

CYMBELINE

1036

[ACT IV

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, and come to dust.

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

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come,
 lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout mid-
 night, more;
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
 night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their
 faces

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
 These herbets shall, which we upon you strew.
 Come on, away; apart upon our knees. 288
 The ground that gave them first has them again;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
 ARVIRAGUS.*]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
 which is the way?

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far
 thither? 292

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?
 I have gone all night: Faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep.

[*Seeing the body of CLOTEN.*] But, soft! no bed-
 fellow! O gods and goddesses!
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I
 dream; 297

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so,
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity 304
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand, 309
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules, but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven? How! 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks, 313
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio 317
 Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio,
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas! 320

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
 where's that?

272 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be?
 Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant! 325

The drug he gave me, which he said was pre-
 cious

280 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it
 home; 328

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid rider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O! my lord, my lord.
 [*Falls on the body.*]

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, other Officers, and a
 Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
 Gallia, 333

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome? 336

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

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

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now,
 sir, 344

What have you dream'd of late of this war's
 purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
 vision,—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd 348
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which por-
 tends,

Unless my sins abuse my divination,
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, 352

And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
 Without his top? The ruin speaks that some-
 time

It was a worthy building. How! a page!
 Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed 357
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.
 Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
 he

SCENE II]

1037

CYMBELINE

That, otherwise than noble nature did, 364
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
 interest

In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton and a good, 369

That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
 There are no more such masters; I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service, 372

Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
 Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
 friend. 376

Imo. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside.*] If I do
 lie and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
 They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
 same; 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner 385
 Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
 the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep 388
 As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
 his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh; 392
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
 And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends, 396

The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave; come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd 401
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and
 Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis
 with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
 A madness, of which her life's in danger.
 Heavens!

How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,

So needful for this present: it strikes me, past 8
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
 thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, 12

I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
 highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege, 16

The day that she was missing he was here;
 I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
 [*To PISANIO.*] We'll slip you for a season; but
 our jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, 24
 Are landed on your coast, with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
 queen!

I am amaz'd with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege, 28

Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of; come more, for more
 you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw; 32
 And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from Italy annoy us, but
 We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but PISANIO.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
 I wrote him Imogen was slain; 'tis strange; 37
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tidings; neither know I
 What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40
 Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
 Wherein I am false I am honest; not true to be
 true:

These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd; 45
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not
 steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Wales. Before the Cave of
 BELARIUS.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
 lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans 4

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death,—we being not known, not
muster'd
Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death 13

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

Arv. It is not likely 16
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O! I am known 21
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves 25
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd, 28
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself, 32
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood 36
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens! I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, 44
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I; amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve 49
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie: 52
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long;
their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.
Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I
wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you should take this course, how
many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves 4

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 8

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
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, 12

To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills, 16
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-piece! 20
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 24
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 28
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 32
The fashion, less without and more within.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Field of Battle between the British
and Roman Camps.*

*Enter, from one door, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
Roman Army; the British at another; LEON-
ATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier.*
*They march over and go out. Alarums. Then
enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHU-
MUS; he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO,
and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, 4
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before 8
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 12
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv.

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons;
they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then,
re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies. 16

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

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. 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 4
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 8

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? 13

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 16
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 than to commit such
slaughter,— 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: 24
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, 28

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 32
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 of war, 36
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, 40
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 44
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, 48

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resist are grown

The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys! 52

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rime upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one: 56
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do, 61
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rime.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
misery! 64

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,
Could not find death where I did hear him
groan, 69

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 72

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have 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
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 agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

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

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who is there?

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

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A lag 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, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; then exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.—*Britain. A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[Exeunt Gaolers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be 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.

Solemn music. Enter as in an apparition SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then—as men report,
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in 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 Silicius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be 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 and scorn
O' the other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

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

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

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

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents 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; 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.

[The Ghosts vanish.]
Post. [Awaking.] 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.

When 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.

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

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

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

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

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir;
but the comfort is, you shall be called to no
more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which
are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring
of mirth. You come in faint for want of
meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry
that you have paid too much; and sorry that
you are paid too much; purse and brain both
empty; the brain the heavier for being too light,
the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:
of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O!
the charity of a penny cord; it sums up thou-
sands 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.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of 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 bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt all but first Gaol.

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses. I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

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 BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.] To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are: report it.

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 20 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, 24 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, 28 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 32 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say. 36 *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; 40 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

With such integrity, she did confess 44 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? 48 *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, 52

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show; yea, and in time— When she had fitted you with her craft—to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown; 56 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, 60 Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First 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, 64 That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou mayst say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

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

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that 69 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter 72

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, 76 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth, 80

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, 84

Let him be ransom'd; never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, 88

So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join With my request, which I'll make bold your highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir, And spare no blood beside. 92

Cym. I have surely seen him; His favour is familiar to me. Boy, Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore, 96

To say, 'live, boy; ne'er thank thy master; live: And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it: Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, 100

The noblest ta'en. 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 104 Bitter to me as death; your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? 109 I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend? *Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me 113 Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

Am something nearer.

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

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, 117 And lend my best attention. What's thy name? *Imo.* Fidele, sir.

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

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death? *Arv.* One sand another 121

Not more resembles;—that sweet rosy lad Who died, and was Fidele. What think you? *Gui.* The same dead thing alive. 124

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear; Creatures may be alike; were't he, I am sure He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead. *Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. *[Aside.]* It is my mistress; 128 Since she is living, let the time run on To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side: Make thy demand aloud.—*[To IACHIMO.]* Sir, step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely, 132 Or, by our greatness and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render 136 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. *[Aside.]* What's that to him? *Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that 140 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? *Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel, 144 Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,— For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits 149

Quail to remember.—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength;

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd

The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus,—

What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were; and was the best of all

Amongst the rar'st of good ones;—sitting sadly Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast Of him that best could speak; for feature

laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva, Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving, Fairness which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. 169 Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus—

Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover—took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein He was as calm as virtue,—he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity, there it begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,

Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,

No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it

Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, me That I return'd with simular proof enough

To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renown

With token thus, and thus; averring notes Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-

let;—

Oh cunning! how I got it!—nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—

Methinks I see him now,—

Post. [Coming forward.] Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come. O! give me cord, or knife, or poison, Some upright justicer. Thou king, send out

For torturers ingenious; it is I That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus, That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, A sacrilegious thief, to do't; the temple

Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set

The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and

Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen! My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,

Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear! *Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thouscorn-

ful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! Mine, and your mistress! O! my Lord Posthu-

mus,

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help! Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round? *Post.* How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress! *Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike

me To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress? *Imo.* O! get thee from my sight:

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen! *Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if That box I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing: I had it from the queen. *Cym.* New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me. *Cor.* O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd, Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio

Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that con- fession

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me To temper poisons for her, still pretending

The satisfaction of her knowledge only In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,

Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease The present power of life, but in short time

All offices of nature should again Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead. *Bel.* My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. *Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady

from you? Think that you are upon a rock; and now Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child! What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me? *Imo.* [Kneeling.] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. *Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it

was That we meet here so strangely; but her son Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord

Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth,

and swore If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident, I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket, which directed him To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate My lady's honour; what became of him

I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story: I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend! I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth, Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. *Cym.* He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke

me With language that would make me spurn the sea

If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head; And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee: By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our law. Thou'rt dead. *Imo.* That headless man

I thought had been my lord. *Cym.* Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence. *Bel.* Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew, As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens Had ever scar for. [To the Guard.] Let his

arms alone; They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier, Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far. *Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three: But I will prove that two on's are as good

As I have given out him. My sons, I must For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours. *Gui.* And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then, by leave. Thou hadst, great king, a subject who was call'd

Belarius.

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

Bel. He it is that hath Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man; I

know not how a traitor.

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

Bel. Not too hot: First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all so soon As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons! *Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy; here's my

knee: Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine; They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue! *Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old

Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—

For such and so they are—these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,

Having receiv'd the punishment before, 344
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, 348

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 352
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish 356
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 360
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 proba-
tion,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had 364
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, 368
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O! what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. O Imogen! 373
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 376
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers
When ye were so indeed.

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

Gut. And at first meeting lov'd; 380
Continu'd 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
abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 384
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court, and whither?
These, 388

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded,

And all the other by-dependances,

From chance to chance, but nor the time nor
place 392

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange 397
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To BELARIUS.*] Thou art my brother; so we'll
hold thee ever. 400

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

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

Imo. My good master, 404
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, 408

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 412
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
you,

Which I so often owe, but your ring first, 416
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: 421
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; 424
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord
of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, 428
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can 432
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to him-
self unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced 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
joined 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; 444
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To CYMBELINE.*] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer* 448
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, [To POSTHUMUS.] unsought,
were clipp'd about 452

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, 456
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius, 460
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; 464
Whom heavens—in justice both on her and
hers—

Have laid most heavy hand.
Soth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision 468
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, 472
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, 476
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 480
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. 484

Set on there. Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace. [Exeunt.]