IMOGEN: Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.  
Something's afore 't; soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus  
All turn'd to heresy! Away, away!  
Corrupters of my faith; you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers; though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch;  
The lamb entreats the butcher; where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.