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# Cymbeline

Act V, sc. 5

**CYMBELINE:** O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd 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-dependances,  
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 brothers, 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.