

Cymbeline

5.1

*Enter Posthumus, dressed as an Italian gentleman,
carrying a bloody cloth*

POSTHUMUS

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I once wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio, 5
Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Innogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more. You some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread ill, to the doer's thrift. 15
But Innogen is your own. Do your blest wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress-piece; 20
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.

[He disrobes himself]

So I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die 25
For thee, O Innogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and, thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me.

To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin
The fashion±±less without and more within.

Exit