

# Cymbeline

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## SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN*

### BELARIUS

[To IMOGEN] You are not well: remain here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

### ARVIRAGUS

[To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here  
Are we not brothers?

### IMOGEN

So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

### GUIDERIUS

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

### IMOGEN

So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

### GUIDERIUS

I love thee; I have spoke it  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

### BELARIUS

What! how! how!

**ARVIRAGUS**

If it be sin to say so, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
'My father, not this youth.'

**BELARIUS**

[Aside] O noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Brother, farewell.

**IMOGEN**

I wish ye sport.

**ARVIRAGUS**

You health. So please you, sir.

**IMOGEN**

[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies  
I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Swallows some*

**GUIDERIUS**

I could not stir him:  
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

**BELARIUS**

To the field, to the field!  
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll not be long away.

**BELARIUS**

Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

**IMOGEN**

Well or ill,  
I am bound to you.

**BELARIUS**

And shalt be ever.

*Exit IMOGEN, to the cave*

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

**ARVIRAGUS**

How angel-like he sings!

**GUIDERIUS**

But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick  
And he her dieter.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

**GUIDERIUS**

I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

## **ARVIRAGUS**

Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

## **BELARIUS**

It is great morning. Come, away!--  
Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN*

## **CLOTEN**

I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

## **BELARIUS**

'Those runagates!'  
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

## **GUIDERIUS**

He is but one: you and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

## **CLOTEN**

Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

## **GUIDERIUS**

A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

## **CLOTEN**

Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

## **GUIDERIUS**

To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee?

## **CLOTEN**

Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

## **GUIDERIUS**

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

## **CLOTEN**

Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

## **GUIDERIUS**

Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

## **CLOTEN**

Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

## **GUIDERIUS**

What's thy name?

## **CLOTEN**

Cloten, thou villain.

## **GUIDERIUS**

Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or  
Adder, Spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

## **CLOTEN**

To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to the queen.

### **GUIDERIUS**

I am sorry for 't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

### **CLOTEN**

Art not afeard?

### **GUIDERIUS**

Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

### **CLOTEN**

Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

*Exeunt, fighting*

*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

### **BELARIUS**

No companies abroad?

### **ARVIRAGUS**

None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

### **BELARIUS**

I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

### **ARVIRAGUS**

In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

### **BELARIUS**

Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head*

## **GUIDERIUS**

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

## **BELARIUS**

What hast thou done?

## **GUIDERIUS**

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in  
Displace our heads where--thank the gods!--they grow,  
And set them on Lud's-town.

## **BELARIUS**

We are all undone.

## **GUIDERIUS**

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

## **BELARIUS**

No single soul  
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have raved  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time

May make some stronger head; the which he hearing--  
As it is like him--might break out, and swear  
He'ld fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

## **ARVIRAGUS**

Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

## **BELARIUS**

I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

## **GUIDERIUS**

With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon.

*Exit*

## **BELARIUS**

I fear 'twill be revenged:  
Would, Polydote, thou hadst not done't! though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

## **ARVIRAGUS**

Would I had done't  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through  
And put us to our answer.

## **BELARIUS**

Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydote return, and bring him



To dinner presently.

## **ARVIRAGUS**

Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll weringly to him: to gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

*Exit*

## **BELARIUS**

O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS*

## **GUIDERIUS**

Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return.

*Solemn music*

## **BELARIUS**

My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

## **GUIDERIUS**

Is he at home?

## **BELARIUS**

He went hence even now.

## **GUIDERIUS**

What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother  
it did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

## **BELARIUS**

Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms*

## **ARVIRAGUS**

The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

## **GUIDERIUS**

O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

## **BELARIUS**

O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
How found you him?

## **ARVIRAGUS**

Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly hid tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his  
right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

## **GUIDERIUS**

Where?

## ARVIRAGUS

O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

## GUIDERIUS

Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

## ARVIRAGUS

With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill,--O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!--bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.

## GUIDERIUS

Prithee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

## ARVIRAGUS

Say, where shall's lay him?

## GUIDERIUS

By good Euriphile, our mother.

## ARVIRAGUS

Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother; use like note and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

**GUIDERIUS**

Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll speak it, then.

**BELARIUS**

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though mean and  
mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray You, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

**ARVIRAGUS**

If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

*Exit BELARIUS*

**GUIDERIUS**

Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;  
My father hath a reason for't.

**ARVIRAGUS**

'Tis true.

**GUIDERIUS**

Come on then, and remove him.

**ARVIRAGUS**

So. Begin.

*SONG*

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear no more the lightning flash,

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear not slander, censure rash;

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

**GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS**

All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

**GUIDERIUS**

No exorciser harm thee!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

**GUIDERIUS**

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

## ARVIRAGUS

Nothing ill come near thee!

## GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN*

## GUIDERIUS

We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

## BELARIUS

Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.  
The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

## IMOGEN

[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is  
the way?--  
I thank you.--By yond bush?--Pray, how far thither?  
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?--  
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
But, soft! no bedfellow!--O god s and goddesses!

*Seeing the body of CLOTEN*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,  
I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.  
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face  
Murder in heaven?--How!--'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,--damn'd Pisanio--  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
where's that?  
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?  
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrider may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Falls on the body*

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer*

### **Captain**

To them the legions garrison'd in Gailia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending  
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:  
They are in readiness.

### **CAIUS LUCIUS**

But what from Rome?

### **Captain**

The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners  
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Syenna's brother.

### **CAIUS LUCIUS**

When expect you them?

### **Captain**

With the next benefit o' the wind.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

## Soothsayer

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision--  
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence--thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends--  
Unless my sins abuse my divination--  
Success to the Roman host.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

Dream often so,  
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How! a page!  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the boy's face.

## Captain

He's alive, my lord.

## CAIUS LUCIUS

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

## IMOGEN

I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!  
There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,



Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

'Lack, good youth!  
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

**IMOGEN**

Richard du Champ.

*Aside*

If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.--Say you, sir?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thy name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

**IMOGEN**

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Ay, good youth!  
And rather father thee than master thee.  
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Exeunt*

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