

# Cymbeline

## Act III, sc. 1 (line 14)

**CLOTEN**

*There be many Caesars,*

*Ere such another Julius. Britain is*

*A world by itself; and we will nothing pay*

*For wearing our own noses.*

**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 unscalable and roaring waters,

With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest

Caesar made here; but made not here his brag

Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' with shame--

That first that ever touch'd him--he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping--

Poor ignorant baubles!-- upon our terrible seas,

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof

The famed 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.