

# Cymbeline

## 2.3

*Enter Cloten and the two Lords*

**FIRST LORD** Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,  
the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

**CLOTEN** It would make any man cold to lose.

**FIRST LORD** But not every man patient after the noble  
temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious  
when you win.

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**CLOTEN** Winning will put any man into courage. If I could  
get this foolish Innogen I should have gold enough. It's  
almost morning, is't not?

**FIRST LORD** Day, my lord. 10

**CLOTEN** I would this music would come. I am advised to  
give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians*

Come on, tune. If you can penetrate her with your  
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too. If none will  
do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very 15  
excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet  
air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her  
consider.

*[Music]*

**[MUSICIAN]** *(sings)*

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven gate sings,

And Phoebus gins arise, 20

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies,

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

With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise,

Arise, arise! 25

**CLOTEN** So, get you gone. If this penetrate I will consider  
your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her  
ears which horse hairs and calves' guts nor the voice  
of unpaved eunuch to boot can never amend.

*Exeunt Musicians*

*Enter Cymbeline and the Queen*

**SECOND LORD** Here comes the King. 30

**CLOTEN** I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason  
I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this  
service I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your  
majesty, and to my gracious mother.

**CYMBELINE**

Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? 35  
Will she not forth?

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

**CYMBELINE**

The exile of her minion is too new.  
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time 40  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

**QUEEN** (*to Cloten*) You are most bound to th' King,  
Who lets go by no vantages that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits, and be friended 45  
With aptness of the season. Make denials  
Increase your services; so seem as if  
You were inspired to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends, 50  
And therein you are senseless.

**CLOTEN** Senseless? Not so.

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER** (*to Cymbeline*)

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

**CYMBELINE** A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now:  
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him 55  
According to the honour of his sender,  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the Queen and us. We shall have need 60  
T'employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

*Exeunt all but Cloten*

**CLOTEN**

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream.

*[He knocks]*

By your

leave, ho!±±

I know her women are about her; what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold 65  
Which buys admittance±±oft it doth±±yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief,  
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What 70  
Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.±±  
By your leave.

*Knocks. Enter a Lady*

LADY

Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN

A gentleman.

LADY

No more?

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CLOTEN

Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY

That's more

*[Aside]* Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours  
Can justly boast of. *(To him)* What's your lordship's  
pleasure?

CLOTEN

Your lady's person. Is she ready?

LADY

Ay.

*[Aside]* To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN

There is gold for you. 80

Sell me your good report.

LADY

How, my good name?±±or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?

*Enter Innogen*

The Princess.

*[Exit]*



Yet who than he more mean?±±to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency 115  
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot,  
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by  
The consequence o'th' crown, and must not foil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, 120  
A pantler±±not so eminent.

**INNOGEN** Profane fellow,  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made 125  
Comparative for your virtues to be styled  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferred so well.

**CLOTEN** The south-fog rot him!

**INNOGEN**  
He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment 130  
That ever hath but clipped his body is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

*Enter Pisanio*

**CLOTEN** His garment? Now the devil±±

**INNOGEN** (to Pisanio)

To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently. 135

**CLOTEN**

His garment?

**INNOGEN** (to Pisanio) I am sprited with a fool,  
Frighted, and angered worse. Go bid my woman  
Search for a jewel that too casually  
Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's. 'Shrew me  
If I would lose it for a revenue 140  
Of any king's in Europe! I do think  
I saw't this morning; confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

**PISANIO** 'Twill not be lost. 145

**INNOGEN**

I hope so. Go and search.

*Exit Pisanio*

**CLOTEN**

You have abused me.

`His meanest garment'?

**INNOGEN**

Ay, I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

**CLOTEN**

I will inform your father.

**INNOGEN**

Your mother too.

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To th' worst of discontent.

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

I'll be revenged.

`His meanest garment'? Well!

*Exit*