

CYMBELINE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Directed by DECLAN DONNELLAN Designed by NICK ORMEROD - 2007

Dramatis Personae

CYMBELINE
INNOGEN
GUIDERIUS
ARVIRAGUS
QUEEN
CLOTEN

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
BELARIUS
PISANIO
CORNELIUS
HELEN

PHILARIO
IACHIMO
A FRENCHMAN
A DUTCHMAN
A SPANIARD

CAIUS LUCIUS

JUPITER

Ghost of Posthumus' father
Ghost of Posthumus' mother
Ghost of Posthumus' two brothers

GENTLEMEN
BRITISH CAPTAINS
JAILERS

Lords attending on CYMBELINE, ladies attending on the QUEEN, musicians, messengers, British and Roman soldiers.

S/By
HL (X00.7) 1-4
FLYG: 1+2
Cash UR + UL
SND 1.3-3

CYMBELINE

Act One Scene One

Laurence I pray you tell me sir what is the cause of this disquiet

David Imogen, the king's daughter, the heir of all his kingdom

Cymbeline ~~He~~ has purposed unto his wife's sole son
But quite athwart her father's high command
The princess Imogen, refers herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman of the court, one

Posthumus Leonatus
Ryan Alack good man and therefore banished ^{Britain} by the King

Mark Is she his only child?

David The only child of Royal Cymbeline

Dan He had two sons;

John The eldest of them at three years old.

Dan I' the swathing-clothes the other
From their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way the brother Princes were ta'en.

Ryan When, sir, did this happen?

John/Dan Some twenty years ago.

Ryan That a King's children should be so stolen.

Lola Here comes the new queen, a widow that the ^{Royal Cymbeline} king married
but of late.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN

QUEEN

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but

UR + UL
HL OUT
out clear
LX01, FL01, SND1.3
with handle
LX02 // 10.7
Cym more DS
FLY02
Cym hand up
LX04 + SND3

S/By LX 5-6
SND 4-7
in → Cym
LX05

LX5.5, SND4
SND5
Bog: stop us
LX5.6, SND6

LX06 + SND7

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage ^{doth burn within} ~~is in~~ your father, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN

You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the ^{palace} ~~garden~~, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

POSTHUMUS

I thank thee, *madam*

Exit

IMOGEN

O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
What his rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

QUEEN

Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.

Aside

Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
but he does buy my injuries.

Exit

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

IMOGEN

Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!

Putting on the ring

Remain, remain thou here, thou stone
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Putting a bracelet upon her arm

IMOGEN

O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Alack, the king!

CYMBELINE

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Sibz LX7

LXG 7

Sibz SND10 + 10.5

The gods protect you! *And bless the good remainders of*

The row Imogen, I am gone

SND 10

IMOGEN

Posthumus!

Posthumus! Posthumus!

→ Post: My lady I must be gone

Exit Posthumus

IMOGEN

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

SND 10.5

CYMBELINE

O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

IMOGEN

I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation
I am senseless of your wrath.

CYMBELINE

Past grace? obedience?

IMOGEN

Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYMBELINE

That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

IMOGEN

O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

CYMBELINE

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

IMOGEN

No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

CYMBELINE

O thou vile one!

IMOGEN

Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is

A man worth any woman, overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

CYMBELINE

What, art thou mad?

IMOGEN

Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my ~~Leonatus~~ *Posthumus*

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

CYMBELINE

Thou foolish thing!

QUEEN

What ails my lord?

CYMBELINE

They were again together: you have done //

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

QUEEN

Beseech your patience. Peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort

Out of your best advice.

CYMBELINE

SIBj AL
UL
LX 7.5-8
SND 14

Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly

AL

Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords

QUEEN

Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO

PISANIO

Madam.

QUEEN

Here is Posthumus' man. How now, sir!

IMOGEN

What news?

UL

PISANIO

The lord Cloten.

QUEEN

My son?

PISANIO

Yes madam, he drew on my master.

QUEEN

No harm, I trust, is done?

PISANIO

There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger.

QUEEN

I am very glad on't.

LX 7.5, SND 14

DAN

But what of the Queen's son?

JOHN

The lord Cloten, is a thing too bad for bad report

P.T.O
↓

That such a crafty devil as is the Queen should yield the world this ass.

LXQ 8

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

Cloten: Was there ever a man had such luck.//
Have I hurt this Posthumus?

S/By LX8.1-8.2
UR
AL

Second Lord: Hurt Posthumus? His body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt.

First Lord: Posthumus's body is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Cloten: The villain would not stand ^{me}

Second Lord: Stand? You have land enough of your own, but he gave you plenty of ground.

UR

Cloten: I would you had not come between ^{us}. And that Imogen should love this Posthumus, and refuse me!

LXQ 8-1

First Lord: Sir, as I have told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together.

Second Lord: She makes a good picture but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

First Lord: And that she should deny you and choose this beggar, Posthumus.

AL

Exeunt

SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

IMOGEN

What was the last that Posthumus spake to thee?

PISANIO

It was his queen, his queen!

LXQ 8-2

IMOGEN

Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO

And kiss'd it, madam.

IMOGEN

Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

PISANIO

No, madam; he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving.

IMOGEN

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept.

I took my leave of him ere I could tell

How I would think on him at certain hours

Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him a parting kiss, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

PISANIO
May he prosper well in Rome

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Rome. Philario's house.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and gentlemen

IACHIMO
Know you aught of the young Britain who is newly come from Rome?

Frenchman
We have seen him in Italy.

IACHIMO
What know you of his marrying the king's daughter and of his banishment
thence?

And how comes he is to sojourn with the mighty Lucius?
How creeps this acquaintance?

RYAN
His father and our mighty Lucius were soldiers together;

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS AND MARCUS LUCIUS

LUCIUS
Ah, Posthumus.

SIBy LX 8.5 + 9
SND 25 + 35

LX 8.5 + SND 25
End music
LX 9

SND 35

SIBy LX 9.6
SND 36
UL

UL // LX 9.6

After kiss
SND 36

POSTHUMUS
My Lord
LUCIUS

Welcome sir: let him be so entertained
amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your
knowing, to a stranger of his quality.
I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend
of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear
hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Frenchman
Sir, we have known together in France.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies,
which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

Frenchman
Sir, you o'er-rate our poor kindness.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
By your pardon, sir, was then a young traveler
my quarrel was not altogether slight.

IACHIMO
Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference between you?

Frenchman
Safely, I think.
It was much like an argument that fell out last
night, where each of us fell in praise of our
country mistresses

Italian
This gentleman at that time
vouching his ^{lady} to be more fair, virtuous, wise,

SIBy SND 37

SND 37

chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable
than any the rarest of our ladies in Rome.

IACHIMO

That lady is not now living.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

IACHIMO

You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would
abate her nothing.

IACHIMO

As fair and as good--a kind of hand-in-hand
comparison--had been something too fair and too good
for any lady in Britain. If she ^{went before others I have seen} shines brighter,
as that diamond of yours outlustres
many other jewels I have beheld, I would believe she
excelled many: but I have not seen the most
precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

S18y SND38

SND 38

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACHIMO

What value do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO

Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's
outprized by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

You are mistaken: a jewel may be sold, or given, if
there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit

for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale,
and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO

Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACHIMO

You may wear her in title yours: but, you know,
strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. ~~Your~~
~~ring may be stolen too:~~ a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished
courtier, would hazard the winning.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier
to vanquish the honour of my mistress, but I do
nothing doubt you have your store of thieves.

LUCIUS

Let us end here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

You are a great deal abused in too bold a
persuasion.

LUCIUS

Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly;
let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be
better acquainted.

IACHIMO

Would I had put my estate on the honour of the lady.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

What lady would you choose to assail?

IACHIMO

Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.
I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring,

that, commend me to the court where your lady is.//

I will bring from thence

that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I will wage against your gold, only gold to it: my ring

I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

This is but a custom in your tongue; I hope.

IACHIMO

I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

CAIUS LUCIUS

I will prefer no wager.

IACHIMO

By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I am defeated by my honour ~~as you have trust in,~~ she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I embrace these conditions; if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly

S/By SND 39

SND 39

(MR + UL to master)

S/By LX 9.7 + 10
SND 45
MR } master
UL }

to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: but if she remain ^{and} ~~un~~seduced, ~~you not making it appear for your ill opinion~~ otherwise, the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me, ~~with~~

~~your sword:~~

IACHIMO

Your hand; a covenant and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.

Exeunt

MR + UL

LX 9.7

SCENE V. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS

QUEEN

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS

Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

Presenting a small box

But I beseech your grace, without offence,-- My conscience bids me ask--wherefore you have Commanded of me ^{these} ~~these~~ most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death;

QUEEN

I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question, // Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so

LX 10, SND 45

Call Vic for Queen's change

S/By UR
SND 46-47.5

That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,--
Unless thou think'st me devilish--is't not meet
That I did amplify my knowledge in
Other conclusions?

UR

Enter PISANIO

How now, Sirrah.

SND 46

[Aside] Here comes Posthumus' man; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!

SND 46.5

CORNELIUS

Madam

QUEEN

Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

[To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word.

SND 47

CORNELIUS

[Aside] ~~I do suspect you, madam;~~
~~But you shall do no harm.~~

S/By SND 47.5

I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those I gave her
Will but stupefy ~~and dull~~ the sense awhile;
No danger in what show of death it makes.
She is fool'd with a most false effect.

SND 47.5

clear master

Exit

QUEEN

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,

The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up

Thou takest up //

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prethee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think on my words.

S/By LX 11 + 12
SND 47.7 - 47.9
MR
UL

Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies

PISANIO

And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

SND 47.7
UL
LX 11 + SND 47.9
As (no leaves) down
18 LX 12
"stren"
MR

A father cruel & a step-dame false
A husband banished - 0
Had I been stark

Exit

SCENE VI. The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

A husband banish'd--O! Had I been stol'n,
A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO
PISANIO
Who brother, happier than I! Who may this be? Fie!

Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

IMOGEN

You're kindly welcome

IACHIMO

Madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

Presents a letter

IMOGEN

Thanks, good sir:

IACHIMO

All of her that is out of door most rich!
Boldness be my friend!

Arm me audacity from head to foot.

IMOGEN

[Reads] 'This Iachimo is one of the noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.

POSTHUMUS'

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you, and shall find it so

In all that I can do.

IACHIMO

Thanks, fairest lady.

PISANIO

This way, good sir //

To PISANIO

IACHIMO

Beseech you, sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him: he

Is strange and peevish.

IMOGEN

Go thy ways Pisanio.

PISANIO

I will go, sir,

To give him welcome. □

Exit

IMOGEN

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

IACHIMO

Well, madam.

SIBy LXG 13

As Pis leaves

LXG 13

(UK, UL - master)

IMOGEN

Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

IMOGEN

When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

IACHIMO

I never saw him sad.

IMOGEN

Will my lord be merry?

IACHIMO

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

IMOGEN

Not he, I hope.

IACHIMO

Not he: Yet heaven hath shown him her bounty

IMOGEN

Indeed the Gods have lavished on him every gift.

IACHIMO

Yet I wonder why he use not these gifts more thankfully.

IMOGEN

Thankfully sir?

IACHIMO

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

IMOGEN

What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO

Two creatures heartily.

IMOGEN

Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACHIMO

Lamentable!

IMOGEN

I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACHIMO

That others do--

I was about to say--enjoy your--But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on 't.

IMOGEN

You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO

Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this object, which

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here; ^{Sh} could I,

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol; join hands with hands
Made hard with whorish labour.

IMOGEN

My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO

And himself.

IMOGEN

Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,--to be partner'd
With strumpets hired with diseased gold
Whose rottenness might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen

IMOGEN

Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,--
How should I be revenged?

IACHIMO

Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps? *Revenge it*
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More faithful than that turncoat to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

IMOGEN

What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMOGEN

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger in his court to mart

As in a Romish stew and to expound

His beastly mind to us, he hath a daughter who

He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

O happy Posthumus! Blessed live you long!

Give me your pardon, most gracious lady

I have spoke this, but to know if your ~~bond~~ *attiance* //

Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
new o'er.

IMOGEN

Make you amends?

IACHIMO

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, ~~that I have adventured~~

~~To try your taking a false report:~~ the love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus.

IMOGEN

*SIBy LXQ 13.5
SND 49
UR
UL*

*UR, UL, LXQ 13.5
Thanks, fairest lady
SND 49*

All's well, sir: take my power i' the court
for yours.

IACHIMO

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,

IMOGEN

Pray, what is't?

IACHIMO

Some dozen Romans of us and your lord have ~~bought~~
Mingled sums to buy a present for the emperor. *It's value's great*

And I am something curious, being strange,
To have it in safe stowage: may it please you
To take ~~them~~ in protection?

IMOGEN

Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for it's safety; since
My lord hath interest in it, I will keep it
In my bedchamber.

IACHIMO

It is in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send ~~them~~ to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMOGEN

O, no, no.

IACHIMO

Yes, I beseech.

IMOGEN

I thank you for your pains:

Exeunt

(UR, UC, FLYS - master)

SIBy LXQ 14+15

LXQ 14
Cloten jumps off trunk
LXQ 15

ACT II

SCENE I. Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

CLOTEN

I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth, a
pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am;
they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my
mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of
fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that
nobody can match.

Second Lord

It is not fit your lordship should undertake every
companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN

No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit
offence to my inferiors.

Second Lord

Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOTEN

Why, so I say. Whoreson dog! I gave him satisfaction. Would he had been one of
my rank.

First Lord

Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

CLOTEN

A stranger, and I not know on't!

First Lord

There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Posthumus' friends.

CLOTEN

*SIBy LXQ 15.7-16
FLY 3
SND S1 } marks
UR
UL*

LX 15.7, FLY 3, UR+UL

↓↓

Posthumus! Come I'll go see this Italian lest ^{he} ~~him~~ bring news of the banish'd rascal to Imogen. *Come thy way!*

Exit

UR
LXQ16 + SNDS1

Clear master

SCENE II. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace:

a trunk in one corner of it.

IMOGEN in bed, reading; a Lady attending

IMOGEN

Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady

Please you, madam

IMOGEN

What hour is it?

Lady

Almost midnight, madam.

IMOGEN

I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left ~~to~~ bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly

Exit Lady

To your protection I commend me, gods.

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye.

Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk

IACHIMO

S1By LX16.5

LX 16.5

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!
 But my design,
 To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

Taking off her bracelet

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory?
 I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

Clock strikes

SIBy LX 19-22
 FL/G 5-7
 SND 52-54
 UL

UL, SND 52
 Trunk closed
 LXG 19

One, two, three: time, time!

Goes into the trunk. The scene closes

Scene III

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords

First Lord

Your lordship is the most patient man in loss

CLOTEN

If I could
 get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough.
 It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord

Day, my lord.

CLOTEN

I am advised to give
 her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians

Come on; tune: if ~~we can penetrate her with our~~
~~fingering, so, I'll try with tongue too and then let her consider.~~

SONG

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:

Change layer
 1-16

Tune?

SND 53

SIBy MR
 UR
 UL

P.T.O.

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise. □
 Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise. □

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN

CLOTEN

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

QUEEN

My Lord

CYMBELINE

Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

CLOTEN

I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE

The exile of her minion is too new;

She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,

And then she's yours. Come, our Queen

QUEEN

~~I'll be with you~~ presently, my lord.

1st Drum beat

LXQ20
<i>Cloven DS</i> LXQ21 + FLY05
<i>Tabs closed</i> FLY6 ↓
UR + UL
<i>Top of extemporising // Tois Ope</i> MR, FLY07 // LX22
<i>Cloven back arch</i> SND54

Change large 17-32

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

You are most bound to the king, //
 Who lets go by no vantages that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
 To orderly soliciting; so seem as if
 You were inspired to do those duties which
 You tender to her.

Exeunt all but CLOTEN

CLOTEN

If Imogen be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream.

MR

Knocks

I know her women are about her.

Knocks

By your leave, ho!

Enter a Lady

Lady

~~Who's there that knocks?~~ *What fearful noise is that?*

CLOTEN

A gentleman.

Lady

No more?

CLOTEN

Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady

That's more

Than some, whose garments are as dear as yours, //

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Siby UR UL

CLOTEN

Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN

^{Here}
~~There~~ is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady

How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good? ~~The princess!~~

UR

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

What ho, Pisanio!

*Lady
The princess!*

UL

CLOTEN

Good morrow, fairest:

IMOGEN

Good morrow, sir

CLOTEN

Sister, your sweet hand.

IMOGEN

I am sprited with a fool.

What ho, Pisanio!

CLOTEN

I swear I love you.

IMOGEN

Go bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm. I do think

(MR, UR, UL - master)

I saw't this morning: confident I am

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

PISANIO

'Twill not be lost.

IMOGEN

I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, *time*

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you,

I hate you.

CLOTEN

You sin against //

Obedience, which you owe your father:

For you are curb'd by

The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil //

The precious note of it with that base slave, Posthumus.

IMOGEN

Profane fellow

Wert thou the son of Jupiter thou wert too base

To be Posthumus' groom.

CLOTEN

The south-fog rot him!

IMOGEN

His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee.

How now, Pisanio!

Exit Imogen

CLOTEN

*S/By AR
MR } Master
UR
UL*

*S/By LX 22-5-23
SND 55-56*

Lola (angly)

AR

P.T.O.

'His garment!'.
 I'll be revenged:
 She said, she held in more respect than my noble and natural person, the
 meanest garment of that beggar Posthumus.
 FIRST LORD
 May he rot in Rome.

Cltr arms into roar
 LXG 22.5
 MR, UR, UL
 LXG 23 + JND 55

SCENE IV. Rome. Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS and CAIUS LUCIUS

CAIUS
 What say you, Posthumus?
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
 To win the king her father as I am bold the honour of my Imogen
 Will remain hers

SND 56
(clear master)

CAIUS LUCIUS
 What means do you make to him?
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state and wish
 That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love.

CAIUS
 Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. Gentlemen. By this instrument I am here ^{en}joined
 ambassador to the British court. Through me your king will hear of great
 Augustus who takes it ill that mighty Cymbeline forsakes his duty to the Imperial
 throne.

SIBy AR
 AR

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I do believe,
 Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war.

Enter IACHIMO

CAIUS
 See! Signore Iachimo is come from Britain.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 I hope the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO
 Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 And therewithal the best.

IACHIMO
 Here are letters for you.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 Their tenor good, I trust.

IACHIMO
 'Tis very like.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

IACHIMO
 I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
 The stone's too hard to come by.

IACHIMO

Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACHIMO

Good sir, we must, ^{for I do now}
If you keep covenant, ~~now~~
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine.

IACHIMO

First, her bedchamber,--
Where, I confess, I slept not, ^{it} was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACHIMO

More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

IACHIMO

The chimney
Is south the chamber. *and The chimney piece choate Dian bathing*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO

The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons--
I had forgot them--were two winking Cupids.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this--and praise
Be given to your remembrance--the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO

Then, if you can,

Showing the bracelet

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
~~And now 'tis up again: it must be married~~
~~To that your diamond; I'll keep them.~~

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that bracelet
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO

Sir--I thank her--that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
she gave it me, and said

She prized it once.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

IACHIMO

She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

Gives the ring

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour

Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,

Where there's another man.

CAIUS

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable she lost it; or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stol'n it from her?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Very true;

~~And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring.~~

Render to me some corporal sign about her;

for this bracelet was stolen.

IACHIMO

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true--nay, keep the ring--'tis true: I am sure

She would not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn and honourable--they induced to steal it!

And by a stranger!--No, he hath enjoyed her: *The cognizance*

of her incontinency is this:
She hath bought the name of whore

thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

CAIUS

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believed.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

IACHIMO

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast--

Worthy the pressing--lies a mole, right proud

Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,

I kiss'd it. You do remember

This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain on her, as big as hell can hold.

IACHIMO

Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Spare your arithmetic.

IACHIMO

I'll be sworn--

P.T.O.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO

I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something--

Exeunt

SCENE V. Another room in Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--wast not?--
Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,

S/By LXG 26
SND 58-58.7
AL

LXG 26 + SND 58

Imonkase
AL // SND 58.5
Imonkase
SND 58.7

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; ~~revenge, hers;~~
Ambitions, coveting, slanders, mutability,
Even to vice
They are not constant but are changing.

Exit

S/By LXG 26-5-27
SND 59
UR

UR
LXG 26.5 + SND 59
Pis leaves door
LXG 27

S/By LXG 28

SCENE II. Another room in the palace.

Enter PISANIO, with a letter

PISANIO

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you this?
Posthumus, O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! 'O damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth. O my master!
How! that I should murder her?
I, her? Her blood?

LX 28

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

How now, Pisanio!

PISANIO

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN

Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Posthumus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:

Reads

'O the dearest of creatures, take notice that I am in Cambria,
at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of

(UR+UL master)

this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increasing in love,

Posthumus.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,--

Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,--

let me bate,--but not like me--yet long'st,

But in a fainter kind:--O, not like me;

For my love's beyond beyond--say, and speak thick;

To the smothering of the sense--how far it is

To this same blessed Milford: and by the way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as

To inherit such a haven. Prithee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride

'Twixt hour and hour? //

PISANIO

One score 'twixt sun and sun,

IMOGEN

Why, one that rode to's execution, man,

Could never go so slow. But this is foolery:

Go and provide me presently

A riding-suit.

PISANIO

Madam, you're best consider.

IMOGEN

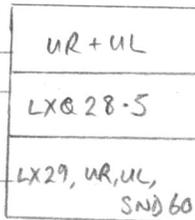
S/By LXG 28.5+29
SND 60
UR } master
UL }

P.T.O.

I see no paths before me, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. There's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt

Now say, Lord Ambassador, what would Augustus Caesar
with us?



(Clear master)

ACT III

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Now say lord Ambassador, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
Sit by us our son and queen.

CAIUS LUCIUS

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, and winning thus for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN

And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

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

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; 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: your ancestors
Thus mastered Caesar's sword.

CLOTEN

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
as I said, there is no more such Caesars.

CYMBELINE

Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN

We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
Caesar: I do not say I am one; but I have a
hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE

You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free:
Caesar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off

Caesar submastered

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

CLOTEN Lords

We do.

CYMBELINE

Say, then, to Augustus, the Roman sword, our laws
Hath too much mangled; whose repair
Shall be our good deed, //
Though Rome be therefore angry.

CAIUS LUCIUS

I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar--
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers--thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Augustus name pronounce I 'gainst thee:

Stoop boys!
Exeunt

S/By LX30
SND 70
UR
UL

pronounce I 'gainst thee

UL // LX 30
UR UL SND 70

P.T.O.

SCENE III. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following

BELARIUS

Stoop, boys. This work instructs you t'adore the heavens
And bows you to a morning's ^{holy} ~~holy~~ office.

The gates of monarchs are arch'd so high

That strutting giants may not peer through and see the glories of the sun.//

Hail, thou fair heaven!

GUIDERIUS

Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS

Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS

And while you gather up this firewood
you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes, to apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see;

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

GUIDERIUS

Out of your experience you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best,

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you

That have seen the court; well corresponding

With your stiff age: but unto us it is

A cell of ignorance.

ARVIRAGUS

Siby LX31

LXQ 31

Check
here

What should we speak of

When we are old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,

Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;

Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,

And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS

How you speak!

Did you but know the art o' the court

As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery that

The fear's as bad as falling. O boys, this story

The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With Roman swords. Cymbeline loved me,

And when a soldier was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

GUIDERIUS

Uncertain favour!

BELARIUS

so

Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years//

This rock and these demesnes have been my world;

Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid

More pious debts to heaven than in all

Siby LXQ32
SND 71

P. TO.

The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language. I'll meet you in the valleys.

ARVIRAGUS

Come brother.

Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd //
up thus meanly, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others--

O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,

At three and two years old, I stole these babes; princely son
thence to be a free of succession
And left thee but a daughter

IMOGEN

What ho Pisanio

BELARIUS

The game is up.

Exit

SCENE IV. Country near Milford-Haven.

on freeze

LXG 32, SND 71

*S/BY LXG 33
SND 73-73.2
UR
UL*

SND 73

UR

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand, Pisanio! man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus?

PISANIO

Please you, read;

IMOGEN

[Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed; Let thine own hands take away
her life: I shall give thee opportunity at
Milford-Haven.'

False to my husband's bed! What is it to be false?

To lie in watch there and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

PISANIO

Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN

I false! Some jay of Italy

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;

And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,

I must be ripp'd:--to pieces with me!--O,

Men's vows are women's traitors!

PISANIO

Good madam, hear me.

LX 33, SND 73.2, UL

*(AR, AL, MR, UR, UL
- master)*

S mins

IMOGEN

Thou, Posthumus dost belie all honest men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fall. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit

PISANIO

Alas. Good lady!

IMOGEN

Why, I must die;
Come here's my heart.
The lamb entreats the butcher.
~~Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,~~
When I desire it too--

PISANIO

O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN

Do't, and to bed then.

PISANIO

I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

IMOGEN

Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own?

PISANIO

But to win time. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

IMOGEN

Talk thy tongue weary; speak
I have heard I am a strumpet. Speak.

PISANIO

Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again to court.

IMOGEN

Most like;
Thou brought'st me here to kill me.

PISANIO

Not so, neither:
It cannot be but that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art.
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMOGEN

Some Roman courtezan.

PISANIO

No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead and send Posthumus
Some bloody sign of it

IMOGEN

Why good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

PISANIO

If you'll back to the court--

IMOGEN

No court, no father.

PISANIO

Well then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman ~~for your journey~~;

Change command into obedience.

Caius Lucius ^{will pass here} ~~passes~~ through on his return to Rome

Present yourself as servant to ^{his} your embassy.

^{So} ~~Happy~~ near the residence of Posthumus

Report ^{shall} ~~should~~ render him ^{how to your ear} as truly as he moves.

~~if you could~~ wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, to appear itself...

IMOGEN

Nay, be brief

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

PISANIO

First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit--

'Tis in my cloak-bag—all the ^{many} garments

That ^{will} answer to ~~them all~~ ^{this}

IMOGEN

Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:

There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even

All that good time will give us. Away, I prithee.

PISANIO

My noble mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen:

What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,

SIBy LxG 34-36 + HIL
SND 73.5-74

And fit you to your manhood. May the gods

Direct you to the best!

IMOGEN

Amen:

And Pisanio, I thank thee

Exeunt, severally

I thank
SND 73.5 // LXG 34
70 LXG 35, SND 74
imo at HIL, LXG 36
Harer punny at

INTERVAL

Change CD
clear to Daugie

Sat mic cable &
stand

SIBy HL, LXQ 40-42
JND 75
AR, AL, MR, UR, UL - master
SUBTITLER

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

SCENE V. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

where is our daughter?

She looks us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty:

We have noted it.

Exit an Attendant

QUEEN

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired

Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,

'Tis time must do. *CYM: Time!*

QUEEN

Beseech your majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady

So tender of rebukes that words are strokes

And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant

ATTENDANT

My lord.

CYMBELINE

Where is she, sir? *How your mistress?*

~~Can her contempt be answer'd?~~

Attendant

Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd.

Clearance

H/L + LXQ 40

master

AR, AL, MR, UR, UL

LXQ 42 + SND 75

Clear master

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

CYMBELINE

Her doors lock'd? to me her father? ~~Call her before us; for~~
We have been too slight in sufferance.

~~Grant, heavens, that which I fear.~~

~~Prove false!~~

Exit

QUEEN

Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN

Yes madam. ~~Gentlemen!~~

QUEEN

Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,

Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown //

To her desired Posthumus: gone she is

To death or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either: she being down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN

Madam

QUEEN

How now, my son!

CLOTEN *'Tis certain she is fled*

Go in and cheer the king; he rages; none

Dare come about him

QUEEN

SIBy UR

UR

[Aside] All the better!

Exit

CLOTEN

I love and hate ^{this} Imogen: for that she's fair and royal,

I love her therefore.

But ^{for} ~~disdaining~~ me and throwing favours on the

Low Posthumus I will conclude to hate her.

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? ^{Who is here?} ~~What, are you packing, sirrah?~~

Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,

Where is thy lady?

PISANIO

O, good my lord!

CLOTEN

Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter,--

I will not ask again. ~~Close villain,~~

~~I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip~~

~~Thy heart to find it.~~ Is she with Posthumus?

PISANIO

Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him?

He is in Rome.

CLOTEN

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;

No further halting: satisfy me home

What is become of her.

PISANIO

O, my all-worthy lord!

Check punch

CLOTEN

My All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is at once

~~Presenting a letter~~

PISANIO

Then, sir,

This ^{letter} ~~paper~~ is the history of my knowledge

Touching her flight

CLOTEN

Let's see't. I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO

[Aside] She's far enough away.

CLOTEN

Hum! "Meet me at Milford Haven, Posthumus."

Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO

Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou

wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,

that is what villany soe'er I bid thee do,

I would think thee an honest man.

PISANIO

Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN

Wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO

Sir, I will.

CLOTEN

Hast any of thy

late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO

I have, my lord.

CLOTEN

The first service thou dost me, fetch that garment
hither. *Let it be my first service, go.*

PISANIO

I shall, my lord.//

SIBy UL

Exit

CLOTEN

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one
thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou
villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these
garments were come. She said upon a time--the
bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she
held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect
than my noble and natural person. With ^{this} ~~that~~ garment of Posthumus upon my
back, will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her
eyes; and when my lust hath dined,--which,
I will execute in the clothes that she so
praised,--to the court I'll knock her back, foot
her home again.

UL

SIBy LX 45

LXQ 45

Exit

SCENE VI. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes

IMOGEN

I see a man's life is a tedious one:

I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: My dear Posthumous!
When I do think on thee, my hunger's gone;
For, I was at a point to sink for food.
But what is this? 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not to call; I dare not call: yet famine, makes me valiant,
Ho! who's here?

SIBy LX 46
SND 77
UR

If any thing that's civil, speak; Ho! No answer? Then I'll ~~not~~ enter LX 46, UR, SND 77

Exit, to the cave

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

Come boys; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

IMOGEN

What savages ^{are} ~~is~~ coming here?

GUIDERIUS

Brother, I am thoroughly weary.//

SIBy LX 47

ARVIRAGUS

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS

There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that.

BELARIUS

You have proved best woodsman

And are master of the feast
Your brother and I will play the cook and servant.

LXG 47

Re-enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Good masters, harm me not:

BELARIUS

By Jupiter, an angel!

IMOGEN

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd or bought what I have took:

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

GUIDERIUS

Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN

I see you're angry.

BELARIUS

Whither bound?

IMOGEN

To Milford-Haven.

BELARIUS

Prithce, fair youth,

Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

check fine!

Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.

Boys, bid him welcome.

GUIDERIUS

Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard to be your groom

ARVIRAGUS

I'll make't my comfort

He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:

And such a welcome as I'd give to him

After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN

'Mongst friends,

GUIDERIUS

'Mongst brothers.

BELARIUS *fav youth, come and eat*

He wrings at some distress.

~~Come and eat.~~

GUIDERIUS

Would I could free't!

ARVIRAGUS

Or I, whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger.

IMOGEN

Your kindness ~~does~~ restore^s me at very heart

ARVIRAGUS

The night to the owl and morn to the lark

less welcome.

Whispering

IMOGEN

*What angels are these?
Great men
could not see these twain*

twain *Pardie me gods*
Pardie me gods

S/By LX 48
SND 78-79
AR

Needle record
SND 78

Arv at playe
SND 79

AR // LXG 48

Great men,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I am near to the place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments
serve me. I dare speak it to myself--for it
is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer
in his own chamber--I mean, the lines of my body are
as well drawn as his.
Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy
shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy
mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces ~~before~~
thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her
father; who may haply be a little angry for my so
rough usage; but my mother shall heal the king back to good humour.
Out and to a sore purpose!

SIBj LX 49

LXG 49

Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I. Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN

SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN

BELARIUS

[To IMOGEN] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS

[To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here

Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN

So man and man should be;

I am very sick.

GUIDERIUS

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

IMOGEN

So sick I am not, yet I am not well; so please you, leave me;

I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me; I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here.

GUIDERIUS

I love thee; ~~I have spoke it~~

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

BELARIUS

What! how! how!

ARVIRAGUS

If it be sin to say so, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say

'My father, not this youth.'

BELARIUS

[Aside] ~~I'm not their father, yet who this should be,~~

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*SIBy Dayle + Val
to bloody John*

ARVIRAGUS

Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN

I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS

You health. So please you, sir.

We'll not be long away.

BELARIUS

Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMOGEN

Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

GUIDERIUS

And shalt be ever.

IMOGEN

[Aside] These are kind creatures. // Gods, what lies

I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

I am sick still; heart-sick for thee Posthumus.

I'll now taste of the Queen's medicine.

Belike 'tis cordial.

Swallows some

BELARIUS

It is great morning. Come, away!--

Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

SIBy LX&SO

LX&SO

P.T.O.

~~ARVIRAGUS~~

~~What ails you, sir?~~

CLOTEN

I cannot find her; that villain, Pisanio
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

BELARIUS

'Tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

Hence!

GUIDERIUS

He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

CLOTEN

Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? *I have heard of such*
What slave art thou?
Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

GUIDERIUS

To who? to thee? What art thou?

CLOTEN

Thou ~~injurious thief~~, *villain base*
Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUIDERIUS

What's thy name?

CLOTEN

Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS

Cloten, thou villain.

S/By LX 50.1

Bel. Arv leave stage

LX 50.1

*S/By AR
UL
SND 80-80.9
LX 50.2 + 50.5*

CLOTEN

Thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

GUIDERIUS

I am sorry for 't.

~~CLOTEN~~

~~Are thou not afraid?~~

GUIDERIUS

Those that I reverence those I fear.

Exeunt, fighting

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

Wither are they gone?

ARVIRAGUS

You did mistake him, sure.

BELARIUS

Long is it since I saw him
But the snatches in his voice
And bursts of speaking were as his.
I am absolute, 'twas very Cloten

ARVIRAGUS

In this place we left ~~them~~, *him*
I wish my brother ~~make~~ good time with him.
You say he is so fell. *What noise is that?*

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head

BELARIUS

See, thy brother

What hast thou done?

Heard knife // noise

SND 80 // LX 50.2

LX 50.5

Cloten dragged off
AR, SND 80.5

"fell" what noise is that?

SND 80.7 // UL, John

As head ↓
SND 80.9

(AR, AL, UR on master)

GUIDERIUS

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor.

BELARIUS

We are all undone.

GUIDERIUS

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,

ARVIRAGUS

My brother hath done well.

GUIDERIUS

I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
Exit

BELARIUS

I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would thou hadst not done't!

ARVIRAGUS

Would I had done't
So the revenge alone pursued me.

BELARIUS

Well, 'tis done: We'll hunt no more today. I prithee to our rock.

ARVIRAGUS

Poor sick youth!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
Exit

Siby LXQ 52 + 52.5
SND 81
AR } master
AL }
UR }
UL

BELARIUS

O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

UL

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

GUIDERIUS

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream
In embassy to his mother; ^{the Queen} his body's hostage
For his return. Where's my brother?

BELARIUS

He went within to tend on the sick youth.
Solemn music

needle on
SND 81

GUIDERIUS

Our ingenious instrument?
Hark, father ^{the music} sounds! But what occasion
Hath my brother now to give it motion?

BELARIUS

What does this mean?

GUIDERIUS

Since death of my dear'st mother
~~it ne'er did play that sound.~~ That sound hath ne'er been heard

AR, AL, UR
cut 11/2 on stage
LX 52

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms

ARVIRAGUS

The bird is dead. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,

(Clear master)
one struck
LX 52.5

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS

Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed,
And worms will not come to him.

ARVIRAGUS

With fairest flowers

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, good youth,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins.

GUIDERIUS

Prithee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due. To the grave!

ARVIRAGUS

Say, where shall's lay him?

GUIDERIUS

Here, By our mother.

ARVIRAGUS

Be't so: □

And let us, brother, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother;

GUIDERIUS

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee.

ARVIRAGUS

We'll speak it, then.

SIBy SND82

SND82

SIBy LX 53
SND 83-84

Boys at player

SND 83

Needle on record
SND84

LX 53

Exit *BELARIUS*

SONG

GUIDERIUS

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!

SIBy LX 53.5-53.6
SND 85
UL

As Cym duns

LX 53.5 + SND 85

P.T.O.
↓

Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

And renowned be thy grave!

UL // LX 53.6

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN

BELARIUS

Cloten is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust.

S/By LX 54
SND 86

GUIDERIUS

We have done our obsequies.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

BELARIUS

The ground that gave him first has him again:

GUIDERIUS

Come brother

LX 54
Stage clear
SND 86

Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

IMOGEN

[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is
the way?--

(I thank you.--By yond bush?)--Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?--

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow!--O god s and goddesses!

S/By LX 54.6
As Imo rolls at body
LX 54.6

(AR, AL master)

Seeing the body of CLOTEN

~~These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;~~

A ~~This bloody man, the care on't:~~ I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Good faith,

I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! //

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;

O, my lord, my lord!

S/By LX 55
AR } master
AL }

LX 55

AR, AL

Falls on the body

CAIUS LUCIUS

Soft, ho! what man is here?.

dead, or sleeping?

Captain

He's alive, my lord.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Who is this

Thou makest thy bloody pillow? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it?

SOLDIER

Who is it?

CAIUS

Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes.

What art thou?

(AR, UL on master)
AL

IMOGEN

I am nothing. This was my master. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

CAIUS LUCIUS

'Lack, good youth!
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. Go with me.

IMOGEN

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies.

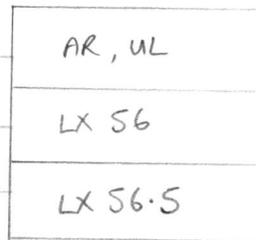
CAIUS LUCIUS

Ay, good youth!
Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

To the Queen again, and bring me word how 'tis with her

S/By LX 56 to 57
AR } master
UL }



SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

~~Again~~ To the Queen, and bring me word how 'tis with her.

Exit an Attendant

(Clear master)

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me.

First Lord

So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

CYMBELINE

I am amazed with matter.

First Lord

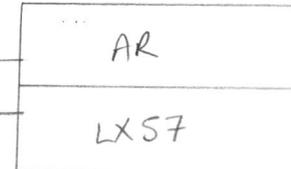
Good my liege,
The want is but to put those troops in motion
That long to move. against the Roman host

CYMBELINE

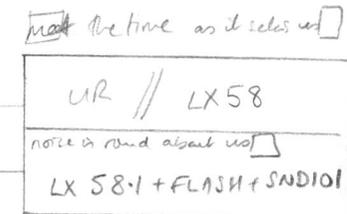
we'll meet the time as it seeks us.

Exeunt

The noise is round about us



S/By LX 58-58.1+ flashes
SND 101
UR



SCENE IV. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

GUIDERIUS

The noise is round about us.

BELARIUS

Let us from the battle

ARVIRAGUS

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it

From action and adventure?

GUIDERIUS

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us.

BELARIUS

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

GUIDERIUS

This is, sir, a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you,

Nor satisfying us.

ARVIRAGUS

It is not likely

That the britains will waste their time upon our note,

To know from whence we are.

BELARIUS

O, I am known

Of many in the british army.

GUIDERIUS

I and my brother are not known; yourself

So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,

Cannot be question'd.

ARVIRAGUS

By this sun that shines, //

I'll thither: what thing is it that I never

Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!

I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his blest beams, remaining

So long a poor unknown. []

GUIDERIUS

By heavens, I'll go with my brother. []

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

So Imogen is dead.

BELARIUS

Have with you boys. By heavens I will follow. []

Exeunt

SIBy FLASH, LX 58.5-60
SND 115-119
UR

FLASH, LX 58.5, SND 115 + UR
on whoop SND 116
Boys leave SND 120
LX 60 + SND 129

P.T.O.

ACT V

SCENE I. Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief

POSTHUMUS

Pisanio hath sent ~~me~~ this bloody sign of it.//
Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee for I wish'd
Thou should be coloured thus.

You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! I am brought hither
'Mongst th'Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace//
I'll give no wound to thee. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and ~~suit myself~~ *no more a Roman but I*
As does a British peasant ~~Gods!~~ if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit *and yet*
To second ills with ills and make them dread it.//
So I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate.

Enter Iachimo

SIBy FLASH
SND 130

FLASH, SND 130

SIBy FLASH
SND 132

FLASH, SND 132

(AR, AL + MR to master)

SIBy FLASH
SND 134
UR

FLASH, SND 134, UR

IACHIMO

Hold, Sirrah!
What man is this?

POSTHUMUS

'Tis Iachimo. Thank thee, gods

They fight

For me, my ransom's death.
Thou knowest me ^{not} Italian signore ~~not~~ but I will spare thy life.

Exit

SIBy LX 61-64.1 + FLASHES
SND 137-143
AR }
AL } master
MR }
UR
UL

P.T.O.

SCENE II. Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Sounds of battle

IACHIMO

What miracle is this?
An unknown british soldier ^{saves} my life.
The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengeingly enfeebles me.

Post nearly off
LX 61 // FLASH, SND 137

FLASH, LX 64, SND 140, UL

Exit

UL to master

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

ARVIRAGUS

We have the advantage of the ground:

BELARIUS

Stand, stand! we have the advantage of the ground
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

Stand, stand, and fight!

Stand, stand + fight

UR // LX 64.1

UR to master

Re-enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN

CAIUS LUCIUS

Away, boy ^{free} from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

IMOGEN

Master, leave me not

master
AR, AL, MR, UR, UL
SND 145

CAIUS

It is a day turn'd strangely.

CHORUS

All was lost. The king taken
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane, ditched and walled with turf
The enemy full-hearted, lolling the tongue with slaught'ring
All at once, a peasant soldier athwart the lane //
He with two striplings-lads more like to till
A pelting farm than to commit such slaughter,
Stand, stand. These three, - 'gan to look
And to grin like lions. Then began
A rout of the Roman enemy. Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying.
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.

S/By LX 64.5

As Cai + Imo ↑

LX 64.5

There was a fourth ~~man~~, an unknown British soldier
~~That gave~~ ^{Made the} affront with them

Enter Posthumus

POSTHUMUS

'Twas I, Posthumus, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Well, I will yet find death:
Among you. O Imogen, my Queen, my mistress
No more a British warrior will I play
But I will resume again the part I came in.
Fight I will no more, but yield me,

P.T.O.

As a vanquished Roman soldier. //
For me, my ransom's death;

SIBy LX65-65.5
SND 150

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers

First Captain

Stand! who's there?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

A guilty Roman, worth naught but to be slain.

Second Captain

Lay hands on him; a dog!

LX 65

Are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS

Over roasted rather.

CAPTAIN

Hanging's the word, sir.

POSTHUMUS

I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

SCENE IV. A British prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Most welcome, bondage! Death, who is the key

To unbar these locks of guilt? My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

After guards have exited
LX 65.5, SND 150

I cannot do it better than in chains, //
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

SIBy LX66
SND 155
UR

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

And so you, mighty powers ~~and there to, take this life,~~

And cancel this cold bond of guilt. *Take my life as you did snatch my father & my mother from my infant eyes*
Come death or sleep the image of thee end. *Post asleep*

LX 66, UR // SND 155

Sleeps

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus Leonatus, an old man.

SIBy LX67-73+
FLASHES
FLY 8+9
SND 159-173
AR }
AL } master
UR }
UL }

FATHER

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw?

MOTHER

Lucina lent not me her aid

But took me in my throes

That from me was Posthumus ripped

Came crying 'mongst his foes

FATHER

With Marriage wherefore was he mock'd

And cast from his fair Imogen?

IMOGEN

Since, Jupiter, my son is good,

SND 159
FLASHES
LX 67
End Thunder
FLY 8
Bar nearly in
SND 160
Thunder [] Poor shadows
LX 68
I love I cross []
LX 69 + FLY 9
Tab out
LX 70 PTO

Take off his miseries.

FATHER

Come down ye mighty thunderer.

JUPITER

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence!

Be not with mortal accidents oppressed.

No care of your it is, you know 'tis ours

Whom best I love I cross.

The Apparitions vanish

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

^{been a grand old}
Sleep, thou hast begot a father and a mother to me

Gone! they went hence so soon as ^{I was} ~~they were~~ born:

And so I am awake.

Poor wretches that depend on heaven's favour,

Dream as I have done

Wake and find nothing

Hail Victorious Britain

Ghost in X light

LX 70.3

AR, AL, UR, UL, LX 70.5

LX 71

SND 165

SCENE V.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Hail Victorious Britain!

Never was a war did cease, ere bloody hands were washed with such peace

So through Lud's town march: And in the temple of great Jupiter

Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.

CYMBELINE

Stay by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,

cannot be found:

PISANIO

He is being search'd among the dead and the living.

CYMBELINE

To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward;

To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

which I will add

To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are. Report it.

BELARIUS

LX 72
SND 170 // LX 72.5

Contra disintegrate.
LX 73, SND 173

S18y LX 74
SND 175
AL
-s80 cl 2

End musical phrase
SND 175

LX 74, AL

Clear s80

A page so kind, so courteous, diligent, so tender
Though he had served a Roman save him, Sir

SND177

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
CYMBELINE
I will create you companions to our person
And will fit you with dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS

There's business in thy ^{looks} face. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like a Roman,
And not o' the court of Britain.

CORNELIUS
Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYMBELINE
Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

CORNELIUS
With horror, madly dying, like her life,

CORNELIUS
First, she confess'd that she never loved you,
Your daughter, whom she swore in hand to love,
She did confess was as a scorpion to her sight;

CYMBELINE
O most delicate fiend!

CORNELIUS
More, sir, and worse. The queen did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you.

CYMB Mime eyes ...

CA1 ... This one thing only//
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born
Let him be ransom'd: never master had

S/By LX74.1
UL

LX74.1, UL

89
...
S/By SND 177

Cymbeline Rehearsal Script

C/M: His favor is familiar to me
Boy,

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

GUIDERIUS

Revived from death.

ARVIRAGUS

The same dead thing, alive.

CYMBELINE

Live ~~young man~~: And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,

IMOGEN

No, no: alack: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.

CYMBELINE

What ^{Say} ~~wouldst~~ thou, boy?

Know'st him thou look'st on? ~~Speak~~,

~~Will have him live?~~ Is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMOGEN

~~No. No.~~ No more kin to me

Than I to your highness.

C/M: Then make thy demand aloud

My boon is, that this gentleman may tell
from whom he had this ring.

CYMBELINE

That diamond upon ^{his} your finger, say
How came it yours?

IACHIMO

By villany

I got this ring: 'twas Lord Posthumus' jewel;

~~That paragon,~~ Thy daughter, Imogen

CYMBELINE

My daughter! what of her?: strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO

Your daughter's chastity. There it begins
I wagered to win this ring of him
But your chaste daughter taught to me
the difference 'Twixt love and villainy.
So I did feign a show ^{with} seeming proof enough
To make the noble Posthumous run mad,
Methinks, I see him now--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Now be call'd Posthumus! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN

Peace, my lord; I am here

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Thou scornful page.
Striking her: she falls

PISANIO

O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!

SIB; LX 74.2

LX 74.2

Check stop

You ne'er kill'd Imogen til now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady! *How fares my mistress?*

CYMBELINE

Does the world go round?

PISANIO

~~My Mistress~~ wake and Live.

CYMBELINE

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Embracing him

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

CYMBELINE

How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMOGEN

[Kneeling] Your blessing on us, sir.

*PISANIO
My lord.*

CYMBELINE

My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead and her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

GUIDERIUS

Let me end the story:

I slew him.

CYMBELINE

Marry, the gods forfend!

GUIDERIUS

I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE

I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law. He was a prince: thou'rt dead.

BELARIUS

Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself. //

CYMBELINE

How of descent as good as we?

BELARIUS

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

CYMBELINE

What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

BELARIUS

He it is that hath assumed this age.

CYMBELINE

Take him hence:

The whole world shall not save him.

BELARIUS

Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

CYMBELINE

SIBy LX 74.3

LX 74.3

Nursing of my sons!

BELARIUS

Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE

How! my issue!

BELARIUS

Gracious sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

CYMBELINE

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

I lost my children:

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.

O Imogen, thou hast lost a kingdom.

IMOGEN

No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met?

ARVIRAGUS

We call'd you ~~sister~~, *brother*

When you were but our sister.

Smuis

IMOGEN

I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYMBELINE

All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMOGEN

My good master,
I will yet do you service.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Happy be you!

CYMBELINE

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomeed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
Have made you finish. //

IACHIMO

Take my life sir, I beseech you,
Which I so dearly owe you both.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Kneel not to me:
The power that I have is but to spare you;
The malice towards you is to forgive.

SIBy LX 74.5 - 79 + HIL
SND 178-184
FLY 10-12
UL
UR
AR
AL

Live, and deal with others better.

CYMBELINE

Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the gods;
Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign waye
Friendly together: go through Lud's-town march together:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify!

Exeunt

we'll [] ratify! []
SND 178 // LX 74.5
Boys run us LX 74.7 + SND 179
Post arms round mo. LX 75, FLY 10, SND 183
Tabs in LX 77, FLY 11, SND 184, MASTER
On clear LX 78, FLY 12
Tabs open LX 78.5
Cost off AR AL UR UL
Cost off in UR + UL x ?
End calls LX 79 + HIL