  
ME  
AT  
COURT,  
WHERE  
I  
WAS  
TAUGHT  
OF  
YOUR  
CHASTE  
DAUGHTER  
THE  
WIDE  
DIFFERENCE  
'TWIXT

AMOROUS  
AND  
VILLAINOUS.  
BEING  
THUS  
QUENCH'D  
OF  
HOPE,  
NOT  
LONGING,  
MINE  
ITALIAN  
BRAIN  
GAN  
IN  
YOUR  
DULLER  
BRITAIN  
OPERATE  
MOST  
VILELY;  
FOR  
MY  
VANTAGE,  
EXCELLENT;  
AND,  
TO  
BE  
BRIEF,  
MY  
PRACTICE  
SO  
PREVAIL'D  
THAT  
I  
RETURN'D  
WITH  
SIMULAR  
PROOF  
ENOUGH  
TO  
MAKE  
THE  
NOBLE

LEONATUS  
MAD,  
BY  
WOUNDING  
HIS  
BELIEF  
IN  
HER  
RENOWN  
217

WITH  
TOKENS  
THUS  
AND  
THUS;  
AVERRING  
NOTES  
OF  
CHAMBER-HANGING,  
PICTURES,  
THIS  
HER  
BRACELET-  
O  
CUNNING,  
HOW  
I  
GOT  
IT!-  
NAY,  
SOME  
MARKS  
OF  
SECRET  
ON  
HER  
PERSON,  
THAT  
HE  
COULD  
NOT  
BUT  
THINK  
HER  
BOND  
OF  
CHASTITY  
QUITE  
CRACK'D,  
I  
HAVING  
TA'EN  
THE  
FORFEIT.

WHEREUPON-  
METHINKS  
I  
SEE  
HIM  
NOW-  
POSTHUMUS  
[COMING  
FORWARD]  
AY,  
SO  
THOU  
DOST,  
ITALIAN  
FIEND!  
AY  
ME,  
MOST  
CREDULOUS  
FOOL,  
EGREGIOUS  
MURDERER,  
THIEF,  
ANYTHING  
THAT'S  
DUE  
TO  
ALL  
THE  
VILLAINS  
PAST,  
IN  
BEING,  
TO  
COME!  
O,  
GIVE  
ME  
CORD,  
OR  
KNIFE,  
OR  
POISON,  
SOME



UPRIGHT  
JUSTICER!  
THOU,  
KING,  
SEND  
OUT  
FOR  
TORTURERS  
INGENIOUS.  
IT  
IS  
I  
THAT  
ALL  
TH'  
ABHORRED  
THINGS  
O'  
TH'  
EARTH  
AMEND  
BY  
BEING  
WORSE  
THAN  
THEY.  
I  
AM  
POSTHUMUS,  
THAT  
KILL'D  
THY  
DAUGHTER;  
VILLAIN-LIKE,  
I  
LIE-  
THAT  
CAUS'D  
A  
LESSER  
VILLAIN  
THAN  
MYSELF,  
A

SACRILEGIOUS  
THIEF,  
TO  
DO'T.  
THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
VIRTUE  
WAS  
SHE;  
YEA,  
AND  
SHE  
HERSELF.  
SPIT,  
AND  
THROW  
STONES,  
CAST  
MIRE  
UPON  
ME,  
SET  
THE  
DOGS  
O'  
TH'  
STREET  
TO  
BAY  
ME.  
EVERY  
VILLAIN  
BE  
CALL'D  
POSTHUMUS  
LEONATUS,  
AND  
218

BE  
VILLAINY  
LESS  
THAN  
'T WAS!  
O  
IMOGEN!  
MY  
QUEEN,  
MY  
LIFE,  
MY  
WIFE!  
O  
IMOGEN,  
IMOGEN,  
IMOGEN!  
IMOGEN  
PEACE,  
MY  
LORD.  
HEAR,  
HEAR!  
POSTHUMUS  
SHALL'S  
HAVE  
A  
PLAY  
OF  
THIS?  
THOU  
SCORNFUL  
PAGE,  
THERE  
LIES  
THY  
PART.  
[STRIKES  
HER.  
SHE  
FALLS]  
PISANIO  
O  
GENTLEMEN,

HELP!  
MINE  
AND  
YOUR  
MISTRESS!  
O,  
MY  
LORD  
POSTHUMUS!  
YOU  
NE'ER  
KILL'D  
IMOGEN  
TILL  
NOW.  
HELP,  
HELP!  
MINE  
HONOUR'D  
LADY!  
CYMBELINE  
DOES  
THE  
WORLD  
GO  
ROUND?  
POSTHUMUS  
HOW  
COMES  
THESE  
STAGGERS  
ON  
ME?  
219

PISANIO  
WAKE,  
MY  
MISTRESS!  
CYMBELINE  
IF  
THIS  
BE  
SO,  
THE  
GODS  
DO  
MEAN  
TO  
STRIKE  
ME  
TO  
DEATH  
WITH  
MORTAL  
JOY.  
PISANIO  
HOW  
FARES  
MY  
MISTRESS?  
IMOGEN  
O,  
GET  
THEE  
FROM  
MY  
SIGHT;  
THOU  
GAV'ST  
ME  
POISON.  
DANGEROUS  
FELLOW,  
HENCE!  
BREATHE  
NOT  
WHERE  
PRINCES

ARE.  
CYMBELINE  
THE  
TUNE  
OF  
IMOGEN!  
PISANIO  
LADY,  
THE  
GODS  
THROW  
STONES  
OF  
SULPHUR  
ON  
ME,  
IF  
THAT  
BOX  
I  
GAVE  
YOU  
WAS  
NOT  
THOUGHT  
BY  
ME  
A  
PRECIOUS  
THING!  
I  
HAD  
IT  
FROM  
THE  
QUEEN.  
CYMBELINE  
220

NEW  
MATTER  
STILL?  
IMOGEN  
IT  
POISON'D  
ME.  
CORNELIUS  
O  
GODS!  
I  
LEFT  
OUT  
ONE  
THING  
WHICH  
THE  
QUEEN  
CONFESS'D,  
WHICH  
MUST  
APPROVE  
THEE  
HONEST.  
'IF  
PISANIO  
HAVE'  
SAID  
SHE  
'GIVEN  
HIS  
MISTRESS  
THAT  
CONFECTION  
WHICH  
I  
GAVE  
HIM  
FOR  
CORDIAL,  
SHE  
IS  
SERV'D  
AS

I  
WOULD  
SERVE  
A  
RAT.'  
CYMBELINE  
WHAT'S  
THIS,  
CORNELIUS?  
CORNELIUS  
THE  
QUEEN,  
SIR,  
VERY  
OFT  
IMPORTUN'D  
ME  
TO  
TEMPER  
POISONS  
FOR  
HER;  
STILL  
PRETENDING  
THE  
SATISFACTION  
OF  
HER  
KNOWLEDGE  
ONLY  
IN  
KILLING  
CREATURES  
VILE,  
AS  
CATS  
AND  
DOGS,  
OF  
NO  
ESTEEM.  
I,  
DREADING  
THAT



HER  
PURPOSE  
WAS  
OF  
MORE  
DANGER,  
DID  
COMPOUND  
FOR  
HER  
A  
CERTAIN  
STUFF,  
WHICH,  
BEING  
TA'EN  
WOULD  
CEASE  
THE  
PRESENT  
POW'R  
OF  
LIFE,  
BUT  
IN  
SHORT  
TIME  
221

ALL  
OFFICES  
OF  
NATURE  
SHOULD  
AGAIN  
DO  
THEIR  
DUE  
FUNCTIONS.  
HAVE  
YOU  
TA'EN  
OF  
IT?  
IMOGEN  
MOST  
LIKE  
I  
DID,  
FOR  
I  
WAS  
DEAD.  
BELARIUS  
MY  
BOYS,  
THERE  
WAS  
OUR  
ERROR.  
GUIDERIUS  
THIS  
IS  
SURE  
FIDELE.  
IMOGEN  
WHY  
DID  
YOU  
THROW  
YOUR  
WEDDED  
LADY

FROM  
YOU?  
THINK  
THAT  
YOU  
ARE  
UPON  
A  
ROCK,  
AND  
NOW  
THROW  
ME  
AGAIN.  
[EMBRACING  
HIM]  
POSTHUMUS  
HANG  
THERE  
LIKE  
FRUIT,  
MY  
SOUL,  
TILL  
THE  
TREE  
DIE!  
CYMBELINE  
222

HOW  
NOW,  
MY  
FLESH?  
MY  
CHILD?  
WHAT,  
MAK'ST  
THOU  
ME  
A  
DULLARD  
IN  
THIS  
ACT?  
WILT  
THOU  
NOT  
SPEAK  
TO  
ME?  
IMOGEN  
[KNEELING]  
YOUR  
BLESSING,  
SIR.  
BELARIUS  
[TO  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
ARVIRAGUS]  
THOUGH  
YOU  
DID  
LOVE  
THIS  
YOUTH,  
I  
BLAME  
YE  
NOT;  
YOU  
HAD  
A

MOTIVE  
FOR'T.  
CYMBELINE  
MY  
TEARS  
THAT  
FALL  
PROVE  
HOLY  
WATER  
ON  
THEE!  
IMOGEN,  
THY  
MOTHER'S  
DEAD.  
IMOGEN  
I  
AM  
SORRY  
FOR'T,  
MY  
LORD.  
CYMBELINE  
O,  
SHE  
WAS  
NAUGHT,  
AND  
LONG  
OF  
HER  
IT  
WAS  
THAT  
WE  
MEET  
HERE  
SO  
STRANGELY;  
BUT  
HER  
SON  
IS

GONE,  
WE  
KNOW  
NOT  
HOW  
NOR  
WHERE.  
223

PISANIO  
MY  
LORD,  
NOW  
FEAR  
IS  
FROM  
ME,  
I'LL  
SPEAK  
TROTH.  
LORD  
CLOTEN,  
UPON  
MY  
LADY'S  
MISSING,  
CAME  
TO  
ME  
WITH  
HIS  
SWORD  
DRAWN,  
FOAM'D  
AT  
THE  
MOUTH,  
AND  
SWORE,  
IF  
I  
DISCOVER'D  
NOT  
WHICH  
WAY  
SHE  
WAS  
GONE,  
IT  
WAS  
MY  
INSTANT  
DEATH.

BY  
ACCIDENT  
I  
HAD  
A  
FEIGNED  
LETTER  
OF  
MY  
MASTER'S  
THEN  
IN  
MY  
POCKET,  
WHICH  
DIRECTED  
HIM  
TO  
SEEK  
HER  
ON  
THE  
MOUNTAINS  
NEAR  
TO  
MILFORD;  
WHERE,  
IN  
A  
FRENZY,  
IN  
MY  
MASTER'S  
GARMENTS,  
WHICH  
HE  
ENFORC'D  
FROM  
ME,  
AWAY  
HE  
POSTS  
WITH  
UNCHASTE



PURPOSE,  
AND  
WITH  
OATH  
TO  
VIOLATE  
MY  
LADY'S  
HONOUR.  
WHAT  
BECAME  
OF  
HIM  
I  
FURTHER  
KNOW  
NOT.  
GUIDERIUS  
LET  
ME  
END  
THE  
STORY:  
I  
SLEW  
HIM  
THERE.  
CYMBELINE  
MARRY,  
THE  
GODS  
FORFEND!  
I  
WOULD  
NOT  
THY  
GOOD  
DEEDS  
SHOULD  
FROM  
MY  
LIPS  
PLUCK  
A

HARD  
SENTENCE.  
PRITHEE,  
VALIANT  
YOUTH,  
DENY'T  
AGAIN.  
224

GUIDERIUS

I  
HAVE  
SPOKE  
IT,  
AND

I  
DID  
IT.  
CYMBELINE

HE  
WAS  
A  
PRINCE.  
GUIDERIUS

A  
MOST  
INCIVIL  
ONE.  
THE  
WRONGS  
HE  
DID  
ME  
WERE  
NOTHING  
PRINCE-LIKE;  
FOR  
HE  
DID  
PROVOKE  
ME  
WITH  
LANGUAGE  
THAT  
WOULD  
MAKE  
ME  
SPURN  
THE  
SEA,  
IF  
IT  
COULD

SO  
ROAR  
TO  
ME.  
I  
CUT  
OFF'S  
HEAD,  
AND  
AM  
RIGHT  
GLAD  
HE  
IS  
NOT  
STANDING  
HERE  
TO  
TELL  
THIS  
TALE  
OF  
MINE.  
CYMBELINE  
I  
AM  
SORRY  
FOR  
THEE.  
BY  
THINE  
OWN  
TONGUE  
THOU  
ART  
CONDEMN'D,  
AND  
MUST  
ENDURE  
OUR  
LAW.  
THOU'RT  
DEAD.  
IMOGEN

THAT  
HEADLESS  
MAN  
I  
THOUGHT  
HAD  
BEEN  
MY  
LORD.  
CYMBELINE  
225

BIND  
THE  
OFFENDER,  
AND  
TAKE  
HIM  
FROM  
OUR  
PRESENCE.  
BELARIUS  
STAY,  
SIR  
KING.  
THIS  
MAN  
IS  
BETTER  
THAN  
THE  
MAN  
HE  
SLEW,  
AS  
WELL  
DESCENDED  
AS  
THYSELF,  
AND  
HATH  
MORE  
OF  
THEE  
MERITED  
THAN  
A  
BAND  
OF  
CLOTENS  
HAD  
EVER  
SCAR  
FOR.  
[TO  
THE

GUARD]  
LET  
HIS  
ARMS  
ALONE;  
THEY  
WERE  
NOT  
BORN  
FOR  
BONDAGE.  
CYMBELINE  
WHY,  
OLD  
SOLDIER,  
WILT  
THOU  
UNDO  
THE  
WORTH  
THOU  
ART  
UNPAID  
FOR  
BY  
TASTING  
OF  
OUR  
WRATH?  
HOW  
OF  
DESCENT  
AS  
GOOD  
AS  
WE?  
ARVIRAGUS  
IN  
THAT  
HE  
SPAKE  
TOO  
FAR.  
CYMBELINE

AND  
THOU  
SHALT  
DIE  
FOR'T.  
BELARIUS  
WE  
WILL  
DIE  
ALL  
THREE;  
226



BUT  
I  
WILL  
PROVE  
THAT  
TWO  
ON'S  
ARE  
AS  
GOOD  
AS  
I  
HAVE  
GIVEN  
OUT  
HIM.  
MY  
SONS,  
I  
MUST  
FOR  
MINE  
OWN  
PART  
UNFOLD  
A  
DANGEROUS  
SPEECH,  
THOUGH  
HAPLY  
WELL  
FOR  
YOU.  
ARVIRAGUS  
YOUR  
DANGER'S  
OURS.  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
OUR  
GOOD  
HIS.  
BELARIUS  
HAVE

AT  
IT  
THEN  
BY  
LEAVE!  
THOU  
HADST,  
GREAT  
KING,  
A  
SUBJECT  
WHO  
WAS  
CALL'D  
BELARIUS.  
CYMBELINE  
WHAT  
OF  
HIM?  
HE  
IS  
A  
BANISH'D  
TRAITOR.  
BELARIUS  
HE  
IT  
IS  
THAT  
HATH  
ASSUM'D  
THIS  
AGE;  
INDEED  
A  
BANISH'D  
MAN;  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
HOW  
A  
TRAITOR.  
227



CYMBELINE  
TAKE  
HIM  
HENCE,  
THE  
WHOLE  
WORLD  
SHALL  
NOT  
SAVE  
HIM.  
BELARIUS  
NOT  
TOO  
HOT.  
FIRST  
PAY  
ME  
FOR  
THE  
NURSING  
OF  
THY  
SONS,  
AND  
LET  
IT  
BE  
CONFISCATE  
ALL,  
SO  
SOON  
AS  
I  
HAVE  
RECEIV'D  
IT.  
CYMBELINE  
NURSING  
OF  
MY  
SONS?  
BELARIUS  
I

AM  
TOO  
BLUNT  
AND  
SAUCY:  
HERE'S  
MY  
KNEE.  
ERE  
I  
ARISE  
I  
WILL  
PREFER  
MY  
SONS;  
THEN  
SPARE  
NOT  
THE  
OLD  
FATHER.  
MIGHTY  
SIR,  
THESE  
TWO  
YOUNG  
GENTLEMEN  
THAT  
CALL  
ME  
FATHER,  
AND  
THINK  
THEY  
ARE  
MY  
SONS,  
ARE  
NONE  
OF  
MINE;  
THEY  
ARE

THE  
ISSUE  
OF  
YOUR  
LOINS,  
MY  
LIEGE,  
AND  
BLOOD  
OF  
YOUR  
BEGETTING.  
CYMBELINE  
HOW?  
MY  
ISSUE?  
228

BELARIUS  
SO  
SURE  
AS  
YOU  
YOUR  
FATHER'S.  
I,  
OLD  
MORGAN,  
AM  
THAT  
BELARIUS  
WHOM  
YOU  
SOMETIME  
BANISH'D.  
YOUR  
PLEASURE  
WAS  
MY  
MERE  
OFFENCE,  
MY  
PUNISHMENT  
ITSELF,  
AND  
ALL  
MY  
TREASON;  
THAT  
I  
SUFFER'D  
WAS  
ALL  
THE  
HARM  
I  
DID.  
THESE  
GENTLE  
PRINCES-  
FOR  
SUCH

AND  
SO  
THEY  
ARE-  
THESE  
TWENTY  
YEARS  
HAVE  
I  
TRAIN'D  
UP;  
THOSE  
ARTS  
THEY  
HAVE  
AS  
COULD  
PUT  
INTO  
THEM.  
MY  
BREEDING  
WAS,  
SIR,  
AS  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
KNOWS.  
THEIR  
NURSE,  
EURIPHILE,  
WHOM  
FOR  
THE  
THEFT  
I  
WEDDED,  
STOLE  
THESE  
CHILDREN  
UPON  
MY  
BANISHMENT;  
I



MOV'D  
HER  
TO'T,  
HAVING  
RECEIV'D  
THE  
PUNISHMENT  
BEFORE  
FOR  
THAT  
WHICH  
I  
DID  
THEN.  
BEATEN  
FOR  
LOYALTY  
EXCITED  
ME  
TO  
TREASON.  
THEIR  
DEAR  
LOSS,  
THE  
MORE  
OF  
YOU  
'T WAS  
FELT,  
THE  
MORE  
IT  
SHAP'D  
UNTO  
MY  
END  
OF  
STEALING  
THEM.  
BUT,  
GRACIOUS  
SIR,  
HERE

ARE  
YOUR  
SONS  
AGAIN,  
AND  
I  
MUST  
LOSE  
TWO  
OF  
THE  
SWEET'ST  
COMPANIONS  
IN  
THE  
WORLD.  
THE  
BENEDICTION  
OF  
THESE  
COVERING  
HEAVENS  
FALL  
ON  
THEIR  
HEADS  
LIKE  
DEW!  
FOR  
THEY  
ARE  
WORTHY  
TO  
INLAY  
HEAVEN  
WITH  
STARS.  
CYMBELINE  
THOU  
WEEP'ST  
AND  
SPEAK'ST.  
229

THE  
SERVICE  
THAT  
YOU  
THREE  
HAVE  
DONE  
IS  
MORE  
UNLIKE  
THAN  
THIS  
THOU  
TELL'ST.  
I  
LOST  
MY  
CHILDREN.  
IF  
THESE  
BE  
THEY,  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
HOW  
TO  
WISH  
A  
PAIR  
OF  
WORTHIER  
SONS.  
BELARIUS  
BE  
PLEAS'D  
AWHILE.  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN,  
WHOM  
I  
CALL  
POLYDORE,  
MOST

WORTHY  
PRINCE,  
AS  
YOURS,  
IS  
TRUE  
GUIDERIUS;  
THIS  
GENTLEMAN,  
MY  
CADWAL,  
ARVIRAGUS,  
YOUR  
YOUNGER  
PRINCELY  
SON;  
HE,  
SIR,  
WAS  
LAPP'D  
IN  
A  
MOST  
CURIOUS  
MANTLE,  
WROUGHT  
BY  
TH'  
HAND  
OF  
HIS  
QUEEN  
MOTHER,  
WHICH  
FOR  
MORE  
PROBATION  
I  
CAN  
WITH  
EASE  
PRODUCE.  
CYMBELINE  
GUIDERIUS

HAD  
UPON  
HIS  
NECK  
A  
MOLE,  
A  
SANGUINE  
STAR;  
IT  
WAS  
A  
MARK  
OF  
WONDER.  
BELARIUS  
THIS  
IS  
HE,  
WHO  
HATH  
UPON  
HIM  
STILL  
THAT  
NATURAL  
STAMP.  
IT  
WAS  
WISE  
NATURE'S  
END  
IN  
THE  
DONATION,  
TO  
BE  
HIS  
EVIDENCE  
NOW.  
230

CYMBELINE  
O,  
WHAT  
AM  
I?  
A  
MOTHER  
TO  
THE  
BIRTH  
OF  
THREE?  
NE'ER  
MOTHER  
REJOIC'D  
DELIVERANCE  
MORE.  
BLEST  
PRAY  
YOU  
BE,  
THAT,  
AFTER  
THIS  
STRANGE  
STARTING  
FROM  
YOUR  
ORBS,  
YOU  
MAY  
REIGN  
IN  
THEM  
NOW!  
O  
IMOGEN,  
THOU  
HAST  
LOST  
BY  
THIS  
A  
KINGDOM.

IMOGEN  
NO,  
MY  
LORD;  
I  
HAVE  
GOT  
TWO  
WORLDS  
BY'T.  
O  
MY  
GENTLE  
BROTHERS,  
HAVE  
WE  
THUS  
MET?  
O,  
NEVER  
SAY  
HEREAFTER  
BUT  
I  
AM  
TRUEST  
SPEAKER!  
YOU  
CALL'D  
ME  
BROTHER,  
WHEN  
I  
WAS  
BUT  
YOUR  
SISTER:  
I  
YOU  
BROTHERS,  
WHEN  
WE  
WERE  
SO

INDEED.  
CYMBELINE  
DID  
YOU  
E'ER  
MEET?  
ARVIRAGUS  
AY,  
MY  
GOOD  
LORD.  
GUIDERIUS  
AND  
AT  
FIRST  
MEETING  
LOV'D,  
231



CONTINU'D  
SO  
UNTIL  
WE  
THOUGHT  
HE  
DIED.  
CORNELIUS  
BY  
THE  
QUEEN'S  
DRAM  
SHE  
SWALLOW'D.  
CYMBELINE  
O  
RARE  
INSTINCT!  
WHEN  
SHALL  
I  
HEAR  
ALL  
THROUGH?  
THIS  
FIERCE  
ABRIDGMENT  
HATH  
TO  
IT  
CIRCUMSTANTIAL  
BRANCHES,  
WHICH  
DISTINCTION  
SHOULD  
BE  
RICH  
IN.  
WHERE?  
HOW  
LIV'D  
YOU?  
AND  
WHEN

CAME  
YOU  
TO  
SERVE  
OUR  
ROMAN  
CAPTIVE?  
HOW  
PARTED  
WITH  
YOUR  
BROTHERS?  
HOW  
FIRST  
MET  
THEM?  
WHY  
FLED  
YOU  
FROM  
THE  
COURT?  
AND  
WHITHER?  
THESE,  
AND  
YOUR  
THREE  
MOTIVES  
TO  
THE  
BATTLE,  
WITH  
I  
KNOW  
NOT  
HOW  
MUCH  
MORE,  
SHOULD  
BE  
DEMANDED,  
AND  
ALL

THE  
OTHER  
BY-DEPENDENCES,  
FROM  
CHANCE  
TO  
CHANCE;  
BUT  
NOR  
THE  
TIME  
NOR  
PLACE  
WILL  
SERVE  
OUR  
LONG  
INTERROGATORIES.  
SEE,  
POSTHUMUS  
ANCHORS  
UPON  
IMOGEN;  
AND  
SHE,  
LIKE  
HARMLESS  
LIGHTNING,  
THROWS  
HER  
EYE  
ON  
HIM,  
HER  
BROTHERS,  
ME,  
HER  
MASTER,  
HITTING  
EACH  
OBJECT  
WITH  
A  
JOY;

THE  
COUNTERCHANGE  
IS  
SEVERALLY  
IN  
ALL.  
LET'S  
QUIT  
THIS  
GROUND,  
AND  
SMOKE  
THE  
TEMPLE  
WITH  
OUR  
SACRIFICES.  
[TO  
BELARIUS]  
THOU  
ART  
MY  
BROTHER;  
SO  
WE'LL  
HOLD  
THEE  
EVER.  
232

IMOGEN  
YOU  
ARE  
MY  
FATHER  
TOO,  
AND  
DID  
RELIEVE  
ME  
TO  
SEE  
THIS  
GRACIOUS  
SEASON.  
CYMBELINE  
ALL  
O'ERJOY'D  
SAVE  
THESE  
IN  
BONDS.  
LET  
THEM  
BE  
JOYFUL  
TOO,  
FOR  
THEY  
SHALL  
TASTE  
OUR  
COMFORT.  
IMOGEN  
MY  
GOOD  
MASTER,  
I  
WILL  
YET  
DO  
YOU  
SERVICE.  
LUCIUS

HAPPY  
BE  
YOU!  
CYMBELINE  
THE  
FORLORN  
SOLDIER,  
THAT  
SO  
NOBLY  
FOUGHT,  
HE  
WOULD  
HAVE  
WELL  
BECOM'D  
THIS  
PLACE  
AND  
GRAC'D  
THE  
THANKINGS  
OF  
A  
KING.  
POSTHUMUS  
I  
AM,  
SIR,  
THE  
SOLDIER  
THAT  
DID  
COMPANY  
THESE  
THREE  
233

IN  
POOR  
BESEEMING;  
'T WAS  
A  
FITMENT  
FOR  
THE  
PURPOSE  
I  
THEN  
FOLLOW'D.  
THAT  
I  
WAS  
HE,  
SPEAK,  
IACHIMO.  
I  
HAD  
YOU  
DOWN,  
AND  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
MADE  
YOU  
FINISH.  
IACHIMO  
[KNEELING]  
I  
AM  
DOWN  
AGAIN;  
BUT  
NOW  
MY  
HEAVY  
CONSCIENCE  
SINKS  
MY  
KNEE,  
AS  
THEN

YOUR  
FORCE  
DID.  
TAKE  
THAT  
LIFE,  
BESEECH  
YOU,  
WHICH  
I  
SO  
OFTEN  
OWE;  
BUT  
YOUR  
RING  
FIRST,  
AND  
HERE  
THE  
BRACELET  
OF  
THE  
TRUEST  
PRINCESS  
THAT  
EVER  
SWORE  
HER  
FAITH.  
POSTHUMUS  
KNEEL  
NOT  
TO  
ME.  
THE  
POW'R  
THAT  
I  
HAVE  
ON  
YOU  
IS  
TO



SPARE  
YOU;  
THE  
MALICE  
TOWARDS  
YOU  
TO  
FORGIVE  
YOU.  
LIVE,  
AND  
DEAL  
WITH  
OTHERS  
BETTER.  
CYMBELINE  
NOBLY  
DOOM'D!  
WE'LL  
LEARN  
OUR  
FREENESS  
OF  
A  
SON-IN-LAW;  
PARDON'S  
THE  
WORD  
TO  
ALL.  
ARVIRAGUS  
234

YOU  
HOLP  
US,  
SIR,  
AS  
YOU  
DID  
MEAN  
INDEED  
TO  
BE  
OUR  
BROTHER;  
JOY'D  
ARE  
WE  
THAT  
YOU  
ARE.  
POSTHUMUS  
YOUR  
SERVANT,  
PRINCES.  
GOOD  
MY  
LORD  
OF  
ROME,  
CALL  
FORTH  
YOUR  
SOOTHSAYER.  
AS  
I  
SLEPT,  
METHOUGHT  
GREAT  
JUPITER,  
UPON  
HIS  
EAGLE  
BACK'D,  
APPEAR'D  
TO

ME,  
WITH  
OTHER  
SPRITELY  
SHOWS  
OF  
MINE  
OWN  
KINDRED.  
WHEN  
I  
WAK'D,  
I  
FOUND  
THIS  
LABEL  
ON  
MY  
BOSOM;  
WHOSE  
CONTAINING  
IS  
SO  
FROM  
SENSE  
IN  
HARDNESS  
THAT  
I  
CAN  
MAKE  
NO  
COLLECTION  
OF  
IT.  
LET  
HIM  
SHOW  
HIS  
SKILL  
IN  
THE  
CONSTRUCTION.  
LUCIUS

PHILARMONUS!  
SOOTHSAYER  
HERE,  
MY  
GOOD  
LORD.  
LUCIUS  
READ,  
AND  
DECLARE  
THE  
MEANING.  
SOOTHSAYER  
235

[READS]  
'WHEN  
AS  
A  
LION'S  
WHELP  
SHALL,  
TO  
HIMSELF  
UNKNOWN,  
WITHOUT  
SEEKING  
FIND,  
AND  
BE  
EMBRAC'D  
BY  
A  
PIECE  
OF  
TENDER  
AIR;  
AND  
WHEN  
FROM  
A  
STATELY  
CEDAR  
SHALL  
BE  
LOPP'D  
BRANCHES  
WHICH,  
BEING  
DEAD  
MANY  
YEARS,  
SHALL  
AFTER  
REVIVE,  
BE  
JOINTED  
TO  
THE

OLD  
STOCK,  
AND  
FRESHLY  
GROW;  
THEN  
SHALL  
POSTHUMUS  
END  
HIS  
MISERIES,  
BRITAIN  
BE  
FORTUNATE  
AND  
FLOURISH  
IN  
PEACE  
AND  
PLENTY.'  
THOU,  
LEONATUS,  
ART  
THE  
LION'S  
WHELP;  
THE  
FIT  
AND  
APT  
CONSTRUCTION  
OF  
THY  
NAME,  
BEING  
LEO-NATUS,  
DOTH  
IMPORT  
SO  
MUCH.  
[TO  
CYMBELINE]  
THE  
PIECE

OF  
TENDER  
AIR,  
THY  
VIRTUOUS  
DAUGHTER,  
WHICH  
WE  
CALL  
'MOLLIS  
AER,'  
AND  
'MOLLIS  
AER'  
WE  
TERM  
IT  
'MULIER';  
WHICH  
'MULIER'  
I  
DIVINE  
IS  
THIS  
MOST  
CONSTANT  
WIFE,  
WHO  
EVEN  
NOW  
ANSWERING  
THE  
LETTER  
OF  
THE  
ORACLE,  
UNKNOWN  
TO  
YOU,  
UNSOUGHT,  
WERE  
CLIPP'D  
ABOUT  
WITH

THIS  
MOST  
TENDER  
AIR.  
CYMBELINE  
THIS  
HATH  
SOME  
SEEMING.  
SOOTHSAYER  
THE  
LOFTY  
CEDAR,  
ROYAL  
CYMBELINE,  
PERSONATES  
THEE;  
AND  
THY  
LOPP'D  
BRANCHES  
POINT  
THY  
TWO  
SONS  
FORTH,  
WHO,  
BY  
BELARIUS  
STOL'N,  
236



FOR  
MANY  
YEARS  
THOUGHT  
DEAD,  
ARE  
NOW  
REVIV'D,  
TO  
THE  
MAJESTIC  
CEDAR  
JOIN'D,  
WHOSE  
ISSUE  
PROMISES  
BRITAIN  
PEACE  
AND  
PLENTY.  
CYMBELINE  
WELL,  
MY  
PEACE  
WE  
WILL  
BEGIN.  
AND,  
CAIUS  
LUCIUS,  
ALTHOUGH  
THE  
VICTOR,  
WE  
SUBMIT  
TO  
CAESAR  
AND  
TO  
THE  
ROMAN  
EMPIRE,  
PROMISING  
TO

PAY  
OUR  
WONTED  
TRIBUTE,  
FROM  
THE  
WHICH  
WE  
WERE  
DISSUADED  
BY  
OUR  
WICKED  
QUEEN,  
WHOM  
HEAVENS  
IN  
JUSTICE,  
BOTH  
ON  
HER  
AND  
HERS,  
HAVE  
LAID  
MOST  
HEAVY  
HAND.  
SOOTHSAYER  
THE  
FINGERS  
OF  
THE  
POW'RS  
ABOVE  
DO  
TUNE  
THE  
HARMONY  
OF  
THIS  
PEACE.  
THE  
VISION

WHICH  
I  
MADE  
KNOWN  
TO  
LUCIUS  
ERE  
THE  
STROKE  
OF  
YET  
THIS  
SCARCE-COLD  
BATTLE,  
AT  
THIS  
INSTANT  
IS  
FULL  
ACCOMPLISH'D;  
FOR  
THE  
ROMAN  
EAGLE,  
FROM  
SOUTH  
TO  
WEST  
ON  
WING  
SOARING  
ALOFT,  
LESSEN'D  
HERSELF  
AND  
IN  
THE  
BEAMS  
O'  
TH'  
SUN  
SO  
VANISH'D;  
WHICH

FORESHOW'D  
OUR  
PRINCELY  
EAGLE,  
TH'IMPERIAL  
CAESAR,  
CAESAR,  
SHOULD  
AGAIN  
UNITE  
HIS  
FAVOUR  
WITH  
THE  
RADIANT  
CYMBELINE,  
237

WHICH  
SHINES  
HERE  
IN  
THE  
WEST.  
CYMBELINE  
LAUD  
WE  
THE  
GODS;  
AND  
LET  
OUR  
CROOKED  
SMOKES  
CLIMB  
TO  
THEIR  
NOSTRILS  
FROM  
OUR  
BLESS'D  
ALTARS.  
PUBLISH  
WE  
THIS  
PEACE  
TO  
ALL  
OUR  
SUBJECTS.  
SET  
WE  
FORWARD;  
LET  
A  
ROMAN  
AND  
A  
BRITISH  
ENSIGN  
WAVE  
FRIENDLY

TOGETHER.  
SO  
THROUGH  
LUD'S  
TOWN  
MARCH;  
AND  
IN  
THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
GREAT  
JUPITER  
OUR  
PEACE  
WE'LL  
RATIFY;  
SEAL  
IT  
WITH  
FEASTS.  
SET  
ON  
THERE!  
NEVER  
WAS  
A  
WAR  
DID  
CEASE,  
ERE  
BLOODY  
HANDS  
WERE  
WASH'D,  
WITH  
SUCH  
A  
PEACE.  
EXEUNT  
THE  
END  
238