

Cymbeline

4.1

Enter Cloten, in Posthumus' suit

CLOTEN I am near to th' place where they should meet,
if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments
serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by
him that made the tailor, not be fit too?±±the rather±±
saving reverence of the word±±for 'tis said a woman's 5
fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman.
I dare speak it to myself, for it is not vainglory for a
man and his glass to confer in his own chamber. I
mean the lines of my body are as well drawn as his:
no less young, more strong, not beneath him in 10
fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,
above him in birth, alike conversant in general services,
and more remarkable in single oppositions. Yet this
imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What
mortality is! Posthumus, thy head which now is 15
growing upon thy shoulders shall within this hour be
off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces
before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to
her father, who may haply be a little angry for my so
rough usage; but my mother, having power of his 20
testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My
horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose!
Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the very
description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares
not deceive me. 25

Exit