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Cymbeline

Act III, sc. 1

QUEEN: That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume,
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands, that will not bear your enemies. boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar's made here, but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame--
The first that ever touch'd him--he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--
Poor ignorant baubles!--on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point--
O giglot fortune!--to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing-fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.