

# *Cymbeline*

Act V, sc. 5 (line 209)

## POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend  
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:--villain-like, I lie--  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthumus Leonitus; and  
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!