

# Cymbeline

## 4.2

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Innogen  
dressed as a man, from the cave*

**BELARIUS** *(to Innogen)*

You are not well. Remain here in the cave.  
We'll come to you from hunting.

**ARVIRAGUS** *(to Innogen)* Brother, stay here.  
Are we not brothers?

**INNOGEN** So man and man should be,  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick. 5

**GUIDERIUS** *(to Belarius and Arviragus)*  
Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

**INNOGEN**  
So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me.  
Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom 10  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, 15  
Stealing so poorly.

**GUIDERIUS** I love thee: I have spoke it;  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

**BELARIUS** What, how, how?

**ARVIRAGUS**  
If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault. I know not why 20  
I love this youth, and I have heard you say  
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
'My father, not this youth'.

**BELARIUS** *(aside)* O noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! 25

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father, yet who this should be  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.

(Aloud) 'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.

**ARVIRAGUS** (to Innogen)

Brother, farewell. 30

**INNOGEN**

I wish ye sport.

**ARVIRAGUS** You health.±±So please you, sir.

**INNOGEN** (aside)

These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court.  
Experience, O thou disprov'st report!  
Th'imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

35

*[She swallows the drug.] The men speak apart*

**GUIDERIUS**

I could not stir him.

He said he was gentle but unfortunate,  
Dishonestly afflicted but yet honest.

40

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter  
I might know more.

**BELARIUS**

To th' field, to th' field!

(To Innogen) We'll leave you for this time. Go in and  
rest.

**ARVIRAGUS** (to Innogen)

We'll not be long away.

**BELARIUS** (to Innogen)

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

**INNOGEN**

Well or ill,

45

I am bound to you.

*Exit*

**BELARIUS**

And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears hath had  
Good ancestors.

**ARVIRAGUS**

How angel-like he sings!

**GUIDERIUS**

But his neat cookery!

50

**[BELARIUS]**

He cut our roots in characters,  
And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick  
And he her dieter.

**ARVIRAGUS** Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was for not being such a smile; 55  
The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly  
From so divine a temple to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

**GUIDERIUS** I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

**ARVIRAGUS** Grow patience, 60  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine.

**BELARIUS**  
It is great morning. Come away. Who's there?  
*Enter Cloten in Posthumus' suit*

**CLOTEN**  
I cannot find those runagates. That villain  
Hath mocked me. I am faint.

**BELARIUS** (*aside to Arviragus and Guiderius*) `Those runagates'? 65  
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o'th' Queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws. Hence!

**GUIDERIUS** (*aside to Arviragus and Belarius*)  
He is but one. You and my brother search 70  
What companies are near. Pray you, away.  
Let me alone with him.

*Exeunt Arviragus and Belarius*

**CLOTEN** Soft, what are you  
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

**GUIDERIUS** A thing 75  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

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

**GUIDERIUS**

To who? To thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine, a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee. 80

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

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

**CLOTEN** Thou precious varlet, 85  
My tailor made them not.

**GUIDERIUS** Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool.  
I am loath to beat thee.

**CLOTEN** Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name and tremble.

**GUIDERIUS** What's thy name?

**CLOTEN** Cloten, thou villain. 90

**GUIDERIUS**  
Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it. Were it toad or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

**CLOTEN** To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to th' Queen.

**GUIDERIUS** I am sorry for't, not seeming 95  
So worthy as thy birth.

**CLOTEN** Art not afeard?

**GUIDERIUS**  
Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise.  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

**CLOTEN** Die the death.  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence, 100  
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.  
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

*Fight and exeunt*

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus*

**BELARIUS** No company's abroad?

**ARVIRAGUS**

None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

**BELARIUS**

I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favour 105  
Which then he wore. The snatches in his voice  
And burst of speaking were as his. I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

**ARVIRAGUS** In this place we left them.

I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

**BELARIUS** Being scarce made up, 110  
I mean to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of fear.

*Enter Guiderius with Cloten's head*

But see, thy

brother.

**GUIDERIUS**

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,  
There was no money in't. Not Hercules 115  
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

**BELARIUS** What hast thou done?

**GUIDERIUS**

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the Queen after his own report, 120  
Who called me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads where±±thanks, ye gods±±they  
grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

**BELARIUS** We are all undone.

**GUIDERIUS**

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose 125  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,

For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

130

**BELARIUS** No single soul  
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, 135  
Not absolute madness, could so far have raved  
To bring him here alone. Although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he  
hearing±± 140  
As it is like him±±might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear  
If we do fear this body hath a tail 145  
More perilous than the head.

**ARVIRAGUS** Let ord'nance  
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

**BELARIUS** I had no mind  
To hunt this day. The boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

**GUIDERIUS** With his own sword, 150  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea  
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.  
That's all I reckon.

*Exit with Cloten's head*

**BELARIUS** I fear 'twill be revenged. 155  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't, though  
valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

**ARVIRAGUS** Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me. Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges 160

That possible strength might meet would seek us  
through  
And put us to our answer.

**BELARIUS** Well, 'tis done.  
We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock.  
You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay 165  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

**ARVIRAGUS** Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him. To gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity.  
*Exit into the cave*

**BELARIUS** O thou goddess, 170  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind 175  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine  
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour 180  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Enter Guiderius*

**GUIDERIUS** Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream 185  
In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage  
For his return.

*Solemn music*

**BELARIUS** My ingenious instrument!±±  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds. But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

**GUIDERIUS**  
Is he at home?

**BELARIUS** He went hence even now. 190

**GUIDERIUS**

What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother  
It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. 195  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Enter from the cave Arviragus with Innogen, dead,  
bearing her in his arms*

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

**ARVIRAGUS** The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty, 200  
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

**GUIDERIUS** (to Innogen) O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

**BELARIUS** O melancholy,  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find 205  
The ooze to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blesseÁd thing,  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
(To Arviragus) How found you him?

**ARVIRAGUS** Stark, as you see,

210

Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart being laughed at; his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

**GUIDERIUS** Where?

**ARVIRAGUS** O'th' floor,  
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness 215  
Answered my steps too loud.

**GUIDERIUS** Why, he but sleeps.  
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed.



With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
(*To Innogen*) And worms will not come to thee.

**ARVIRAGUS** (*to Innogen*)

With fairest flowers

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, 220  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
Outsweetened not thy breath. The ruddock would 225  
With charitable bill±±O bill sore shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!±±bring thee all this,  
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-gown thy corpse.

**GUIDERIUS**

Prithee, have done, 230

And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Say, where shall 's lay him?

**GUIDERIUS**

By good Euriphile, our mother.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Be't so, 235

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground  
As once our mother; use like note and words,  
Save that `Euriphile' must be `Fidele'.

**GUIDERIUS**

Cadwal, 240

I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with thee,  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll speak it then.

**BELARIUS**

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys, 245  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty  
rotting  
Together have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely, 250  
And though you took his life as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

**GUIDERIUS** Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'  
When neither are alive.

**ARVIRAGUS** (to *Belarius*) If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst.  
*Exit Belarius*

Brother,

begin. 255

**GUIDERIUS**  
Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th'east.  
My father hath a reason for't.

**ARVIRAGUS** 'Tis true.

**GUIDERIUS**  
Come on, then, and remove him.

**ARVIRAGUS** So, begin.

**GUIDERIUS**  
Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages. 260  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

**ARVIRAGUS**  
Fear no more the frown o'th' great, 265  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.  
Care no more to clothe and eat,  
To thee the reed is as the oak.  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust. 270

**GUIDERIUS**  
Fear no more the lightning flash,

**ARVIRAGUS**  
Nor th'all-dreaded thunder-stone.

**GUIDERIUS**  
Fear not slander, censure rash.

**ARVIRAGUS**  
Thou hast finished joy and moan.

**GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS**

All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee and come to dust. 275

**GUIDERIUS**

No exorcisor harm thee,

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor no witchcraft charm thee.

**GUIDERIUS**

Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nothing ill come near thee. 280

**GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS**

Quiet consummation have,  
And renowne—Ad be thy grave.  
*Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten in  
Posthumus' suit*

**GUIDERIUS**

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

**BELARIUS**

Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more;  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night 285  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves upon th'earth's face.  
You were as flowers, now withered; even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.  
Come on, away; apart upon our knees

□

290

The ground that gave them first has them again.  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*Exeunt Belarius, Arviragus, and Guiderius*

**INNOGEN** (awakes)

Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which is the way?  
I thank you. By yon bush? Pray, how far thither?  
'Od's pitykins, can it be six mile yet? 295  
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

*She sees Cloten*

But soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!  
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,  
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream,  
For so I thought I was a cavekeeper, 300  
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so.  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,  
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be 305  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!  
 The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is  
 Without me as within me; not imagined, felt.  
 A headless man? The garments of Posthumus? 310  
 I know the shape of 's leg; this is his hand,  
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,  
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face±±  
 Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks, 315  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspired with that irregularous devil Cloten,  
 Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read  
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio  
 Hath with his forgeÁd letters±±damned Pisanio±± 320  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus, alas,  
 Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's  
 that?

Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart  
 And left thy head on. How should this be? Pisanio? 325  
 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home. 330  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten±±O,  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us!

*[She smears her face with blood]*

O my lord, my lord!

*[She faints.]*

*Enter Lucius, Roman Captains, and a Soothsayer*

**A ROMAN CAPTAIN** *(to Lucius)*

To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia 335  
 After your will have crossed the sea, attending  
 You here at Milford Haven with your ships.

They are hence in readiness.

**LUCIUS**

But what from Rome?

**A ROMAN CAPTAIN**

The senate hath stirred up the confiners  
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits 340  
That promise noble service, and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Giacomo,  
Siena's brother.

**LUCIUS** When expect you them?

**A ROMAN CAPTAIN**

With the next benefit o'th' wind.

**LUCIUS**

This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers 345  
Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.

*[Exit one or more]*

*(To Soothsayer)*

Now, sir,

What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?

**SOOTHSAYER**

Last night the very gods showed me a vision±±  
I fast, and prayed for their intelligence±±thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged 350  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanished in the sunbeams; which portends,  
Unless my sins abuse my divination,  
Success to th' Roman host.

**LUCIUS**

Dream often so,

And never false.

*He sees Cloten's body*

Soft, ho, what trunk is here

355

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How, a page?  
Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. 360  
Let's see the boy's face.

**A ROMAN CAPTAIN**

He's alive, my lord.

**LUCIUS**

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems

They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he 365  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came't? Who is't?  
What art thou?

**INNOGEN** I am nothing; or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master, 370  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,  
There is no more such masters. I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good; serve truly, never 375  
Find such another master.

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

**INNOGEN**  
Richard du Champ. (*Aside*) If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear I hope 380  
They'll pardon it. (*Aloud*) Say you, sir?

**LUCIUS**  
Thy name?

**INNOGEN**  
Fidele, sir.

**LUCIUS**  
Thou dost approve thyself the very same.  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but be sure, 385  
No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's letters  
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

**INNOGEN**  
I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep 390  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild-wood leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his  
grave  
And on it said a century of prayers,

Such as I can, twice o'er I'll weep and sigh,  
And leaving so his service, follow you, 395  
So please you entertain me.

**LUCIUS** Ay, good youth,  
And rather father thee than master thee. My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans 400  
A grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is preferred  
By thee to us, and he shall be interred  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful. Wipe thine eyes.  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.  
*Exeunt with Cloten's body*