

This bloody man the cares on't. — I hope, I dream;
 For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. '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 still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, o gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still: ev'n when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, 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 arms of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face —
 Murder in heav'n! — how! — 'tis gone. — *Pisanio*! —
 All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous! Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd *Pisanio* —
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main top! — O *Posthumus*! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on. — How should this be? *Pisanio*!
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this wo here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' 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 horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O, my lord! my lord!