

## C Y M B E L I N E.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*  
 CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*  
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*  
 BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*  
 GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under*  
 ARVIRAGUS, } *the Names of Polydore and Cadwal,*  
                   } *supposed Sons to Belarius.*  
 PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*  
 IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }  
 A French Gentleman, *Friend to Philario.*  
 CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*  
 A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.  
 PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*  
 CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*  
 Two Gentlemen.  
 Two Gaolers.  
 QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*  
 IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*  
 HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*  
 Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter two Gentlemen.*1 *Gent.*

You do not meet a man, but frowns; our bloods  
 No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;  
 Still seem, as does the king's. <sup>1)</sup>

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
 That late he married,) hath refer'd herself  
 Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;  
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd; all  
 Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king  
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,  
 That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,  
 Although they wear their faces to the bent  
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *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.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far. <sup>2)</sup>

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

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *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, <sup>3)</sup> whom  
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:  
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o'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,  
 Bid of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
 To his protection; call him Posthumus;  
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:  
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
 In his spring became a harvest; Liv'd in court,  
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd: <sup>4)</sup>

A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,  
 A glass that feated them; <sup>5)</sup> and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress, <sup>6)</sup>  
 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.

2 *Gent.* I honour him  
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *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 know-  
 ledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,  
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howso'er 'tis strange,  
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen  
 and princess. <sup>7)</sup> [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
 daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are 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 'twere 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: —  
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king  
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit QUEEN.]

1 *Imo.* O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
 Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest husband,  
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,  
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) <sup>8)</sup> what  
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
 But that there is this jewel in the world,  
 That I may see again.

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: Yet I'll move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; <sup>9)</sup>  
 Pays dear for my offences. [Aside.]

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

Imo. Nay, stay a little:  
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart:  
 But keep it till you woo another wife,  
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another? —  
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
 And sear up <sup>10)</sup> my embracements from a next

With bonds of death! — Remain thou here  
 While sense can keep it on! <sup>11)</sup> 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 <sup>12)</sup> of love; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]  
 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  
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!  
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!  
 And bless the good remainders of the court!  
 I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death  
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,  
 That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest  
 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. <sup>13)</sup>

Cym. Past grace? obedience?  
 Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my  
 queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
 And did avoid a puttock. <sup>14)</sup>

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made  
 my throne

A seat for baseness.  
 Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.  
 Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,  
 It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
 You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
 A man, worth any woman; overbuys me  
 Almost the sum he pays. <sup>15)</sup>

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!

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

Cym. Thou foolish thing! —  
 They were again together: you have done

[To the QUEEN.]  
 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. <sup>16)</sup>

Cym. Nay, let her languish  
 A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
 Die of this folly! [Exit.]

*Enter PISANIO.*

Queen. Fye! — you must give way:  
 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?









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.* Which more let me behold it: Is it that  
Which I left with her? *Jove!* —

*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 priz'd it once.

*Post.* To send it me. *May be, she pluck'd it off,*

*Iach.* She writes so to you? doth she?  
*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;  
[*Gives the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't: — Let there be no honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: The vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing: —  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable, she lost it; or,  
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen 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 stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.  
*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true; — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn, and honourable: — They induc'd to  
steal it!

And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance <sup>26</sup> of her incontinency  
Is this, — she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly. —

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Phi.* Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
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 hast made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.  
*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!  
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 <sup>27</sup>)  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [Exit.]

## SCENE V.

*The same.* Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all; <sup>28</sup>)  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow: — O, all the devils! —  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was't not? —  
Or less, — at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
Cry'd, *oh!* 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, chance of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all;  
For ev'n to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them: — Yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. A Room of State in  
Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords,  
at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS,  
and Attendants.

*Cym.* Now 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, <sup>1</sup>)  
(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  
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 us, to resume  
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,

## SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser? — Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed, <sup>7</sup>) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-life, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue. — <sup>8</sup>) O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low, <sup>9</sup>) 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,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes too? *Do't: The letter*  
[Reading.]

*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, <sup>10</sup>) and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. <sup>11</sup>)

*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'd 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 med'cinable;) that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love; — <sup>12</sup>) of his content,  
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!  
[Reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take  
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,  
as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even  
renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am  
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own  
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he  
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to  
his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, —  
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, <sup>13</sup>)  
(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,  
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,









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

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

**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.

**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't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

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

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

**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.<sup>10)</sup> [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

**Bel.** No company's 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,<sup>11)</sup> were as his: I am absolute,  
'Twas 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 the effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear:<sup>12)</sup> 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:<sup>13)</sup> 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'd take us in,<sup>14)</sup>  
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 threaten us;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;  
For we do fear the law?<sup>15)</sup> 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  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
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'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

**Arv.** Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'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.<sup>16)</sup>

**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 reckon. [*Exit.*]

**Bel.** I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though  
valour

Becomes thee well enough.  
**Arv.** 'Would I had done't,  
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 pr'ythee, to our rock:  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

**Arv.** Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,<sup>17)</sup>  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,  
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

**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 enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other: valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

**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 dear'st  
mother  
It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,<sup>18)</sup>  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead,  
in his Arms.

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

**Arv.** The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'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 crure<sup>19)</sup>  
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!

**Arv.** Stark,<sup>20)</sup> 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 leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put  
My clouted brogues<sup>21)</sup> from off my feet, whose  
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.  
**Gui.** Why, he but sleeps:  
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 azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock<sup>22)</sup> would  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.<sup>23)</sup>

**Gui.** 'Pr'ythee, 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  
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:<sup>24)</sup> Though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,)<sup>25)</sup> 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.** 'Tis true.  
**Gui.** Come on then, and remove him.  
**Arv.** So, — Begin.

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,  
Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*  
**Gui.** *Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Arv.* *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*  
**Both.** *All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>26)</sup> and come to dust.*

**Gui.** *No exorciser harm thee!<sup>27)</sup>*  
**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!*

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 about midnight,  
more:



For wrying but a little? — O, Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands;  
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on <sup>3)</sup> this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,  
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;  
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift. <sup>4)</sup>  
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
And make me bless'd 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  
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.

The same.

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*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  
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or, could this carl, <sup>5)</sup>  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,  
In my profession? Knight-hoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. *[Exit.]*

*The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but  
The villainy of our fears.

*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, 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 hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
Let's re-enforce, or fly. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st 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  
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 deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base, <sup>6)</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,) <sup>7)</sup>

Made good the passage; cry'd 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  
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!  
Some slain before; some, dying; some, their friends  
O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
The mortal bugs <sup>8)</sup> o'the field.

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

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: <sup>9)</sup> 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,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's 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 are 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 sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd, <sup>10)</sup>  
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;  
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i'the war. — Well, I will  
find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd 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 <sup>11)</sup>  
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.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit, <sup>12)</sup>  
That gave the affront with them. <sup>13)</sup>

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:  
But none of them can be found. — Stand! who is  
there?

*Post.* A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 *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, <sup>14)</sup> attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Goaler: after which, all go out.*

## SCENE IV.

A Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have  
locks upon you;

So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *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 cur'd  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
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,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.  
I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement; that's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp:  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

*Solemn Music. <sup>15)</sup> Enter, as an Apparition, SICI-  
LIUS 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 ought 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 orphan's father art,)  
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

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

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

1 *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 exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati's 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 <sup>16)</sup> and scorn  
O'the other's villainy?

2 *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.

**1 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 delours 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.  
**2 Bro.** Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a Thunder-bolt. 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 oppress;  
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade! —  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
And so, away: no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]  
**Sici.** He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: <sup>17)</sup> his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.  
**All.** Thanks, Jupiter!  
**Sici.** The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
His radiant roof: — Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]  
**Post.** [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,  
and begot  
A father to me: and thou hast created  
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
And so I am awake. — Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake and find nothing. — But, alas! I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare  
one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself  
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced  
by a piece of tender air; and when from a  
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,  
being dead many years, shall after revive, be  
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;  
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain  
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

**Gaol.** Come, sir, are you ready for death?  
**Post.** Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.  
**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 specta-  
tors, the dish pays the shot.  
**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 sad-  
ness 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; <sup>18)</sup> purse  
and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for  
being too light, the purse too light, being drawn  
of heaviness: <sup>19)</sup> O! of this contradiction you shall  
now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord!  
it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true  
debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and  
to come, the discharge: — Your neck, sir, is pen,  
book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

**Post.** I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.  
**Gaol.** Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-  
ache: 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.  
**Gaol.** Your death has eyes in's head then; I have  
not seen him so pictured: you must either be di-  
rected by some that take upon them to know; or  
take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do  
not know; or jump the after-enquiry <sup>20)</sup> on your  
own peril: and how you shall speed in your jour-  
ney'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.  
**Gaol.** What an infinite mock is this, that a man  
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of  
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

**Mess.** Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner  
to the king.  
**Post.** Thou bringest good news; — I am called to  
be made free.  
**Gaol.** I'll be hanged then.  
**Post.** Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no  
bolts for the dead. [*Exit Posthumus and Messenger.*]  
**Gaol.** Unless a man would marry a gallow, and  
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. <sup>21)</sup>  
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-  
sire 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 deso-  
lation of gaolers, and gallowes! I speak against  
my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment  
in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. <sup>22)</sup>

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 sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targe 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;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd 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; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]  
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis 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.

**Cym.** Whom 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.** 'Pr'ythee, say.  
**Cor.** First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhor'd your person.

**Cym.** She alone knew this:  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.  
**Cor.** Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to  
love <sup>23)</sup>

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,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show: yes, 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?  
**Lady.** 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 may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

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

**Luc.** Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat-  
en'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: suffice it,  
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, <sup>24)</sup> so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

**Cym.** I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar <sup>25)</sup> to me. —  
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own. — I know not why, nor where-  
fore,

To say, live, boy: <sup>26)</sup> 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.  
**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,



*Cym.* How! my issue?  
*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
 Your pleasure was my mere offence,<sup>35)</sup> 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 mov'd her to't;  
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
 For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty,  
 Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,  
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world: —  
 The benediction of these covering heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.<sup>36)</sup>  
 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.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while. —  
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
 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  
 Rejoic'd deliverance more: — Bless'd may 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,  
 When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
 When you were so indeed.

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

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
 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 abridge-  
 ment.<sup>37)</sup>

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
 Distinction should be rich in. —<sup>38)</sup> 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,<sup>39)</sup> with  
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;

And all the other by-dependancies,  
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
 Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
 Posthúmus 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. —  
 Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]  
*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,  
 To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoyed,  
 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 becom'd this place, and grac'd  
 The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
 The soldier that did company these three  
 In poor beseeching; 'twas 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.* I am down again: [Kneeling.]  
 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;  
 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 help 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,  
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows<sup>40)</sup>  
 Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
 This label on my bosom; whose containing  
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
 Make no collection of it; <sup>41)</sup> 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:  
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]  
 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 stolen,  
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
 To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue  
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Well,  
*Cym.* My peace we will begin: — And, Caius Lucius,  
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
 And to the Roman empire; promising  
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:  
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
 Have laid most heavy hand.

*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 bless'd altars! Publish we this peace  
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —  
 Set on there: — Never was a war did cease,  
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Exeunt.]