

Scene 1. *[Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.]*

[Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, INNOGEN and PISANIO, who stands guard.]

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

POSTHUMUS: Please your Highness,
 I will from hence today.

QUEEN: You know the peril.
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barred affections, though the King
 Hath charged you should not speak together.

[The QUEEN withdraws to circle the playspace, PISANIO kneeling to her as she passes.]

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

POSTHUMUS: My queen, my mistress!
 O lady, weep no more, I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

[The QUEEN comes forward.]

QUEEN: Be brief, I pray you.
 If the King come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure.

[The QUEEN withdraws.]

POSTHUMUS: Then adieu.

INNOGEN: Nay, stay a little.
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;

Scene 2. *[Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.]*

[Enter CLOTEN with his sword out, the FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD.]

FIRST LORD: Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt. The violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in. There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

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

SECOND LORD *[aside to FIRST LORD]*: No, faith, not so much as his patience.

CLOTEN: Eh?

FIRST LORD: Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt. It is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

CLOTEN: The villain would not stand me.

SECOND LORD: *[aside to FIRST LORD]*: No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

CLOTEN: Eh?

FIRST LORD: Stand you! You have land enough of your own, but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

SECOND LORD: *[aside to FIRST LORD]*: As many inches as you have oceans.

CLOTEN: I would they had not come between us.

SECOND LORD: *[aside to FIRST LORD]*: So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLOTEN: And that she should love this fellow and refuse me! Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

[Exeunt CLOTEN, the FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD. CLOTEN becomes POSTHUMUS, the FIRST LORD becomes the SPANIARD, and the SECOND LORD becomes the DUTCHMAN.]

Scene 3. *[Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]*

[Enter INNOGEN and PISANIO.]

INNOGEN: I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
 And questioned'st every sail. If he should write
 And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
 As offered mercy is. What was the last
 That he spake to thee?

PISANIO: It was his queen, his queen.

INNOGEN: Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO: And kissed it, madam.

INNOGEN: Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
 And that was all?

PISANIO: No, madam, for so long
 As he could make me with this eye or ear
 Distinguish him from others he did keep
 The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
 Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,

How swift his ship.
 INNOGEN: Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.
 PISANIO: Madam, so I did.
 INNOGEN: I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but
 To look upon him till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 Nay, followed him till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
 Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
 When shall we hear from him?
 PISANIO: Be assured, madam,
 With his next vantage.

[Enter HELEN, who curtsies.]

INNOGEN: I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain hours,
 Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
 The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight
 T' encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him, or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

HELEN: The Queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

INNOGEN: Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.
 I will attend the Queen.

PISANIO: Madam, I shall.

[PISANIO bows as INNOGEN and HELEN exit, then exits himself.]

Scene 4. *[Rome. Philario's house.]*

[PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN and a SPANIARD discovered at a feast.]

IACHIMO: Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration.

PHILARIO: You speak of him when he was less furnished than now.

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

IACHIMO: This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCHMAN: And then his banishment.

IACHIMO: Ay, but how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHILARIO: His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

[Enter POSTHUMUS.]

Here comes the Briton. —I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCHMAN: Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

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

FRENCHMAN: Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POSTHUMUS: By your pardon, sir, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN: Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

IACHIMO: Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

FRENCHMAN: 'Twas a contention in public, much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses, this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

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

POSTHUMUS: She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACHIMO: You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS: Being so far provoked as I was in France I would abate her nothing.

IACHIMO: As fair and as good had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS: I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

IACHIMO: What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS: More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO: Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS: You are mistaken. The one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO: Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS: Which by their graces I will keep.

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

POSTHUMUS: Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHILARIO: Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS: Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

IACHIMO: With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

POSTHUMUS: No, no.

IACHIMO: I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something.

POSTHUMUS: You are a great deal abused

POSTHUMUS: in too bold a persuasion.	PHILARIO: Gentlemen, enough of this.
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PHILARIO: It came in too suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

IACHIMO: I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

POSTHUMUS: I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO: You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POSTHUMUS: Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

PHILARIO: I will have it no lay.

IACHIMO: By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POSTHUMUS: I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only thus far you shall answer: If you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, for your ill opinion and th' assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO: Your hand, a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

POSTHUMUS: Agreed.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO. POSTHUMUS becomes CLOTEN.]

FRENCHMAN: Will this hold, think you?

PHILARIO: Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt PHILARIO, the FRENCHMAN, the DUTCHMAN and the SPANIARD. The FRENCHMAN becomes CYMBELINE, the DUTCHMAN becomes the SECOND LORD, and the SPANIARD becomes the FIRST LORD.]

Scene 5. [Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

[Enter INNOGEN.]

INNOGEN: A father cruel and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady
 That hath her husband banished. O that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
 Conveyed in swathing-clothes out of the nursery
 And lost these twenty years from guess of knowledge,
 As my two sisters, happy; but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Blest be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

[PISANIO and IACHIMO enter and bow.]

PISANIO: Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my lord with letters.

IACHIMO: Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety
 And greets your Highness dearly.

[IACHIMO gives INNOGEN letters.]

INNOGEN: Thanks, good sir,
 You're kindly welcome.

INNOGEN: (*reads aloud*) "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust. Leonatus." So far I read aloud,

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

IACHIMO: Thanks, fairest lady.
 (*false aside*) What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinned stones
 Upon th' unnumbered beach, and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

INNOGEN: What makes your admiration?

IACHIMO: (*false aside*) It cannot be i' the eye—for apes and monkeys,
 'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
 Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgement,
 For idiots in this case of favour would
 Be wisely definite; nor i' th' appetite:
 Sluttary, to such neat excellence opposed,

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

IACHIMO: Not so allured to feed. The cloyèd will,	INNOGEN: What is the matter, trow?
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IACHIMO: (*false aside*) That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both filled and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

INNOGEN: Are you well?

IACHIMO: Thanks, madam, well.

[In a beat of silence, PISANIO bows to take his leave.]

Beseech you, sir,

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him.

He is strange and peevish.

PISANIO: I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

[PISANIO bows again and exits.]

INNOGEN: Continues well my lord?

His health, beseech you?

IACHIMO: Well, madam.

INNOGEN: Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO: Exceeding pleasant, none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. He is called
The Briton Reveller.

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

IACHIMO: I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

INNOGEN: Will my lord say so?

IACHIMO: Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But heavens know
Some men are much to blame.

INNOGEN: Not he, I hope.

IACHIMO: Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his, beyond all talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

INNOGEN: What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO: Two creatures heartily.

INNOGEN: Am I one, sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACHIMO: Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

INNOGEN: I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACHIMO: That others do—
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

INNOGEN: You do seem to know
Something of what concerns me. Pray, discover
What both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO: Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: Should I, damned then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol?

INNOGEN: My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO: And himself.

INNOGEN: No more!

IACHIMO: O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery
Would make the great'st king double, to be partnered
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield, with such boiled stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen.

INNOGEN: Revenged!
How should I be revenged?

IACHIMO: Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse—revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,

Still close as sure.

INNOGEN: What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO: Let me my service tender on your lips.

INNOGEN: Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
 So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
 Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
 From thy report as thou from honour, and
 Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!
 The King my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit
 A saucy stranger in his court to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
 He little cares for and a daughter who
 He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO: O happy Leonatus! I may say,
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assured credit. Blessèd live you long,
 A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
 Country called his. But give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this to know if your affianced
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
 That which he is new o'er; and he is one
 The truest mannered, such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

INNOGEN: You make amends.

IACHIMO: He sits 'mongst men like a descended god.
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
 To try your taking of a false report, which hath
 Honoured with confirmation your great judgement
 In the election of a sir so rare
 Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

[IACHIMO kneels.]

INNOGEN: All's well, sir. Take my power i' th' court for yours.

[INNOGEN offers IACHIMO her hand. IACHIMO rises.]

IACHIMO: My humble thanks.

[IACHIMO bows and kisses INNOGEN's hand. INNOGEN starts to exit.]

I had almost forgot
 T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord, myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

INNOGEN: Pray, what is't?

IACHIMO: Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
 The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the Emperor,
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
 To take them in protection?

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

IACHIMO: They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men. I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night.
 I must aboard tomorrow.

INNOGEN: O no, no.

IACHIMO: Yes I beseech, or I shall short my word
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia
 I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise
 To see your grace.

INNOGEN: I thank you for your pains;
 But not away tomorrow!

IACHIMO: O I must, madam.
 Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't tonight.
 I have outstood my time.

INNOGEN: Then I will write.
 Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
 And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[IACHIMO bows as INNOGEN exits. IACHIMO exits.]

Scene 6. *[Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]*

[Enter CORNELIUS, then enter the QUEEN. CORNELIUS kneels.]

QUEEN: Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS: Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam.

[CORNELIUS offers her a pillbottle and the QUEEN gestures for him to leave it.]

But I beseech your grace, without offence—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
 Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
 Which are the movers of a languishing death,
 But though slow, deadly?

QUEEN: I wonder, doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
 Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
 To make perfumes, distil, preserve—yea, so
 That our great King himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
 Unless thou think'st me devilish, is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgement in
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 Their several virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS: Your Highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
[Enter PISANIO, who kneels.]

QUEEN: Doctor, your service for this time is ended.
 Take your own way.

CORNELIUS: I humbly take my leave.
[CORNELIUS begins exiting.]

CORNELIUS: <i>(aside)</i> And you, despite command, shall do no harm.	QUEEN: Pisanio, how doth thy mistress? PISANIO: Weeps,
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[CORNELIUS exits.]

PISANIO: Madam, still.

QUEEN: Say'st thou?
 Dost thou think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son
 I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
 As great as is thy master—greater, for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is. To shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another,
 And every day that comes comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
 To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
 So much as but to prop him?

[PISANIO picks up the pillbottle.]

Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
 It is a thing I made which hath the King
 Five times redeemed from death. I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it.
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a change thou chancest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Fare thee well.
 Think on my words, Pisanio.

PISANIO: And shall do.
[PISANIO kneels as the QUEEN exits.]

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you.
[PISANIO pockets the pillbottle, rises and exits.]

Scene 7. *[Britain. Innogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace.]*

INNOGEN: Who's there? My woman Helen?
[HELEN enters.]

HELEN: Please you, madam.
[HELEN draws back a screen, revealing INNOGEN in bed under a white sheet, reading Ovid's Metamorphosis by candlelight. A large trunk sits in the corner. HELEN curtsies]

INNOGEN: What hour is it?

HELEN: Almost midnight, madam.

INNOGEN: I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak.
 Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[HELEN curtsies and exits.]

To your protection I commend me, gods.
 From fairies and the tempters of the night
 Guard me, beseech ye.

[INNOGEN kisses her bracelet, then sleeps on her back. IACHIMO rises from the trunk.]

IACHIMO: The crickets sing, and man's o'erlaboured sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened

The chastity he wounded.

[IACHIMO delicately pulls the sheet off INNOGEN: She lies there naked, fast asleep.]

Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss!

[IACHIMO softly kisses her.]

Rubies unparagoned,

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure-laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design—
To note the chamber. I will write all down.

[IACHIMO takes out a notebook and writes.]

Such and such pictures, there the window, such
The adornment of her bed, the arras, figures,
Why such and such; and the contents o' th' story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off;

[As IACHIMO removes her bracelet, INNOGEN stirs and rolls onto her side.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.

[IACHIMO pulls the sheet over INNOGEN and takes up the notebook again.]

To what end?

Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus. Here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear.
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[IACHIMO returns to the trunk.]

Scene 8. [*Britain. The antechamber to Innogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace.*]

[*Enter, at a remove, CLOTEN, the FIRST LORD, with a recorder, and the SECOND LORD as HELEN enters, apart, and draws the screen across the bedchamber again.*]

CLOTEN: If I could get this foolish Innogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

FIRST LORD: Day, my lord.

CLOTEN: Come on, tune. I am advised to give her music o' mornings, they say it will penetrate.

[*The FIRST LORD begins tuning his recorder.*]

If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too. If none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

[*The FIRST LORD begins to play with a flourish, then accompanies CLOTEN.*]

(*sings*) Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phoebus gins arise

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise,

Arise, arise!

[*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*]

SECOND LORD: Here comes the King.

CLOTEN: I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly. Get you gone.

[*The FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD bow and exit.*]

—Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious mother!

CYMBELINE: Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

CLOTEN: I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE: The exile of her minion is too new.

She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,

And then she's yours.

QUEEN: You are most bound to th' King,

Who lets go by no vantages that may

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself

To orderly solicits, and be friended

With aptness of the season. Make denials

Increase your services; so seem as if

You were inspired to do those duties which

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismissal tends,

And therein you are senseless.

CLOTEN: Senseless? Not so.

[*Enter the FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD, who bow.*]

FIRST LORD: So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE: A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[Exeunt CYMBELINE, the QUEEN, the FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD.]

CLOTEN: If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!

[CLOTEN knocks.]

I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance—oft it doth—yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief,
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[CLOTEN knocks. HELEN emerges from behind the screen.]

HELEN: Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN: A gentleman.

HELEN: No more?

CLOTEN: Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

HELEN: That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

CLOTEN: Your lady's person. Is she ready?

HELEN: Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN: There is gold for you.

[CLOTEN presses gold into HELEN's hand.]

Sell me your good report.

HELEN: How, my good name? Or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The Princess!

[INNOGEN emerges from behind the screen in a modest nightgown. HELEN curtsies and exits. HELEN becomes LUCIUS.]

CLOTEN: Good morrow fairest sister, your sweet hand.

[CLOTEN kisses INNOGEN's hand.]

INNOGEN: Good morrow, sir, you lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 And scarce can spare them.

CLOTEN: Still I swear I love you.

INNOGEN: If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.

CLOTEN: This is no answer.

INNOGEN: But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
 I would not speak. I pray you spare me. Faith,
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLOTEN: To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.
 I will not.

INNOGEN: Fools cure not mad folks.

CLOTEN: Do you call me fool?

INNOGEN: As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners
 By being so verbal; and learn now for all
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
 By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
 And am so near the lack of charity
 To accuse myself I hate you, which I had rather
 You felt than make't my boast.

CLOTEN: You sin against
 Obedience which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 One bred of alms and fostered with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' th' court, it is no contract, none;
 And though it be allowed in meaner parties—
 Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot,
 Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' th' crown, and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler—not so eminent!

INNOGEN: Profane fellow,
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, thou wert
 Too base to be his groom.

CLOTEN: The south-fog rot him!

INNOGEN: He never can meet more mischance than come

Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gathered honour,
 Which he to seek of me again perforce
 Behoves me keep at utterance.

LUCIUS: Let proof speak.

CYMBELINE: I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.

LUCIUS: Farewell, sir. Madam, joy befall your grace.

[LUCIUS bows to the KING and QUEEN in turn, then exits.]

QUEEN: He goes hence frowning, but it honours us
 That we have given him cause.

CYMBELINE: It fits us ripely
 Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
 The powers that he already hath in Gallia
 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
 His war for Britain.

QUEEN: 'Tis not sleepy business;
 But must be looked to speedily and strongly.

[CYMBELINE and the QUEEN exit.]

Scene 10. *[Rome. Philario's house.]*

*[The FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD draw the screen, revealing POSTHUMUS
 and PHILARIO at the table. The FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD exit.]*

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

PHILARIO: What means do you make to him?

[Enter IACHIMO.]

POSTHUMUS: Not any; but abide the change of time.	PHILARIO: Welcome, sir.
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POSTHUMUS: I hope the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO: Your lady's
 One of the fairest that I have looked upon.

POSTHUMUS: And therewithal the best.

IACHIMO: This letter is yours.

POSTHUMUS: The tenor good, I trust.

[POSTHUMUS steps aside to glance over the letter.]

IACHIMO: 'Tis very like.

PHILARIO: Was Caius Lucius in the Briton Court
 When you were there?

IACHIMO: He was expected then,
 But not approached.

POSTHUMUS: All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

IACHIMO: If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

POSTHUMUS: The stone's too hard to come by.

IACHIMO: Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy.

POSTHUMUS: Make not, sir,
 Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
 Must not continue friends.

IACHIMO: Good sir, we must,
 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther; but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 Of her or you, having proceeded but
 By both your wills.

POSTHUMUS: If you can make't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
 And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour gains or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
 To who shall find them.

IACHIMO: Sir, my circumstances
 Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
 I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
 You'll give me leave to spare when you shall find
 You need it not.

POSTHUMUS: Proceed.

IACHIMO: First, her bedchamber—
 Where I confess I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching—it was hanged
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for

IACHIMO: The press of boats or pride: a piece of work—	POSTHUMUS: This is true.
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POSTHUMUS: And this you might have heard of here, by me
 Or by some other.

IACHIMO: More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS: So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

IACHIMO: The chimney
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures

IACHIMO: So likely to report themselves. The cutter—	POSTHUMUS: This is a thing
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POSTHUMUS: Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO: The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

POSTHUMUS: This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO: Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see,
[IACHIMO gives POSTHUMUS one glimpse of the bracelet.]
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

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

IACHIMO: Sir, I thank her, that.
[IACHIMO takes out the bracelet again.]
She stripped it from her arm. I see her yet.
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

POSTHUMUS: May be she plucked it off
To send it me.

IACHIMO: She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS: O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too.
[POSTHUMUS gives IACHIMO his ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty, truth where semblance, love
Where there's another man.

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

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

IACHIMO: By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POSTHUMUS: Hark you, he swears, by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true, nay keep the ring, 'tis true. I'm sure
 She would not lose it. Her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable. They induced to steal it?
 And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed her.
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this: She hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.

[POSTHUMUS returns his ring to IACHIMO.]

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

PHILARIO: Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of.

POSTHUMUS: Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

IACHIMO: If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast—
 Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
 I kissed it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS: Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

IACHIMO: Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS: Spare your arithmetic, never count the turns.

Once, and a million!

IACHIMO: I'll be sworn.

POSTHUMUS: No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO: I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS: O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there and do't, i' th' court, before
 Her father. I'll do something.

[POSTHUMUS exits.]

PHILARIO: Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won.

[Exeunt PHILARIO and IACHIMO as POSTHUMUS reenters with two letters, followed by a MESSENGER, who bows. POSTHUMUS stares at the letters, then hands them to the MESSENGER, throws out some money and turns away. The MESSENGER bends down for the money, curtsies and withdraws to journey around the periphery of the theatre as POSTHUMUS speaks to the men in the audience.]

POSTHUMUS: Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers? We are all bastards,
 And that most venerable man which I
 Did call my father was I know not where
 When I was stamped. Some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
 The Dian of that time: So doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this. O vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained
 And prayed me oft forbearance, did it with
 A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
 Might well have warmed old Saturn, that I thought her
 As chaste as unsunned 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-acorned boar, a German one,
 Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he looked for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that earth can name, nay, that hell knows,
 Why hers, in part or all, but rather all—

[As POSTHUMUS continues speaking, PISANIO enters, far apart, in the path of the MESSENGER, who curtsies and hands him the letters. PISANIO thanks the MESSENGER, opens one and begins reading as the MESSENGER exits.]

For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice but of a minute old for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them, yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will.
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[POSTHUMUS exits.]

Scene 11. *[Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]*

[PISANIO comes forward, reading the letter.]

PISANIO: How? Of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
 O master, what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
 As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevailed
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
 She's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. O my master,
 Thy mind to her is now as low as were
 Thy fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
 Upon the love and truth and vows which I
 Have made to thy command? I her? [*PISANIO reads outloud.*] “The letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity.” O damned paper,
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 [*Enter INNOGEN.*]

Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

INNOGEN: How now, Pisanio!

PISANIO: Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

INNOGEN: 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 contained 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. Blest be
 You bees that make these locks of Cupid's tables!
 Good news, gods!

[*INNOGEN opens and read the letter.*]

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

O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st—
 O let me bate—but not like me—yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind—O not like me,
 For mine's beyond beyond; say, and speak thick—

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessèd Milford. But first then
 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 e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

PISANIO: One score 'twixt sun and sun.

INNOGEN: Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow. But this is fool'ry.
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me presently
 A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

PISANIO: Madam, you're best consider.

INNOGEN: 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.

[INNOGEN exits. PISANIO starts to follow, but hangs back, stops, and then returns to the trunk, pushed off to the side and forgotten. He opens it, takes out and sets up the sign for the INTERMISSION, then returns to it and takes out a rapier. He looks after where INNOGEN has exited, then sticks the rapier in his belt and exits after her.]

Scene 12. *[Wales. A mountainous country with a cave.]*

[Enter from the cave MORGANA, followed by POLYDORA and CADWALLA.]

MORGANA: A goodly day not to keep house with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, girls; this gate
 Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
 To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
 Are arched so high that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on without
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

POLYDORA: Hail, heaven!

CADWALLA: Hail, heaven!

MORGANA: Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.

[POLYDORA and CADWALLA start running out, but MORGANA stops them with his voice. As she listens, CADWALLA notices the INTERMISSION sign, picks it up, smells it, then hurls it offstage.]

Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of princesses and courts. 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-winged eagle. O this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

POLYDORA: Out of your proof you speak. We poor unfledged
Have never winged from view o' th' nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance.

CADWALLA: What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

MORGANA: How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' th' war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour. O this story
The world may read in me. My body's marked
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved 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. My fault being nothing
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans. So
 Followed my banishment, and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But up to th' mountains!
 This is not hunter's language.

[POLYDORA and CADWALLA start running out and MORGANA calls after them.]

She that strikes

The venison first shall be first lady o' th' feast,
 To her the other two shall minister.
 I'll meet you in the valleys.

[MORGANA laughs.]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

[MORGANA exits.]

Scene 13. *[Wales. The Country Near Milford Haven.]*

[Enter PISANIO and INNOGEN.]

INNOGEN: Thou told'st me when we came from horse the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so
 To see me first as I have now. Pisanio, man,
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?

[PISANIO gives her a letter.]

Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
 A look untender? If't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man. Thy tongue
 May take off some extremity which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

PISANIO: Please you, read.

INNOGEN (*reads*): "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises but from proof

as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven—she hath my letter for the purpose—where if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal. Do't. The letter

INNOGEN (*reads*):

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity."

PISANIO (*aside*):

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—What cheer, madam?

INNOGEN: 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?

INNOGEN: I false! Thy conscience witness. Iachimo,

PISANIO: Alas, good lady!

INNOGEN: Thou didst accuse him of incontinency.

Thou then looked'st like a villain; now methinks

Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,

And for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,

I must be ripped. Come, fellow, be thou honest,

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,

A little witness my obedience. Look,

[INNOGEN grabs PISANIO's sword and aims the point against her chest.]

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

The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem'st a coward.

PISANIO:

Hence, vile instrument,

Thou shalt not damn my hand!

[PISANIO tosses away the sword.]

INNOGEN:

Why, I must die,

And if I do not by thy hand thou art

No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine

That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.

[INNOGEN opens her dress to provide a target.]

Something's afore't. Soft, soft, we'll no defence,

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

[INNOGEN takes the letter from her bosom.]

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

All turned to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart.

[*INNOGEN tosses the letter aside, but PISANIO retrieves it.*]

PISANIO: Good madam, hear me.

INNOGEN: And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the King my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage but
 A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be panged by me. (*to PISANIO*) 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.

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

INNOGEN: Do't, and to bed then.

PISANIO: I'll wake mine eye-balls out first.

INNOGEN: Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence? This place,
 Mine action, and thine own? Our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? The perturbed court
 For my being absent, whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

PISANIO: But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have considered of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

INNOGEN: Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
 I've heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound.

PISANIO: I thought you would not back again.

INNOGEN: Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

PISANIO: It cannot be
 But that my master is abused. Some villain,
 Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
 This cursèd injury.

INNOGEN: Some Roman courtesan.

PISANIO: No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it, for 'tis commanded

- I should do so. You shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.
- INNOGEN: Why good fellow,
What shall I do the while, where bide, how live?
Or in my life what comfort when I am
Dead to my husband?
- PISANIO: If you'll back to th' court—
- INNOGEN
No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
- PISANIO: If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
- INNOGEN: Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it but not in 't,
In a great pool a swan's nest.
- PISANIO: I'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
Tomorrow: Now if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appear itself must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
- INNOGEN: O, for such means
I would adventure.
- PISANIO: Well, then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman: change
Command into obedience: fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel.
- INNOGEN: Nay, be brief.
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
- PISANIO: First make yourself but like one,
*[PISANIO begins stripping off his clothes, and giving them to INNOGEN; then turns his
back as INNOGEN changes into them.]*

And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service; doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad—
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning nor supplyment.

INNOGEN: Thou art all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. This attempt
 I am soldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage.

PISANIO: We must say farewell,
 Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 This little bottle I had from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious.

[Still with his back turned, PISANIO gives INNOGEN the pillbottle.]

 If you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper. May the gods
 Direct you to the best!

INNOGEN: Amen. I thank thee.
[PISANIO exits as INNOGEN continues changing into PISANIO's clothing.]

Scene 14. *[Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]*

QUEEN: Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seized her,
 Or winged with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
 To death or to dishonour, and my end
 Can make good use of either. She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

[Enter CLOTEN.]

How now, my son?

CLOTEN: Tis certain she is fled.
 Go in and cheer the King; he rages, none
 Dare come about him.

QUEEN: All the better then.
[Exit the QUEEN.]

CLOTEN: I love and hate her. For she's fair and royal,
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman—from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsell them all—I love her therefore; but
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment

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

[Enter PISANIO, who at the sight of CLOTEN hastens to kneel.]

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither.

[PISANIO hesitantly rises.]

Ah you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO: O good my lord!

CLOTEN: Where is thy lady?—or by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus,
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn?

PISANIO: Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

CLOTEN: Where is she, sir? Come nearer,
No further halting. Satisfy me home
What is become of her.

PISANIO: O my all-worthy lord—!

CLOTEN: All-worthy villain,

CLOTEN: Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word; no more of “worthy lord”.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PISANIO: Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

CLOTEN: Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO (*aside*): Or this or perish.

[PISANIO gives CLOTEN POSTHUMUS' false letter to IMOGEN.]

CLOTEN: It is Posthumus' hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry—that is, what villany so'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.

PISANIO: Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN: Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO: Sir, I will.

CLOTEN: Give me thy hand, here's my purse.

[CLOTEN gives PISANIO money.]

Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO: I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN: The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither. Let it be thy first service, go.

PISANIO: I shall, my lord.

[PISANIO bows and exits.]

CLOTEN: Meet thee at Milford Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. 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.

[Enter PISANIO, with the clothes of POSTHUMUS.]

Be those the garments?

PISANIO: Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN: How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

PISANIO: She can scarce be there yet.

CLOTEN: Bring this apparel to my chamber. That is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

[CLOTEN and PISANIO withdraw to the back of the theatre, where CLOTEN changes into POSTHUMUS' clothes.]

Scene 15. *[Wales. Before the cave of Morgana.]*

[Enter INNOGEN, in boy's clothes, ill from exhaustion.]

INNOGEN: I see a man's life is a tedious one.

I've tired myself, and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
 Thou wast within a ken. O Jove, I think
 Foundations fly the wretched—such I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
 Thou art one o' th' false ones. Now I think on thee
 My hunger's gone, but even before I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?
 Here is a path to't. 'Tis some savage hold.
 I were best not to 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
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens!

[As INNOGEN enters the cave, MORGANA, POLYDORA and CADWALLA enter from elsewhere.]

MORGANA: You, Polydora, have proved best hunter and
 Are first lady o' th' feast. Cadwalla and I
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.
 The sweat of industry would dry and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury. Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.

POLYDORA: I'm throughly weary.

CADWALLA: I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

POLYDORA: There is cold meat i' th' cave. We'll browse on that
 Whilst what we've killed be cooked.

MORGANA (*looking into the cave*) Stay, come not in.
 But that it eats our victuals I should think
 Here were a fairy.

POLYDORA: What's the matter there?

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

[Enter INNOGEN from the cave with a chicken leg.]

INNOGEN: Good ladies, harm me not:

Before I entered here I called, and thought
 To have begged or bought what I have took. Good truth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strewed i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat.

[INNOGEN gives POLYDORA money.]

I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal, and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

POLYDORA: Money, youth?
 CADWALLA: All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
 As 'tis no better reckoned but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.
 INNOGEN: I see you're angry.
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died had I not made it.
 MORGANA: Whither bound?
 INNOGEN: To Milford Haven.
 MORGANA: What's your name?
 INNOGEN: Fidele, madam. I've a kinsman who
 Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford,
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I'm fall'n in this offence.
 MORGANA: Prithee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encountered.
[MORGANA offers his hand to INNOGEN, who shakes it.]
 'Tis almost night. You shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Girls, bid him welcome.
 POLYDORA: Were you a woman, youth,
 And were I such a man, I should woo hard,
 Ay, bid for you as I'd buy.
 CADWALLA: I'll make't my comfort
 He is a man but love him as my brother.
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him
 After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome.
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
 INNOGEN: 'Mongst friends.
 MORGANA: Girls, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in.
 Discourse is heavy, fasting. When we have supped
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.
 POLYDORA: Pray, draw near.
[INNOGEN follows MORGANA, CADWALLA and POLYDORA into the cave.]

Scene 16. *[Wales. Near Morgana's cave.]*

[Enter CLOTEN in POSTHUMUS' clothes.]

CLOTEN: I am near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? The rather—saving reverence of the word—for '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 vainglory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber. I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his: no less young, more strong, not

beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[CLOTEN exits.]

Scene 17. *[Wales. Before Morgana's cave.]*

[Enter, from the cave, MORGANA, POLYDORA, CADWALLA, and INNOGEN, feverish and distracted.]

MORGANA: *(to INNOGEN)* You are not well. Remain here in the cave.

We'll come to you after hunting.

CADWALLA: *(to INNOGEN)* Brother, stay here.

POLYDORA: Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

INNOGEN: So sick I am not, yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton as

To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me,

Stick to your journal course; your being by me

Cannot amend me.

POLYDORA: I love thee: I have spoke it;

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my mother.

MORGANA: What, how, how?

CADWALLA: If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good sister's fault. I know not why

I love this youth, and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say

"My mother, not this youth."

MORGANA: Who this should be

Doth miracle itself, loved before me.

—'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

CADWALLA: Brother, farewell.

[CADWALLA leaves her canteen with INNOGEN.]

INNOGEN: I wish ye sport.

CADWALLA: You health.—So please you, mother.

[MORGANA leads POLYDORA and CADWALLA away.]

<p>INNOGEN (<i>aside</i>): These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard! Our courtiers say all's savage but at court; Experience, O thou disprov'st report!</p> <p>I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug. <i>[INNOGEN swallows one of the pills from the bottle.]</i></p>	<p>POLYDORA: I could not stir him. He said he was gentle but unfortunate, Dishonestly afflicted but yet honest.</p> <p>CADWALLA: Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter I might know more.</p> <p>MORGANA: To th' field, to th' field!</p>
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MORGANA: (*to INNOGEN*) We'll leave you for this time, go in and rest.

CADWALLA: We'll not be long away.

MORGANA: Pray, be not sick,
 For you must be our housewife.

INNOGEN: Well or ill,
 I am bound to you.

MORGANA: And shalt be ever.
[INNOGEN exits into the cave.]

It is great morning. Come away. Who's there?

[As CLOTEN enters, MORGANA, POLYDORA and CADWALLA hide.]

<p>CLOTEN: I cannot find those runagates. That villain Hath mocked me. I am faint.</p>	<p>MORGANA: "Those runagates"? Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis</p>
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MORGANA: Cloten, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet
 I know 'tis he. We're held as outlaws. Hence!

POLYDORA: He is but one. You and my sister search
 What companies are near. Pray you away,
 Let me alone with him.

[As MORGANA and CADWALLA exit, CLOTEN spies them.]

CLOTEN: Soft! What are you
 That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
 I've heard of such.

[POLYDORA comes forward.]
 What slave art thou?

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

CLOTEN: Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

POLYDORA: To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words I grant are bigger, for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
 Why I should yield to thee?

CLOTEN: Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

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

POLYDORA: I'm perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
 Son to the Queen, after his own report,
 Who called 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.

MORGANA: We are all undone.

POLYDORA: Why, worthy mother, 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?

MORGANA: 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 raved
 To bring him here alone. Although perhaps
 It may be heard at court that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head, the which he hearing—
 As it is like him—might break out, and swear
 He'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.

CADWALLA: Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
 My sister hath done well.

POLYDORA: With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock, and let it to the sea
 And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
 That's all I reckon.

[POLYDORA exits.]

MORGANA: I fear 'twill be revenged.
 We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I prithee to our rock.

[MORGANA and CADWALLA exit into the cave as POLYDORA enters.]

POLYDORA: I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage

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

CADWALLA (*to MORGANA*): If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll sing our song the whilst. Sister, begin.
[MORGANA goes over CLOTEN's corpse and tries and fails to lift him; then tries and fails to drag him; then, as POLYDORA and CADWALLA begin their song, gives up and listens.]

POLYDORA: Nay, sister, we must lay his head to th' east;
 My mother hath a reason for't.

CADWALLA: 'Tis true.

POLYDORA: Come on then, and remove him.

CADWALLA: So. Begin.

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

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

POLYDORA (*sings*): Fear no more the lightning flash,
 CADWALLA (*sings*): Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.
 POLYDORA (*sings*): Fear not slander, censure rash.
 CADWALLA (*sings*): Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 POLYDORA and CADWALLA (*sing*):
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee and come to dust.

POLYDORA (*sings*): No exorciser harm thee,
 CADWALLA (*sings*): Nor no witchcraft charm thee.
 POLYDORA (*sings*): Ghost unlaid forbear thee.
 CADWALLA (*sings*): Nothing ill come near thee.
 POLYDORA and CADWALLA (*sing*):
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renownèd be thy grave.

POLYDORA (*to MORGANA*): We've done our obsequies.

MORGANA: Come, lay him down.
[POLYDORA, CADWALLA and MORGANA carry INNOGEN's corpse to CLOTEN's corpse.]

Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves upon the earth's face.
 You were as flowers, now withered; even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
 Come on, away, apart upon our knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again.
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt MORGANA, POLYDORA, and CADWALLA into the cave. A long silence follows.]

INNOGEN: *(awakes)* Yes sir, to Milford Haven, which is the way?
 I thank you; by yon bush? Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pitikins, can it be six mile yet?
 I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

[INNOGEN sees CLOTEN's corpse.]

But soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream,
 For so I thought I was a cavekeeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so.
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble stiff with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
 A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?
 I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand,
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio
 Hath with his forgèd letters—damned Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus, alas,
 Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's that?
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart
 And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten. O
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us! O my lord, my lord!

*[INNOGEN embraces the corpse, smearing her face with blood as LUCIUS, a Roman
 CAPTAIN and two Roman SOLDIERS enter.]*

CAPTAIN (*to LUCIUS*): To them the legions garrisoned in Gailia
 After your will have crossed the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships.
 They are in readiness.

LUCIUS: But what from Rome?

CAPTAIN: The senate hath stirred up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, who come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

LUCIUS: When expect you them?

CAPTAIN: With the next benefit o' th' wind.

LUCIUS: This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair.

[LUCIUS sees CLOTEN's body.]

—Soft, ho, what trunk is here

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How, a page,
 Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

CAPTAIN: He's alive, my lord.

LUCIUS: He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this
 Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? How came't? Who is it?
 What art thou?

INNOGEN: I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,
 There is no more such masters. I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good; serve truly; never
 Find such another master.

LUCIUS: 'Lack, good youth,
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
 Thy master in bleeding. What's thy name?

INNOGEN: Fidele, sir.

LUCIUS: 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 mastered, but be sure,
 No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
 Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

INNOGEN: I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
 With wildwood leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his grave
 And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
 And leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

LUCIUS: Ay good youth,
 And rather father thee than master thee. 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 preferred
 By thee to us, and he shall be interred
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes.
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*[Exeunt LUCIUS, the CAPTAIN, and the SOLDIERS, bearing CLOTEN's body, along
 with INNOGEN.]*

Scene 18. *[Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]*

[Enter CYMBELINE, the SECOND LORD and PISANIO.]

CYMBELINE: 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! Innogen,
 The least part of th' three daughters given me,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present! It strikes me past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

PISANIO: Sir, my life is yours.
 I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return.

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

CYMBELINE: The time is troublesome.
[The FIRST LORD enters.]
(to PISANIO) We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

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

CYMBELINE: Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
[CORNELIUS enters and kneels confidentially beside CYMBELINE.]
There's business in your face.

CORNELIUS: My gracious sovereign,
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

CYMBELINE: Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By med'cine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. Be gone!
[CYMBELINE shoves CORNELIUS, who scrambles to his feet, bows and exits.]
CYMBELINE begins to weep.]
Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful.
I am amazed with matter.

SECOND LORD: Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready.
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

CYMBELINE: I thank you. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[Exeunt CYMBELINE, the FIRST LORD and the SECOND LORD.]

PISANIO: I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Innogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.

And for these doubts, by time let them be cleared:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

[PISANIO exits.]

Scene 19. *[Wales. Before Morgana's cave.]*

[Enter MORGANA, POLYDORA and CADWALLA from the cave.]

POLYDORA: The noise is round about us.

MORGANA: Let us from it.

CADWALLA: What pleasure should we find in life to lock it
From action and adventure?

POLYDORA: Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

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

POLYDORA: Why, this is a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

CADWALLA: It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

MORGANA: O I am known
Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

POLYDORA: Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, to the army.
I and my sister are not known; yourself

So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

CADWALLA: By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is't that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever looked on blood
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison,
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

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

CADWALLA: So say I, amen.

MORGANA: No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, girls!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, girls, an there I'll lie.
Lead, lead!

[Exeunt POLYDORA, CADWALLA and MORGANA.]

Scene 20. *[Britain. The Roman camp.]*

[Enter POSTHUMUS, dressed as a Roman, carrying a bloody handkerchief.]

POSTHUMUS: Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio,
Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Innogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread ill, to the doer's thrift.
But Innogen is your own. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.

[POSTHUMUS disrobes.]

So I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Innogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion: less without and more within.

[POSTHUMUS retreats behind the audience.]

Scene 21. *[Britain. The field of battle between the British and Roman camps.]*

[Screams of battle, the wild British cry drowned out by the Roman. Enter CYMBELINE, grievously wounded in the leg, retreating, defended only by PISANIO.]

MORGANA (*off*): Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground!

[Enter LUCIUS and Roman SOLDIERS pursuing CYMBELINE.]

MORGANA (<i>off</i>): The lane is guarded! Nothing routs us but The villainy of our fears!	LUCIUS: Yield, King, and great Augustus spares thy life!
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[PISANIO makes a show of defiance, but when the SOLDIERS charge, PISANIO breaks and exits running as POLYDORA and CADWALLA enter shouting.]

POLYDORA and CADWALLA: Stand, stand, and fight!

[POLYDORA and CADWALLA engage the Roman SOLDIERS, retreating as another SOLDIER replaces each one they slay. CYMBELINE limps to safety as MORGANA enters and battles LUCIUS.]

MORGANA (*while fighting*): Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men.

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown. Stand, stand! Stand, stand!

[POLYDORA, CADWALLA exit still fighting the Roman SOLDIER.S. CYMBELINE kneels to catch his breath as IACHIM Oenters from an unexpected place, behind CYMBELINE. MORGANA exits, beating back LUCIUS. POSTHUMUS charges and engages IACHIMO, CYMBELINE seizing the opportunity to exit. POSTHUMUS charges IACHIMO and fights wildly, with no thought of defense, IACHIMO's tricks pointless against a combatant with no thought for his own life. POSTHUMUS disarms IACHIMO, screams in crazed despair and exits.]

IACHIMO: The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I've belied a lady,
The Princess of this country, and the air on't

Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours borne
 As I wear mine are titles but of scorn.

[IACHIMO rises as LUCIUS and INNOGEN enter fleeing.]

LUCIUS: Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwinked.

IACHIMO: 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS: It is a day turned strangely. Or betimes
 Let's reinforce, or fly.

[INNOGEN, LUCIUS and IACHIMO exit fleeing as POSTHUMUS enters.]

POSTHUMUS: This was strange chance,
 A narrow lane, a woman and two girls;
 Nor found I Death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor felt him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words, or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' th' war. Well, I will find him;
[POSTHUMUS throws down his weapon.]

For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death.
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Innogen.

[POSTHUMUS pulls on his Roman clothes again and withdraws.]

Scene 22. *[Britain. Near Cymbeline's tent.]*

*[Enter CYMBELINE, his wounds being dressed by CORNELIUS, with MORGANA,
 POLYDORA and CADWALLA.]*

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

MORGANA: I never saw
 Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
 But beggary and poor looks.

[Enter PISANIO.]

CYMBELINE: No tidings of him?

PISANIO: He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE: To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
(to MORGANA, POLYDORA, and CADWALLA)

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. Come, bow your knees.
[MORGANA, POLYDORA and CADWALLA kneel. CYMBELINE knights them.]

Arise my knights o' th' battle. I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

[Enter a BRITISH CAPTAIN with LUCIUS, IACHIMO and INNOGEN
prisoners.]

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute. That
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.

LUCIUS: Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
Was yours by accident. Had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth
A Roman, with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,

[LUCIUS presents INNOGEN to CYMBELINE.]

LUCIUS: Let him be ransomed. Never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join With my request, which I'll make bold your highness Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm, Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir, And spare no blood beside.	MORGANA: Is not this boy revived from death? CADWALLA: One sand another Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad Who died, and was Fidele. What think you? POLYDORA: The same dead thing alive. MORGANA: Peace, peace, see further; he eyes us not, forbear. Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I'm sure He'd have spoke to us.
CYMBELINE: I've surely seen him; His favour is familiar to me. Boy,	POLYDORA: But we see him dead. MORGANA: Be silent; let's see further.

CYMBELINE: Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say "Live, boy"; ne'er thank thy master; live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it,
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner

The noblest ta'en.
 INNOGEN: I humbly thank your Highness.
 LUCIUS: I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.
 INNOGEN: No, no, alack,
 There's other work in hand. I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death. Your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.
 LUCIUS: The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplexed?
 CYMBELINE: What wouldst thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? Speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin, thy friend?
 INNOGEN: He is a Roman, no more kin to me
 Than I to your Highness, who, being born your vassal,
 Am something nearer.
 CYMBELINE: Wherefore ey'st him so?
 Come, stand thou by our side, make thy demand.
 INNOGEN: My boon is that this gentleman may render

INNOGEN: Of whom he had this ring.		
CYMBELINE: Sir, step you forth.	POSTHUMUS: (<i>aside</i>)	What's that to him?

CYMBELINE: Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
 Or by our greatness and the grace of it,
 Torture shall from your falsehood winnow truth.
 That diamond upon your finger, say,
 How came it yours?
 IACHIMO: Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which to be spoke would torture thee.
 CYMBELINE: How, me?
 IACHIMO: I'm glad to be constrained to utter that
 Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
 Whom thou didst banish; and which more may grieve thee,
 As it doth me, a nobler sir ne'er lived
 'Twixt sky and ground. That paragon thy daughter—
 CYMBELINE: My daughter? What of her?
 IACHIMO: 'Twas at a feast,
 In Rome, the good Posthumus, sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves, thus took the hint,
 And not dispraising whom we praised, began
 His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description

Proved us unspeaking sots.

CYMBELINE: Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

IACHIMO: Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams
 And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise; and waged with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honoured finger, to attain
 In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery. To Britain
 Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched
 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 prevailed,
 That I returned with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus and thus: averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet—
 O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
 Methinks I see him now—

POSTHUMUS (*coming forward*): Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend!

[*CYMBELINE, MORGAN and the BRITISH CAPTAIN all draw their weapons, as
 POLYDORA and CADWALLA restrain POSTHUMUS from attacking IACHIMO,
 whereupon POSTHUMUS turns his rage upon himself.*]

Ay me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, anything
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! O give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
 For torturers ingenious. It is I
 That all the abhorrèd things o' th' earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That killed thy daughter—villain-like, I lie,
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set

The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain
 Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less than 'twas! O Innogen!
[POSTHUMUS falls to the ground weeping.]
 My queen, my life, my wife, O Innogen,
 Innogen, Innogen!

INNOGEN (*running to embrace him*): Peace, my lord, hear, hear!
 POSTHUMUS: Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lies thy part!
[POSTHUMUS strikes her down with a backhanded slap.]

PISANIO: O gentlemen, help
 Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er killed Innogen till now. Help, help!
*[POLYDORA and CADWALLA wrestle POSTHUMUS to the ground. PISANIO kneels
 beside INNOGEN.]*

Mine honoured lady.

CYMBELINE: Does the world go round?
 POSTHUMUS: How comes these staggers on me?
 PISANIO: (*to INNOGEN*) Wake, my mistress!
[PISANIO removes INNOGEN's hat, loosing her hair.]
 How fares my mistress?

INNOGEN: O get thee from my sight!
[INNOGEN rises, imperious.]
 Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence.
 Breathe not where princes are.

CYMBELINE: The tune of Innogen.

PISANIO: Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me if
 That medicine I gave you was not thought
 A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

CYMBELINE: New matter still?

INNOGEN: It poisoned me.

CORNELIUS: O gods!
 The Queen, sir, very oft importuned me
 To temper poisons for her, still pretending
 The satisfaction of her knowledge only
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
 Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff which, being ta'en, would cease
 The present power of life, but in short time
 All offices of nature should again
 Do their due functions. (*to INNOGEN*) Have you ta'en of it?

INNOGEN: Most like I did, for I was dead. —Posthumus,
 Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
 Think that you are upon a rock, and now
 Throw me again.

[*INNOGEN embraces POSTHUMUS.*]

POSTHUMUS: Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

CYMBELINE: How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

[*INNOGEN kneels.*]

CYMBELINE: My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee!

[*CYMBELINE raises INNOGEN to her feet.*]

Innogen,

Thy mother's dead.

INNOGEN: I am sorry for't, my lord.

CYMBELINE: Her son is gone, we know not how nor where.

PISANIO: My lord, I'll speak. Upon my lady's missing,
Lord Cloten came to me, foamed at the mouth,
And swore if I discovered not which way
She'd gone it was my instant death. By chance,
I had a feignèd 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,
Away he posts; but what became of him
I further know not.

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

CYMBELINE: Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant girl,
Deny't again.

POLYDORA: I've spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE: He was a prince.

POLYDORA: A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYMBELINE: I'm sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

INNOGEN: That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE: Bind the offender,
And take her from our presence.

[*The British CAPTAIN steps forward to apprehend POLYDORA.*]

MORGANA: Stay, sir King.

This girl is better than the man she slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let her arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

CYMBELINE: Why, old woman,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

CADWALLA: In that she spake too far.

CYMBELINE: (*to MORGANA*) And thou shalt die for't.

MORGANA: We will die all three

But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My girls, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

CADWALLA: Your danger's ours.

POLYDORA: And our good hers.

MORGANA: Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
Was called Belaria.

CYMBELINE: What of her? She is

A banished traitor.

MORGANA: She it is that hath

Assumed this age: indeed, a banished woman,
I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE (*to the British CAPTAIN*): Take her hence,

The whole world shall not save her.

MORGANA: Not too hot.

First pay me for the nursing of thy daughters,
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I've received it.

CYMBELINE: Nursing of my daughters?

MORGANA: I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee.

[*MORGANA kneels.*]

Ere I arise, I will prefer my children,
Then spare not the old mother. Mighty sir,
These two young ladies, both which call me mother,
And think themselves my daughters, are not mine.
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE: How, my issue?

MORGANA: These princesses—for such and so they are—

These twenty years have I trained up. 'Twas I
Upon my banishment who stole these children,

And in the temple of great Jupiter,
Our peace we'll ratify, seal it with feasts.
Set on there. Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.