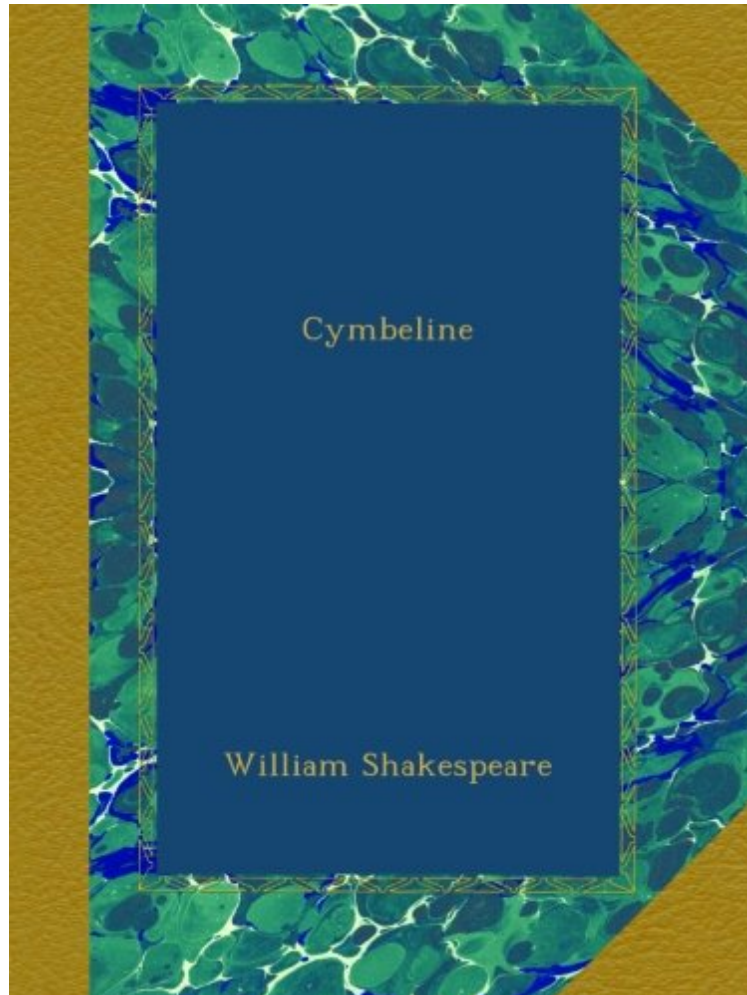


# Cymbeline

*William Shakespeare*

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**William Shakespeare : Cymbeline** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Cymbeline:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Hoity-toityBy HHG. R. Hibbard's introductory essay, while hostile to those speculations by "scholars spending their days in the British Museum", is warmly appreciative of the play in the theater, and comments interestingly on the remarkable revival in LLL's theatrical fortunes since 1927. He suggests (questionably) that Modernism, and particularly the prestige of James Joyce, prompted a reevaluation of punning wit: "Good puns were being recognized for what they are, a means of bringing two diverse kinds of experience into a sudden, unexpected, and illuminating juxtaposition with one another." Hibbard rightly emphasizes the play's sustained feminism and its readiness both to carry linguistic ingenuity to surrealist extremes and to challenge such exuberance by the unexpected late reminders of the realities of death and labor outside the Arcadian park-land. After examining

evidence for the existence of the possible sequel, "Love's Labour's Won", Hibbard concludes: "It seems beyond doubt, therefore, that it did exist, that it was published, and that it has since disappeared. Further than that it is not possible to go." Here Hibbard's reluctance to speculate seems rather severe: the strikingly open-ended structure of LLL strongly portends a sequel in which the four lords meet after their year of probation and, after fresh contretemps, finally win the ladies' hands in marriage. Hibbard's footnotes in the text of the play are somewhat austere, in keeping with his general emphasis on the empirical and verifiable. He frequently deploys readings from OED and anthologies of proverbs; he concisely deciphers the arabesques of punning and the bawdy allusions; and he offers fewer evaluative, thematic, and argumentative comments than became customary in the Arden editions.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Creditable, lucid, and practical edition  
 By HH  
 The general introduction to this Oxford edition begins appropriately with a discussion of the possible anti-Semitism of "The Merchant of Venice". The editor Jay Halio claims that the treatment of Shylock is highly ambivalent, so that the character "transcends the type, shatters the conventional image with his appeal to our common humanity, and leaves us unsettled in our prejudices, disturbed in our emotions, and by no means sure of our convictions" (p. 13). After a detailed survey of stage productions through the ages, Halio concludes, "Whether the play is itself anti-Semitic or not depends largely upon one's interpretation, on the stage as on the page" (p. 83). While this is obviously true, and while Halio properly draws attention to a range of ambiguities in the play's depiction of both Shylock and his Christian adversaries, the word "largely" raises a question to which many scholars have offered a challenging, hostile answer. The general introduction also includes: a survey of sources and analogues, enlivened by a summary of Freud's interpretation of the three caskets; a brief account of the 'myth' of Venice, particularly its reputation for impartial justice; an estimate of the play's date (1596-7); and a helpful critical analysis which gives prominence to the theme of "bondage and bonding". Halio's annotation of the text is generally proficient and admirably frank in rendering sexual double entendres and is frequently illuminating in its references to modes of staging; the lengthy note on "Nerissa's ring" is exemplary in both these respects. As with other volumes of the Oxford World's Classics Shakespeare series, there is a good range of pictorial material and a very useful index.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Best version  
 By Fyoder Larue  
 Best version. Why? Because it's the closest to Shakespeare. Two Gents was never published in quarto form prior to the First Folio from whence this text comes, except this is cleaned up and in a modern font; none of those 's's that look like 'f's, not cramped into the minimum space possible because paper was hand made and expensive. Later editors would place a high value on consistency, aiming for a product that would be easily digestible by a solitary reader, with correct punctuation, flattening verse into prose where verse pops up unexpectedly. The text of the First Folio, on the other hand, still echos the spoken word, the words of a playwright writing for actors and the stage.

This book was originally published prior to 1923, and represents a reproduction of an important historical work, maintaining the same format as the original work. While some publishers have opted to apply OCR (optical character recognition) technology to the process, we believe this leads to sub-optimal results (frequent typographical errors, strange characters and confusing formatting) and does not adequately preserve the historical character of the original artifact. We believe this work is culturally important in its original archival form. While we strive to adequately clean and digitally enhance the original work, there are occasionally instances where imperfections such as blurred or missing pages, poor pictures or errant marks may have been introduced due to either the quality of the original work or the scanning process itself. Despite these occasional imperfections, we have brought it back into print as part of our ongoing global book preservation commitment, providing customers with access to the best possible historical reprints. We appreciate your understanding of these occasional imperfections, and sincerely hope you enjoy seeing the book in a format as close as possible to that intended by the original publisher.

A remarkable edition, one that makes Shakespeares extraordinary accomplishment more vivid than ever.  
 James Shapiro, professor, Columbia University, bestselling author of A Year in the Life of Shakespeare: 1599  
 A feast of literary and historical information.  
 The Wall Street Journal  
 About the Author  
 William Shakespeare (1564-1616), English poet and dramatist of the Elizabethan and early Jacobean period, is the most widely known author in all of English literature and often considered the greatest. He was an active member of a theater company for at least twenty years, during which time he wrote many great plays. Plays were not prized as literature at the time, and Shakespeare was not widely read until the middle of the eighteenth century, when a great upsurge of interest in his works began that continues today.

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 Chapter 1 Act 1 Scene 1 running scene 1  
 Enter two Gentlemen  
 FIRST GENTLEMAN?? You do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
 Still seem as does the king.  
 SECOND GENTLEMAN?? But what's the matter?  
 FIRST GENTLEMAN?? His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom He purposed to his wife's sole son - a widow  
 That late he married - hath referred herself  
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded, Her husband banished, she imprisoned, all  
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king  
 Be touched at very heart.  
 SECOND GENTLEMAN?? None but the king?  
 FIRST GENTLEMAN?? He that hath lost her too: so is the queen, That most desired the match. But not a courtier,  
 Although they wear their faces to the bent  
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
 Glad at the thing they

scowl at. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? And why so? FIRST GENTLEMAN?? He that hath missed the princess is a thing too bad for bad report: and he that hath her - I mean, that married her, alack, good man, and therefore banished - is a creature such as, to seek through the regions of the earth for one his like, there would be something failing in him that should compare. I do not think so fair an outward and such stuff within endows a man but he. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? You speak him far. FIRST GENTLEMAN?? I do extend, sir, within himself, crush him together rather than unfold his measure duly. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? What's his name and birth? FIRST GENTLEMAN?? I cannot delve him to the root: his father was called Sicilius, who did join his honour against the Romans with Cassibelan, but had his titles by Tenantius whom he served with glory and admired success: so gained the sur-addition Leonatus. And had, besides this gentleman in question, two other sons, who in the wars o'th' time died with their swords in hand. For which their father, then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow that he quit being, and his gentle lady, big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased as he was born. The king he takes the babe to his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus, breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber, puts to him all the learnings that his time could make him the receiver of, which he took as we do air, fast as 'twas ministered, and in's spring became a harvest: lived in court - which rare it is to do - most praised, most loved: a sample to the youngest, to th' more mature a glass that feated them, and to the graver, a child that guided dotards. To his mistress, for whom he now is banished, her own price proclaims how she esteemed him; and his virtue by her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? I honour him even out of your report. But pray you tell me, is she sole child to th' king? FIRST GENTLEMAN?? His only child. He had two sons - if this be worth your hearing, mark it - the eldest of them at three years old, I th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge which way they went. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? How long is this ago? FIRST GENTLEMAN?? Some twenty years. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? That a king's children should be so conveyed, so slackly guarded, and the search so slow that could not trace them. FIRST GENTLEMAN?? Howsoever 'tis strange, or that the negligence may well be laughed at, yet is it true, sir. SECOND GENTLEMAN?? I do well believe you. FIRST GENTLEMAN?? We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman, the queen and princess. Exeunt Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Innogen 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 your jailer shall deliver you the keys that lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, so soon as I can win th' offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet the fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good you leaned unto his sentence, with what patience your wisdom may inform you. POSTHUMUS Please your highness, I will from hence today. QUEEN You know the peril. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying the pangs of barred affections, though the king hath charged you should not speak together. Exit INNOGEN O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing - always reserved my holy duty - 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 My queen, my mistress: O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause to be suspected of more tenderness than doth become a man. I will remain the loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth. My residence in Rome, at one Philario's, who to my father was a friend, to me known but by letter: thither write, my queen, and with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, though ink be made of gall. Enter Queen QUEEN Be brief, I pray you: if the king come, I shall incur I know not how much of his displeasure. - Yet I'll move him aside to walk this way: I never do him wrong, but he does buy my injuries to be friends: pays dear for my offences. [Exit] POSTHUMUS Should we be taking leave as long a term as yet we have to live, the loathness to depart would grow. Adieu. INNOGEN 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, gives a ring but keep it till you woo another wife, when Innogen is dead. POSTHUMUS How, how? Another? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, and cere up my embracements from a next with bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here puts on the ring 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. Puts a bracelet on her arm INNOGEN O, the gods! When shall we see again? Enter Cymbeline and Lords POSTHUMUS 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 The gods protect you, and bless the good remainders of the court: I am gone. Exit INNOGEN There cannot be a pinch in death more sharp than this is. CYMBELINE O disloyal thing, that shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st a year's age on me. INNOGEN I beseech you, sir, harm not yourself with your vexation, I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare subdues all pangs, all fears. CYMBELINE Past grace? Obedience? INNOGEN Past hope and in despair: that way past grace. CYMBELINE That mightst have had the sole son of my queen. INNOGEN 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. INNOGEN No, I rather added a lustre to it. CYMBELINE O thou vile one! INNOGEN 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? INNOGEN Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were a neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus our neighbour shepherd's son. Enter Queen CYMBELINE Thou

foolish thing!-They were again together: you have done To QueenNot 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 Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day, and being aged, Die of this folly. Exeunt [Cymbeline and Lords] Enter Pisanio QUEEN Fie, you must give way. Here is your servant.- How now, sir? What news? PISANIO My lord your son drew on my master. QUEEN Ha? No harm I trust is done? PISANIO There might have been, But that my master rather played than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentlemen at hand. QUEEN I am very glad on't. INNOGEN Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part To draw upon an exile.- O brave sir!-I would they were in Afric both together, Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer-back.- Why came you from your master? PISANIO On his command: he would not suffer me To bring him to the haven: left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When't pleased you to employ me. QUEEN This hath been Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour He will remain so. PISANIO I humbly thank your highness. QUEEN Pray walk awhile. To Innogen INNOGEN About some half hour hence, pray you speak with me. To Pisanio You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me. Exeunt Act 1 Scene 2 running scene 1 continues Enter Cloten and two Lords FIRST LORD Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent. CLOTEN If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him? SECOND LORD?? No, faith: not so much as his patience. Aside FIRST LORD Hurt him? His body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt. It is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt. SECOND LORD?? His steel was in debt, it went o'th'backside the town. Aside CLOTEN The villain would not stand me. SECOND LORD?? No, but he fled forward still, toward your face. Aside FIRST LORD Stand you? You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having, gave you some ground. SECOND LORD?? As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! Aside CLOTEN I would they had not come between us. SECOND LORD?? So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. Aside CLOTEN And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! SECOND LORD?? If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. Aside FIRST LORD Sir, as I told you always: her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. SECOND LORD?? She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. Aside CLOTEN Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been some hurt done. SECOND LORD?? I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. Aside CLOTEN You'll go with us? FIRST LORD I'll attend your lordship. CLOTEN Nay, come, let's go together. SECOND LORD?? Well, my lord. Exeunt Act 1 Scene 3 running scene 1 continues Enter Innogen and Pisanio INNOGEN I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'haven, And questioned'st every sail: if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost, As offered mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee? PISANIO It was his queen, his queen. INNOGEN Then waved his handkerchief? PISANIO And kissed it, madam. INNOGEN Senseless linen, happier therein than I: And that was all? PISANIO No, madam: for so long As he could make me with this eye, or ear, Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind Could best express how slow his soul sailed on, How swift his ship. INNOGEN Thou shouldst have made him As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him. PISANIO Madam, so I did. INNOGEN I would have broke mine eyestrings, cracked them, but To look upon him, till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle: Nay, followed him, till he had melted from The smallness of a gnat to air: and then Have turned mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio, When shall we hear from him? PISANIO Be assured, madam, With his next vantage. INNOGEN I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him 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, T'encounter me with orisons, for then I am in heaven for him: or ere I could Give him that parting kiss, which I had set Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father, And like the tyrannous breathing of the north, Shakes all our buds from growing. Enter a Lady LADY The queen, madam, Desires your highness' company. INNOGEN Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched. I will attend the queen. PISANIO Madam, I shall. Exeunt Act 1 Scene 4 running scene 2 Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman and a Spaniard IACHIMO Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items. PHILARIO You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. FRENCHMAN I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he. IACHIMO This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. FRENCHMAN And then his banishment. IACHIMO Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance? PHILARIO His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Enter Posthumus Here comes the Briton. 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.