

Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that: 100
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. May be she pluck'd it off 104
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O! no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this 105
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 109

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 no-
thing. 112

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 cor-
rupted, 116
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. 120

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 124
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal
it!

And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her;
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly. 128

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; 132
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, 136
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, 140
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 145
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach.

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

I will go there and do't, i' the court, before 148
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. 152
[Exeunt.]

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 all bastards; all,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where 4
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, venge-
ance; 8

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 12

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, 16
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 21

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; 24
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that man may name, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather, all; 28
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill 33
In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Hall in CYMBELINE'S
Palace.*

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

Cym. Now say what would Augustus Cæsar
with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar—whose remem-
brance 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,— 5
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, 8
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 12
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, 16
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, 20
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— 24

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
ping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof 29
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing-fires bright, 32
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 said, there is no moe such
Cæsars; other of them may have crooked noses,
but to owe such straight arms, none. 39

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 48
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 52
Becomes a war-like people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. 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 57

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy. 65
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied, 68
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, 72
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak. 77
Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two, or longer; if you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of
it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's
an end. 84

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 Same.*

Enter PISANIO, reading 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— 4
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed—hath pre-
vail'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 8
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 12
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 16
So much as this fact comes to?—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, 20

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'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,—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!

*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, fol-
low. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
mains 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 hear-
ing,

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
T' inherit such a haven; but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going

And our return, to excuse; but first, how get
hence.

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'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! 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 pre-
sently

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.

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country
with a Cave.

Enter from the Cave, 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 it 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. Con-
sider,

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,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life

Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor
unfledg'd,

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.

Arv. 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 no-
thing;

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like war-like 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 of 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 curtsy at the censure: O boys! this story
The world may read in me; my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree

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 pre-
vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world,

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the moun-
tains!

This is not hunter's 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

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

85

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove! 88
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The war-like 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 92
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, 96
Strikes life into my speech and shows much
more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—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 8
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the
matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If 't be summer news, 12
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted 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;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. Thy mistress, Pisanio, 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, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith
be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life; I shall

give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the 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 40 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; Thou then look'st 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; 64 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest;

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,

A little witness my obedience; look! 68 I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief; Thy master is not there, who was indeed 72 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; 76 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! 84 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 88 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 92 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find It is no act of common passage, but A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself

To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her 96 That now thou tir'st 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! 101 Since I receiv'd command to do this business I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd 105 So many miles with a pretence? this place? Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, 108 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 112 To lose so bad employment, in the which I have consider'd of a course. Good lady, Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak: I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear, 116 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; 120 But if I were as wise as honest, then My purpose would prove well. It cannot be But that my master is abus'd; some villain, Some villain, ay, and singular in his art, 124 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 'tis commanded 128

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 132 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 Cloten!

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court, 137 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 140

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, 144 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven To-morrow; now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be 148 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 152 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.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point: You must forget to be a woman; change 157 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 161 As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, Exposing it—but, O! the harder heart, 164 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: 168 I see into thy end, and am almost A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. Forethinking this, I have already fit— 'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all 172 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 176 Wherein you are 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, 180

You have me, rich; and I will never fail Beginning nor supplantment.

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 184 All that good time will give us; this attempt I'm soldier to, and will abide it with A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell, 188

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, 192 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.

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you A conduct over land to Milford-Haven. 8 Madam, all joy befall your Grace.

Queen. 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. 12 *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, 16 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. 'Tis all the better;

Clo. Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20 *Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely Our chariots and horsemen be in readiness; The powers that he already hath in Gallia 24 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business; But must be look'd to speedily and strongly. 27
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 32
 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 retir'd 36
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
 And strokes death to her.

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 loudest 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, 48
 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 52
 Prove false!
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! 56
 He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd 60
 her, Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is To death or to dishonour, and my end Can make good use of either; she being down, 64
 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 68
 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 72
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outsell them all. I love her therefore; but Disdaining me and throwing favours on The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment 76
 That what's else rare is chok'd, and in that point I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools 79
 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 84
 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 88
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas! my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer, No further halting; satisfy me home 92
 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!' 96
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

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 100
 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'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen! 104
 Safe mayst thou wander, safe return agen!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think. 107

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. 116

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?

Pis. Sir, I will. 123
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. 129

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, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so 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 PISANIO, with the clothes.
 Be those the garments? 152

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet. 155
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 devout, 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 bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, 164
 To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.]

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one; I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed; I should be sick But that my resolution helps me. Milford, 4
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Bel. [Looking into the cave.] Stay; come not in; But that it eats our victuals, I should think 40
 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! 44
 [Exit.]

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took.

Good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found 48
 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

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me 8

I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness 12

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 16
 At point to sink for food. But what is this? Here is a path to 't; 'tis some savage hold; I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever Of hardness 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 25
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit to the cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and 28
 Are master of the feast; Cadwal and I Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match; The sweat of industry would dry and die But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs 32

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. 36
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 40
 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! 44
 [Exit.]

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took.

Good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found 48
 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? 52
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis 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 56
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 60
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. Prithce, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good 64
minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth, 68
I should woo hard but be your groom. In
honesty,
I bid for you, as I do 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'd give to him 72
After a long absence, such is yours: most wel-
come!

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 76
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. 81
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—lay-
ing by 84
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so. 88
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. 92
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 4
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes, 8
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

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 13
Must be suppliant; the words of your commis-
sion

Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. 16
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Wales. The Forest, near the Cave
of BELARIUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit
his garments serve me! Why should his mis-
tress, who was made by him that made the tailor,
not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of
the word,—for 'tis 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 services, and more re-
markable in single oppositions; yet this imper-
ceivable 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, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [To IMOGEN.] You are not well; remain
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To IMOGEN.] Brother, stay here;
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity, 4
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 8
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 12
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, 17
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 20
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at

door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain! 24
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, 28
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard! 32

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. 36

I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said here-
after

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!
[To IMOGEN.] We'll leave you for this time; go
in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick, 44

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit IMOGEN.*]

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

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings! 48
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots

In characters,
And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh 52
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 56
That grief and patience rooted in him, both
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking-elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60
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!' 64
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-
bush.

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 68

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 mountainers?

I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering 73
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 76

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, 80
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; 85

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,
 'Twould move me sooner.

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

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

Clo. Art not afraid?
Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise;
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death: 96
 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
 '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 defect of judgment
 Is oft the cease 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'd 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
 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; howsoever,
 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. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd.
 Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't
 though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't
 So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would re-
 venges,

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.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
 I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
 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 enshaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour

That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

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
 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.

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 crare
 Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;

but I,
 Thoudidst, 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 leagu'd; 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:
 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
 While 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
 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.
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
 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 distinc-
 tion

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.

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.