

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pifanio,
and Lords.*

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,
That from me my *Posthumus* rip'd,
Came crying 'mong'st his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius*' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mock'd
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus*' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:
Sweet *Imogen*!

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O'th' other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius*' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then, *Jupiter*, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici.