

Cymbeline 2.3

Enter IMOGEN

- CLOTEN** Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
- IMOGEN** Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
- CLOTEN** Still, I swear I love you.
- IMOGEN** If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
- CLOTEN** This is no answer.
- IMOGEN** I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
- CLOTEN** To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
- IMOGEN** Fools are not mad folks.
- CLOTEN** Do you call me fool?
- IMOGEN** As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you.
- CLOTEN** You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties--
Yet who than he more mean?--to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave.

IMOGEN Profane fellow
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom:

CLOTEN The south-fog rot him!

IMOGEN He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

CLOTEN 'His garment!' Now the devil--

IMOGEN I am sprited with a fool.
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

CLOTEN You have abused me: 'His meanest garment!'

IMOGEN Ay, I said so, sir:

CLOTEN I will inform your father.

IMOGEN Your mother too:
So, I leave you, sir, to the worst of discontent.

Exit

CLOTEN I'll be revenged: 'His meanest garment!' Well.

Exit