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Weber Freiligrath Frey
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Cymbeline

William Shakespeare

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.Gent. You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart

2 None but the King? 1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they
weare their faces to the bent Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is
not Glad at the thing they scowle at

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee

2 You speake him farre

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather than vnfold His measure duly

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father Was call'd Sicillius, who did ioyne his Honor Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan, But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe: So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus. And had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, cal's him Posthumus Leonatus, Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his time Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred, And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd, A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature, A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer, A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is

2 I honor him, euen out of your report. But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge

Which way they went

2 How long is this ago? 1 Some twenty yeares

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd, So slackely guarded, and the search so slow That could not trace them

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at: Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleeeue you

1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the slander of most Step-Mothers, Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus, So soone as I can win th' offended King, I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience Your wisdome may informe you

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day

Qu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourelly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.
Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,

When Imogen is dead

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all feares

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace

Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he payes

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.
Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.
Enter.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand

Qu. I am very glad on't
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?
Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Qu. Pray walke a-while

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;

You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leaue me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the Towne

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse mee

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene small reflection of her wit

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
Should hurt her

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done

2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship

Clot. Nay come, let's go together

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,
And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him

Pisa. Madam, so I did

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we heare from him

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T' encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.
Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woorthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter

French. And then his banishment

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to soiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance? Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life. Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance

Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you: it had beene pittie you should haue beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuiall a nature

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?
French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy

Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeuue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the giuft. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the giuft of the Gods

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last

Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first

Iach. With fiue times so much conuersation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend

Post. No, no

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt

Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserue more; a punishment too

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too sodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th' approbation of what I haue spoke

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile? Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd

Posthmus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserue it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare

Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go
what's spoken, I sweare

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne:
let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in
goodnesse, the hugenessse of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to
this match: heere's my Ring

Phil. I will haue it no lay

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony
that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten
thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off,
and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell,
this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your
commendation, for my more free entertainment

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs:
onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon
her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am
no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee re-
maine vneduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill
opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall
answer me with your Sword

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set
downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, leas't the
Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and
haue our two Wagers recorded

Post. Agreed

French. Will this hold, thinke you

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?
Lady. I Madam

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious