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Cymbeline Act 1

[00:00:54] You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
 [00:00:56] No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
 [00:00:58] Still seem as does the king's.
 [00:01:00] But what's the matter?
 [00:01:02] His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
 [00:01:04] whom he purposed to his wife's sole son--a widow
 [00:01:07] That late he married--hath referr'd herself
 [00:01:09] Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
 [00:01:12] Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd:
 [00:01:14] all Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
 [00:01:17] Be touch'd at very heart.
 [00:01:19] None but the king?
 [00:01:20] He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
 [00:01:23] That most desired the match; but not a courtier,
 [00:01:26] Although they wear their faces to the bent
 [00:01:27] Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not
 [00:01:29] Glad at the thing they scowl at.
 [00:01:31] And why so?
 [00:01:32] He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
 [00:01:35] Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her--
 [00:01:38] I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
 [00:01:40] And therefore banish'd--is a creature such
 [00:01:43] As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 [00:01:45] For one his like, there would be something failing
 [00:01:47] In him that should compare. I do not think
 [00:01:49] So fair an outward and such stuff within
 [00:01:52] Endows a man but he.
 [00:01:53] You speak him far.
 [00:01:55] I do extend him, sir, within himself,
 [00:01:57] Crush him together rather than unfold
 [00:01:59] His measure duly.
 [00:02:00] What's his name and birth?
 [00:02:02] I cannot delve him to the root: his father
 [00:02:05] Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
 [00:02:08] Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
 [00:02:10] But had his titles by Tenantius whom
 [00:02:12] He served with glory and admired success,
 [00:02:15] So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
 [00:02:18] And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 [00:02:20] Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 [00:02:23] Died with their swords in hand;
 [00:02:25] for which their father,
 [00:02:26] Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 [00:02:29] That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 [00:02:31] Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
 [00:02:34] As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 [00:02:37] To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 [00:02:41] Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 [00:02:44] Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 [00:02:46] Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 [00:02:49] As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
 [00:02:51] And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court--
 [00:02:54] Which rare it is to do--most praised, most loved,
 [00:02:59] A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
 [00:03:02] A glass that feated them, and to the graver
 [00:03:04] A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
 [00:03:09] For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 [00:03:13] Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;

[00:03:16] By her election may be truly read
 [00:03:18] What kind of man he is.
 [00:03:19] I honour him
 [00:03:20] Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 [00:03:24] Is she sole child to the king?
 [00:03:27] His only child.
 [00:03:30] He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,
 [00:03:34] Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,
 [00:03:38] I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
 [00:03:41] Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 [00:03:44] Which way they went.
 [00:03:46] How long is this ago?
 [00:03:48] Some twenty years.
 [00:03:50] That a king's children should be so convey'd,
 [00:03:53] So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
 [00:03:56] That could not trace them!
 [00:03:57] Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 [00:03:59] Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 [00:04:01] Yet is it true.
 [00:04:02] I do well believe you.
 [00:04:10] No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
 [00:04:16] After the slander of most stepmothers,
 [00:04:17] Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner,
 [00:04:21] but your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 [00:04:26] That lock up your restraint.
 [00:04:34] For you, Posthumus,
 [00:04:36] So soon as I can win the offended king,
 [00:04:38] I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 [00:04:41] The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
 [00:04:43] You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
 [00:04:46] Your wisdom may inform you.
 [00:04:48] Please your highness,
 [00:04:49] I will from hence to-day.
 [00:04:53] You know the peril.
 [00:04:58] I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 [00:05:00] The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
 [00:05:04] Hath charged you should not speak together.
 [00:05:08] Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 [00:05:12] Can tickle where she wounds!
 [00:05:16] My dearest husband,
 [00:05:21] I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing--
 [00:05:24] Always reserved my holy duty--what
 [00:05:26] His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
 [00:05:30] And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 [00:05:32] Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
 [00:05:37] But that there is this jewel in the world
 [00:05:40] That I may see again.
 [00:05:41] My queen! my mistress!
 [00:05:44] O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 [00:05:47] To be suspected of more tenderness
 [00:05:48] Than doth become a man. I will remain
 [00:05:52] The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
 [00:05:56] My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
 [00:05:59] Who to my father was a friend, to me
 [00:06:00] Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 [00:06:03] And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 [00:06:06] Though ink be made of gall.
 [00:06:08] Be brief, I pray you:
 [00:06:09] If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 [00:06:12] How much of his displeasure.

[00:06:17] Should we be taking leave
 [00:06:18] As long a term as yet we have to live,
 [00:06:20] The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
 [00:06:25] Nay, stay a little:
 [00:06:27] Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 [00:06:29] Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 [00:06:35] This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 [00:06:42] But keep it till you woo another wife,
 [00:06:45] When Imogen is dead.
 [00:06:47] How, how! another?
 [00:06:49] You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 [00:06:53] And sear up my embracements from a next
 [00:06:55] With bonds of death!
 [00:06:58] Remain, remain thou here
 [00:07:01] While sense can keep it on.
 [00:07:04] And, sweetest, fairest,
 [00:07:13] As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 [00:07:15] To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
 [00:07:18] I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
 [00:07:26] It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
 [00:07:30] Upon this fairest prisoner.
 [00:07:34] O the gods!
 [00:07:36] When shall we see again?
 [00:07:39] Alack, the king!
 [00:07:41] Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
 [00:07:47] If after this command thou fraught the court
 [00:07:50] With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
 [00:07:53] Thou'rt poison to my blood.
 [00:07:55] The gods protect you!
 [00:07:57] And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.
 [00:08:02] There cannot be a pinch in death
 [00:08:05] More sharp than this is.
 [00:08:07] O disloyal thing,
 [00:08:09] That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
 [00:08:12] A year's age on me.
 [00:08:14] I beseech you, sir,
 [00:08:15] Harm not yourself with your vexation
 [00:08:16] I am senseless of your wrath;
 [00:08:18] Past grace? obedience?
 [00:08:20] Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
 [00:08:22] That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
 [00:08:24] O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
 [00:08:27] And did avoid a puttock.
 [00:08:28] Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
 [00:08:32] A seat for baseness.
 [00:08:34] No; I rather added
 [00:08:35] A lustre to it.
 [00:08:36] O thou vile one!
 [00:08:37] Sir, It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
 [00:08:40] You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
 [00:08:43] A man worth any woman, overbuys me
 [00:08:46] Almost the sum he pays.
 [00:08:48] What, art thou mad?
 [00:08:49] Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
 [00:08:52] A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
 [00:08:56] Our neighbour shepherd's son!
 [00:08:58] Thou foolish thing!
 [00:09:00] They were again together: you have done
 [00:09:02] Not after our command. Away with her,
 [00:09:04] And pen her up.

[00:09:05] Beseech your patience. Peace,
 [00:09:07] Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
 [00:09:13] Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
 [00:09:16] Out of your best advice.
 [00:09:18] Nay, let her languish
 [00:09:20] A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
 [00:09:24] Die of this folly!
 [00:09:31] Fie! you must give way.
 [00:09:38] Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
 [00:09:40] My lord your son drew on my master.
 [00:09:41] Ha! No harm, I trust, is done?
 [00:09:43] There might have been,
 [00:09:44] But that my master rather play'd than fought
 [00:09:45] And had no help of anger: they were parted
 [00:09:47] By gentlemen at hand.
 [00:09:49] I am very glad on't.
 [00:09:52] Why came you from your master?
 [00:09:54] On his command: he would not suffer me
 [00:09:56] To bring him to the haven; left these notes
 [00:09:58] Of what commands I should be subject to,
 [00:10:00] When 't pleased you to employ me.
 [00:10:01] I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
 [00:10:04] Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.
 [00:10:08] If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
 [00:10:11] Have I hurt him?
 [00:10:12] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.
 [00:10:15] Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass,
 [00:10:17] if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel,
 [00:10:19] if it be not hurt.
 [00:10:20] The villain would not stand me.
 [00:10:21] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
 [00:10:24] Stand you! You have land enough of your own:
 [00:10:27] but he added to your having; gave you some ground.
 [00:10:29] I would they had not come between us.
 [00:10:32] And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!
 [00:10:35] Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain
 [00:10:38] go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen
 [00:10:42] small reflection of her wit.
 [00:10:43] She shines not upon fools,
 [00:10:44] lest the reflection should hurt her.
 [00:10:46] Come, I'll to my chamber.
 [00:10:50] Would there had been some hurt done!
 [00:10:53] I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
 [00:10:56] And question'dst every sail: if he should write
 [00:10:59] And not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
 [00:11:01] As offer'd mercy is.
 [00:11:05] What was the last That he spake to thee?
 [00:11:07] It was his queen, his queen!
 [00:11:12] Then waved his handkerchief?
 [00:11:13] And kiss'd it, madam.
 [00:11:14] Senseless Linen! happier therein than I!
 [00:11:20] And that was all?
 [00:11:21] No, madam; for so long
 [00:11:24] As he could make me with this eye or ear
 [00:11:26] Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 [00:11:27] The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 [00:11:32] Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
 [00:11:35] Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 [00:11:40] How swift his ship.
 [00:11:41] Thou shouldst have made him

[00:11:43] As little as a crow, or less, ere left to after-eye him.
 [00:11:45] Madam, so I did.
 [00:11:46] I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
 [00:11:48] but to look upon him, till the diminution
 [00:11:51] Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
 [00:11:54] Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 [00:11:56] The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
 [00:12:01] Have turn'd mine eye and wept.
 [00:12:08] But, good Pisanio, When shall we hear from him?
 [00:12:10] Be assured, madam,
 [00:12:11] With his next vantage.
 [00:12:14] I did not take my leave of him, but had
 [00:12:15] Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
 [00:12:19] How I would think on him at certain hours
 [00:12:24] Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
 [00:12:28] The shes of Italy should not betray
 [00:12:29] Mine interest and his honour,
 [00:12:32] or have charged him,
 [00:12:34] At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 [00:12:36] To encounter me with orisons, for then
 [00:12:38] I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 [00:12:44] Give him that parting kiss which I had set
 [00:12:47] Betwixt two charming words,
 [00:12:52] comes in my father
 [00:12:56] And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
 [00:13:00] Shakes all our buds from growing.
 [00:13:05] The queen, madam,
 [00:13:08] Desires your highness' company.
 [00:13:11] Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
 [00:13:14] I will attend the queen.
 [00:13:16] Madam, I shall.
 [00:13:24] Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:
 [00:13:28] he was then of a crescent note,
 [00:13:30] expected to prove so worthy
 [00:13:31] as since he hath been allowed the name of;
 [00:13:34] but I could then have looked on him without the help
 [00:13:36] of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments
 [00:13:39] had been tabled by his side
 [00:13:40] and I to peruse him by items.
 [00:13:42] You speak of him when he was less furnished than now
 [00:13:44] he is with that which makes him
 [00:13:46] both without and within.
 [00:13:47] I have seen him in France: we had very many there
 [00:13:51] could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.
 [00:13:54] This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein
 [00:13:58] he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,
 [00:14:01] words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.
 [00:14:04] And then his banishment.
 [00:14:05] Ay, and the approbation of those that weep
 [00:14:07] this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully
 [00:14:10] to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment,
 [00:14:14] which else an easy battery might lay flat,
 [00:14:16] for taking a beggar without less quality.
 [00:14:22] But how comes it he is to sojourn with you?
 [00:14:26] How creeps acquaintance?
 [00:14:27] His father and I were soldiers together;
 [00:14:30] to whom I have been often bound
 [00:14:31] for no less than my life.
 [00:14:33] Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained
 [00:14:35] amongst you as suits, with gentlemen

[00:14:36] of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.
 [00:14:39] I beseech you all, be better known
 [00:14:41] to this gentleman; whom I commend
 [00:14:43] to you as a noble friend of mine:
 [00:14:45] how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter,
 [00:14:48] rather than story him in his own hearing.
 [00:14:52] Sir, we have known together in Orleans.
 [00:14:55] Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies,
 [00:14:57] which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.
 [00:15:00] Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness:
 [00:15:06] I was glad I did atone my countryman and you;
 [00:15:10] it had been pity
 [00:15:11] you should have been put together
 [00:15:12] with so mortal a purpose as then each bore,
 [00:15:15] upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.
 [00:15:18] By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller;
 [00:15:22] rather shunned to go even with what I heard
 [00:15:24] than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:
 [00:15:29] but upon my mended judgment--
 [00:15:31] if I offend not to say it is mended--
 [00:15:33] my quarrel was not altogether slight.
 [00:15:35] Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?
 [00:15:39] Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public,
 [00:15:41] which may, without contradiction,
 [00:15:43] suffer the report.
 [00:15:44] It was much like an argument that fell out last night,
 [00:15:47] where each of us fell in praise
 [00:15:48] of our country mistresses;
 [00:15:50] this gentleman at that time vouching--
 [00:15:52] and upon warrant of bloody affirmation--
 [00:15:55] his to be more fair, virtuous, wise,
 [00:15:58] chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable
 [00:16:03] than any the rarest of our ladies in France.
 [00:16:06] That lady is not now living,
 [00:16:09] or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.
 [00:16:12] She holds her virtue still and I my mind.
 [00:16:17] You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.
 [00:16:21] Being so far provoked as I was in France,
 [00:16:22] I would abate her nothing,
 [00:16:25] though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.
 [00:16:30] As fair and as good--
 [00:16:36] a kind of hand-in-hand comparison--
 [00:16:39] had been something too fair and too good
 [00:16:41] for any lady in Britain. If she went before others
 [00:16:45] I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres
 [00:16:48] many I have beheld. I could not but believe
 [00:16:50] she excelled many: but I have not seen
 [00:16:52] the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.
 [00:16:57] I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.
 [00:17:00] What do you esteem it at?
 [00:17:01] More than the world enjoys.
 [00:17:03] Either your unparagoned mistress is dead,
 [00:17:05] or she's outprized by a trifle.
 [00:17:07] You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given,
 [00:17:10] if there were wealth enough for the purchase,
 [00:17:12] or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale,
 [00:17:16] and only the gift of the gods.
 [00:17:20] Which the gods have given you?
 [00:17:22] Which, by their graces, I will keep.
 [00:17:24] You may wear her in title yours: but, you know,

[00:17:28] strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.
 [00:17:33] Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace
 [00:17:36] of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail
 [00:17:38] and the other casual; a cunning thief,
 [00:17:41] or a that way accomplished courtier,
 [00:17:43] would hazard the winning both of first and last.
 [00:17:45] Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier
 [00:17:47] to convince the honour of my mistress,
 [00:17:50] if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail.
 [00:17:54] I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves;
 [00:17:57] notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.
 [00:17:59] Let us leave here, gentlemen.
 [00:18:00] Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior,
 [00:18:04] I thank him, makes no stranger of me;
 [00:18:06] we are familiar at first.
 [00:18:07] With five times so much conversation, I should get
 [00:18:10] ground of your fair mistress,
 [00:18:12] make her go back, even to the yielding,
 [00:18:14] had I admittance and opportunity to friend.
 [00:18:16] No, no.
 [00:18:17] I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate
 [00:18:19] to your ring; which, in my opinion,
 [00:18:21] o'ervalues it something:
 [00:18:23] but I make my wager rather against your confidence
 [00:18:25] than her reputation:
 [00:18:27] and to bar your offence herein too,
 [00:18:29] I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.
 [00:18:32] You are a great deal abused
 [00:18:34] in too bold a persuasion;
 [00:18:35] Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly;
 [00:18:38] let it die as it was born,
 [00:18:39] and, I pray you, be better acquainted.
 [00:18:42] Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's
 [00:18:44] on the approbation of what I have spoke!
 [00:18:46] What lady would you choose to assail?
 [00:18:48] Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.
 [00:18:56] I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring,
 [00:19:00] commend me to the court where your lady is,
 [00:19:02] with no more advantage than the opportunity
 [00:19:04] of a second conference,
 [00:19:06] and I will bring from thence
 [00:19:07] that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.
 [00:19:10] I will wage against your gold, gold to it:
 [00:19:14] my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.
 [00:19:17] You are afraid,
 [00:19:21] and therein the wiser.
 [00:19:24] If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram,
 [00:19:28] you cannot preserve it from tainting:
 [00:19:32] but I see you have some religion in you,
 [00:19:33] that you fear.
 [00:19:37] This is but a custom in your tongue;
 [00:19:39] you bear a graver purpose, I hope.
 [00:19:41] I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo
 [00:19:43] what's spoken, I swear.
 [00:19:44] Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return:
 [00:19:50] let there be covenants drawn between's:
 [00:19:52] my mistress exceeds in goodness
 [00:19:53] the hugeness of your unworthy thinking:
 [00:19:56] I dare you to this match: here's my ring.
 [00:19:58] I will have it no lay.

[00:19:59] By the gods, it is one. If I bring you
 [00:20:03] no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest
 [00:20:07] bodily part of your mistress,
 [00:20:10] my ten thousand ducats
 [00:20:11] are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off,
 [00:20:15] and leave her in such honour as you have trust in,
 [00:20:17] she your jewel, this your jewel,
 [00:20:20] and my gold are yours:
 [00:20:21] provided I have your commendation
 [00:20:22] for my more free entertainment.
 [00:20:23] I embrace these conditions;
 [00:20:25] let us have articles betwixt us.
 [00:20:27] Only, thus far you shall answer:
 [00:20:30] if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly
 [00:20:35] to understand you have prevailed,
 [00:20:37] I am no further your enemy;
 [00:20:39] she is not worth our debate:
 [00:20:40] if she remain unsexed,
 [00:20:42] you not making it appear otherwise,
 [00:20:43] for your ill opinion and the assault you have made
 [00:20:45] to her chastity you shall answer me
 [00:20:46] with your sword.
 [00:20:47] Your hand; a covenant:
 [00:20:56] we will have these things
 [00:20:57] set down by lawful counsel, and straight away
 [00:20:59] for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold
 [00:21:01] and starve.
 [00:21:03] Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
 [00:21:06] Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:
 [00:21:11] But I beseech your grace, without offence,--
 [00:21:12] My conscience bids me ask--wherefore you have
 [00:21:14] Comanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
 [00:21:17] Which are the movers of a languishing death;
 [00:21:19] But though slow, deadly?
 [00:21:22] Thou ask'st me such a question.
 [00:21:27] Have I not been Thy pupil long?
 [00:21:30] Hast thou not learn'd me how to make perfumes?
 [00:21:33] distil? preserve? yea, so
 [00:21:36] That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 [00:21:38] For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,--
 [00:21:45] Unless thou think'st me devilish--
 [00:21:50] is't not meet that I did amplify my judgment
 [00:21:51] in other conclusions?
 [00:21:53] I will try the forces
 [00:21:54] Of these thy compounds on such creatures
 [00:21:57] as we count not worth the hanging, but none human,
 [00:21:59] To try the vigour of them and apply
 [00:22:02] Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 [00:22:04] Their several virtues and effects.
 [00:22:07] Your highness
 [00:22:08] Shall from this practise but make hard your heart:
 [00:22:11] Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 [00:22:13] Both noisome and infectious.
 [00:22:15] O, content thee.
 [00:22:20] Here comes a flattering rascal;
 [00:22:23] upon him will I first work:
 [00:22:27] I do not like her. She doth think she has
 [00:22:29] Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
 [00:22:33] And will not trust one of her malice
 [00:22:35] with a drug of such damn'd nature.

[00:22:37] Those she has will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
 [00:22:41] Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
 [00:22:43] Then afterward up higher: but there is no danger
 [00:22:47] in what show of death it makes,
 [00:22:48] More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
 [00:22:50] To be more fresh, reviving.
 [00:22:52] Weeps she still, say'st thou?
 [00:22:56] Dost thou think in time
 [00:22:57] She will not quench and let instructions enter
 [00:23:00] Where folly now possesses?
 [00:23:06] Do thou work:
 [00:23:09] When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 [00:23:12] I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
 [00:23:14] As great as is thy master,
 [00:23:17] greater,
 [00:23:19] for his fortunes all lie speechless and his name
 [00:23:21] Is at last gasp: return he cannot,
 [00:23:25] nor continue where he is: to shift his being
 [00:23:28] Is to exchange one misery with another,
 [00:23:31] And every day that comes comes to decay
 [00:23:33] A day's work in him.
 [00:23:37] What shalt thou expect,
 [00:23:40] To be depender on a thing that leans,
 [00:23:43] Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
 [00:23:46] So much as but to prop him?
 [00:23:53] Thou takest up
 [00:23:55] Thou know'st not what;
 [00:23:59] but take it for thy labour:
 [00:24:03] It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 [00:24:07] Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
 [00:24:11] What is more cordial.
 [00:24:16] Nay, I prethee, take it;
 [00:24:19] It is an earnest of a further good
 [00:24:21] That I mean to thee.
 [00:24:25] Tell thy mistress how
 [00:24:26] The case stands with her;
 [00:24:28] do't as from thyself.
 [00:24:32] Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
 [00:24:34] Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 [00:24:38] Who shall take notice of thee:
 [00:24:42] I'll move the king
 [00:24:43] To any shape of thy preferment such
 [00:24:44] As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 [00:24:49] That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 [00:24:52] To load thy merit richly.
 [00:25:01] Call my women:
 [00:25:07] Think on my words.
 [00:25:14] A sly and constant knave,
 [00:25:20] Not to be shaked; the agent for his master
 [00:25:25] And the remembrancer of her to hold
 [00:25:28] The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
 [00:25:34] Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 [00:25:38] Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
 [00:25:45] Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
 [00:25:48] To taste of too.
 [00:26:12] A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 [00:26:17] A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 [00:26:19] That hath her husband banish'd;--O, that husband!
 [00:26:25] My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 [00:26:31] Vexations of it!

[00:26:35] Had I been thief-stol'n,
 [00:26:37] As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 [00:26:41] Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
 [00:26:44] How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 [00:26:48] Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!
 [00:26:54] Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 [00:26:56] Comes from my lord with letters.
 [00:27:02] Change you, madam?
 [00:27:05] The worthy Leonatus is in safety
 [00:27:07] And greets your highness dearly.
 [00:27:09] Thanks, good sir:
 [00:27:10] You're kindly welcome.
 [00:27:16] He is one of the noblest note,
 [00:27:17] to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.
 [00:27:20] Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust--
 [00:27:23] LEONATUS.'
 [00:27:26] So far I read aloud:
 [00:27:27] But even the very middle of my heart
 [00:27:28] Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
 [00:27:33] You are as welcome, worthy sir,
 [00:27:34] as I Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 [00:27:36] In all that I can do.
 [00:27:37] Thanks, fairest lady.
 [00:27:41] What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
 [00:27:46] To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 [00:27:48] Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 [00:27:50] The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
 [00:27:52] Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
 [00:27:56] Partition make with spectacles so precious
 [00:27:58] 'Twixt fair and foul?
 [00:27:59] What makes your admiration?
 [00:28:01] It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
 [00:28:03] 'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
 [00:28:04] and contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,
 [00:28:08] For idiots in this case of favour would
 [00:28:10] Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
 [00:28:13] Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
 [00:28:16] Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 [00:28:18] Not so allured to feed.
 [00:28:19] What is the matter, trow?
 [00:28:20] The cloyed will,
 [00:28:23] That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
 [00:28:26] Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
 [00:28:28] Longs after for the garbage.
 [00:28:30] Thus raps you? Are you well?
 [00:28:36] Thanks, madam; well.
 [00:28:40] Beseech you, sir, desire
 [00:28:42] My man's abode where I did leave him:
 [00:28:43] he Is strange and peevish.
 [00:28:45] I was going, sir,
 [00:28:47] To give him welcome.
 [00:28:56] Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
 [00:28:58] Well, madam.
 [00:29:03] Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
 [00:29:08] Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
 [00:29:12] So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
 [00:29:16] The Briton reveller.
 [00:29:17] When he was here,
 [00:29:18] He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
 [00:29:21] Not knowing why.

[00:29:22] I never saw him sad.
 [00:29:26] There is a Frenchman his companion, one
 [00:29:30] An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
 [00:29:32] A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
 [00:29:37] The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton--
 [00:29:41] Your lord, I mean--laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,
 [00:29:45] Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
 [00:29:48] By history, report, or his own proof,
 [00:29:50] What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 [00:29:54] But must be, will his free hours languish
 [00:29:57] for assured bondage?
 [00:29:58] Will my lord say so?
 [00:29:59] Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
 [00:30:03] It is a recreation to be by and hear him
 [00:30:05] mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
 [00:30:08] Some men are much to blame.
 [00:30:09] Not he, I hope.
 [00:30:10] Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
 [00:30:17] Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
 [00:30:23] In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
 [00:30:31] Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 [00:30:34] To pity too.
 [00:30:35] Two creatures heartily.
 [00:30:39] Am I one, sir?
 [00:30:40] You look on me:
 [00:30:42] what wreck discern you in me
 [00:30:44] Deserves your pity?
 [00:30:47] Lamentable! What,
 [00:30:51] To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
 [00:30:53] I' the dungeon by a snuff?
 [00:30:55] I pray you, sir,
 [00:30:56] Deliver with more openness your answers
 [00:30:57] To my demands. Why do you pity me?
 [00:31:00] That others do--
 [00:31:03] I was about to say--enjoy your--
 [00:31:07] But It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 [00:31:10] Not mine to speak on 't.
 [00:31:11] You do seem to know
 [00:31:12] Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,--
 [00:31:17] Since doubling things go ill often hurts more
 [00:31:19] Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 [00:31:22] Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 [00:31:24] The remedy then born--discover to me
 [00:31:26] What both you spur and stop.
 [00:31:31] Had I this cheek
 [00:31:32] To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 [00:31:38] Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 [00:31:40] To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 [00:31:42] Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 [00:31:45] Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
 [00:31:49] Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 [00:31:52] That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
 [00:31:56] Made hard with hourly falsehood--falsehood, as
 [00:31:59] With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
 [00:32:02] Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 [00:32:04] That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
 [00:32:07] That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 [00:32:09] Encounter such revolt.
 [00:32:10] My lord, I fear,
 [00:32:11] Has forgot Britain.

[00:32:13] And himself. Not I,
 [00:32:16] Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 [00:32:18] The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 [00:32:24] That from pay mutest conscience to my tongue
 [00:32:25] Charms this report out.
 [00:32:27] Let me hear no more.
 [00:32:28] O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
 [00:32:30] With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 [00:32:32] So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 [00:32:33] Would make the great'st king double,--to be partner'd
 [00:32:37] With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
 [00:32:39] Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
 [00:32:42] That play with all infirmities for gold
 [00:32:43] Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
 [00:32:46] As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
 [00:32:52] Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 [00:32:54] Recoil from your great stock.
 [00:32:57] Revenged!
 [00:32:58] How should I be revenged? If this be true,--
 [00:33:04] As I have such a heart that both mine ears
 [00:33:06] Must not in haste abuse--if it be true,
 [00:33:08] How should I be revenged?
 [00:33:09] Should he make me
 [00:33:10] Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 [00:33:15] Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 [00:33:17] In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 [00:33:28] I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 [00:33:32] More noble than that runagate to your bed,
 [00:33:38] And will continue fast to your affection,
 [00:33:41] Still close as sure.
 [00:33:45] What, ho, Pisanio!
 [00:33:46] Let me my service tender on your lips.
 [00:33:51] Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
 [00:33:58] So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
 [00:34:03] Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 [00:34:06] For such an end thou seek'st,--as base as strange.
 [00:34:13] Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 [00:34:15] From thy report as thou from honour, and
 [00:34:18] Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
 [00:34:20] both thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
 [00:34:27] The king my father shall be made acquainted
 [00:34:29] Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 [00:34:32] A saucy stranger in his court to mart
 [00:34:34] As in a Romish stew and to expound
 [00:34:38] His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
 [00:34:39] He little cares for and a daughter who
 [00:34:41] He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!
 [00:34:44] O happy Leonatus! I may say
 [00:34:47] The credit that thy lady hath of thee
 [00:34:49] Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 [00:34:51] Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
 [00:34:56] A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
 [00:34:58] Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 [00:35:02] For the most worthiest fit!
 [00:35:08] Give me your pardon.
 [00:35:12] I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 [00:35:14] Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 [00:35:20] That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
 [00:35:23] The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
 [00:35:26] That he enchants societies into him;

[00:35:30] Half all men's hearts are his.
[00:35:32] You make amends.
[00:35:33] He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
[00:35:36] He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
[00:35:38] More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
[00:35:42] Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
[00:35:43] To try your taking a false report; which hath
[00:35:45] Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
[00:35:48] In the election of a sir so rare,
[00:35:52] Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
[00:36:00] Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
[00:36:03] Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
[00:36:11] All's well, sir:
[00:36:15] take my power i' the court for yours.
[00:36:17] My humble thanks.
[00:36:29] I had almost forgot
[00:36:31] To entreat your grace but in a small request,
[00:36:33] And yet of moment to, for it concerns
[00:36:35] Your lord; myself and other noble friends,
[00:36:36] Are partners in the business.
[00:36:37] Pray, what is't?
[00:36:43] Some dozen Romans of us and your lord--
[00:36:45] The best feather of our wing--have mingled sums
[00:36:48] To buy a present for the emperor
[00:36:49] Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
[00:36:51] In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
[00:36:55] Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
[00:36:57] And I am something curious, being strange,
[00:36:58] To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
[00:37:02] To take them in protection?
[00:37:03] Willingly;
[00:37:04] And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
[00:37:07] My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
[00:37:10] In my bedchamber.
[00:37:12] They are in a trunk,
[00:37:13] Attended by my men: I will make bold
[00:37:15] To send them to you, only for this night;
[00:37:17] I must aboard to-morrow.
[00:37:18] O, no, no.
[00:37:19] Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
[00:37:20] By lengthening my return. From Gallia
[00:37:24] I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
[00:37:26] To see your grace.
[00:37:28] I thank you for your pains:

Cymbeline Act 2

[00:37:36] pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am;
 [00:37:41] they dare not fight with me, because of the queen
 [00:37:43] my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful
 [00:37:46] of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock
 [00:37:49] that nobody can match.
 [00:37:50] Sayest thou?
 [00:37:51] It is not fit your lordship should undertake
 [00:37:53] every companion that you give offence to.
 [00:37:56] No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
 [00:37:58] offence to my inferiors.
 [00:38:00] Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.
 [00:38:02] Why, so I say.
 [00:38:03] Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?
 [00:38:06] A stranger, and I not know on't!
 [00:38:07] There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought,
 [00:38:10] one of Leonatus' friends.
 [00:38:12] Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another,
 [00:38:17] whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?
 [00:38:21] One of your lordship's pages.
 [00:38:23] Is it fit I went to look upon him?
 [00:38:27] is there no derogation in't?
 [00:38:29] You cannot derogate, my lord.
 [00:38:31] Not easily, I think.
 [00:38:34] Come, I'll go see this Italian: Come, go.
 [00:38:39] I'll attend your lordship.
 [00:38:44] That such a crafty devil as is his mother
 [00:38:47] Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
 [00:38:51] Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 [00:38:54] Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
 [00:38:56] And leave eighteen.
 [00:39:00] Who's there? my woman Helen?
 [00:39:04] Please you, madam
 [00:39:07] What hour is it?
 [00:39:08] Almost midnight, madam.
 [00:39:12] I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
 [00:39:19] Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
 [00:39:30] Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 [00:39:38] And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 [00:39:41] I prithee, call me.
 [00:39:46] Sleep hath seized me wholly
 [00:39:54] To your protection I commend me, gods.
 [00:40:02] From fairies and the tempters of the night
 [00:40:04] Guard me, beseech ye.
 [00:40:33] The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 [00:40:38] Repairs itself by rest.
 [00:40:50] Our Tarquin thus
 [00:40:51] Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 [00:40:55] The chastity he wounded.
 [00:41:01] Cytherea,
 [00:41:04] How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
 [00:41:12] And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 [00:41:26] But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
 [00:41:38] How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
 [00:41:45] Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 [00:41:50] Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 [00:41:54] To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 [00:41:57] Under these windows, white and azure laced
 [00:42:00] With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,

[00:42:11] To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 [00:42:23] Such and such pictures; there the window;
 [00:42:28] such the adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
 [00:42:36] Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
 [00:42:44] Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 [00:42:49] Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 [00:42:51] Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 [00:43:08] O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 [00:43:16] And be her sense but as a monument,
 [00:43:18] Thus in a chapel lying!
 [00:43:30] Come off, come off:
 [00:43:36] As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 [00:43:39] 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 [00:43:45] As strongly as the conscience does within,
 [00:43:47] To the madding of her lord.
 [00:43:58] On her left breast
 [00:44:01] A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 [00:44:05] I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
 [00:44:11] Stronger than ever law could make:
 [00:44:14] this secret will force him think
 [00:44:16] I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
 [00:44:18] The treasure of her honour.
 [00:44:25] No more. To what end?
 [00:44:29] Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 [00:44:31] Screw'd to my memory?
 [00:44:43] She hath been reading late
 [00:44:48] The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
 [00:44:55] Where Philomel gave up.
 [00:45:04] I have enough:
 [00:45:06] To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 [00:45:09] Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 [00:45:14] May bare the raven's eye!
 [00:45:19] I lodge in fear;
 [00:45:22] Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
 [00:45:31] One, two, three: time, time!
 [00:45:55] It's almost morning, is't not?
 [00:45:57] Day, my lord.
 [00:45:58] I am advised to give this foolish Imogen
 [00:46:00] music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.
 [00:46:04] Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her
 [00:46:07] with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too:
 [00:46:45] And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 [00:46:55] And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 [00:47:17] And winking Mary-buds begin
 [00:47:20] To ope their golden eyes:
 [00:47:28] With every thing that pretty is,
 [00:47:32] My lady sweet, arise:
 [00:48:18] Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
 [00:48:21] Will she not forth?
 [00:48:22] I have assailed her with music,
 [00:48:23] but she vouchsafes no notice.
 [00:48:26] The exile of her minion is too new;
 [00:48:28] She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
 [00:48:30] Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 [00:48:35] And then she's yours.
 [00:48:42] You are most bound to the king,
 [00:48:44] Who lets go by no vantages that may
 [00:48:46] Prefer you to his daughter.
 [00:48:51] So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 [00:48:54] The one is Caius Lucius.

[00:48:56] A worthy fellow,
 [00:48:58] Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 [00:49:01] But that's no fault of his:
 [00:49:03] Our dear son,
 [00:49:05] When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 [00:49:08] Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
 [00:49:11] To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.
 [00:49:17] If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 [00:49:20] Let her lie still and dream.
 [00:49:27] By your leave, ho!
 [00:49:30] Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
 [00:49:33] Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
 [00:49:36] For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
 [00:49:38] Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
 [00:49:40] And scarce can spare them.
 [00:49:42] Still, I swear I love you.
 [00:49:44] If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
 [00:49:45] If you swear still, your recompense is still
 [00:49:47] That I regard it not.
 [00:49:49] This is no answer.
 [00:49:52] But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
 [00:49:54] I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
 [00:49:59] I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 [00:50:00] To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
 [00:50:04] Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
 [00:50:06] To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
 [00:50:08] I will not.
 [00:50:10] Fools are not mad folks.
 [00:50:12] Do you call me fool?
 [00:50:13] As I am mad, I do:
 [00:50:14] If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
 [00:50:15] That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 [00:50:20] You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 [00:50:22] By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
 [00:50:29] That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
 [00:50:31] By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
 [00:50:39] And am so near the lack of charity--
 [00:50:41] To accuse myself--I hate you; which I had rather
 [00:50:44] You felt than make't my boast.
 [00:50:47] You sin against obedience,
 [00:50:48] which you owe your father.
 [00:50:50] For the contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 [00:50:53] One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
 [00:50:55] With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
 [00:50:59] And though it be allow'd in meaner parties--
 [00:51:01] Yet who than he more mean?--to knit their souls,
 [00:51:03] On whom there is no more dependency
 [00:51:05] But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
 [00:51:07] Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement
 [00:51:09] by the consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
 [00:51:12] The precious note of it with a base slave.
 [00:51:14] A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 [00:51:16] A pantler, not so eminent.
 [00:51:20] Profane fellow
 [00:51:24] Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
 [00:51:27] But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 [00:51:30] To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 [00:51:36] Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 [00:51:38] Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 [00:51:40] The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated

[00:51:43] For being preferred so well.
 [00:51:45] The south-fog rot him!
 [00:51:46] He never can meet more mischance than come
 [00:51:47] To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 [00:51:53] That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 [00:51:57] In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 [00:52:01] Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!
 [00:52:05] 'His garment!' Now the devil--
 [00:52:07] To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently--
 [00:52:08] 'His garment!'
 [00:52:09] I am sprited with a fool.
 [00:52:12] Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
 [00:52:16] Search for a jewel that too casually
 [00:52:17] Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
 [00:52:21] If I would lose it for a revenue
 [00:52:22] Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 [00:52:24] I saw't this morning:
 [00:52:28] confident I am Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
 [00:52:33] I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 [00:52:35] That I kiss aught but he.
 [00:52:36] 'Twill not be lost.
 [00:52:37] I hope so: go and search.
 [00:52:41] You have abused me:
 [00:52:43] 'His meanest garment!'
 [00:52:45] Ay, I said so, sir:
 [00:52:46] If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
 [00:52:49] I will inform your father.
 [00:52:51] Your mother too:
 [00:52:53] She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
 [00:52:55] But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
 [00:52:59] To the worst of discontent.
 [00:53:03] I'll be revenged:
 [00:53:06] 'His meanest garment!' Well.
 [00:53:10] Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
 [00:53:13] To win the king as I am bold her honour
 [00:53:15] Will remain hers.
 [00:53:17] What means do you make to him?
 [00:53:19] Not any, but abide the change of time,
 [00:53:22] Quake in the present winter's state and wish
 [00:53:25] That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,
 [00:53:30] I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 [00:53:32] I must die much your debtor.
 [00:53:34] Your very goodness and your company
 [00:53:36] O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 [00:53:41] Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
 [00:53:45] Will do's commission throughly: and I think
 [00:53:47] He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 [00:53:50] Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 [00:53:53] Is yet fresh in their grief.
 [00:53:54] I do believe,
 [00:53:55] Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 [00:53:58] That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 [00:54:00] The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 [00:54:02] In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 [00:54:04] Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 [00:54:07] Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
 [00:54:09] Smiled at their lack of skill, but found
 [00:54:11] their courage
 [00:54:13] Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
 [00:54:15] Now mingled with their courages, will make known

[00:54:17] To their approvers they are people such
 [00:54:19] That mend upon the world.
 [00:54:20] See! Iachimo!
 [00:54:23] The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
 [00:54:26] And winds of all the comers kiss'd your sails,
 [00:54:28] To make your vessel nimble.
 [00:54:30] Welcome, sir.
 [00:54:31] I hope the briefness of your answer made
 [00:54:32] The speediness of your return.
 [00:54:34] Your lady
 [00:54:36] Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
 [00:54:38] And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
 [00:54:40] Look through a casement to allure false hearts
 [00:54:42] And be false with them.
 [00:54:43] Here are letters for you.
 [00:54:44] Their tenor good, I trust.
 [00:54:45] 'Tis very like.
 [00:54:46] Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
 [00:54:49] When you were there?
 [00:54:50] He was expected then,
 [00:54:51] But not approach'd.
 [00:54:53] All is well yet.
 [00:55:04] Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 [00:55:09] Too dull for your good wearing?
 [00:55:11] If I had lost it,
 [00:55:12] I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 [00:55:17] I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 [00:55:19] A second night of such sweet shortness which
 [00:55:21] Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
 [00:55:25] The stone's too hard to come by.
 [00:55:27] Your lady being so easy.
 [00:55:28] Make not, sir,
 [00:55:29] Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
 [00:55:31] Must not continue friends.
 [00:55:32] Good sir, we must,
 [00:55:33] If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
 [00:55:37] The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 [00:55:39] We were to question further: but I now
 [00:55:41] Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 [00:55:44] Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 [00:55:46] Of her or you, having proceeded but
 [00:55:48] By both your wills.
 [00:55:50] If you can make't apparent
 [00:55:51] That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
 [00:55:55] And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
 [00:55:58] You had of her pure honour gains or loses
 [00:56:00] Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
 [00:56:02] To who shall find them.
 [00:56:03] Sir, my circumstances,
 [00:56:05] Being so near the truth as I will make them,
 [00:56:07] Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
 [00:56:09] I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
 [00:56:13] You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
 [00:56:15] You need it not.
 [00:56:16] Proceed.
 [00:56:18] First, her bedchamber,--
 [00:56:21] Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
 [00:56:24] Had that was well worth watching--it was hang'd
 [00:56:26] With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 [00:56:29] Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,

[00:56:33] And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 [00:56:36] The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
 [00:56:39] So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 [00:56:42] In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
 [00:56:44] Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 [00:56:47] Since the true life on't was--
 [00:56:48] This is true;
 [00:56:50] And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 [00:56:53] Or by some other.
 [00:56:55] More particulars
 [00:56:56] Must justify my knowledge.
 [00:56:57] Or do your honour injury.
 [00:56:59] The chimney
 [00:57:00] Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 [00:57:03] Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
 [00:57:07] So likely to report themselves: the cutter
 [00:57:11] Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
 [00:57:15] Motion and breath left out.
 [00:57:18] This is a thing
 [00:57:19] Which you might from relation likewise reap,
 [00:57:21] Being, as it is, much spoke of.
 [00:57:25] The roof o' the chamber
 [00:57:26] With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons--
 [00:57:30] I had forgot them--were two winking Cupids
 [00:57:33] Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
 [00:57:35] Depending on their brands.
 [00:57:37] This is her honour!
 [00:57:40] Let it be granted you have seen all this--and praise
 [00:57:44] Be given to your remembrance--the description
 [00:57:47] Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
 [00:57:49] The wager you have laid.
 [00:57:52] Then, if you can,
 [00:57:53] Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
 [00:57:59] And now 'tis up again: it must be married
 [00:58:00] To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
 [00:58:02] Jove!
 [00:58:07] Once more let me behold it:
 [00:58:15] is it that which I left with her?
 [00:58:16] Sir--I thank her--that:
 [00:58:21] She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
 [00:58:26] Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 [00:58:30] And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
 [00:58:32] She prized it once.
 [00:58:34] May be she pluck'd it off
 [00:58:37] To send it me.
 [00:58:39] She writes so to you, doth she?
 [00:58:55] O, no, no, no! 'tis true.
 [00:59:08] Here, take this too;
 [00:59:12] It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 [00:59:16] Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
 [00:59:20] Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
 [00:59:27] Where there's another man: the vows of women
 [00:59:30] Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
 [00:59:32] Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
 [00:59:36] O, above measure false!
 [00:59:38] Have patience, sir,
 [00:59:40] And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
 [00:59:44] It may be probable she lost it;
 [00:59:47] or who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 [00:59:49] Hath stol'n it from her?

[00:59:53] Very true;
 [00:59:59] And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:
 [01:00:03] Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 [01:00:10] More evident than this; for this was stolen.
 [01:00:14] By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
 [01:00:19] Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 [01:00:27] 'Tis true:--nay, keep the ring--'tis true: I am sure
 [01:00:34] She would not lose it: her attendants are all
 [01:00:38] sworn and honourable:--they induced to steal it!
 [01:00:43] And by a stranger!--No, he hath enjoyed her:
 [01:00:50] The cognizance of her incontinency
 [01:00:53] Is this: she hath bought the name of whore
 [01:00:58] thus dearly.
 [01:01:00] There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 [01:01:04] Divide themselves between you!
 [01:01:05] Sir, be patient:
 [01:01:07] This is not strong enough to be believed
 [01:01:09] Of one persuaded well of--
 [01:01:11] She hath been colted by him.
 [01:01:13] If you seek
 [01:01:14] For further satisfying, under her breast--
 [01:01:18] Worthy the pressing--lies a mole, right proud
 [01:01:23] Of that most delicate lodging:
 [01:01:26] I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 [01:01:29] To feed again, though full. You do remember
 [01:01:33] This stain upon her?
 [01:01:34] Ay, and it doth confirm
 [01:01:37] Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 [01:01:39] Were there no more but it.
 [01:01:41] Will you hear more?
 [01:01:42] Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
 [01:01:48] Once, and a million!
 [01:01:49] I'll be sworn--
 [01:01:50] No swearing.
 [01:01:52] If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
 [01:01:56] And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 [01:01:58] Thou'st made me cuckold.
 [01:01:59] I'll deny nothing.
 [01:02:00] O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
 [01:02:11] I will go there and do't, i' the court,
 [01:02:17] before her father. I'll do something--
 [01:02:35] Quite besides
 [01:02:36] The government of patience! You have won:
 [01:02:44] Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 [01:02:47] He hath against himself.
 [01:02:52] With all my heart.
 [01:02:54] Is there no way for men to be but women
 [01:02:59] Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
 [01:03:08] And that most venerable man which I
 [01:03:10] Did call my father, was I know not where
 [01:03:12] When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 [01:03:19] Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
 [01:03:25] The Dian of that time so doth my wife
 [01:03:29] The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
 [01:03:41] Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
 [01:03:44] And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
 [01:03:47] A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
 [01:03:51] Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
 [01:03:55] As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
 [01:04:04] This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--wast not?--

[01:04:11] Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,
[01:04:17] Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
[01:04:21] Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
[01:04:26] But what he look'd for should oppose and she
[01:04:29] Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
[01:04:35] The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
[01:04:40] That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
[01:04:44] It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
[01:04:50] The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
[01:04:56] Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
[01:05:02] Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
[01:05:05] Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
[01:05:07] All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
[01:05:10] Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
[01:05:17] For even to vice
[01:05:18] They are not constant but are changing still
[01:05:19] One vice, but of a minute old, for one
[01:05:21] Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
[01:05:27] Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
[01:05:34] In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
[01:05:40] The very devils cannot plague them better.

Cymbeline Act 3

[01:05:45] Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
 [01:05:51] When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
 [01:05:55] Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 [01:05:59] Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 [01:06:03] And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,--
 [01:06:06] Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
 [01:06:08] Than in his feats deserving it--for him
 [01:06:11] And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 [01:06:14] Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
 [01:06:19] Is left untender'd.
 [01:06:22] And, to kill the marvel,
 [01:06:24] Shall be so ever.
 [01:06:27] Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 [01:06:30] A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 [01:06:33] For wearing our own noses.
 [01:06:35] That opportunity
 [01:06:36] Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
 [01:06:39] We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 [01:06:44] The kings your ancestors, together with
 [01:06:46] The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 [01:06:49] As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 [01:06:51] With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
 [01:06:57] With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 [01:07:00] But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
 [01:07:05] Caesar made here; but made not here his brag
 [01:07:09] Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' with shame--
 [01:07:13] That first that ever touch'd him--he was carried
 [01:07:15] From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--
 [01:07:20] Poor ignorant baubles!-- upon our terrible seas,
 [01:07:24] Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
 [01:07:28] As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
 [01:07:32] The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point--
 [01:07:35] O giglot fortune!--to master Caesar's sword,
 [01:07:40] Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 [01:07:43] And Britons strut with courage.
 [01:07:45] Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 [01:07:48] our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
 [01:07:51] as I said, there is no moe such Caesars:
 [01:07:54] other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such
 [01:07:57] straight arms, none.
 [01:07:59] Son, let your mother end.
 [01:08:01] We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
 [01:08:02] as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.
 [01:08:08] Why tribute? why should we pay tribute?
 [01:08:12] If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket,
 [01:08:14] or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
 [01:08:16] for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.
 [01:08:23] You must know,
 [01:08:26] Till the injurious Romans did extort
 [01:08:29] This tribute from us, we were free:
 [01:08:35] Caesar's ambition,
 [01:08:38] Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
 [01:08:41] The sides o' the world, against all colour here
 [01:08:45] Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
 [01:08:49] Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 [01:08:51] Ourselves to be.
 [01:08:53] I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 [01:08:54] That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar--

[01:08:57] Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than
 [01:09:00] Thyself domestic officers--thine enemy:
 [01:09:07] Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
 [01:09:12] In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee:
 [01:09:16] look for fury not to be resisted.
 [01:09:21] Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.
 [01:09:26] How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 [01:09:31] What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
 [01:09:35] O master! what a strange infection
 [01:09:40] Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
 [01:09:43] As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
 [01:09:45] On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
 [01:09:51] She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
 [01:09:52] More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 [01:09:54] As would take in some virtue. O my master!
 [01:10:00] Thy mind to her is now as low as were
 [01:10:06] Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
 [01:10:21] Upon the love and truth and vows which I
 [01:10:24] Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
 [01:10:34] If it be so to do good service, never
 [01:10:39] Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 [01:10:44] That I should seem to lack humanity
 [01:10:45] so much as this fact comes to?
 [01:10:49] 'Do't: the letter
 [01:10:51] that I have sent her, by her own command
 [01:10:53] Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
 [01:11:01] Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 [01:11:06] Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 [01:11:09] So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
 [01:11:13] I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
 [01:11:16] How now, Pisanio!
 [01:11:19] Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
 [01:11:30] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
 [01:11:33] in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,
 [01:11:36] as you, O the dearest of creatures,
 [01:11:38] would even renew me with your eyes.
 [01:11:41] Take notice that I am in Cambria,
 [01:11:47] at Milford-Haven: what your own love
 [01:11:52] will out of this advise you, follow.
 [01:11:53] So he wishes you all happiness,
 [01:11:55] that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
 [01:11:57] increasing in love,
 [01:11:59] LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'
 [01:12:04] O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 [01:12:10] He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 [01:12:15] How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 [01:12:17] May plod it in a week, why may not I
 [01:12:18] Glide thither in a day?
 [01:12:21] Prithee, speak,
 [01:12:23] How many score of miles may we well ride
 [01:12:25] 'Twixt hour and hour?
 [01:12:26] One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 [01:12:28] Madam, 's enough for you:
 [01:12:29] and too much too.
 [01:12:31] Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 [01:12:32] Could never go so slow:
 [01:12:35] But this is foolery:
 [01:12:37] Go bid my woman feign a sickness;
 [01:12:39] say she'll home to her father: and provide me presently
 [01:12:41] A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit

[01:12:44] A franklin's housewife.
 [01:12:46] Madam, you're best consider.
 [01:12:49] I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
 [01:12:53] Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 [01:12:55] That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
 [01:13:00] Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,
 [01:13:02] Accessible is none but Milford way.
 [01:13:18] A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 [01:13:21] Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
 [01:13:25] Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
 [01:13:28] To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
 [01:13:31] Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
 [01:13:35] And keep their impious turbans on, without
 [01:13:37] Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
 [01:13:41] Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
 [01:13:45] Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
 [01:13:47] Consider, when you above perceive me like a crow,
 [01:13:51] That it is place which lessens and sets off;
 [01:13:55] And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
 [01:13:57] Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 [01:14:01] Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
 [01:14:05] Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
 [01:14:08] What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 [01:14:13] If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
 [01:14:16] That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 [01:14:18] With your stiff age: but unto us it is
 [01:14:21] A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
 [01:14:24] A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 [01:14:26] To stride a limit.
 [01:14:28] What should we speak of
 [01:14:29] When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 [01:14:32] The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 [01:14:35] In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 [01:14:37] The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
 [01:14:41] We are beastly.
 [01:14:43] How you speak!
 [01:14:47] Did you but know the city's usuries
 [01:14:49] And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court
 [01:14:53] As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
 [01:14:57] Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 [01:15:00] The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
 [01:15:06] O boys, this story
 [01:15:09] The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 [01:15:13] With Roman swords, and my report was once
 [01:15:16] First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,
 [01:15:19] And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 [01:15:21] Was not far off: then was I as a tree
 [01:15:25] Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
 [01:15:30] A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 [01:15:34] Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 [01:15:38] And left me bare to weather.
 [01:15:40] Uncertain favour!
 [01:15:41] My fault being nothing--as I have told you oft--
 [01:15:45] But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 [01:15:48] Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 [01:15:51] I was confederate with the Romans: so
 [01:15:56] Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
 [01:16:00] This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
 [01:16:04] This is not hunters' language:
 [01:16:20] How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

[01:16:25] These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 [01:16:29] Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 [01:16:34] They think they are mine;
 [01:16:39] This Polydore,
 [01:16:41] The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 [01:16:43] The king his father call'd Guiderius,--Jove!
 [01:16:48] When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 [01:16:52] The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 [01:16:56] Into my story: say 'Thus, mine enemy fell,
 [01:17:01] And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then
 [01:17:03] The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 [01:17:06] Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
 [01:17:09] That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 [01:17:19] Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
 [01:17:23] Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 [01:17:28] His own conceiving.--Hark, the game is roused!
 [01:17:40] O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
 [01:17:47] Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 [01:17:51] At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 [01:17:54] Thinking to bar thee of succession,
 [01:17:56] as Thou reft'st me of my lands.
 [01:18:03] Euriphile, Thou wast their nurse;
 [01:18:07] they took thee for their mother,
 [01:18:11] And every day do honour to her grave:
 [01:18:17] Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 [01:18:25] They take for natural father.
 [01:18:31] The game is up.
 [01:18:39] Where is Posthumus?
 [01:18:46] What is in thy mind,
 [01:18:47] That makes thee stare thus?
 [01:18:50] Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 [01:18:52] Beyond self-explication:
 [01:18:54] What's the matter. man?
 [01:18:56] Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 [01:18:58] A look untender?
 [01:19:04] My husband's hand!
 [01:19:07] That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 [01:19:11] And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
 [01:19:14] May take off some extremity, which to read
 [01:19:16] Would be even mortal to me.
 [01:19:18] Please you, read;
 [01:19:19] And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 [01:19:21] The most disdain'd of fortune.
 [01:19:28] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
 [01:19:31] the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof
 [01:19:36] lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises,
 [01:19:42] but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain
 [01:19:45] as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
 [01:19:50] must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with
 [01:19:53] the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away
 [01:19:57] her life:
 [01:20:06] I shall give thee opportunity
 [01:20:08] at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose
 [01:20:12] where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain
 [01:20:14] it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour
 [01:20:18] and equally to me disloyal.'
 [01:20:23] What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 [01:20:26] Hath cut her throat already.
 [01:20:28] False to his bed! What is it to be false?
 [01:20:36] To lie in watch there and to think on him?

[01:20:41] To weep 'twixt clock and clock?
 [01:20:44] if sleep charge nature,
 [01:20:45] To break it with a fearful dream of him
 [01:20:48] And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?
 [01:20:50] Alas, good lady!
 [01:20:51] I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
 [01:21:01] Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 [01:21:03] Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
 [01:21:08] Thy favour's good enough.
 [01:21:12] Some jay of Italy
 [01:21:15] Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 [01:21:21] Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 [01:21:26] And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 [01:21:29] I must be ripp'd:--to pieces with me!--O,
 [01:21:34] Men's vows are women's traitors!
 [01:21:42] All good seeming,
 [01:21:43] By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 [01:21:46] Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
 [01:21:48] But worn a bait for ladies.
 [01:21:50] Good madam, hear me.
 [01:21:51] Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 [01:21:52] Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
 [01:21:58] A little witness my obedience: look!
 [01:22:01] I draw the sword myself: take it,
 [01:22:03] and hit the innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
 [01:22:05] Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;
 [01:22:07] Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 [01:22:09] The riches of it:
 [01:22:13] do his bidding; strike!
 [01:22:17] Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 [01:22:19] But now thou seem'st a coward.
 [01:22:22] Hence, vile instrument!
 [01:22:25] Thou shalt not damn my hand.
 [01:22:27] Why, I must die;
 [01:22:34] And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 [01:22:36] No servant of thy master's.
 [01:22:39] Come, here's my heart.
 [01:22:42] Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
 [01:22:49] Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
 [01:22:56] The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 [01:22:59] All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 [01:23:08] Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 [01:23:13] Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
 [01:23:19] Believe false teachers:
 [01:23:23] though those that are betray'd
 [01:23:24] Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 [01:23:27] Stands in worse case of woe.
 [01:23:32] And thou, Posthumus,
 [01:23:39] Come, strike!
 [01:23:44] The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
 [01:23:53] Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 [01:23:56] When I desire it too.
 [01:23:59] O gracious lady,
 [01:24:03] Since I received command to do this business
 [01:24:05] I have not slept one wink.
 [01:24:08] Do't, and to bed then.
 [01:24:10] I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
 [01:24:20] Wherefore then didst undertake it?
 [01:24:25] Why hast thou abused
 [01:24:26] So many miles with a pretence?

[01:24:29] But to win time
 [01:24:31] To lose so bad employment; in the which
 [01:24:35] I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 [01:24:37] Hear me with patience.
 [01:24:38] Talk thy tongue weary;
 [01:24:42] I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear
 [01:24:45] Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 [01:24:48] Nor tent to bottom that.
 [01:24:54] But speak.
 [01:24:56] It cannot be
 [01:24:57] But that my master is abused:
 [01:24:58] Some villain, ay, and singular in his art.
 [01:25:01] Hath done you both this cursed injury.
 [01:25:03] Some Roman courtezan.
 [01:25:04] No, on my life.
 [01:25:08] I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
 [01:25:11] Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 [01:25:13] I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
 [01:25:16] And that will well confirm it.
 [01:25:18] What shall I do the where? where bide? how live?
 [01:25:24] Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 [01:25:27] To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
 [01:25:31] Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
 [01:25:34] That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
 [01:25:36] But by self-danger, you should tread a course
 [01:25:41] Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
 [01:25:46] The residence of Posthumus;
 [01:25:47] O, for such means! I would adventure.
 [01:25:50] Well, then, here's the point:
 [01:25:54] You must forget to be a woman;
 [01:25:56] change command into obedience: fear and niceness
 [01:26:02] into a waggish courage:
 [01:26:04] I see into thy end, and am almost
 [01:26:09] A man already.
 [01:26:11] First, make yourself but like one.
 [01:26:14] Fore-thinking this, I have already fit--
 [01:26:16] 'Tis in my cloak-bag--doublet, hat, hose, all
 [01:26:19] That answer to them:
 [01:26:20] 'fore noble Lucius
 [01:26:22] Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 [01:26:26] wherein you're happy,
 [01:26:27] With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable
 [01:26:30] Thou art all the comfort
 [01:26:31] The gods will diet me with.
 [01:26:39] This attempt I am soldier to, and will abide it
 [01:26:43] with a prince's courage. Away, I prithee.
 [01:26:51] Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
 [01:26:56] Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected
 [01:26:58] of your carriage from the court.
 [01:27:01] My noble mistress,
 [01:27:03] Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
 [01:27:07] What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
 [01:27:12] Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 [01:27:14] Will drive away distemper.
 [01:27:19] To some shade,
 [01:27:20] And fit you to your manhood.
 [01:27:24] May the gods direct you to the best!
 [01:27:27] Amen: I thank thee.
 [01:28:05] Thanks, royal sir.
 [01:28:08] My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

[01:28:11] And am right sorry that I must report ye
 [01:28:13] My master's enemy.
 [01:28:14] Our subjects, sir,
 [01:28:16] Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
 [01:28:20] To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
 [01:28:24] Appear unkinglike.
 [01:28:26] So, sir: I desire of you
 [01:28:29] A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
 [01:28:32] Madam, all joy befall your grace!
 [01:28:35] And you!
 [01:28:36] My lords, you are appointed for that office;
 [01:28:40] The due of honour in no point omit.
 [01:28:45] So farewell, noble Lucius.
 [01:28:49] Your hand, my lord.
 [01:28:51] Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
 [01:28:54] I wear it as your enemy.
 [01:28:56] Sir, the event
 [01:28:57] Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
 [01:29:03] Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
 [01:29:05] Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
 [01:29:20] He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
 [01:29:23] That we have given him cause.
 [01:29:24] 'Tis all the better;
 [01:29:26] Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
 [01:29:29] Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
 [01:29:32] How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
 [01:29:34] Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
 [01:29:37] The powers that he already hath in Gallia
 [01:29:39] Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
 [01:29:41] His war for Britain.
 [01:29:43] 'Tis not sleepy business;
 [01:29:45] But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
 [01:29:48] Our expectation that it would be thus
 [01:29:50] Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
 [01:29:55] Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
 [01:29:58] Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
 [01:29:59] The duty of the day: she looks us like
 [01:30:01] A thing more made of malice than of duty:
 [01:30:04] We have noted it. Call her before us; for
 [01:30:06] We have been too slight in sufferance.
 [01:30:09] Royal sir,
 [01:30:10] Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
 [01:30:12] Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
 [01:30:14] 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
 [01:30:17] Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
 [01:30:20] So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
 [01:30:22] And strokes death to her.
 [01:30:24] Where is she, sir?
 [01:30:25] How can her contempt be answer'd?
 [01:30:26] Please you, sir,
 [01:30:27] Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
 [01:30:30] That will be given to the loudest noise we make.
 [01:30:33] My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 [01:30:34] She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
 [01:30:37] Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 [01:30:39] She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 [01:30:41] Which daily she was bound to proffer:
 [01:30:43] This she wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 [01:30:46] Made me to blame in memory.
 [01:30:48] Her doors lock'd?

[01:30:50] Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
 [01:30:53] Prove false!
 [01:30:59] Son, I say, follow the king.
 [01:31:06] That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
 [01:31:09] have not seen these two days.
 [01:31:11] Go, look after.
 [01:31:15] Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
 [01:31:21] He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
 [01:31:25] Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
 [01:31:29] It is a thing most precious.
 [01:31:34] But for her, where is she gone?
 [01:31:39] Haply, despair hath seized her,
 [01:31:42] Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
 [01:31:45] To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
 [01:31:51] To death or to dishonour; and my end
 [01:31:55] Can make good use of either:
 [01:32:01] She being down, I have the placing of the British crown.
 [01:32:11] How now, my son!
 [01:32:12] 'Tis certain she is fled.
 [01:32:14] Go in and cheer the king: he rages;
 [01:32:16] none dare come about him.
 [01:32:17] All the better: may this night forestall him
 [01:32:22] of the coming day!
 [01:32:25] I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
 [01:32:33] And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 [01:32:36] Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
 [01:32:42] The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 [01:32:47] Outsells them all; I love her therefore:
 [01:32:56] but disdain me and throwing favours on
 [01:32:58] The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
 [01:33:01] That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
 [01:33:05] I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 [01:33:09] To be revenged upon her. For when fools Shall--
 [01:33:12] Who is here?
 [01:33:17] What, are you packing, sirrah?
 [01:33:22] Come hither:
 [01:33:32] ah, you precious pander!
 [01:33:36] Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
 [01:33:39] Thou art straightway with the fiends.
 [01:33:41] O, good my lord!
 [01:33:42] Where is thy lady? Is she with Posthumus?
 [01:33:46] From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 [01:33:48] A dram of worth be drawn.
 [01:33:50] O, my all-worthy lord!
 [01:33:51] All-worthy villain!
 [01:33:53] Discover where thy mistress is at once,
 [01:33:55] At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
 [01:34:00] Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 [01:34:03] Thy condemnation and thy death.
 [01:34:07] Then, sir,
 [01:34:11] This paper is the history of my knowledge
 [01:34:14] Touching her flight.
 [01:34:15] Let's see't. I will pursue her
 [01:34:19] Even to Augustus' throne.
 [01:34:24] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
 [01:34:28] Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
 [01:34:32] Sirrah, is this letter true?
 [01:34:35] Sir, as I think.
 [01:34:37] It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.
 [01:34:43] Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain,

[01:34:47] but do me true service,
 [01:34:49] undergo those employments wherein I should have
 [01:34:51] cause to use thee with a serious industry,
 [01:34:55] that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it
 [01:34:57] directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man:
 [01:35:03] thou shouldst neither want my means
 [01:35:04] for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.
 [01:35:08] Well, my good lord.
 [01:35:10] Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently
 [01:35:12] and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
 [01:35:15] of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not,
 [01:35:18] in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower
 [01:35:21] of mine: wilt thou serve me?
 [01:35:25] Sir, I will.
 [01:35:30] Give me thy hand; here's my purse.
 [01:35:36] Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
 [01:35:43] I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
 [01:35:47] he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
 [01:35:50] The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither:
 [01:35:53] let it be thy lint service; go.
 [01:35:58] I shall, my lord.
 [01:36:04] Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--
 [01:36:08] I forgot to ask him one thing;
 [01:36:10] I'll remember't anon:--
 [01:36:14] even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.
 [01:36:19] I would these garments were come.
 [01:36:21] She said upon a time--the bitterness of it
 [01:36:24] I now belch from my heart--that she
 [01:36:26] held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect
 [01:36:30] than my noble and natural person together
 [01:36:34] with the adornment of my qualities.
 [01:36:37] With that suit upon my back,
 [01:36:39] will I ravish her:
 [01:36:44] Be those the garments?
 [01:36:46] Ay, my noble lord.
 [01:36:51] How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
 [01:36:55] She can scarce be there yet.
 [01:36:57] Bring this apparel to my chamber;
 [01:37:02] that is the second thing that I have commanded thee:
 [01:37:06] the third is,
 [01:37:12] that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.
 [01:37:21] Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee
 [01:37:24] Were to prove false, which I will never be,
 [01:38:52] How fit his garments serve me.
 [01:38:55] Why should his mistress
 [01:38:56] who was made by him that made the tailor
 [01:38:58] not be fit too?
 [01:39:01] I dare speak it to myself
 [01:39:03] where it is not vain glory
 [01:39:05] for a man and his glass to confer
 [01:39:07] in his own chambers.
 [01:39:11] The lines of my body are as well-drawn as his,
 [01:39:14] no less young, more strong,
 [01:39:16] not beneath him in fortunes,
 [01:39:18] beyond him in the advantage of the time
 [01:39:21] above him in birth
 [01:39:23] alike conversant in general services
 [01:39:25] and more remarkable in single oppositions.
 [01:39:30] Yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite.
 [01:39:35] What mortality is!

[01:39:36] Stay; come not in.
[01:39:38] But that it eats our victuals, I should think
[01:39:39] Here were a fairy.
[01:39:41] What's the matter, sir?
[01:39:42] By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
[01:39:44] An earthly paragon!
[01:39:49] Good masters, harm me not:
[01:39:55] I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
[01:39:59] Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
[01:40:05] I would have left it on the board so soon
[01:40:08] As I had made my meal, and parted
[01:40:10] With prayers for the provider.
[01:40:12] Money, youth?
[01:40:15] All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
[01:40:18] As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
[01:40:19] Who worship dirty gods.
[01:40:21] I see you're angry:
[01:40:23] Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
[01:40:27] Have died had I not made it.
[01:40:28] Whither bound?
[01:40:30] To Milford-Haven.
[01:40:32] Fidele, sir.
[01:40:36] I have a kinsman who Is bound for Italy;
[01:40:39] he embark'd at Milford;
[01:40:40] To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
[01:40:43] I am fall'n in this offence.
[01:40:45] Prithee, fair youth,
[01:40:46] Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
[01:40:49] By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
[01:40:55] 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
[01:40:57] Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
[01:41:02] Boys, bid him welcome.
[01:41:04] I'll love him as my brother:
[01:41:07] And such a welcome as I'd give to him
[01:41:08] After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
[01:41:12] The night to the owl and morn to the lark
[01:41:16] less welcome.

Cymbeline Act 4

[01:41:18] Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon
 [01:41:24] thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off;
 [01:41:29] thy mistress enforced;
 [01:41:31] thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:
 [01:41:35] and all this done, spurn her home to her father;
 [01:41:38] who may haply be a little angry
 [01:41:40] for my so rough usage;
 [01:41:43] but my mother, having power of his testiness,
 [01:41:47] shall turn all into my commendations.
 [01:41:51] Out, sword, and to a sore purpose!
 [01:41:56] Fortune, put them into my hands!
 [01:42:01] You are not well: remain here in the cell;
 [01:42:04] We'll come to you after hunting.
 [01:42:06] Brother, stay here
 [01:42:08] Are we not brothers?
 [01:42:12] So man and man should be;
 [01:42:16] But clay and clay differs in dignity,
 [01:42:19] Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
 [01:42:26] Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
 [01:42:30] So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
 [01:42:33] But not so citizen a wanton as
 [01:42:34] To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
 [01:42:38] Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
 [01:42:40] Is breach of all.
 [01:42:44] I am ill, but your being by me
 [01:42:45] Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
 [01:42:50] To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
 [01:42:54] Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
 [01:42:58] I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
 [01:43:03] Stealing so poorly.
 [01:43:06] Brother, farewell.
 [01:43:08] I wish ye sport.
 [01:43:10] You health. So please you, sir.
 [01:43:24] These are kind creatures.
 [01:43:28] Gods, what lies I have heard!
 [01:43:33] Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
 [01:43:36] Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
 [01:43:40] The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
 [01:43:46] Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 [01:43:55] I am sick still; heart-sick.
 [01:44:03] Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug.
 [01:44:13] I cannot find those runagates;
 [01:44:17] That villian hath mocked me. I am faint!
 [01:44:31] What slave art thou?
 [01:44:32] Thou art a robber,
 [01:44:33] A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
 [01:44:37] To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
 [01:44:41] An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 [01:44:44] Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
 [01:44:46] My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
 [01:44:50] Why I should yield to thee?
 [01:44:51] Thou villain base,
 [01:44:54] Know'st me not by my clothes?
 [01:44:57] Thou art some fool;
 [01:44:59] I am loath to beat thee.
 [01:45:01] Thou injurious thief,
 [01:45:03] Hear but my name, and tremble.
 [01:45:06] What's thy name?

[01:45:08] Cloten, thou villain.
 [01:45:11] Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 [01:45:15] I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad,
 [01:45:17] or Adder, Spider,
 [01:45:19] 'Twould move me sooner.
 [01:45:20] To thy further fear,
 [01:45:21] Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 [01:45:25] I am son to the queen.
 [01:45:28] I am sorry for 't; not seeming
 [01:45:29] So worthy as thy birth.
 [01:45:32] Art not afeard?
 [01:45:33] Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:
 [01:45:36] At fools I laugh, not fear them.
 [01:45:39] Die the death:
 [01:45:43] Yield, rustic mountaineer.
 [01:45:50] What hast thou done?
 [01:45:53] I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
 [01:45:59] Son to the queen, after his own report;
 [01:46:03] Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
 [01:46:06] With his own single hand he'd take us in
 [01:46:09] Displace our heads where--
 [01:46:10] thank the gods!--they grow,
 [01:46:12] And set them on Lud's-town.
 [01:46:14] We are all undone.
 [01:46:17] Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 [01:46:20] But that he swore to take, our lives?
 [01:46:23] The law protects not us: then why should we be tender
 [01:46:27] To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us,
 [01:46:30] Play judge and executioner all himself,
 [01:46:32] For we do fear the law?
 [01:46:37] What company discover you abroad?
 [01:46:38] No single soul
 [01:46:39] Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
 [01:46:42] He must have some attendants.
 [01:46:45] then on good ground we fear,
 [01:46:47] If we do fear this body hath a tail
 [01:46:49] More perilous than the head.
 [01:46:50] Let ordinance
 [01:46:51] Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
 [01:46:54] My brother hath done well.
 [01:46:55] I had no mind
 [01:46:56] To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
 [01:46:58] Did make my way long forth.
 [01:47:02] With his own sword,
 [01:47:03] Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 [01:47:06] His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
 [01:47:09] And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
 [01:47:13] That's all I reckon.
 [01:47:15] I fear 'twill be revenged:
 [01:47:19] Would, Polydote, thou hadst not done't!
 [01:47:22] though valour becomes thee well enough.
 [01:47:24] Would I had done't
 [01:47:25] So the revenge alone pursued me!
 [01:47:28] Well, 'tis done:
 [01:47:29] We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 [01:47:33] Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our cell;
 [01:47:36] Poor sick Fidele!
 [01:47:38] I'll weringly to him: to gain his colour
 [01:47:41] I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
 [01:47:44] And praise myself for charity.

[01:47:48] O thou goddess,
 [01:47:50] Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 [01:47:55] In these two princely boys!
 [01:47:58] 'Tis wonder
 [01:47:59] That an invisible instinct should frame them
 [01:48:02] To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 [01:48:05] Civility not seen from other,
 [01:48:09] valour that wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 [01:48:13] As if it had been sow'd.
 [01:48:16] Where's my brother?
 [01:48:19] I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 [01:48:22] In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
 [01:48:24] For his return.
 [01:48:29] My ingenious instrument!
 [01:48:32] Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 [01:48:36] Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
 [01:48:42] Is he at home?
 [01:48:43] He went hence even now.
 [01:48:46] What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
 [01:48:50] it did not speak before.
 [01:48:53] All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.
 [01:48:57] The matter?
 [01:48:59] The bird is dead
 [01:49:00] That we have made so much on.
 [01:49:04] I had rather have skipp'd
 [01:49:05] from sixteen years of age to sixty,
 [01:49:09] To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
 [01:49:13] than have seen this.
 [01:49:16] O melancholy!
 [01:49:18] Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?
 [01:49:21] find the ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
 [01:49:25] Might easiliest harbour in?
 [01:49:30] How found you him?
 [01:49:31] Stark, as you see:
 [01:49:33] Thus smiling, as some fly hid tickled slumber,
 [01:49:38] Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at;
 [01:49:41] his right cheek
 [01:49:42] Reposing on a cushion.
 [01:49:45] Where?
 [01:49:46] O' the floor;
 [01:49:49] His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept,
 [01:49:53] and put my clouted brogues from off my feet,
 [01:49:56] whose rudeness answer'd my steps too loud.
 [01:49:59] Why, he but sleeps:
 [01:50:02] If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
 [01:50:16] Nor the furious winter's rages;
 [01:50:24] Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 [01:50:30] Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 [01:50:42] Golden lads and girls all must,
 [01:50:49] As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
 [01:51:01] Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 [01:51:07] Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 [01:51:15] Care no more to clothe and eat;
 [01:51:21] To thee the reed is as the oak:
 [01:51:32] The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 [01:51:39] All follow this, and come to dust.
 [01:51:51] Fear no more the lightning flash,
 [01:51:57] Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 [01:52:01] Fear not slander, censure rash;
 [01:52:05] Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

[01:52:10] All lovers young, all lovers must
 [01:52:28] No exorciser harm thee!
 [01:52:33] Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 [01:52:46] Nothing ill come near thee!
 [01:52:58] Quiet consummation have;
 [01:53:18] Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
 [01:53:22] Is quite forgotten. He was a queen's son, boys;
 [01:53:26] And though he came our enemy, remember
 [01:53:29] He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
 [01:53:34] Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
 [01:53:37] That angel of the world, doth make distinction
 [01:53:41] Of place 'tween high and low.
 [01:53:45] Our foe was prince
 [01:53:47] And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 [01:53:50] Yet bury him as a prince.
 [01:53:54] Pray You, fetch him hither.
 [01:53:56] Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
 [01:54:01] When neither are alive.
 [01:54:05] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
 [01:54:08] which is the way?--
 [01:54:11] I thank you.--By yond bush?--
 [01:54:16] Pray, how far thither?
 [01:54:21] 'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?--
 [01:54:27] I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
 [01:54:35] But, soft! no bedfellow!
 [01:54:45] --O god s and goddesses!
 [01:54:56] These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 [01:55:02] This bloody man, the care on't.
 [01:55:10] I hope I dream;
 [01:55:13] For so I thought I was a cell-keeper,
 [01:55:17] And cook to honest creatures:
 [01:55:23] but 'tis not so;
 [01:55:26] 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 [01:55:28] Which the brain makes of fumes:
 [01:55:33] our very eyes are sometimes like
 [01:55:35] our judgments, blind.
 [01:55:40] Good faith,
 [01:55:43] I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be
 [01:55:47] Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 [01:55:50] As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 [01:56:04] The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 [01:56:13] Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
 [01:56:25] A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 [01:56:42] I know the shape of's leg:
 [01:56:52] this is his hand;
 [01:56:56] His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 [01:57:01] The brawns of Hercules:
 [01:57:04] but his Jovial face
 [01:57:08] Murder in heaven?
 [01:57:11] How!' Tis gone.
 [01:57:18] Pisanio,
 [01:57:22] All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 [01:57:25] And mine to boot, be darted on thee!
 [01:57:30] Thou, conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 [01:57:36] Hast here cut off my lord.
 [01:57:41] To write and read
 [01:57:42] Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 [01:57:46] Hath with his forged letters,--damn'd Pisanio--
 [01:57:50] From this most bravest vessel of the world
 [01:57:53] Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,

[01:58:04] Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
 [01:58:10] where's that?
 [01:58:16] Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 [01:58:18] And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
 [01:58:34] 'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 [01:58:37] Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 [01:58:42] The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 [01:58:44] And cordial to me, have I not found it
 [01:58:47] Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 [01:58:52] This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's:
 [01:59:04] O! Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 [01:59:14] O! Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 [01:59:25] That we the horrider may seem to those
 [01:59:29] Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
 [01:59:42] Now, sir, What have you dream'd of late
 [01:59:45] of this war's purpose?
 [01:59:48] Last night the very gods show'd me a vision--
 [01:59:52] I fast and pray'd for their intelligence--thus:
 [01:59:59] I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 [02:00:01] From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 [02:00:06] There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends--
 [02:00:13] Unless my sins abuse my divination--
 [02:00:17] Success to the Roman host.
 [02:00:22] Dream often so,
 [02:00:24] And never false.
 [02:00:26] Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
 [02:00:43] A fever with the absence of her son,
 [02:00:46] A madness, of which her life's in danger.
 [02:00:55] Heavens! How deeply you at once do touch me!
 [02:01:00] Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone;
 [02:01:04] my queen upon a desperate bed,
 [02:01:06] and in a time when fearful wars point at me;
 [02:01:10] her son gone,
 [02:01:12] So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
 [02:01:17] The hope of comfort.
 [02:01:19] So please your majesty,
 [02:01:21] The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 [02:01:23] Are landed on your coast, with a supply
 [02:01:24] Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
 [02:01:30] Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
 [02:01:32] I am amazed with matter.
 [02:01:35] Good my liege,
 [02:01:36] Your preparation can affront no less
 [02:01:37] Than what you hear of: come more, for more
 [02:01:39] you're ready:
 [02:01:40] The want is but to put those powers in motion
 [02:01:41] That long to move.
 [02:01:43] I thank you. Let's withdraw;
 [02:01:49] I heard no letter from my master since
 [02:01:51] I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
 [02:01:55] Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise
 [02:01:58] To yield me often tidings:
 [02:02:02] neither know I
 [02:02:03] What is betid to Cloten; but remain
 [02:02:08] Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
 [02:02:17] Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true
 [02:02:25] These present wars shall find I love my country,
 [02:02:28] Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them
 [02:02:34] All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
 [02:02:42] Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd

[02:02:47] Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
[02:02:55] Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.
[02:03:00] You married ones,
[02:03:03] If each of you should take this course, how many
[02:03:05] Must murder wives much better than themselves
[02:03:09] For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
[02:03:14] Every good servant does not all commands:
[02:03:18] No bond but to do just ones.
[02:03:23] Gods! if you should have ta'en vengeance
[02:03:27] on my faults, I never
[02:03:29] Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
[02:03:34] The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
[02:03:37] Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
[02:03:43] You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
[02:03:48] To have them fall no more: you some permit
[02:03:50] To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
[02:03:53] And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
[02:03:59] But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
[02:04:04] And make me blest to obey!
[02:04:10] I am brought hither
[02:04:13] Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
[02:04:16] Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
[02:04:19] That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
[02:04:24] I'll give no wound to thee.
[02:04:27] Let's see the boy's face.
[02:04:31] He's alive, my lord.
[02:04:32] He'll then instruct us of this body.
[02:04:36] Young one, inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
[02:04:40] They crave to be demanded. Who is this
[02:04:43] Thou makest thy bloody pillow?
[02:04:47] How came it? Who is it?
[02:04:49] What art thou?
[02:04:51] I am nothing: or if not,
[02:04:54] Nothing to be were better.
[02:05:00] From east to occident,
[02:05:02] Try many, all good, serve truly,
[02:05:10] never find such another master.
[02:05:13] 'Lack, good youth!
[02:05:15] Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
[02:05:17] Thy master in bleeding:
[02:05:20] Thy name?
[02:05:21] Fidele, sir.
[02:05:22] Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
[02:05:25] Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
[02:05:34] Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
[02:05:38] Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
[02:05:40] No less beloved.
[02:05:45] I'll follow, sir.
[02:05:48] So please you entertain me.
[02:05:50] Ay, good youth!
[02:05:53] And rather father thee than master thee.
[02:05:58] I'll disrobe me

Cymbeline Act 5

[02:05:59] Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
 [02:06:02] As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 [02:06:05] Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 [02:06:08] For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 [02:06:13] Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
 [02:06:17] Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 [02:06:20] Myself I'll dedicate.
 [02:06:27] Let me make men know
 [02:06:29] More valour in me than my habits show.
 [02:06:33] Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 [02:06:39] To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 [02:06:42] The fashion, less without and more within.
 [02:06:49] The noise is round about us.
 [02:06:53] Let us from it.
 [02:06:54] What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 [02:06:55] From action and adventure?
 [02:06:56] Nay, what hope
 [02:06:57] Have we in hiding us?
 [02:07:00] We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
 [02:07:02] To the king's party there's no going:
 [02:07:04] This is, sir, a doubt
 [02:07:06] In such a time nothing becoming you,
 [02:07:08] Nor satisfying us.
 [02:07:09] It is not likely
 [02:07:11] That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 [02:07:14] Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 [02:07:16] And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 [02:07:18] That they will waste their time upon our note,
 [02:07:21] To know from whence we are.
 [02:07:23] O, I am known
 [02:07:24] Of many in the army: many years,
 [02:07:25] Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
 [02:07:27] From my remembrance.
 [02:07:32] Pray, sir, to the army:
 [02:07:34] I and my brother are not known; yourself
 [02:07:37] So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 [02:07:39] Cannot be question'd.
 [02:07:40] By this sun that shines,
 [02:07:42] I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
 [02:07:44] Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
 [02:07:48] But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
 [02:07:51] Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
 [02:07:54] A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 [02:07:55] Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
 [02:07:59] To look upon the holy sun, to have
 [02:08:01] The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 [02:08:04] So long a poor unknown.
 [02:08:08] By heavens, I'll go:
 [02:08:11] If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 [02:08:13] I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
 [02:08:17] The hazard therefore due fall on me
 [02:08:18] by the hands of Romans!
 [02:08:20] So say I amen.
 [02:08:27] No reason I, since of your lives you set
 [02:08:31] So slight a valuation, should reserve
 [02:08:35] My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
 [02:08:43] If in your country wars you chance to die,
 [02:08:45] That is my bed too, lads, an there I'll lie:

[02:08:50] Camest thou from where they made the stand?
 [02:08:52] I did.
 [02:08:54] Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
 [02:08:57] I did.
 [02:08:59] No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 [02:09:02] But that the heavens fought: the king himself
 [02:09:07] Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 [02:09:10] And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 [02:09:12] Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 [02:09:16] Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 [02:09:19] More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 [02:09:21] Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 [02:09:24] Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd
 [02:09:28] With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 [02:09:32] To die with lengthen'd shame.
 [02:09:35] Where was this lane?
 [02:09:36] Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
 [02:09:41] Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 [02:09:45] An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
 [02:09:46] So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 [02:09:49] In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,
 [02:09:53] He, with two striplings-lads more like to run
 [02:09:56] The country base than to commit such slaughter
 [02:09:58] With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 [02:10:01] Than those for preservation cased, or shame--
 [02:10:05] Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
 [02:10:09] 'Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men:
 [02:10:12] To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
 [02:10:16] Or we are Romans and will give you that
 [02:10:18] Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
 [02:10:22] But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'
 [02:10:25] These three,
 [02:10:26] Three thousand confident, in act as many--
 [02:10:29] For three performers are the file when all
 [02:10:31] The rest do nothing--with this word 'Stand, stand,'
 [02:10:35] Accommodated by the place, more charming
 [02:10:37] With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 [02:10:39] A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 [02:10:42] Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,
 [02:10:45] turn'd coward
 [02:10:46] But by example--O, a sin in war,
 [02:10:49] Damn'd in the first beginners!--gan to look
 [02:10:51] The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 [02:10:54] Upon the pikes o' the hunters.
 [02:10:58] This was strange chance
 [02:11:00] A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.
 [02:11:05] Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 [02:11:09] Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 [02:11:11] Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 [02:11:15] And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 [02:11:20] 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 [02:11:25] Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'
 [02:11:29] Nay, be not angry, sir.
 [02:11:30] 'Lack, to what end?
 [02:11:32] Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 [02:11:36] For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 [02:11:38] I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 [02:11:42] You have put me into rhyme.
 [02:11:44] Farewell; you're angry.
 [02:11:49] Still going?

[02:11:52] This is a lord! O noble misery,
 [02:11:58] To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
 [02:12:04] To-day how many would have given their honours
 [02:12:08] To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 [02:12:12] And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 [02:12:20] Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 [02:12:25] Nor feel him where he struck:
 [02:12:28] being an ugly monster,
 [02:12:31] 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 [02:12:38] Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 [02:12:42] That draw his knives i' the war.
 [02:12:46] Well, I will find him
 [02:12:51] For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 [02:12:53] No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 [02:12:56] The part I came in: fight I will no more,
 [02:13:00] But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 [02:13:03] Once touch my shoulder.
 [02:13:07] Great the slaughter is
 [02:13:08] Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 [02:13:10] Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 [02:13:19] On either side I come to spend my breath;
 [02:13:23] Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 [02:13:27] But end it by some means for Imogen.
 [02:13:32] Stand! who's there?
 [02:13:34] A Roman,
 [02:13:36] Lay hands on him; a dog!
 [02:13:47] You shall not now be stol'n,
 [02:13:49] you have locks upon you;
 [02:13:55] Most welcome, bondage! for thou art away,
 [02:14:01] I think, to liberty: yet am I better
 [02:14:08] Than one that's sick o' the gout;
 [02:14:11] Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
 [02:14:14] By the sure physician, death, who is the key
 [02:14:17] To unbar these locks.
 [02:14:21] My conscience, thou art fetter'd
 [02:14:25] More than my shanks and wrists:
 [02:14:29] you good gods, give me
 [02:14:31] The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
 [02:14:34] Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
 [02:14:44] So children temporal fathers do appease;
 [02:14:48] Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
 [02:14:54] I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 [02:14:57] Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
 [02:15:02] If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 [02:15:05] No stricter render of me than my all.
 [02:15:09] I know you are more clement than vile men,
 [02:15:12] Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 [02:15:14] A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 [02:15:16] On their abatement: that's not my desire:
 [02:15:22] For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
 [02:15:29] 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 [02:15:36] 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
 [02:15:39] Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 [02:15:42] You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
 [02:15:46] If you will take this audit, take this life,
 [02:15:50] And cancel these cold bonds.
 [02:15:58] O Imogen!
 [02:16:02] I'll speak to thee in silence.
 [02:16:14] No more, thou thunder-master, show
 [02:16:18] Thy spite on mortal flies:

[02:16:21] With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 [02:16:25] That thy adulteries
 [02:16:27] Rates and revenges.
 [02:16:30] Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 [02:16:36] Whose face I never saw?
 [02:16:39] I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 [02:16:42] Attending nature's law:
 [02:16:45] Lucina lent not me her aid,
 [02:16:47] But took me in my throes;
 [02:16:50] That from me was Posthumus ript,
 [02:16:53] Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 [02:16:56] A thing of pity!
 [02:17:00] With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 [02:17:03] To be exiled, and thrown
 [02:17:05] From Leonati seat, and cast
 [02:17:07] From her his dearest one,
 [02:17:09] Sweet Imogen?
 [02:17:10] Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 [02:17:13] Slight thing of Italy,
 [02:17:15] To taint his nobler heart and brain
 [02:17:18] With needless jealousy;
 [02:17:20] And to become the geck and scorn
 [02:17:22] O' th' other's villany?
 [02:17:24] Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 [02:17:27] Take off his miseries.
 [02:17:29] Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
 [02:17:35] Or we poor ghosts will cry
 [02:17:37] To the shining synod of the rest
 [02:17:39] Against thy deity.
 [02:17:42] Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 [02:17:45] And from thy justice fly.
 [02:17:48] No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 [02:17:51] Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
 [02:17:58] Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
 [02:18:02] Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?
 [02:18:10] Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 [02:18:13] Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 [02:18:17] Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
 [02:18:19] No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
 [02:18:24] Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
 [02:18:30] The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 [02:18:35] Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
 [02:18:39] His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 [02:18:44] Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 [02:18:48] Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 [02:18:54] He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 [02:18:57] And happier much by his affliction made.
 [02:19:02] This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 [02:19:08] Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
 [02:19:12] and so, away: no further with your din
 [02:19:16] Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 [02:19:24] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
 [02:19:30] A father to me; and thou hast created
 [02:19:34] A mother and two brothers:
 [02:19:43] but, O scorn!
 [02:19:46] Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
 [02:19:53] And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 [02:20:00] On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
 [02:20:04] Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
 [02:20:07] Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

[02:20:10] And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,
 [02:20:14] That have this golden chance and know not why.
 [02:20:22] What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
 [02:20:36] Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 [02:20:39] Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 [02:20:43] So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 [02:20:48] As good as promise.
 [02:20:54] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 [02:21:01] without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
 [02:21:06] tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
 [02:21:11] lopped branches, which, being dead many years,
 [02:21:15] shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock
 [02:21:20] and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 [02:21:28] Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
 [02:21:36] 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
 [02:21:40] Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
 [02:21:45] Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
 [02:21:48] As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 [02:21:57] The action of my life is like it,
 [02:22:01] which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.
 [02:22:07] Come, sir, are you ready for death?
 [02:22:09] Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
 [02:22:12] Hanging is the word, sir:
 [02:22:14] if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.
 [02:22:17] So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
 [02:22:21] the dish pays the shot.
 [02:22:23] A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is,
 [02:22:26] you shall be called to no more payments,
 [02:22:29] fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness
 [02:22:32] of parting, as the procuring of mirth:
 [02:22:35] of this contradiction you shall now be quit.
 [02:22:38] O, the charity of a penny cord!
 [02:22:42] Knock off his manacles;
 [02:22:44] bring your prisoner to the king.
 [02:22:47] Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.
 [02:22:52] I'll be hang'd then.
 [02:22:54] Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
 [02:22:58] Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
 [02:23:02] That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
 [02:23:05] Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
 [02:23:11] Stepp'd before larges of proof, cannot be found:
 [02:23:15] He shall be happy that can find him, if
 [02:23:17] Our grace can make him so.
 [02:23:20] Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
 [02:23:24] Such precious deeds in one that promises nought
 [02:23:26] But beggary and poor looks.
 [02:23:28] No tidings of him?
 [02:23:30] He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
 [02:23:32] But no trace of him.
 [02:23:34] To my grief, I am
 [02:23:36] The heir of his reward;
 [02:23:40] which I will add
 [02:23:41] To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
 [02:23:45] By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
 [02:23:50] To ask of whence you are. Report it.
 [02:23:53] Sir,
 [02:23:54] In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
 [02:23:57] Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
 [02:24:00] Unless I add, we are honest.
 [02:24:04] Bow your knees.

[02:24:10] Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
 [02:24:15] Companions to our person and will fit you
 [02:24:19] With dignities becoming your estates.
 [02:24:27] There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
 [02:24:32] Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
 [02:24:36] And not o' the court of Britain.
 [02:24:37] Hail, great king!
 [02:24:38] To sour your happiness, I must report
 [02:24:40] The queen is dead.
 [02:24:46] Who worse than a physician
 [02:24:50] Would this report become? But I consider,
 [02:24:58] By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 [02:25:02] Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?
 [02:25:09] With horror, madly dying, like her life,
 [02:25:13] Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 [02:25:15] Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
 [02:25:18] I will report, so please you: these her women
 [02:25:21] Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
 [02:25:23] Were present when she finish'd.
 [02:25:26] Prithee, say.
 [02:25:28] First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
 [02:25:31] Affected greatness got by you, not you:
 [02:25:34] Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
 [02:25:37] Abhorr'd your person.
 [02:25:39] She alone knew this;
 [02:25:44] And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
 [02:25:46] Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
 [02:25:51] Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
 [02:25:54] With such integrity, she did confess
 [02:25:56] Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
 [02:25:59] But that her flight prevented it, she had
 [02:26:01] Ta'en off by poison.
 [02:26:04] O most delicate fiend!
 [02:26:08] Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?
 [02:26:16] More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
 [02:26:19] For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
 [02:26:22] Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
 [02:26:25] By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
 [02:26:29] By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 [02:26:33] O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
 [02:26:36] When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
 [02:26:39] Her son into the adoption of the crown:
 [02:26:42] Heard you all this, her women?
 [02:26:44] We did, so please your highness.
 [02:26:54] Mine eyes
 [02:26:55] Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 [02:27:01] Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
 [02:27:11] That thought her like her seeming;
 [02:27:16] it had been vicious
 [02:27:17] To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
 [02:27:25] That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
 [02:27:30] And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!
 [02:27:51] Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute
 [02:27:55] Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
 [02:27:58] Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 [02:28:03] We should not, when the blood was cool,
 [02:28:05] have threaten'd
 [02:28:07] Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 [02:28:10] Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 [02:28:13] May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth

[02:28:16] A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 [02:28:19] Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
 [02:28:23] For my peculiar care.
 [02:28:28] This one thing only
 [02:28:29] I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 [02:28:32] Let him be ransom'd:
 [02:28:36] never master had a page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 [02:28:42] So tender over his occasions, true,
 [02:28:45] So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 [02:28:52] With my request, which I make bold your highness
 [02:28:54] Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
 [02:28:58] Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
 [02:29:03] And spare no blood beside.
 [02:29:05] I have surely seen him:
 [02:29:07] His favour is familiar to me.
 [02:29:11] Boy, Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 [02:29:18] And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
 [02:29:23] To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:
 [02:29:29] And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 [02:29:32] Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
 [02:29:35] Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 [02:29:38] I humbly thank your highness.
 [02:29:40] I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 [02:29:42] And yet I know thou wilt.
 [02:29:43] No, no: alack,
 [02:29:45] There's other work in hand: I see a thing
 [02:29:46] Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 [02:29:49] Must shuffle for itself.
 [02:29:50] The boy disdains me,
 [02:29:52] He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
 [02:29:55] That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 [02:29:59] What wouldst thou, boy? Speak.
 [02:30:03] Know'st him thou look'st on?
 [02:30:05] Is he thy kin? thy friend?
 [02:30:06] He is a Roman; no more kin to me
 [02:30:09] Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
 [02:30:12] Am something nearer.
 [02:30:14] Wherefore eyest him so?
 [02:30:16] I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 [02:30:17] To give me hearing.
 [02:30:19] Ay, with all my heart,
 [02:30:20] And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
 [02:30:24] Fidele, sir.
 [02:30:25] Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
 [02:30:27] I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
 [02:30:33] Is not this boy revived from death?
 [02:30:35] One said another
 [02:30:36] Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
 [02:30:38] Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
 [02:30:41] The same dead thing alive.
 [02:30:42] Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
 [02:30:45] It is my mistress:
 [02:30:48] Since she is living, let the time run on
 [02:30:51] To good or bad.
 [02:30:53] Stand thou by our side;
 [02:30:55] Make thy demand aloud.
 [02:30:59] Sir, step you forth;
 [02:31:05] Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
 [02:31:08] Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
 [02:31:10] Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

[02:31:14] Winnow the truth from falsehood.
 [02:31:20] On, speak to him.
 [02:31:21] My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 [02:31:23] Of whom he had this ring.
 [02:31:25] What's that to him?
 [02:31:27] That diamond upon your finger, say
 [02:31:29] How came it yours?
 [02:31:33] Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 [02:31:35] Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
 [02:31:37] How! me?
 [02:31:40] I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
 [02:31:42] Which torments me to conceal.
 [02:31:46] By villany I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
 [02:31:51] Whom thou didst banish;
 [02:31:54] and--which more may grieve thee,
 [02:31:57] As it doth me--a nobler sir ne'er lived
 [02:32:01] 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
 [02:32:03] All that belongs to this.
 [02:32:05] That paragon, thy daughter,--
 [02:32:08] For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 [02:32:11] Quail to remember--Give me leave; I faint.
 [02:32:20] My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
 [02:32:23] I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
 [02:32:24] Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
 [02:32:31] Upon a time,--unhappy was the clock
 [02:32:33] That struck the hour!--it was in Rome,--accursed
 [02:32:37] The mansion where!--'twas at a feast,--O, would
 [02:32:42] Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
 [02:32:44] Those which I heaved to head!
 [02:32:48] --the good Posthumus--
 [02:32:51] What should I say? he was too good to be
 [02:32:55] Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 [02:32:59] Amongst the rarest of good ones,--sitting sadly,
 [02:33:04] Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 [02:33:06] For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 [02:33:08] Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
 [02:33:10] The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva.
 [02:33:12] Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
 [02:33:16] A shop of all the qualities that man
 [02:33:17] Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
 [02:33:20] Fairness which strikes the eye--
 [02:33:22] I stand on fire:
 [02:33:23] Come to the matter.
 [02:33:24] All too soon I shall,
 [02:33:27] Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.
 [02:33:31] This Posthumus,
 [02:33:34] Most like a noble lord in love and one
 [02:33:36] That had a royal lover, took his hint;
 [02:33:38] And, not dispraising whom we praised,--therein
 [02:33:41] He was as calm as virtue--he began
 [02:33:44] His mistress' picture; which by his tongue
 [02:33:45] being made,
 [02:33:46] And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 [02:33:49] Were crack'd of kitchen-trolls,
 [02:33:51] or his description Proved us unspeaking sots.
 [02:33:53] Nay, nay, to the purpose.
 [02:33:56] Your daughter's chastity--there it begins.
 [02:34:03] He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 [02:34:07] And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
 [02:34:10] Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him

[02:34:12] Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 [02:34:16] Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 [02:34:18] In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
 [02:34:21] By hers and mine adultery.
 [02:34:24] He, true knight,
 [02:34:26] No lesser of her honour confident
 [02:34:28] Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 [02:34:31] And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 [02:34:32] Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
 [02:34:34] Been all the worth of's car.
 [02:34:38] Away to Britain
 [02:34:39] Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
 [02:34:41] Remember me at court; where I was taught
 [02:34:43] Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 [02:34:46] 'Twixt amorous and villanous.
 [02:34:51] Being thus quench'd
 [02:34:52] Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 [02:34:56] 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 [02:35:00] Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
 [02:35:04] And, to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
 [02:35:08] That I return'd with simular proof enough
 [02:35:10] To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 [02:35:14] By wounding his belief in her renown
 [02:35:17] With tokens thus, and thus;
 [02:35:23] averting notes of chamber-hanging,
 [02:35:25] pictures, this her bracelet,--
 [02:35:28] O cunning, how I got it!--nay, some marks
 [02:35:34] Of secret on her person, that he could not
 [02:35:35] But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 [02:35:40] I having ta'en the forfeit.
 [02:35:44] Whereupon-- Methinks, I see him now--
 [02:35:49] Ay, so thou dost,
 [02:35:53] Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
 [02:36:03] Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 [02:36:07] That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 [02:36:11] To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 [02:36:17] Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 [02:36:22] For torturers ingenious: it is I
 [02:36:25] That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 [02:36:28] By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 [02:36:34] That kill'd thy daughter:
 [02:36:37] --villain-like, I lie--
 [02:36:39] That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 [02:36:41] A sacrilegious thief, to do't:
 [02:36:44] the temple Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 [02:36:51] Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me,
 [02:36:57] set the dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 [02:37:01] Be call'd Posthumus Leonitus;
 [02:37:03] and be villany less than 'twas!
 [02:37:08] O Imogen!
 [02:37:10] My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 [02:37:19] Imogen, Imogen!
 [02:37:23] Peace, my lord; hear, hear--
 [02:37:31] Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 [02:37:36] There lie thy part.
 [02:37:37] O, gentlemen, help!
 [02:37:39] Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
 [02:37:42] You ne'er kill'd Imogen til now. Help, help!
 [02:37:45] Mine honour'd lady!
 [02:37:47] Does the world go round?

[02:37:48] How come these staggers on me?
 [02:37:51] Wake, my mistress!
 [02:37:52] If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 [02:37:55] To death with mortal joy.
 [02:37:58] How fares thy mistress?
 [02:38:00] O, get thee from my sight;
 [02:38:03] Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 [02:38:06] Breathe not where princes are.
 [02:38:08] The tune of Imogen!
 [02:38:09] Lady,
 [02:38:10] The gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
 [02:38:12] if that box I gave you was not thought by me
 [02:38:13] A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
 [02:38:16] It poison'd me.
 [02:38:18] O gods!
 [02:38:19] I left out one thing which the queen confess'd.
 [02:38:21] Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
 [02:38:23] Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
 [02:38:26] Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
 [02:38:28] As I would serve a rat.'
 [02:38:30] Have you ta'en of it?
 [02:38:32] Most like I did, for I was dead.
 [02:38:36] My boys, There was our error.
 [02:38:38] This is, sure, Fidele.
 [02:38:40] Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
 [02:38:44] Think that you are upon a rock;
 [02:38:47] and now throw me again.
 [02:38:51] Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
 [02:38:54] Till the tree die!
 [02:38:57] How now, my flesh, my child!
 [02:39:00] What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
 [02:39:03] Wilt thou not speak to me?
 [02:39:06] Your blessing, sir.
 [02:39:11] My tears that fall
 [02:39:12] Prove holy water on thee!
 [02:39:16] Imogen, Thy mother's dead.
 [02:39:22] I am sorry for't, my lord.
 [02:39:24] O, she was nought; and long of her it was
 [02:39:26] That we meet here so strangely: but her son
 [02:39:30] Is gone, we know not how nor where.
 [02:39:33] My lord,
 [02:39:34] Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
 [02:39:39] Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 [02:39:40] With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
 [02:39:44] If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 [02:39:45] It was my instant death.
 [02:39:48] By accident, had a feigned letter of my master's
 [02:39:51] Then in my pocket; which directed him
 [02:39:52] To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 [02:39:54] Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 [02:39:58] Which he enforced from me, away he posts
 [02:40:01] With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
 [02:40:05] My lady's honour: what became of him
 [02:40:07] I further know not.
 [02:40:09] Let me end the story:
 [02:40:11] I slew him there.
 [02:40:12] Marry, the gods forfend!
 [02:40:15] I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 [02:40:18] Pluck a bard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
 [02:40:21] Deny't again.

[02:40:22] I have spoke it, and I did it.
 [02:40:23] He was a prince.
 [02:40:24] A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
 [02:40:28] Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 [02:40:32] With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 [02:40:34] If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
 [02:40:37] And am right glad he is not standing here
 [02:40:39] To tell this tale of mine.
 [02:40:41] I am sorry for thee:
 [02:40:42] By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd,
 [02:40:44] and must endure our law.
 [02:40:45] Bind the offender,
 [02:40:46] And take him from our presence.
 [02:40:47] Stay, sir king:
 [02:40:49] This man is better than the man he slew,
 [02:40:51] As well descended as thyself; and hath
 [02:40:53] More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
 [02:40:55] Had ever scar for.
 [02:40:57] Let his arms alone;
 [02:41:00] They were not born for bondage.
 [02:41:03] Why, old soldier,
 [02:41:05] Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 [02:41:09] By tasting of our wrath?
 [02:41:11] How of descent as good as we?
 [02:41:13] In that he spake too far.
 [02:41:15] And thou shalt die for't.
 [02:41:16] We will die all three:
 [02:41:19] But I will prove that two on's are as good
 [02:41:21] As I have given out him.
 [02:41:25] My sons, I must,
 [02:41:27] For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
 [02:41:32] Though, haply, well for you.
 [02:41:33] Your danger's ours.
 [02:41:34] And our good his.
 [02:41:36] Have at it then, by leave.
 [02:41:40] Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
 [02:41:43] Was call'd Belarius.
 [02:41:45] What of him?
 [02:41:46] He is a banish'd traitor.
 [02:41:48] He it is that hath
 [02:41:49] Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;
 [02:41:53] I know not how a traitor.
 [02:41:55] Take him hence:
 [02:41:56] The whole world shall not save him.
 [02:41:59] Not too hot:
 [02:42:01] First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
 [02:42:05] And let it be confiscate all, so soon
 [02:42:07] As I have received it.
 [02:42:09] Nursing of my sons!
 [02:42:13] I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
 [02:42:21] Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
 [02:42:25] Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
 [02:42:31] These two young gentlemen, that call me father
 [02:42:36] And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
 [02:42:42] They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
 [02:42:47] And blood of your begetting.
 [02:42:51] How! my issue!
 [02:42:53] So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
 [02:42:59] Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
 [02:43:04] These gentle princes--

[02:43:06] For such and so they are--these twenty years
 [02:43:10] Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
 [02:43:14] Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 [02:43:18] Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 [02:43:23] Whom for the theft I wedded,
 [02:43:26] stole these children
 [02:43:28] Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,
 [02:43:33] Having received the punishment before,
 [02:43:35] For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
 [02:43:40] Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
 [02:43:46] The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
 [02:43:50] Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 [02:44:00] Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 [02:44:06] Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 [02:44:14] The benediction of these covering heavens
 [02:44:17] Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 [02:44:21] To inlay heaven with stars.
 [02:44:26] Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 [02:44:32] The service that you three have done is more
 [02:44:35] Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
 [02:44:44] If these be they, I know not how to wish
 [02:44:46] A pair of worthier sons.
 [02:44:48] Be pleased awhile.
 [02:44:53] This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 [02:44:58] Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
 [02:45:06] This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 [02:45:13] Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
 [02:45:18] In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 [02:45:21] Of his queen mother, which for more probation
 [02:45:26] I can with ease produce.
 [02:45:28] Guiderius had
 [02:45:29] Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
 [02:45:36] It was a mark of wonder.
 [02:45:38] This is he;
 [02:45:40] Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
 [02:45:44] It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 [02:45:46] To be his evidence now.
 [02:45:50] O, what, am I
 [02:45:52] A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
 [02:45:57] Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
 [02:46:02] That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 [02:46:04] may reign in them now!
 [02:46:07] O Imogen, thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
 [02:46:10] No, my lord;
 [02:46:12] I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
 [02:46:19] Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
 [02:46:23] But I am truest speaker you call'd me brother,
 [02:46:26] When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
 [02:46:33] When ye were so indeed.
 [02:46:34] Did you e'er meet?
 [02:46:35] Ay, my good lord.
 [02:46:36] And at first meeting loved;
 [02:46:39] O rare instinct!
 [02:46:42] See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
 [02:46:46] And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 [02:46:50] On him, her brothers, me, her master,
 [02:46:57] hitting each object with a joy:
 [02:46:59] Let's quit this ground,
 [02:47:01] And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
 [02:47:05] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[02:47:10] My good master,
 [02:47:11] I will yet do you service.
 [02:47:13] Happy be you!
 [02:47:15] The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 [02:47:19] He would have well becomed this place, and graced
 [02:47:22] The thankings of a king.
 [02:47:23] I am, sir,
 [02:47:25] The soldier that did company these three
 [02:47:27] In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
 [02:47:31] The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 [02:47:35] Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
 [02:47:39] Have made you finish.
 [02:47:45] I am down again:
 [02:47:48] But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 [02:47:50] As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
 [02:47:58] Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
 [02:48:09] And here the bracelet of the truest princess
 [02:48:11] That ever swore her faith.
 [02:48:12] Kneel not to me:
 [02:48:17] The power that I have on you is, to spare you;
 [02:48:22] The malice towards you to forgive you:
 [02:48:29] Live, and deal with others better.
 [02:48:47] Nobly doom'd!
 [02:48:50] We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
 [02:48:53] Pardon's the word to all.
 [02:48:58] You help us, sir,
 [02:48:59] As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
 [02:49:01] Joy'd are we that you are.
 [02:49:03] Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
 [02:49:08] Call forth your soothsayer:
 [02:49:13] as I slept, methought
 [02:49:15] Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
 [02:49:17] Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
 [02:49:20] Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
 [02:49:24] This label on my bosom; whose containing
 [02:49:27] Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 [02:49:29] Make no collection of it:
 [02:49:33] let her show her skill in the construction.
 [02:49:37] Read, and declare the meaning.
 [02:49:43] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
 [02:49:46] unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a
 [02:49:49] piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
 [02:49:54] shall be lopped branches, which, being dead
 [02:49:57] many years, shall after revive,
 [02:49:59] be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
 [02:50:03] then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 [02:50:08] Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
 [02:50:15] Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
 [02:50:18] The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 [02:50:20] Being Leonatus, doth import so much.
 [02:50:26] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 [02:50:31] Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
 [02:50:34] We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
 [02:50:37] Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
 [02:50:40] Answering the letter of the oracle,
 [02:50:42] Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
 [02:50:46] With this most tender air.
 [02:50:48] This hath some seeming.
 [02:50:50] The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 [02:50:52] Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point

[02:50:54] Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
[02:50:58] For many years thought dead, are now revived,
[02:51:01] To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
[02:51:03] Promises Britain peace and plenty.
[02:51:07] Well
[02:51:09] My peace we will begin.
[02:51:14] And, Caius Lucius,
[02:51:16] Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
[02:51:20] And to the Roman empire; promising
[02:51:22] To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
[02:51:24] We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
[02:51:28] Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
[02:51:31] Have laid most heavy hand.
[02:51:35] The fingers of the powers above do tune
[02:51:37] The harmony of this peace. The vision
[02:51:40] Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
[02:51:43] Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
[02:51:46] Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
[02:51:51] From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
[02:51:56] Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
[02:52:00] So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
[02:52:07] The imperial Caesar, should again unite
[02:52:10] His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
[02:52:14] Which shines here in the west.
[02:52:16] Laud we the gods;
[02:52:18] And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
[02:52:22] From our blest altars.