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The University Press Shakespeare
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IN FORTY VOLUMES

Editor's Autograph Edition

LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SETS FOR SALE IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER 62
The Cambridge Text and the Globe Glossary are used in this edition through the courtesy of the Messrs. Macmillan.

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XL.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition.
POSTHUMUS. "— For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love: I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner."

ACT I, SCENE 3, line 121.
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
WITH ANNOTATIONS AND A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE
VOLUME XIV

CYMBELINE
WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ARTHUR SYMONS AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTPIECE BY J. H. F. BACON

NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPROUL MCMVII
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It could be assumed, with any strong probability, that "Cymbeline," which ends the First Folio, was really the last play which Shakespeare wrote, several difficulties which present themselves in connection with it might be resolved at once. It contains one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's women, two gallant boys, a notable villain; with rapid, summarising studies in jealousy, a murderous queen, a royal clown, done as if from memory, or on second thoughts. There are pastoral scenes in it which can only be compared with the pastoral scenes in "The Winter's Tale"; and they are written in verse of the same free and happy cadence. Yet the play is thrown together loosely, rather as if it were a novel, to be read, than a play, to be acted.
The action is complicated here, neglected there. A scene of sixteen lines is introduced to say that the tribunes are required to raise more forces for the war, and that Lucius is to be general. The last scene is five hundred lines long, and has to do as much business as all the rest of the play. The playwright seems no longer to have patience with his medium; it is as if his interest had gone out of it, and he were using it as the only makeshift at hand.

Most artists, at the end of their careers, become discontented with the form in which they have worked. They have succeeded through obedience to this form, but it seems to them that a rarer success lies, uncaptured, outside those limits. They are tempted by what seems lawless in life itself; by what is certainly various and elastic in life. They are impatient with the slowness of results, with their rigidity, inside those inexorable limits. The technique which they have perfected seems to them too perfect; something cries out of chains, and they would set the voice, or Ariel, free.

That spirit, I think, we see in the later plays of Shakespeare, in which not only does metre dissolve and reform, in some new, fluctuant way of its own, but the whole structure becomes vaporous, and floats out through the solid walls of the theatre. Even "The Tempest," when I have seen it acted, lost the greater part of its magic, and was no longer that "cloudeapt" promontory in "faery seas forlorn," the last foothold of human life on the edge of the world. What sense of loss do we feel when we see "Othello" acted? "Othello" has nothing to lose; the playwright has never forgotten the
INTRODUCTION

walls of his theatre. In “Cymbeline” he is frankly tired of them.

“Cymbeline” is a romance, made out of Holinshed, and Boccaccio, and perhaps nursery stories, and it is that happiest kind of romance, which strays harmlessly through tragic incidents, in which only the bad people come to grief. All the time things seem to be knotting themselves up inextricably; every one is playing at cross purposes with every one, as in a children’s game, immensely serious to the children; and one is allowed the thrill which comes out of other people’s dangers, and the pleasant consciousness that everything will be all right in the end. There are plays of Shakespeare which are almost painfully real, in their so much more than reality; this play, even in its most desperate complication, is never allowed to come too close to us for pleasure. We are following the track of a romance, and in countries where no one is sick or sorry beyond measure.

The two central figures of the romance are Posthumus and Imogen, and it is those two unlucky lovers who wander through the forest, seeking and flying from each other, along roads chosen mockingly for them by the fate which lies in things as they are. Posthumus is a new kind of hero of romance. He is a showy gentleman, who has the gift of winning every one to his side, including Imogen.

“By her selection may be truly read
What kind of man he is,”

says the First Gentleman in the first scene, plausibly, but not with knowledge: his praises are to be taken at the
valuation of common rumour. Married to an incomparable woman, Posthumus has never known her. To doubt her is not to have known her. The jealousy of Posthumus is circumstantial, a jealousy of dull senses, to which the imagination has never spoken. He doubts her at the first rumour of mere coincidence. I should not say doubts; he has not a doubt; her dishonour is palpable to him. He hugs the certainty, driving it into him like a knife in a foe's hand. He will not wait to know all that can be said against her; he is convinced from the first. Rage makes him voluble, and then inarticulate; “I'll do something,” is all that he is quite sure of. He orders her death, and when he is told that she is dead, he cries:—

“I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death.”

He is always crying out like a child or a madman, always against sense, too soon or too late. He is the slave of the moment, always in its power for evil; and it is against all his endeavours, and against all probability, that he ends happily, having failed in every attempt to destroy his own happiness. That, perhaps, is the irony, as much as the mercy, of the play.

Of all Shakespeare's women Imogen is the manliest and womanliest. All may say of her, as each man says of the woman whom he loves, that for him she is faultless, whatever faults may be seen in her by others. She is a woman to make virtue its own reward; the “infinite
INTRODUCTION

variety of the wicked seems to lurk in her under some saintly disguise. If Englishmen can point to this picture of an Englishwoman, and say that it is true to nature, nothing remains to be said in praise of our women. It is in her simplicity that Imogen is greatest. Nothing is too hard for her to do easily, nor does it ever occur to her to hesitate. She puts on boy's clothes without a thought of sex; and when, at the end of the play, she finds her husband again, repentant and ready to receive her, she forgets her disguise, and runs to him, to be thrust away by the inevitable blunderer. She has humour, a witty readiness of speech, exquisitely alert and to the point. Only once does Shakespeare burden her with those forced metaphors and that unnatural ingenuity of discourse which blemish so many of his pages. This is in the scene where she finds the headless body of Cloten in the clothes of Posthumus, and takes the dead man for her husband. Those dreadful lines about—

"His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? — How — 'T is gone"

are nowhere exceeded in Shakespeare for sheer unsuitability. Else, Imogen is a model of speech as of honour, justice, and mercy. And, though unbreakable, she has that woman's flexibility which carries her easily through terrifying adventures; she can find herself nowhere where she is not at home; her spirit is always (as Cymbeline says of her, when, at the end,

"Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,"
having learned trust at last) a kind of

"harmless lightning . . . hitting
Each object with a joy."

Round these two lovers, on their difficult way through the entanglements of the story, are grouped one or two brave companions and a motley company of hinderers. Of these the chief is Iachimo. Iachimo is the gentlemanly villain through vanity. His whole intelligence is not let out to evil, as with Iago; he entertains evil unawares, finding some unsuspected kinship there. He believes in his power over women, perhaps rather because he holds them lightly than because he prizes himself highly. He has probably had experiences in Italy which have seemed to prove the justice of his estimate. The Englishwoman, though a new country for him, awakes none of his suspicions. It is his creed that all women are alike; only, that some have not been tempted. He has smiled before at the confidence of husbands; Posthumus is franker than the others, that is all. He fully expects to win his wager.

After he has talked with Imogen for a few minutes, he realises that the wager is lost, if it is to be won honestly. He does not seriously tempt her: he makes his few ornamental passes, and drops the foil; with finesse, after all, convincing her of the innocence of his intentions. His vanity, doubtless, is wounded; and it is really his vanity, alert to defend itself, which sets his "Italian blood" to "operate" so instantly the dishonourable trick of the coffer.

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To the Italian, treachery has always been something of a fine art. Machiavelli taught it to princes, and not a gipsy could be cleaner of conscience after a lie than the Neapolitan of to-day. To have lied successfully is to have shown one's ability, much more subtly than if the struggle had been an open one, strength against strength. Iachimo is a study in the Italian temperament, faultlessly indicated, until his vehemence of remorse at the end of the play brings him to a good end, perhaps not so much in the Italian manner.

The Queen, with her useless poisons which harm no one, belongs to Shakespeare's series of wicked queens, most of them constructed on much the same pattern, but leading upward to a masterpiece in Lady Macbeth. Cymbeline's Queen is, so far as her action is concerned, a busy-body, a meddler; her intentions are criminal, but all she really does is to provide Imogen with a sleeping-draught. She pulls some of the strings of the play, herself something of a puppet. Shakespeare wants the wicked stepmother of all the legends, and he gives us a wicked stepmother who would fit into any of them.

Her son, Cloten, the bullying fool, is one of Shakespeare's mockeries of the gentleman by birth who is scarcely a man by wits. Shakespeare was no flatterer of the people; he respected tyrants, he loved the pomp of kings. But in Cloten he shows us one of the rags which may go to the making of that pomp, hardly laughing as he holds it out; all the braveries of the world have that side to them. Here and there he gives the pitiable thing a few sound words to say; on "our salt-
CYMBELINE

water girdle,” for instance, or the “If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket.” Commentators have seen arguments in these generous lendings for supposing that the play was written partly at one time and partly at another; for how, they say, can the “mere fool” of the first act be “by no means deficient in manliness” in the third? It is part of Shakespeare’s art to make even stupidity carry divine messages. Even this, the muddiest of his dolts, can transmit heroism by mistake.

That “mountainous country with a cave,” in Wales, on which Cloten intruded, to his destruction, is the scenery of the most bracing scene in Shakespeare. Here we breathe mountain air, and are among natures as free and healthy. These folk of the high rocks, with their princely manners, their high natural courtesy, live courtly lives in the open air, and attend with ceremony upon every action. Shakespeare is careful to explain that the two boys are none of “nature’s gentlemen,” but princely by birth, though brought up not to know it; and that the old man is really a great lord in exile. He bids us look on what is intrinsic in noble descent, after having seen how that too, like all natural forces, can be flawed in a Cloten. Guiderius and Arviragus are indeed brothers to Imogen, tempered in the same steel. They are to other men almost what she is to other women. She has been unspoilt by civilisation; they, untouched by it.

It is around this old man and these delightful boys that most of what is best in the play, most after Shakespeare’s heart, we may be sure, takes place. Lyric
beauty, not only in the incomparable dirge, fills these scenes with enchantment. Hardly in "The Winter's Tale" are there tenderer things said about flowers; nowhere are there more joyous things said about light, air, and the gentleness and energy of mere life in the sun and wind. And, always, blithely and instinctively in the two boys, with the gravity of experience in the old man, there is that nobility of soul which is perhaps the part of Shakespeare's genius which grew most steadily to the last.

His feeling for nature, also, grew or matured steadily. Shakespeare loved, no doubt, the woods of Arden and the forest ways of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." He could play with them, for happy, sufficient purposes of his own. But it was not till his work was ending, and he had gone through the world, weighing it and judging it, and making it over again after almost its own miraculous pattern of life, that he came to feel the earth. As his art tired, we may think, of the playhouse, so his nature, which had been content with cities, cried out for something which was not in cities. The open air, the sea, the fields, the hills, came to mean to him something which they had never meant.

"The ground that gave them first has them again," he can say, in "Cymbeline," of the dead, with a profound sense of the earth, and of our roots there.

In "Cymbeline," as in all Shakespeare's later plays, the writing is for the most part moulded upon the
thought, with a closeness very different from the draped splendours of the earlier work. It is often condensed into a kind of hardness, it would say too much in every word; but it allows itself no other license. Often, in this play, it is chary of occasions for fine writing by the way. Take, for instance, the soliloquy of Posthumus in prison (V. 4). Compare it with Claudio's shuddering prevision of death and of the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" in "Measure for Measure"; with Hamlet's reasoning in the dark of a sensitive imagination, fearful of uncertainties. Both are quick with feeling; each is the outcry of a naked human soul, alone with the fear of death. But Posthumus, who is willing to die, and who believes that "there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them," argues coldly with himself, in his only half-hearted invocation of the gods. The soliloquy is a masterpiece of that difficult kind of writing which has to wring a kind of emotion out of the absence of emotion in the speaker. It is packed with thought, with ingenuities of argument, precisely in keeping with the situation.

In the speeches of Imogen there are the same clearness, simplicity, and packed meanings of a singularly direct kind. That soliloquy before the cave of Belarius, beginning

"I see a man's life is a tedious one,"

is, like the soliloquy of Posthumus, all made up of little sentences, each half a line long, springing naturally and
unexpectedly out of the last half line, in that way which Coleridge notes as characteristic of Shakespeare, “just as a serpentine moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems forever twisting and untwisting its own strength.” There is scarcely a figure of speech; the poetry seems too much in earnest, too eager to say definite things directly. It is poetry made out of mere thinking aloud, with all the starts and inconsequences of actual thinking. One of the speeches is the most breathless in Shakespeare.

In the mountain scenes, the verse has not only lyric beauty, but an austere quality which keeps just so much of splendour as can be at the same time grave and subdued. Rhetoric has all gone out of the verse, nothing is loud or showy any longer; there is a new aim at that last refinement in which strength comes disguised, and beauty seems a casual stranger. The verse itself has been broken, as it has to be broken over again in every age, as soon as it has come to perfection, and hardened there. Read a speech of Imogen after a speech of Juliet, and it will seem to you, at first sight, that Imogen is speaking almost prose, while Juliet is certainly singing poetry. It is in that apparent approach to the form of prose that verse finally becomes its most authentic self. Juliet has her few notes, and no more, her formal tunes; while Imogen can set the whole of Shakespeare’s brain to a music as various and uncapturable as the wind.

Arthur Symons.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Cymbeline, king of Britain.
Clotho, 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, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Arviragus, Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.
Philario, friend to Posthumus, Italians.
Iachimo, friend to Philario,
Calixtus Lucius, general of the Roman forces.
Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.
Cornelius, a physician.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
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.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

Scene: Britain: Rome

1 This play was published for the first time in the First Folio, where it concluded the section of Tragedies, and occupied the last place in the volume. The piece was divided into acts and scenes, but no list of "Dramatis Personæ" was given. That list, together with indication of the "Scene," was first supplied by Rowe in 1709.
ACT FIRST—SCENE I—BRITAIN
THE GARDEN OF CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter two Gentlemen

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.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath re-ferr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all

1-3 our bloods...king] These obscure lines mean that our dispositions or moods are not so much governed by the heavens—"by every skyey influence"—as by the views of the king, to which courtiers
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired 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.

Sec. Gent. And why so?

First Gent. 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.

Sec Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

adapt their own sentiment. The courtiers seem to feel as the king feels; when he frowns, they frown.

6 hath refer'd herself] hath given herself, transferred herself.

24 You speak him far] You praise him extensively; you are lavish in your eulogy.

25–27 I do extend . . . duly] I dilate upon him within his merits. I narrow the compass of his praises, rather than expand them to full length.

For other uses of the word “extend” cf. I, iv, 19, and II, iii, 60, infra.
SCENE I

CYMBELINE

Sec Gent. What's his name and birth?
First Gent. 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 served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the 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, deceased
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
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court —
Which rare it is to do — most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,

31 Tenantius the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, whom
he succeeded on the throne.
37 fond of issue infatuated with his children.
49 A glass that feated them] A glass that formed them; it offered them a
model of accomplishment.
50 to his mistress] as 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.

SEC. GENT. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
FIRST GENT. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
SEC. GENT. How long is this ago?
FIRST GENT. Some twenty years.
SEC. GENT. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
FIRST GENT. Howso'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
SEC. GENT. I do well believe you.
FIRST GENT. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [Exeunt.]
Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen

QUEEN. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you’re my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and ‘t were good
You lean’d unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

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

QUEEN. You know the peril. 80
I ’ll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr’d affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.

IMO. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father’s wrath; but nothing —
Always reserved my holy duty — what

70] Here the Folios begin Scene ii. Editors generally follow Rowe in omitting that scenic division, but the two following scenic divisions of the Folios, which Rowe rejected, are commonly retained.
78 lean’d unto] submitted to.
87 Always . . . duty] As far as the obligation of filial piety permits me to say this.
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.

Post. 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

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.

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

105 he does . . . friends] he pays (with some new act of attention) the
wrongs I do him, in order to continue friends with me.
SCENE I

CYMBELINE

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Wore 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.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.] Remain,
remain thou here
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. [Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court

116-117 sear up . . . bonds of death] wither or burn up, extinguish my embraces of a second wife in the swathing cloths of the dead. The word sear obviously suggests "cere cloths" (i.e., waxed winding sheets), the bonds or bands of death.

126 fraught] burden, load; the word is commonly used by Shakespeare and contemporaries as a transitive verb.

[ 9 ]
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my
queen!
Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

129 the good remainders of the court] the good people left at court.
135 I am ... rare] I am insensible to your wrath; a finer and superior sensation.
136 Past grace?] The technical use of grace in the calvinistic sense of divine redemption is curiously anachronistic. Cf. I, ii, 26-27, infra, and note.
SCENE I  Cymbeline

Cym.  O thou vile one!
    Imo.  Sir,
    It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
    You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
    A man worth any woman, overbuys me
    Almost the sum he pays.
    Cym.  What, art thou mad!
    Imo.  Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I
    were
    A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
    Our neighbour-shepherd's son!
    Cym.  Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
    Queen.  Beseech your patience. Peace,
    Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
    Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some
comfort
Out of your best advice.
    Cym.  Nay, let her languish
    A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
    Die of this folly!  [Exit Cymbeline and Lords.
    Queen.  Fie! you must give way.

146-147 overbuys . . . pays] all that he gives for me is in excess of my
worth; compared with him I am worth hardly anything.
156  Out of your best advice] After due consideration of the circumstances.
[ 11 ]
Enter Pisanio

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
  Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
  Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

  Pis. 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.
  Imo. 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?

  Pis. 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 pleased you to employ me.

  Queen. This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

  Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

  Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

163 had no help of anger] did not lose his temper, which would have made him dangerous.
167 Afric] Used for a desert place, where there would be none to part duellists. Cf. Cor., IV, ii, 23–25: “I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.”
SCENE II

CYMBELINE

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

SCENE II—THE SAME

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.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. 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.

Scene II] Here begins the third scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70, supra, and
note.

1–4 Sir, I would . . . vent] Sir, I would advise you to change your shirt.
In your violence of action you have sweated offensively; the good
air within you has changed places with the bad air without. There
is no air abroad so wholesome as what you exhale.

5 then to shift it] then were need to shift it.

8 a passable carcass] a corpse to be run through and through.
SEC. LORD. [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

SEC. 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.

SEC. LORD. [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

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

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

SEC. LORD. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

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.

SEC. LORD. [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

11-12 it went . . . town like a debtor, it skulked in the back streets to avoid arrest.

17-18 gave you some ground quibble on a common expression for beating a retreat.

26-27 If it . . . damned These technicalities of Calvinistic theology are curiously anachronistic. Cf. I, i, 137, supra.

29 a good sign a fair outward symbol. Cf. Much Ado, IV, i, 32: “She’s but the sign and semblance of her honour.”
CLO. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

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

CLO. You'll go with us?

FIRST LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let's go together.

SEC. LORD. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter Imogen and Pisanio

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write.

And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

PIS. It was, his queen, his queen!

IMO. Then waved his handkerchief?

PIS. And kiss'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long

Scene III] Here begins the fourth scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70, supra, and note.

4 As offer'd mercy] As an offer of mercy, a merciful promise of alleviating the speaker's present anxiety, would be (lost in the letter).

[15]
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of ’s mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail’d on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack’d
them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow’d 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?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. 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

9 this eye] The Folios read his eye, which Theobald corrected to this eye, making the needful sense.

15 As little as a crow] Cf. Lear, IV, vi, 13–14: “ The crows and crows
that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles.”

18–19 the diminution Of space] the diminution caused by distance.
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him, 
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 
To 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. 
Imp. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. 
I will attend the queen. 
Pis. Madam, I shall. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV—ROME

PHILARIO'S HOUSE

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

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

35 charming words] words having powers of enchantment which should 
protect his heart from temptation. 

SCENE IV] Here begins the fifth scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70, 
supra, and note. Rowe made Scene I run continuously up to this 
point. His “Scene II” opened here.

2 of a crescent note] growing in reputation.

[17]
as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked 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.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

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

IACH. 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.

FRENCH. And then his banishment.

IACH. 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 judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a

---

4 without the help of admiration] without admiration. Posthumus’ character could be fairly estimated without exciting any special admiration.
8 makes him] perfects him.
14–15 words him . . . matter] makes his repute very distant from the truth.
17–19 the approbation of those . . . are . . . extend him] The verb “are” ungrammatically agrees with “those” rather than with its true subject “approbation.” The meaning is that the favourable opinion of those, who under Imogen’s influence (“under her colours”) weep for the separation of man and wife, has the effect of exaggerating his worth. For somewhat different uses of “extend,” cf. I, i, 25, supra, and II, iii, 60, infra.

[ 18 ]
beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

PHI. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus

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.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

FRENCH. Sir, you o’er-rate 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.

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21 without less quality] Thus the First Folio. Rowe read without more quality. Others read without his quality. The construction of the original text is tangled, and one of the negative words without or less is superfluous. The meaning is that Posthumus is a beggar out and out, without any other vocation ("quality") more or less.

26 of your knowing] of your experience. Cf. II, iii, 97, infra, "one of your great knowing."

38 importance] import. Cf. Wint. Tale, V, ii, 17-18: "could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow."
Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveler; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 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 fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. 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.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.
Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.
Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good — a kind of hand-in-hand comparison — had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. 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.

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at?
Post. More than the world enjoys.

---

64–65 though I profess . . . friend] even though I profess for her the disinterested veneration of a more or less formal worshipper, and not the passionate affection of a lover. “Friend” was commonly used in the sense of “lover” or “mistress.”

66–67 hand-in-hand comparison] a pedestrian sort of a comparison, the two notions — “fair” and “good” — being much of a muchness.

68 Britany] Thus substantially all the Folios. “Britany” was a common variant spelling of Britain.

70 could not but believe] Malone inserted but, which is omitted by the Folios. The meaning of the passage (ll. 68–73) is that if she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same degree as your diamond outlustres many diamonds that I have beheld, I should acknowledge she excelled many women. But I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most perfect woman. So we cannot admit that she excels all women.

[21]
IACH. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Postr. 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.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

Postr. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Postr. Your Italy contains none so accomplished 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.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Postr. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I

76-77 Either . . . trifle] Your unique mistress is either dead and out of the reckoning, or you rate this jewel at a somewhat higher value than is just.

84 in title] nominally, according to the title-deeds.

86 your brace] Thus the Folios. Theobald read, of your brace.

unprizeable] Here the word means "invaluable." It sometimes means "valueless," as in Tw. Night, V, i, 49, "bulk unprizable."

87 casual] liable to injury by accident.

91 convince] overcome. Cf. Macb., I, vii, 64: "his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince."
thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACH. 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.

POST. No, no.

IACH. 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 lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACH. What's that?

POST. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

PHI. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

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

POST. What lady would you choose to assail?

IACH. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so

100 get ground of] gain advantage over.
101–102 to friend] for friend, to befriend me.
109–110 abused . . . persuasion] deceived in too bold an assurance.
119 approbation] proof, making good.
[ 23 ]
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 reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, 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.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this

129 You are afraid] Theobald's correction of the unintelligible reading of the Folios, You are a Friend.
131 religion] superstitious misgiving.
142 I will . . . lay] I will have no wager, no bet.
SCENE V

CYMBELINE

your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. 149

Post. 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 prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unse-duced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. 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. 161

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE V—BRITAIN

A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius

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

149 commendation . . . entertainment] introduction from you recommending me to a more hospitable reception.
160 starve] perish, die. "Let us strike while the iron's hot."
FIRST LADY. I, madam.

QUEEN. Dispatch. [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [Presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask — wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death, But, though slow, deadly.

QUEEN. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, — Unless thou think'st me devilish — is 't not meet That I did amplify my judgement 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 vigor of them and apply Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

18 conclusions] Cf. Ant. and Cleop., V, ii, 352, 353: “She hath pursued conclusions [i.e., experiments] infinite Of easy ways to die.”

21-22 apply Allayments to their act] modify their operation.
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

**Queen.** O, content thee.

*Enter Pisanio*

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

**Cor.** [Aside] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

**Queen.** [To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word.

**Cor.** [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

**Queen.** No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

**Cor.** I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

**Queen.** Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think

in time

[ 27 ]
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 to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be dependor 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 takest 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 eordial: 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

47 *quench*] This verb is often used intransitively for "go out" (of a candle),
"cease," "give over," "grow cool."
56–57 *comes to decay . . . in him*] destroys the result of what a past day
has wrought for him; he is going down-hill.
58 *leans*] totters.
68 *Think . . . changest on*] Think with what a fair prospect of mending
your fortunes you now change your service.

[28]
SCENE V  Cymbeline

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; 
Not to be shaked: 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 liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured 
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with 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.]

Pis.  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.

79–80 quite unpeople ... sweet] quite rob her of ambassadors or messengers to carry messages to her lover.
SCENE VI—THE SAME

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter Imogen alone

Imo. 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: blest be those,
How mean soe’er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You’re kindly welcome.

Scene VI] Here begins the seventh scene of the Folios.
4 My supreme crown of grief] My separation from my husband is the crown of my distress.
7 the desire that’s glorious] the desire or emotions of those in exalted station; “glorious” is in contrast with “mean” (line 8); the woman of rank who falls in love is most miserable.
[30]
SCENE VI

CYMBELINE

Iach. [Aside] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the 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.

Imo. [Reads] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-
nesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly,
as you value your trust—

Leonatus."

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. 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

17 the Arabian bird] the phoenix. So Ant. and Cleop., III, ii, 12: “O
Antony! O thou Arabian bird!”
23 Reflect upon] Look upon.
24 your trust] the trust reposed in you.
32 rich crop] rich product.
34-35 twinn'd stones . . . beach] stones as like as twins upon the beach,
rich in the number of its pebbles. “Number'd” here means “numer-
ous.” Theobald needlessly substituted unnumber'd.
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
    Imo. What makes your admiration?
    Iach. It cannot be i’ the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i’ the judgement;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i’ the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.
    Imo. What is the matter, trow?
    Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill’d and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
    Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
    Iach. Thanks, madam; well.

[To Pisanio] Beseech you, sir,

43-44 Sluttery . . . emptiness] Sluttishness, when presented in rivalry with such perfect excellence, would nauseate desire however sharpset, would make an empty stomach vomit. Appetite would not be so enticed as to feed.
49-50 What . . . raps you] What is it that carries you away, causes you such rapture?
Desire my man’s abode where I did leave him:
He’s strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

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

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. 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,
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 his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?”

Imo. Will my lord say so?

65–66 he furnaces The thick sighs Cf. As You Like It, II, vii, 147–148: “the lover, Sighing like furnace.” “Thick” is used in the sense of “numerous” or “fast.”

[33]
Iach. 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.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven’s bounty towards him
might be used more thankfully. In himself ’t is much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I’ the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,

78-79 In himself ’t is much . . . talents] For or in himself, he is well endowed with heaven’s bounty: as for you, whom I account his property, though not to be reckoned in money value, . . .
85-86 solace . . . snuff] take delight, get comfort, in the darkness of a prison out of the dying light or snuff of a candle.

[34]
I was about to say, enjoy your —— But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. 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.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the 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

94 *doubting things go ill* the fear or suspicion of misfortune hurts more than the certain knowledge of it.

96-97 *timely . . . born* an ill being known in time, the remedy could then be created.


103 *Fixing* Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *Fiering*, which may stand for *Firing*. *Fixing* is the simpler reading.


106-107 *with hourly falsehood . . . labour* with continual false plighting of troth — false conduct practised with all the stir of laborious business.
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

IMQ. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

IMQ. Let me hear no more.

IACH. 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 hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff

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107 by-peeping] first hyphened by Knight. The word may mean "peeping between-whiles" or "stealthily."
108 unlustrous] wanting lustre; Rowe's substitution for the Folio reading illustrious.
115 conscience] inner consciousness.
119-120 fasten'd . . . double] attached to such an empire as would double the greatest king's dominions.
121 tomboys . . . self exhibition] wanton hoydens . . . selfsame allowance.
124 boil'd stuff] a reference to the method in vogue of curing venereal
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

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

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana’s priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While 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.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. 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

disease by means of the sweating bath or tub. See *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 79, and note.
131–134 *Should he make me . . . purse?* The interrogation implies a negative response.
133 *ramps* Cf. Middleton and Decker, *Roaring Girl*, III, iii, 8: “the bouncing ramp [i.e., loose woman].”
Solicit'st 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!

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
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.

I MO. You make amends.

IACH. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured

165-166 a holy witch . . . into him] a magician so saintly that he draws
whole societies of men into admiration of him. "Witch" was com-
monly applied to both men and women.

[38]
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour’d with confirmation your great judgement
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.

I MO. All ’s well, sir: take my power i’ the court for yours.

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

I MO. Pray, what is ’t?

IACH. 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: ’t is 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?

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

IACH. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold

190 curious, being strange] scrupulous, being a stranger or foreigner.
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross’d the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

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

Iach. 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 the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You ’re very welcome. [Exeunt.]
ACT SECOND — SCENE I — BRITAIN

BEFORE CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter Cloten and two Lords

Cloten

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

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

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

2 kissed . . . away] a description of no uncommon experience at bowls.

The "jack" is the small bowl at which the players aim. Cloten's
Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool.

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

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon too; and you crows, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

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

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

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

bowl had just touched the jack, when the throw of another player sent it flying away.

4 take me up] quibblingly used for “rebuke.”

12 crop the ears] a pun on the use of “curtail” in the previous line.

15-16 rank . . . smell] This punning comment on the word “rank,” which the clown uses in its sense of “quality” or “place,” and the Second Lord in that of “rancid,” is precisely paralleled in As You Like It, I, ii, 95-96: “Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, — Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.”

23 cock . . . comb] a jesting reference to “coxcomb.”

25-26 undertake every companion] challenge every fellow.
First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

Sec. 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.

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

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

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

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

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

Sec. 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,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,

43 derogate] a somewhat rare usage in the sense of “act in a derogatory manner.”
46 your issues] the issues of your conduct, your actions.

[ 43 ]
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 'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [Exit.

SCENE II—IMOGEN'S BEDCHAMBER IN Cymbeline's Palace: A trunk in one corner of it

Imo. in bed, reading; a Lady attending

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. 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' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized 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. 10

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

12 Our] The speaker is a Roman.

[44]
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken’d
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest 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! ’T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’ the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
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
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o’ the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to 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!
’T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,

13 [rashes] the ordinary floor covering of rooms in Shakespeare’s day.
16 [whiter than the sheets] Cf. Venus and Adonis, 398: “Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.”
18 [How dearly they do’t] How beautifully they kiss each other.
22 [windows] often applied to the eyelids. Cf. Venus and Adonis, 482:
“Her two blue windows.”
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the 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!

[ Goes into the trunk. The scene closes. ]

38-39 the crimson drops . . . cowslip] Cf. Mids. N. Dr., II, i, 11: "In their [i.e., cowslips'] gold coats spots you see."
48 dragons of the night] the chariot of night, according to the classical poets, was drawn by watchful dragons. Cf. Troy. and Cress., V, viii, 17: "The dragon wing of night."
49 raven's eye] The raven is supposed to wake at dawn.
SCENE III

Cymbeline

Scene III—An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen’s apartments

Enter Cloten and Lords

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned 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 o’ mornings; they say it will penetrate.

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 Phebus ’gins arise,

[penetrate] penetrate to the heart; always used by Shakespeare with a figurative reference to the feelings.

[19-20 Hark, . . . arise] Cf. Sonnet xxix, 11-12: “Like to the lark at[47]
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. 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 horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

22 chaliced flowers] cup-shaped flowers.
23-24 Mary-buds . . . eyes] Cf. Sonnet xxv, 5-6: "their fair leaves spread, But as the marigold at the sun's eye."
30 calves'-guts] The strings of musical instruments are really manufactured from sheep guts.
CLO. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

QUEEN. You are most bound to the 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 inspired to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

CLO. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender;

47 soliciting] The First Folio reads solicity; the Second and later Folios solicits, a reading which is often adopted. Soliciting is Collier's emendation, but is not essential. Shirley, in Arcadia, v, 2, uses "solicits " as here, in the sense of "courtsrip.""

53 senseless] insensible or deaf. Cloten understands the word in the ordinary meaning, "witless."
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
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[Exeunt all but Cloten.]

Clot. 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? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is 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
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.               [Knocks.

Enter a Lady

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

59-60 And towards himself . . . notice] And in the attentions we extend
to him we have to recognize the consideration he has already bestowed
on us. For other uses of "extend" cf. I, i, 25, and I, iv, 19, supra.
69-70 Diana's . . . stealer] Guardians of the chase (of which the goddess
Diana is patron) perjure themselves, driving the deer near the stand
or post where the poacher lurks.

[ 50 ]
Scene III

Lady. That's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure? 80
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess! [Exit Lady.

Enter Imogen

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. 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.
Clo. Still I swear I love you. 90
Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. 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.

91 't were as deep with me] it would make as deep an impression on me.
97 knowing] experience. Cf. I, iv, 26, supra, "gentlemen of your knowing."

[ 51 ]
CLO. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:

I will not.

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.

CLO. Do you call me fool?

IMO. 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 the 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.

CLO. 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' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties —
Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency

101 are] Thus the Folios. Theobald cleverly substituted cure, which makes obvious sense; cf. line 104. As the text stands, Imogen says, "I am not mad; I am only a fool."
106 verbal] wordy; you compel me to speak out more than a lady should.
109-110 am so near . . . I hate you] am so lacking in charity — I bring the charge against myself — as to hate you.
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot; 
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by 
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil 
The precious note of it with a base slave, 
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, 
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. 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 't were made 
Comparative for your virtues to be styled 
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated 
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him! 
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come 
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment, 
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer 
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

"Meaner parties" choose partners in marriage just to suit themselves. 
121 soil] Hanmer's correction of the reading of the Folios, foyle or foil. 
"Foil" is often used in the sense of defeat, and is possibly so used here. 
123 A hilding for a livery] A fellow fit only for a lackey's uniform. 
124 A pantler, not so eminent] A pantryman, even the inferior of a lackey. 
125-126 no more . . . besides] no better fellow than you are into the bargain. 
128-129 if 't were made Comparative for your virtues] if it were reckoned adequate compensation or recognition for your virtues. 
131 south-fog] fog was usually associated with the south wind.
Enter Pisanio

Clo. "His garment!" Now, the devil —
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently, —
Clo. "His garment!"
Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: '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.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [Exit Pisanio.
Clo. You have abused me:

"His meakest garment!"

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

139 sprited . . . fool] haunted by a fool, as by a sprite. "Ghosted" is similarly used in Ant. and Cleop., II, vi, 13.
141 casually] accidentally, through negligence.
153 She's my good lady] She's my good friend; this is ironical.

SCENE IV

CYMBELINE

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.
Clo. I'll be revenged:
“His meanest garment!” Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV—ROME

PHILARIO’S HOUSE

Enter Posthumus and Philario

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. 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,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. 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 the arrearages,

3 make to him use to win his favour.
6 fear’d hopes This is substantially the reading of all the Folios. Recent editors substitute sear’d, or sere, for fear’d. “Fear’d hopes” would mean “hopes dashed by fear or anxiety.” The suggested changes hardly improve the sense.

[ 55 ]
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. 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
Smiled 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.

Enter Iachimo

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

14 Or look] Ere look, before (he) look.
16 Statist] Still occasionally used in its old sense of "statesman" or "politician."
18 legions] Theobald's correction of the legion of the Folios.
24 mingled] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads wing-led. This seems an error, but the word has been explained as "borrowing wings" or "being animated."
25 their approvers] those who put them to the proof.
26 mend upon] get the upper hand of.
IACH. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
IACH. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
IACH. 'T is very like.
PHI. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
IACH. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
IACH. Good sir, we must.

41 If I had lost it] The Folios read, "If I have lost it," a construction quite reconcilable with rules of Elizabethan grammar. Singer's substitution of had for have gives the requisite sense.
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.

Post. 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.

Iach. 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.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

52 question farther] engage in further debate.
58-61 if not, . . . find them] The general meaning is, "if you don't fully prove Imogen's shame, your foul slander of her honour must be expiated in a duel with swords, in which encounter either one of us will come off victor, or possibly we shall kill each other, and the weapons of both of us will lose their masters."
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 —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
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.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

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

83-84 So likely ... dumb] So likely to speak and tell their names: the sculptor had the creative power of nature, merely leaving them dumb, without the power of speech.

89 Cupids] Figures of Cupid were occasionally represented leaning on
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
	Post. 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.
	Iach. Then, if you can,
		[Showing 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.
	Post. 
		Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
	Iach. Sir, — I thank her — that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.
	Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
	Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too;
		[Gives the ring.]
their inverted brands or torches. The "andirons" were the firedogs
which support logs on the hearth; those in Imogen's chamber were
ornamented with figures of Cupid cast in silver.
96 Be pale] Keep your countenance, forbear to flush with rage.
97 't is up again] it is put up, put away, again.
102 outsell] exceed in value. Cf. III. v. 75, infra, "Outsells them all."

[ 60 ]
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!

PHI. Have patience, sir, 
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won: 
It may be probable she lost it, or 
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted, 
Hath stol'n it from her?

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

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm. 

POST. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 
'T is true: — nay, keep the ring — 't is true: I am sure 
She would not lose it: her attendants are 
All sworn and honourable: — they induced to steal it! 
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her: 
The cognizance of her incontinency

107 basilisk] a fabulous reptile, which could kill with a glance.
110–112 the vows of women ... nothing] women's vows have no more binding force than their obligation to be virtuous, which is none at all.
115 probable] provable.
125 All sworn and honourable] Servants in great families took oaths of fidelity on admission to service.
127 cognizance] badge, token or acknowledgment.
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!

PHI. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of —

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

IACH. 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?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more?
POST. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

IACH. I 'll be sworn —

POST. 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.

IACH. I 'll deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

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135 the pressing] Rowe's correction of the original reading her pressing.
[62]
SCENE V  Cymbeline

I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before Her father. I 'll do something— [Exit. 

Phi.  Quite besides The government of patience! You have won: Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself. 

Iach.  With all my heart. [Exeunt. 

SCENE V—ANOTHER ROOM IN PHILARIO'S HOUSE

Enter Posthumus

Post. 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!

151 pervert] turn aside, divert or avert.
5-6 stamp'd . . . counterfeit] For this common metaphor cf. Meas. for Meas., II, iv, 45, and note.
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,
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 may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
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 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

16 a German one] Rowe's correction of the original reading a Jarmen on.
20 motion] impulse.
25 change of prides] alternations of wanton extravagance. Cf. Lucrece, 864;
   "in their pride do presently abuse it [i. e., gold]."
27 faults that may be named] The Second Folio's correction of the First
   Folio, faults that name.
ACT THIRD—SCENE I—BRITAIN
A HALL IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

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

Cymbeline

OW SAY, WHAT WOULD Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, 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 Cæsar'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

5 uncle] verè grand uncle.

[ 65 ]
CYMBELINE

ACT III

Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,

Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars

Ere such another Julius. Britain is

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, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,

With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar 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 moved upon their surges, crack’d

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof

The famed 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.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our

kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I

20 rocks] Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading oaks.

[66]
said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. 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 Cæsar 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.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar’s ambition, Which swell’d so much that it did almost stretch The sides o’ the world, against all colour here Did put the yoke upon ’s; which to shake off Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which Ordain’d our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar 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,

49 against all colour] contrary to all pretence of right.
52 We do] This arrangement of these words is due to the Globe edition. The Folios make We do part of Cymbeline’s speech, and attach it unintelligibly to the preceding sentence. Others run the words into the succeeding sentence: We do say then.
55 repair and franchise] amendment and free exercise.
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar —
Caesar, that hath more 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.

CYM. 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,
Behooves 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.

LUC. Let proof speak.

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
wards 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

70-71 Which he seeks . . . utterance] Which now that he seeks to recall
or cancel my honourable reputation, it behoves me to keep to the death,
to the last extremity, à l'outrance.
I am perfect] I am fully assured.
in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain is "Welcome." [Exeunt.

SCENE II—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter PISANIO, with a letter

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian, As poisonous-tongued as handed, 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 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

9 take in] conquer, subdue. Cf. Cor., I, ii, 24, "take in many towns," and infra, IV, ii, 121-122, "swore, With his own single hand he'd take us in."

10-11 Thy mind to her... fortunes] Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers before marriage.
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] “Do’t: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.” O damn’d paper!
Black as the ink that’s on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look’st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!

O, learn’d indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He ’ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain’d relish of love,
Of my lord’s health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,

17-19 So much . . . opportunity] “this fact” means “this crime.” The
Folios omit the stage direction [Reading], which was first supplied by
Rowe. As a matter of fact, Pisanio is giving the general sense of
Posthumus’ letter, not the actual text, the whole of which is supplied,
III, iv, 21–29, infra.

21 feodary] properly a feudal tenant, but used by Shakespeare and others
for “confederate” or “accomplice.” Cf. Wint. Tale, II, i, 89–90:
“she’s a traitor and Camillo is a feodary with her.”

23 I am . . . commanded] I am unpractised in the art of murder.
SCENE II

Cymbeline

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 forfeiture 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 hap-
piness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,
Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st —
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 the smothering of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way

35-39 Good wax, thy leave... Cupid's tables] The general meaning is
that wax which bees make is blessed by lovers for protecting their
epistolary confidences, but is cursed by those who suffer imprison-
ment for breach of sealed covenants, of which the seals are of wax, too.
41-42 as you... renew] but that you would be able to restore me.
53 let me bate] let me abate, modify that expression.
55 speak thick] speak quick, crowding one word on another.

[ 71 ]
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To 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
'Twixt hour and hour?
    Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.
    Imo. 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
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
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 housewife.
    Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.
    Imo. 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.]

63 And our return] Thus the Folios. Pope needlessly substituted Till our return, which is of course the sense of the passage.
77-79 I see before me, . . . look through] I see the straight road before me to Milford: what is on the right and what is on the left, and what follows behind me, are all in an impenetrable fog.

SCENE III

SCENE III—WALES

A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY WITH A CAVE

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such Whose roof’s as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate Instructs you how to 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’ the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. 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;

5–6 giants may jet through] “giants who jet or strut with their turbans on” are clearly Saracen prodigies who loom largely in mediaeval romances of chivalry.

16–17 This service is not service . . . so allow’d] The merit of service is not in its execution, but in the estimation accorded it.

[73]
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 bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes ’em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross’d: no life to ours.

Guil. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing’d from view o’ the 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 a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

20 sharded beetle] the scaly-winged beetle. Cf. Ant. and Cleop., III, ii,
20: “They are his shards, and he their beetle.”
22 attending for a cheek] attendance on a great man only to get rebuke.
23 bauble] Rowe’s correction of the original reading babe. The reference
may be to the worthless titular reward of an idle hanger-on at court.
Some retain the original reading babe, which they explain as “prince-
ling.” Others adopt the emendation bribe, when the line would refer to
bribes accepted by courtiers without giving any consideration in return.
25-26 Such gain . . . uncross’d] Such men are capped or saluted by the
tradesmen who supply them with fine clothes, but they leave their
accounts unpaid: their debts are not cancelled or crossed off in the
tradesmen’s books.
33 travelling a-bed] bedridden; travelling within the circumscribed bounds
of a bed.
34 for a debtor] Pope’s correction of the original reading or a debtor.
SCENE III  CYMBELINE

AREV. 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
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 quire, as doth the prison’d bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you speak!
Did you but know the city’s usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o’ the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear ’s as bad as falling: the toil o’ the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I’ the name of fame and honour, which dies i’ the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what ’s worse,
Must court’sey 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 loved me;

40 beastly] in the condition of beasts, and possessed of their qualities.
   Cf. V, iii, 27, infra.
43 a quire] a choir, a place for songsters.
45 usuries] extortions.
54 ill deserve] get ill deserts, receive evil recompense.

[ 75 ]
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
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.

Gui. Uncertain favour!
Bel. 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 lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters’ language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o’ the 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.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train’d up thus meanly

73 fore-end] beginning, earlier part; still a common usage in rustic dialect.
I' the 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 roused!
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
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:

83 wherein they bow] Warburton's correction of the original reading
whereon the Bowe.
96 Arviragus] This word is wrongly accented on the penultimate syllable,
as "Posthumus" is, III, iv, infra.
a figure] a rôle, an assumed part (in a play). Cf. Tempest, III, iii,
83, 84: "Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd."
105 her grave] the grave of Euriphile. Thy grave would be more
grammatical.
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up.  [Exit.

SCENE IV—COUNTRY NEAR MILFORD-HAVEN

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMO. 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 the 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  
A look untender? If 't be summer news,  
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance 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.

Pis. Please you, read;

9 wildness] madness.
12 summer news] Cf. Sonnet xcvi, 7: “any summer's story.” In both places “summer” means “joyous.”
17 some extremity] the edge of bitterness.
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads] "Thy mistress, Pisania, hath played the
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as
my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou,
Pisania, 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 cer-
tain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally
to me disloyal."

Pis. 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?

Imo. 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?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

33 the worms] applied generally to serpents.
35 states] persons of rank in the state.
Thou then look’dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour’s good enough. Some jay of Italy,
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 the 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 villany; not born where ’t grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

	Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
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 perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master’s bidding. When thou see’st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:

47-48 Some jay . . . painting] Some loose woman of Italy, who owes her
birth and being to her box of cosmetic paint. In Italian the word
putta means both “jay” and “prostitute.” The extravagance of
the figure has suggested to many editors that the passage is corrupt.
But cf. All’s Well, I, ii, 61-62: “Whose judgements are Mere
fathers of their garments”; also IV, ii, 84, infra, where it is said
that Cloten’s clothes “make” him.

60 lay the leaven . . . men] infect all good men with the fermenting mass
of wickedness in human nature.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

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

Imo. 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, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but

that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."
79 scriptures] Imogen is wearing Leonatus' letters in her breast.
90-93 It is . . . tirest on] It is no act of common occurrence, but an
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

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

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The 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,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. 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.

---

exceptional impulse; and I grieve to think, when you have lost the
eedge of your appetite for her whom now you devour . . .

100 blind] The original editions omit blind, which Hanmer first in-
serted. Some such insertion is necessary to the sense.

107 unbent] with bow unprepared. The imagery is from deer hunting.
SCENE IV  Cymbeline

Imo. 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.

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

Imo. Most like, Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. 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 abused: some villain, Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life. I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court, And that will well confirm it.

Imo. 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?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court —

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado With that harsh, noble, simple nothing.

114 tent . . . that] probe that to the bottom. Cf. Hamlet, II, ii, 26: "I'll tent [i. e., probe] him to the quick."
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

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

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the 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.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, 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.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

139 There's . . . Britain] Cf. Cor., III, iii, 135: “There is a world elsewhere.”
143 Dark] Impenetrable, mysterious.
146 Pretty and full of view] Becoming, suitable, and in full sight of what is progressing.
Pis. 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
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.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. 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

---

158 As quarrelous . . . weasel] Cf. 1 Hen. IV., II, iii, 75, 76: "A weasel
hath not such a deal of spleen As you are toss'd with." Weasels were kept in houses, like cats, for killing vermin.
160-162 but, O, . . . common-kissing Titan] Pisanio, when bidding Imo-
gen to expose her beautiful face to the sun with the common herd,
interpolates a rebuke on the stubbornness of Imogen's husband,
which makes the profanation imperative.
163 laboursome . . . trims] careful and delicate adornments.

[ 85 ]
Wherein you're happy, — which you'll 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  
Beginning nor supplyment.  

Imo. 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.  

Pis. 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!  

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt severally.  

173 which you'll make] Hanmer's barely necessary correction of the  
Folio reading which will make. The suggestion is that Imogen shall  
with her sweet voice make declaration of her accomplishments.  
176-177 most holy . . . you have me, rich] most upright. As for your  
subsistence abroad you may rely on me, who am rich.  
178 supplyment] additional supplies. Cf III, vii, 14, infra, "supplyant."  
180-181 even . . . give us] keep pace with, do all that time permits.  
182 I am soldier to] I am committed to, like a loyal soldier. Ct. Pericles,  
IV, i, 7: "be A soldier to thy purpose."
SCENE V—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE’S PALACE

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords

CYM. Thus far; and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master’s enemy.

CYM. Our subjects, sir,

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

LUC. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLO. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

CYM. 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

That we have given him cause.

[87]
CLO. ’T is all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.  

CYM. 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 powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.  

QUEEN. ’T is not sleepy business,  
But must be look’d to speedily and strongly.  

CYM. 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:  
We have noted it. Call her before us, for  
We have been too slight in sufferance. [Exit an Attendant.  

QUEEN. Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
’T is 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.

25 be drawn to head] be concentrated, mobilised.  
32 looks us] appears to us.  
35 slight] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read light. Cymbeline means that he has been too negligent, easy-going, in suffering Imogen’s conduct without interference.  

[ 88 ]
Re-enter Attendant

Cym. Where is she, sir? How can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir, her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer. That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, she pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity, 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.

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

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

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

Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Cloten.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence

44 the loud'st of noise] All the Folios substantially read the loud of noise.

In Middle English, and occasionally in Tudor English, "loud" is used for "loudness," which makes the original reading intelligible. Rowe suggested the correction which is adopted in the text.

50-51 our great court . . . memory] our great business of the court caused in me a lapse of memory, made me remiss.

[ 89 ]
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none

Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better: may

This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit.]

Clo. 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 judgement

69-70 may . . . day] may his grief through the night rob him of the day
to come, prove fatal to him.

73 Than lady, ladies, woman] This is substantially the reading of the Folios,
and may be corrupt, though Cloten's language is intentionally crude;
“lady, ladies, woman” may be a rough periphrasis for all feminine hu-
man beings. No satisfactory emendation has been suggested. A word
like “deriving,” or “gaining,” implicitly precedes “from every one.”

75 Outsells] Exceeds in value. Cf. II, iv, 102, supra, “outsell her gifts.”

[90]
That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall —

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. 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.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!

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.

92 Come nearer] Come closer to the point.
Pis. Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.  
Clo. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. [Aside] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clo. Hum!
Pis. [Aside] I 'l l write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. 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 villany
soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I
would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither
want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy
preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. 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?

102 Or this, or perish] I must practise this deceit on Cloten or perish by his fury.
SCENE V  CYMBELINE

Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he
wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask
him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—even there,
thon villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these
garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness
of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the
very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my
noble and natural person, 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 con-
tempt. 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 praised—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her
home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll
be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisario, with the clothes

Be those the garments?
Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

[ 98 ]
Clo. 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.

Pis. 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, in boy's clothes

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think

159 To him that is most true] Pisanio has not lost faith in Posthumus, whom he believes to have been deceived.
2 tired myself] attired myself as a man.

[94]
SCENE VI  Cymbeline

Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. 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 ful-
ness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is 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 any thing 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, to the cave.

7 Foundations] Religious houses founded for the entertainment of strangers and relief of suffering.
10-11 knowing 'tis A punishment or trial] The poor recognize that afflictions are either a punishment or a test of virtue or endurance.
13 sorier] more wicked, a heavier crime.
23 civil] civilised, humane as opposed to savage.
24 Take or lend] Take payment for what I want or lend it me, and I will repay it.

[ 95 ]
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is 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!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

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

Bel. [Looking into the cave] Stay; come not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

34 resty sloth] obstinate, stubborn idleness.
36 house, that keep'st thyself] Ct. As You Like It, IV, iii, 80, 81: “the
house doth keep itself; There's none within.”

[ 96 ]
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good
truth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
   Gui.  Money, youth?
   Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
   Imo. I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
   Bel.  Whither bound?
   Imo. To Milford-Haven.
   Bel. What's your name?
   Imo. 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.
   Bel.  Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
   Gui.  Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty, I bid for you as I 'ld buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort

He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. '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.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,

69 your groom. In honesty] This is Steevens's punctuation, which makes "In honesty" equivalent to "In truth: as I am an honest man."
The Folios read your groom in honesty, which gives the line the meaning: "I should woo hard to be your servant in an honourable way."
70 I bid for you as I 'ld buy] I bid for your service on conditions which I am thoroughly well prepared to carry out. I will pay all I offer.

76-77 then had . . . ballasting] then had the prize thou hadst won in me been of smaller value, and my fortune would have been more evenly matched with thine, Posthumus. I should not have been a prize vessel, so heavily ballasted as to outclass your slighter freight.

78 He wrings at some distress] He writhes with anguish.

[98]
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them — laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes —
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. 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.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII—ROME

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

First Sen. 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

85 That . . . multitudes] That useless, futile gift (of fame) which the
wavering or fickle rabble bestows.

[99]
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 commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

FIRST TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?
SEC. SEN. Ay.
FIRST TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?
FIRST SEN. 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.
FIRST TRI. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

6 fall'n-off] revolted. Cf. 1 Hen. IV, I, iii, 93-94: "Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off."
9 commends] Warburton's correction of the Folio reading commands.
14 supplyant] supplemental, auxiliary, supplied in aid. Cf. III, iv, 178,
supra, "supplyment."
ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—WALES

NEAR THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

Enter Cloten alone

AM NEAR TO THE PLACE
where they should meet, if Pisa-nio have mapped 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 't is said 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

11 the time] the general position of affairs at the moment; a common usage in Shakespeare.
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 thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my 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—BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guidarius, Aeviragus, and Imogen

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

13 single oppositions] single combat, as contrasted with general military services.
impeverant] wanting in perception. The word is found nowhere else. It is Dyce's invention, which he substituted for the Folio reading imperceiverant,—a reading which is quite defensible and should be retained. Imperceiverant is justified by authority. It is used occasionally by contemporary authors in the sense of "undiscerning"; cf. Bp. Andrewes' "Sermon" (1594): "impecoverant and relapsing righteous persons."

17 thy face] Thus the Folios. Hanmer suggested her face, which seems a reasonable change.

20 power of his testiness] control over him in his cross fits.
[To Imogen] Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him. Imo. 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: I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arv. 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 'ld say "My father, not this youth."

8 so citizen a wanton] so town-bred an effeminate.
10-11 the breach . . . of all] if you break your ordinary habits, you break everything.
16 Stealing so poorly] Having so poor a store as myself to steal from.
17 How much] However much.
[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,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.
Brother, farewell.
I wish ye sport.
You health. So please you, sir.
[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The 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.]
I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
To the field, to the field!
We 'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

29 miracle itself] make a miracle of itself, become unintelligible. Cf. Lear, I, i, 220: "That monsters it."
36 Poor tributary . . . fish] Rivers breed sweet fish for the dish in the same fashion as the seas breed monsters.
38 stir him] move him to tell his story.

[ 104 ]
SCENE II

CYMBELINE

Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.

[Exit Imogen, to the cave.

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

Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. 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.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

47 *appears* used causatively, "causes (it) to appear."
49-50 *cut . . . In characters* a reference to the custom of serving viands
cut in letters or other fantastic shapes. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher,
*Elder Brother*, IV, i, 15: "to cut his meat in characters."
58-50 *rooted . . . together* in him is Pope's necessary correction for
the Folio reading in them. "Spurs" are the longest and largest
roots of trees. Cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 47-48: "and by the spurs pluck'd
up The pine and cedar."

[ 105 ]
Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away! — Who's there?

Enter Cloten

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

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

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

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

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

60–61 stinking elder . . . increasing vine] Patience is likened to the vine,
from which the poison-spreading elder tree, the figure of grief, has
to have its root untwined, if the elder tree (of grief) is to perish,
and the vine (of patience) is to increase.

62 great morning] early morning, broad day. Cf. the French de grand matin.

74-75 More slavish . . . slave] I never did aught that came so near
the part of a slave as answering to that name without knocking down
him who addressed the insult to me.
SCENE II

Cymbeline

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. 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.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

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

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

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

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

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

95 mere confusion] complete discomfiture.

[ 107 ]
CLO. Art not afeard?

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

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

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus

BEL. No companies abroad?

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

BEL. 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.

ARV. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.
Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten’s head

Gui. 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.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten’s head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call’d me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he ’ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud’s town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. 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?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that

---

rational capacity for apprehending terror. Theobald’s substitution
of effect (i.e., operation) for defect gives satisfactory sense.
122 take us in] subdue, conquer us: cf. III, ii, 9, supra, “take in virtue.”
130 For we do fear the law] Because we are afraid of the law.
133 humour] Theobald’s correction of the Folio reading Honour.
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
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 'ld 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.

ARV.      Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howso'er,
My brother hath done well.

BEL.      I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

GUI.      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,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck.

BEL.      I fear 't will be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV.      Would I had done 't,
SCENE II  

Cymbeline

So the revenge alone pursued 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.

Bel. 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.

Aev. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how 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 enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,

160-161 revenges, That . . . through] means of thoroughly avenging ourselves, which lay within the scope of our strength, might come our way.
169 I 'ld let . . . Clotens blood] I would let the blood of a whole parish of fellows like Cloten (in order to restore colour to Fidele's cheeks).
CIVMBELINE  ACT IV

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.

Re-enter Guidenus

Gui. 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.

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

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dearest mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
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

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

187 ingenious] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading ingenuus.
194 lamenting toys] lamentation over trifles.
SCENE II

Cymbeline

Arv. 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.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew’st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care
Might easliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. 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.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O’ the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer’d my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:

is a soft mud at the bottom of the sea. “Crare” is a common word
for a “wherry,” or small trading vessel.

208 but I] There is apparently an ellipsis of “know” after “I.”

215 clouted brogues] hobnailed shoes.

[113]
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.
   Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd 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 fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
   Gui. 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 the grave!
   Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?
   Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
   Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

219 to thee] The change from the third person to the second is abrupt here.
230 winter-ground] This is said to mean "protect from the inclemency of winter." The word is not found elsewhere. *Winter-guard* has been suggested.
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that "Euriphile" must be "Fidele."

GUI. 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.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
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.

GUI. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

ARV. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.

GUI. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

ARV. 'T is true.

247 paid] paid out, punished. For the same use, cf. V, iv, 161, infra, and note.
248 reverence] due regard for subordination or social rank.

[115]
Gui. Come on then and remove him.


Song.

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

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

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

276 Consign to] Make bargain with.
277 exorciser] one who raises spirits. Cf. exorcist in the same sense,
All's Well, V, iii, 308.

[ 116 ]
Scene II  Cymbeline

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten

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

Bel. Here’s a few flowers, but ’bout midnight more: The herbs that have on them cold dew o’ the night Are strewings fitt’st for graves. Upon their faces. You were as flowers, now wither’d: even so These herblets shall, which we upon you strow. 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 Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Imo. [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 of Cloten.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on ’t. I hope I dream;

286 Upon their faces] This, the original reading, is difficult. The correction, Upon earth’s face (without full stop), hardly seems satisfactory. The original reading either means that the flowers are to be thrown with their heads or faces downwards or that they are to be flung upon the faces of the corpses. Shakespeare may possibly have overlooked the fact that he has already caused Cloten’s body to be decapitated (line 185, supra, and V, v, 295, infra) and his head sent down the stream.

294 ’Ods pittikins] A diminutive adjuration fashioned from “God’s pity.” “Ods boddikins” is a like formation in Elizabethan use.
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is 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 judgements, 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 imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'T is gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast 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?

316 irregulous] unruly, lawless. The word is found nowhere else.
'T is he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

[Dies on the body.]

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer

Cap. 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.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. 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,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

326 pregnant] Cf. Wint. Tale, V, ii, 30: "Most true, if ever truth were pregnant [i.e., rendered evident or obvious] by circumstance."
338 confiners] residents within the confines of the territory, inhabitants.
Cf. Daniel, Civil Wars, i, 69: "Happy confiners you of other lands."
342 Syenna's brother] brother of the prince or duke of Sienna.
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. 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 the Roman host.

Luc. 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.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. 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 makest 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 it? Who is it?
What art thou?

350 spongy south] Cf. Tempest, IV, i, 65: "spongy [i. e., rainy] April,"
and Rom. and Jul., I, iv, 103, "the dew-dropping south."
365 nature did] nature made or wrought. To "do" a picture is a common
phrase.
Imo. 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.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. 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?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. 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 beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. 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' streww'd his grave
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,

392 these poor pickaxes] her hands or fingers.
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
   Luc. 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 careful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE’S PALACE

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants

CYM. Again; and bring me word how ’t is with her.
   [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

403 arm him] Cf. Fletcher’s Two Noble Kinsmen, V, iii, 135, “Arm [i. e.,
take up in your arms] your prize.”

[122]
SCENE III

CYMBELINE

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. 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.

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
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.

CYM. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

FIRST 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.

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

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less

19 *subjection* the duty of a subject.
22-23 *We'll slip you . . . depend* We'll let you go for a season; but our
suspicion remains in suspense, still impends. "Slip" is a hunting
term.
28 *amazed with matter* bewildered with variety of business.
29 *Your preparation . . . no less* Your army, which is now in readiness,
is able to meet no less an enemy.

[ 123 ]
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. 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.]

Pis. 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 I
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' the 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

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arbiragus

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

36 I heard no letter] I heard no syllable.
44 Even to the note o' the king] Even so that the king should take notice.
What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

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.

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
Among the bands — may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

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.

6-7 revolts During their use] revolters, rebels during the season we can be of use to them.
11 render] account or confession. Cf. V, iv, 17, infra. The word is similarly used as a verb, V, v, 135, infra.
17 the Roman] Rowe's correction of the original reading their Roman.
18 their quarter'd fires] the fires of their quarters in camp.
Bel. 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 deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer’s tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o’ergrown,
Cannot be question’d.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I ’ll thither: what thing is it 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 ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I ’ll go:

27 The certainty] The assured monotony.
33 thereto so o’ergrown] in addition, so overgrown with hair and beard.
   Cf. As You Like It, IV, iii, 105, “A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair.”
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!

   Aev.    So say I: amen.
   Bel.   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.    [Exit.]
ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — BRITAIN

THE ROMAN CAMP

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief

Posthumus

EA, 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 lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

1 I wish'd] Pope's correction of the original reading I am wisht.
5 wrying] going awry, swerving. The verb is commonly used transitively.
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 doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, 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

Cf. Daniel's Cleopatra (1599): "In her sinking down she wryes
The diadem."
9 put on] Cf. Macb., IV, iii, 239: "the powers above Put on [i.e., instigate]
their instruments."
14 each elder worse] each later crime worse than its forerunner. One
would expect "younger" instead of "elder." But "elder" is sug-
gested by the implied reflection that the older the man grows, the
worse is his conduct.
15 to the doers' thrift] Thus the Folios. The reading is generally held to
be corrupt. No entirely satisfactory change has been suggested.
The meaning seems to be that the sense of dread of their crimes,
which the evil-doers experience, is to their ultimate advantage.
9
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II—FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN THE
BRITISH AND ROMAN CAMPS

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogene, and the Roman
Army; from the other side, the British Army; Leonatus
Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march
over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo
and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo,
and then leaves him

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued 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. 10

32-33 To shame . . . within] To put to shame worldly convention, in
which outside show is valued more than what lies within: I will
begin the new vogue of making the inner reality greater than the
outer appearance.

4 carl] a variant form of "churl," "clown."
The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder’s such
As war were hoodwink’d.

Iach. ’T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn’d strangely: or betimes
Let’s re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself

[131]
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, 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 lengthen'd shame.

LORD. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,
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 cased, or shame —

5 Of his wings destitute] Holinshed, in his History of Scotland, p. 155, describes a similar episode in a battle between King Kenneth of Scotland and the Danes in 976, and applies to the imperilled Scottish king the words now destitute of the wings.

8 Lolling the tongue] Hanging out the tongue like dogs after hard exercise.

16-17 who deserved . . . beard came to] who showed the worth of the many years' training, which his white beard indicated.

20 The country base] The boyish game of “prisoner's base.” Cf. Venus and Adonis, 303: “To bid the wind a base,” i. e., to challenge the wind to a race, as in the game of prisoner's base.

22 those for preservation cased, or shame] faces covered either for the purpose of protecting the complexion or because the sense of modesty compelled concealment.
Scene III  Cymbeline

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 nobleness, 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' the hunters. Then began
A stop 'i' the 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,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open

24 harts] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading hearts.
27 beastly] after the manner of beasts. Cf. III, iii, 40, supra, and note.
28 in frown] with frowning countenance.
42–43 slaves . . . victors made] they retrod as slaves the ground that they
had stridden as victors.
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

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

Post. 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 mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. '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.

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask "what news?" of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

51 mortal bugs] deadly bugbears or terrors.
64 Still going?] Running away from me as you ran from the enemy?
68 in mine own woe charm'd] finding in my distressful condition a charm
or spell against death.
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the 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 CAP. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken:
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.
SEC. CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
FIRST CAP. So 't is reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who 's there?

74 For being now] Seeing that I was just lately, but a moment ago.
78 touch my shoulder] a reference to the bailiff's mode of arresting a
debtor. In Com. of Errors, IV, ii, 37, a bailiff is called “a shoulder
clapper.” Cf. As You Like It, IV, i, 47, 48.
86-87 man, in a silly habit ... affront] man, in a rustic dress, who
joined them in the attack.
CYMBELINE

ACT V

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.
Sec. Cap. 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 the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Phanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus
to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then
exeunt omnes

SCENE IV—A BRITISH PRISON

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have
locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.
Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key

92 leg] used in much the same sense as "limb."
1 you have locks] a jesting reference to the custom of chaining horses'
legs together at pasture.
To 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,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is 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
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; your coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,

10 penitent instrument] instrument of penitence, means of repentance.
15 Desired more than constrain'd] freely desired rather than forced upon me.
15-17 to satisfy . . . my all] as for satisfaction or complete atonement for my sin, if its main condition call my liberty in question, or is deprivation of liberty, exact the payment of no narrower or smaller account than all my being. For "render," cf. IV, iv, 11, supra, and note.
24-25 every stamp; . . . the figure's sake] The coin or stamped piece of money is not valued merely for its actual weight, but for the stamped figure it bears upon it.
26 You rather mine] You rather (take) my life.
27 take this audit] settle up this account.
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, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. 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
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.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in thy throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

30-122 No more; . . . his behest] The whole of this masque would seem to be an interpolation by another pen.

[138]
SCENE IV  

Cymbeline

Sici.  Great nature, like his ancestry,
      Moulded the stuff so fair,
      That he deserved the praise o' the world,
      As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro.  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
      Could deem his dignity?

Moth.  With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
      To be exiled, and thrown
      From Leonati seat, and cast
      From her his dearest one,
      Sweet Imogen?

Sici.  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' the other's villany?

Sec. Bro.  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.

55 fruitful] Rowe substituted rival. The word is apparently used in
the unusual sense of "desirable" or "advantageous."
67 geck] Cf. Tw. Night, V, i, 330, "geck [i. e., dupe] and gull."
CYMBELINE  ACT V

FIRST BRO. 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?

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
   No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
   And potent injuries.

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
   Take off his miseries.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
   Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
   Against thy deity.

BOTH BRO. 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

JUP. 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 flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
   No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.

[ 140 ]
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
   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.]

Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
   Was sulphurous 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 pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sic. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
   His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[The Ghosts vanish.]

Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
   and begot

102 The more delay'd, delighted] The more delightful, the longer it is delayed.
116 to foot us] to grasp us in his talons.
118 cloys] a rare word, equivalent to "claws." Hawks whet their beak by rubbing it with their claws.
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 embraced by a piece of tender air,
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock and freshely grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.”

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:

134 fangled] vain, or idly contrived, as in “new-fangled.” Cf. Guilpin,
Skialetheia (1598), “this fangled age.”
139 a piece of tender air] a personage of tender nature. Cf. Fletcher,
Rule a Wife, iii, 5 (New Engl. Dict.), “a piece of mischief.” The
employment of the words “tender air” is fantastically explained, V,
v, 445, infra.
145 Tongue, and brain not] Speak, and do not comprehend.
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 Gaolers

**First Gaol.** Come, sir, are you ready for death?

**Post.** Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

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

**Post.** So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

**First Gaol.** A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern-bills; 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: 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 dis-

148 like it] equally incomprehensible.
161-162 paid . . . paid] The second paid means “paid out,” “pun-
ished.” It is also thus used, IV, ii, 245, supra. For the same play
on words see M. Wives, V, v, 56.
164 drawn of heaviness] emptied; “drawn” is still so used of disem-
bowelled fowls.

[ 143 ]
charge: your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so
the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. 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.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in’s head then; I
have not seen him so pictured: 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.

Post. 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.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blind-
ness! I am sure hanging’s the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger

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

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be
made free.

181 jump] “venture,” “hazard,” as in Macb., I, vii, 7: “we jump the
life to come.”
SCENE V

Cymbeline

First Gaol. I'll be hanged then.
Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Exeunt all but First Gaoler.
First Gaol. 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—Cymbeline's Tent

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants

Cym. 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 shamed 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.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;

198 prone] eager, ready.
5 targes of proof] shields which are proof against assault.
10
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

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

Cym. 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. ’T is now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

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

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies

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

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

13 The heir of his reward] The possessor of what should have been his reward.
22 estates] ranks, positions of rank. [146]
SCENE V  

CYMBELINE

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. 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.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhor'd your person.

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

Cor. 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.

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

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

---

38 *Affected greatness*] Had affection for greatness.
43 *bore in hand*] deceitfully pretended; a common phrase.
50 *a mortal mineral*] a deadly mineral poison.
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
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 the adoption of the crown:
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.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Ladies. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. 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 comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
[ 148 ]
SCENE V  Cymbeline

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 served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym.  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, nor 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.

Imo.  I humbly thank your highness.

87-88 So tender over his occasions . . . So feat] So considerate in doing whatever occasion might require, so loyal, so dexterous.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,  
And yet I know thou wilt.                 

Imo. 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.  

Luc. 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?  

Cym. 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?  

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?  

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

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?  
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.  

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

Imo. Fidele, sir.  

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

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.  

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

103 a thing] the ring given her by Posthumus.  
[ 150 ]
SCENE V

CYMBELINE

Arv. One sand another

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

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress:

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. 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.

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

Post. [Aside] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

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

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

126 saw] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading see.
135 render] give account. Used as a noun, IV, iv, 11, and V, iv, 17, supra.
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
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 lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember — Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome, — accurst
The mansion where! — 't was at a feast, — O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved 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 rarest 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
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

164 *The shrine of Venus*] The figure of Venus (in her shrine or temple).
Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 40 (of Portia) "To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint."
*straight-pight*] straight-pitched, erect.
SCENE V      Cymbeline

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 —

Cym.          I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach.          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 praised, — 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
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym.          Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. 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

167 that hook of wiving] that bait which catches husbands.
178 unspeaking sots] fools without power of speech.
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 Phæbus' 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 chast 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  
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 —  
Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing

189–191 a carbuncle ... car] The splendour of Phoebus' jewelled car is described in Ovid, Met., II, 107–110 (in Golding's translation, 144–148).  
203 averring notes] declaring confirmatory notes.
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 the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 't was! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pis. 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!

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!

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

233 staggers] this fit of unsteadiness. See note on All 's Well, II, iii, 161. [ 155 ]
CYMBELINE

ACT V

Pis. How fares my mistress?

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

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. 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.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison’d me.

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

Cym. What’s this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned 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 power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta’en of it?

238 The tune of Imogen!] The true note of Imogen. Cf. IV, ii, 48 (of the disguised Imogen): “How angel-like he sings!”

[156]
SCENE V  Cymbeline

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys, There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you? Think that you are upon a rock, and now Throw me again. [Embracing him.]
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act? Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.
Bel. [To Gui. and Arv.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. 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.

259 dead] unconscious; cf. IV, iii, 196 seq., supra, where Imogen's temporary unconsciousness was mistaken for death.
262 Think . . . upon a rock] The reference seems to be to a rocky eminence, which offers an asylum to a shipwrecked mariner. See line 393, infra, where Posthumus anchors upon Imogen, and a nautical metaphor is again employed in a like connection.
265 a dullard in this act] a person unconcerned in what is passing.
271 long of her] along of, because of, owing to her.
Pis. 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 enforced 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.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. 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;

279 a feigned letter] apparently a forged letter. But no reference has been made to it hitherto.
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

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

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BEL. 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.

CYM. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARY. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt die for ’t.

BEL. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on ’s are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must

297 tell this tale of mine] fill my place.

am sorry] Thus (substantially) the Second and later Folios. The
First Folio reads am sorrow, with which cf. Tempest, V, i, 139: “I am
woe for ’t, sir.”

305 Had ever scar for] Had ever got wounds for.
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

ARV. Your danger's ours.

GUI. And our good his.

BEL. Have at it then, by leave.

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

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

BEL. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons!

BEL. 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.

CYM. How! my issue!

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

319 Assumed this age] Acquired, reached, attained, these years.
[160]
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 I
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 moved her to 't,
Having received 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 shaped
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.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
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.

334-335 Your pleasure . . . treason] My crime, my punishment, and
all my treason existed in your caprice solely.
332 To inlay . . . stars] Cf. Rom. and Jul., III, ii, 22-23: "Take him
and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven
so fine."
334 Unlike] Incredible.

[ 161 ]
Bel. Be pleased 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 the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. 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.

Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne’er mother
Rejoiced 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.

Imo. 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,

364 a mole, a sanguine star] Cf. the crimson mole, “cinque-spotted” on
Imogen’s breast, II. ii, 38, supra.
370 Blest pray you be] Rowe altered this reading of the Folios need-
lessly to “Blest may you be.”
371 orbs] orbits.
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arr. Ay, my good lord.

GUI. And at first meeting loved,
Continued so, until we thought he died.

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived 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-dependances,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. 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.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor be seeming; '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.

Iach. [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.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;

409 be seeming . . . fitment] appearance . . . equipment.
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

**Cym.** Nobly doom'd!

We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

**Arv.** You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

**Post.** 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 waked, 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.

**Luc.** Philarmonus!

**Sooth.** Here, my good lord.

**Luc.** Read, and declare the meaning.

**Sooth.** [Reads] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty."
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.  
[To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
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.  

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

Cym. 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;
SCENE V    CYMBELINE

Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet 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' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym.    Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest 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.]