

*Cymbeline* 1.1

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN*

**QUEEN** No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,  
After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

**POSTHUMUS** Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

**QUEEN** You know the peril.  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charged you should not speak together.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN** O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing--  
Always reserved my holy duty--what  
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

**POSTHUMUS** My queen! my mistress!  
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN*

**QUEEN** Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure.



**IMOGEN** I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation  
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

**CYMBELINE** Past grace? obedience?

**IMOGEN** Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

**CYMBELINE** That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

**IMOGEN** O blest, that I might not!

**CYMBELINE** Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

**IMOGEN** No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

**CYMBELINE** O thou vile one!

**IMOGEN** Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:  
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

**CYMBELINE** What, art thou mad?

**IMOGEN** Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

**CYMBELINE** Thou foolish thing! *Re-enter QUEEN*  
They were again together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

**QUEEN** Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

**CYMBELINE** Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly! *Exeunt CYMBELINE*

**QUEEN** Fie! you must give way.