

Cymbeline

Act III, sc. 2 (line 1)

PISANIO

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
so much as this fact comes to?

Reading

'Do't: the letter

that I have sent her, by her own command

Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.