

Cymbeline

2.1

Enter Cloten and the two Lords

CLOTEN Was there ever man had such luck? When I
kissed the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away! I had
a hundred pound on't, and then a whoreson jackanapes
must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine
oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure. 5

FIRST LORD What got he by that? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

SECOND LORD (*aside*) If his wit had been like him that broke
it, it would have run all out.

CLOTEN When a gentleman is disposed to swear it is not 10
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

SECOND LORD No, my lord (*aside*) ±±nor crop the ears of
them.

CLOTEN Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he
had been one of my rank. 15

SECOND LORD (*aside*) To have smelled like a fool.

CLOTEN I am not vexed more at anything in th'earth. A
pox on't, I had rather not be so noble as I am. They
dare not fight with me because of the Queen, my
mother. Every jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, 20
and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody
can match.

SECOND LORD (*aside*) You are cock and capon too an you
crow cock with your comb on.

CLOTEN Sayst thou? 25

SECOND LORD It is not fit your lordship should undertake
every companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN No, I know that, but it is fit I should commit
offence to my inferiors.

SECOND LORD Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. 30

CLOTEN Why, so I say.

FIRST LORD Did you hear of a stranger that's come to
court tonight?

CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know on't?

SECOND LORD (*aside*) He's a strange fellow himself and 35

knows it not.

FIRST LORD There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought,
one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN Leonatus? A banished rascal; and he's another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger? 40

FIRST LORD One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

SECOND LORD You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOTEN Not easily, I think. 45

SECOND LORD (*aside*) You are a fool granted, therefore your
issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

CLOTEN Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost
today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go.

SECOND LORD I'll attend your lordship. 50

Exeunt Cloten and First Lord

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass!±±a woman that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, 55
Thou divine Innogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame governed,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act 60
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand
T'enjoy thy banished lord and this great land!

Exit