

Cymbeline

Act IV, sc. 2 (line 293)

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 madded 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!