

# Cymbeline

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Cymbeline](#) | Act 3, Scene 1  
[Previous scene](#) | [Next scene](#)

## SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants*

### CYMBELINE

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

### CAIUS LUCIUS

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,--  
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it--for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

### QUEEN

And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

### CLOTEN

There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

### QUEEN

That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume  
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,  
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest  
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' with shame--  
That first that ever touch'd him--he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--  
Poor ignorant baubles!-- upon our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point--  
O giglot fortune!--to master Caesar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
And Britons strut with courage.

## **CLOTEN**

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our  
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,  
as I said, there is no more such Caesars: other of  
them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such  
straight arms, none.

## **CYMBELINE**

Son, let your mother end.

## **CLOTEN**

We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as  
Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a  
hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If  
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or  
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute  
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

## **CYMBELINE**

You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free:  
Caesar's ambition,  
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

## **CLOTEN Lords**

We do.

## **CYMBELINE**

Say, then, to Caesar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made our laws,  
Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar--  
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers--thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

## CYMBELINE

Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Caesar shall not find them.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

Let proof speak.

## CLOTEN

His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if  
you seek us afterwards in other terms, you  
shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you  
beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in  
the adventure, our crows shall fare the better  
for you; and there's an end.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

So, sir.

## CYMBELINE

I know your master's pleasure and he mine:  
All the remain is 'Welcome!'

*Exeunt*

