

Cymbeline

2.5

Enter Posthumus

POSTHUMUS

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamped. Some coiner with his tools 5
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunned snow. O all the devils!
This yellow Giacomo in an hour±±was't not?±±
Or less±±at first? Perchance he spoke not, but 15
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me±±for there's no motion 20
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain, 25
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that man can name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers in part or all, but rather all±±
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still 30
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them, yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate to pray they have their will.
The very devils cannot plague them better.
Exit