

And make me blest t'obey! — I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
 As does a *Briton* peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, o *Imogen*, for whom my life
 Is every breath a death: and thus not known,
 Pitied, or hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habit shows. —
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me!
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.]

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and
 the British army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like
 a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again
 in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and
 disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I've bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, honours born,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.]

The