

Cymbeline 3.6

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS You, Polydote, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury. *Exit into cave*

GUIDERIUS I am thoroughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. *Enter Belarius*

BELARIUS Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUIDERIUS What's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy! *Enter IMOGEN*

IMOGEN Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

GUIDERIUS Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

BELARIUS Whither bound?

IMOGEN To Milford-Haven.

BELARIUS What's your name?

IMOGEN Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

BELARIUS Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUIDERIUS Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard.

ARVIRAGUS I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
Most welcome, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

BELARIUS He wrings at some distress.

GUIDERIUS Would I could free't!

ARVIRAGUS Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. God's!

BELARIUS Hark, boys. *Whispering*

IMOGEN Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

BELARIUS It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUIDERIUS

Pray, draw near.

ARVIRAGUS

The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

IMOGEN

Thanks, sir.

ARVIRAGUS

I pray, draw near.

Exeunt