

# Cymbeline

Act III, sc. 4 (line 46)

## IMOGEN

I false! Thy conscience witness! Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd; to pieces with me! O!  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

~~Pisanio—Good madam, hear me.~~

True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,  
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness; so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd  
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest;  
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witness my obedience; look!

I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.  
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.