

# Cymbeline

## 4.3

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio*

**CYMBELINE**

Again, and bring me word how 'tis with her.

*Exit one or more*

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness of which her life's in danger±±heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Innogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen 5  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present! It strikes me past  
The hope of comfort. *(To Pisanio)* But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and 10  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

**PISANIO**

Sir, my life is yours.

I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your  
highness, 15  
Hold me your loyal servant.

**A LORD**

Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here.  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20  
And will no doubt be found.

**CYMBELINE**

The time is troublesome.

*(To Pisanio)* We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

**A LORD**

So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast with a supply 25  
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

**CYMBELINE**

Now for the counsel of my son and queen!

I am amazed with matter.

**A LORD** Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're  
ready. 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

**CYMBELINE** I thank you. Let's withdraw,  
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us, but  
We grieve at chances here. Away. 35  
*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords*

**PISANIO**  
I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Innogen was slain. 'Tis strange.  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40  
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country  
Even to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared: 45  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.  
*Exit*