

Cymbeline

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 6 (line 1 - Verse)

Imogen

O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived You?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,

And your three motives to the battle, with

I know not how much more, should be demanded;

And all the other by-dependencies,

From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him, her brother, me, her master, hitting

Each object with a joy: the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

To BELARIUS

Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.