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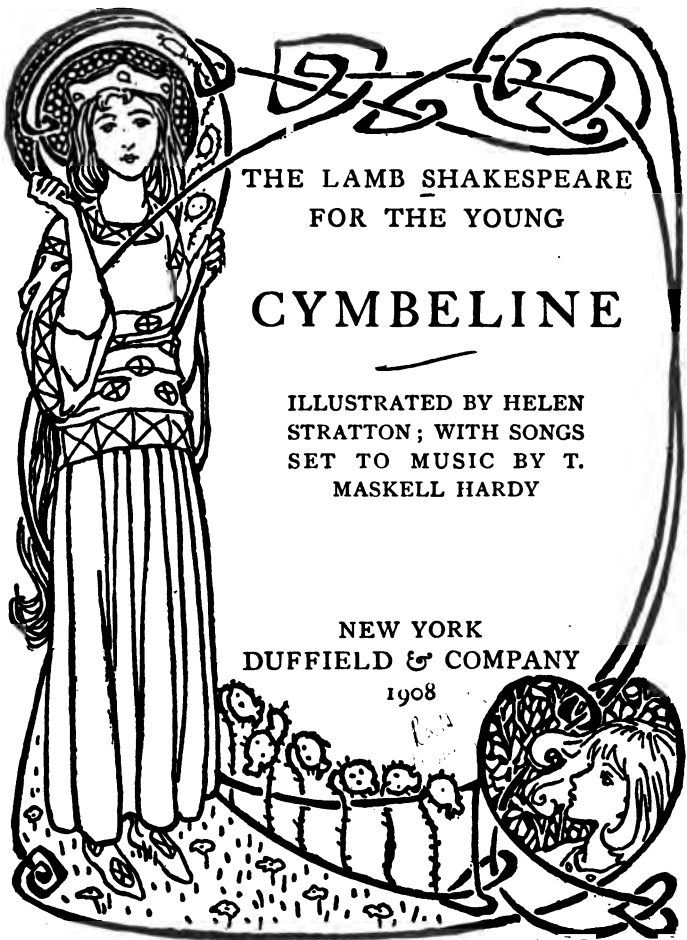


THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG
BASED ON LAMB'S TALES; WITH
PASSAGES AND SCENES INSERTED
FROM THE PLAYS, AND SONGS
SET TO MUSIC. UNDER THE
GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF
PROFESSOR I. GOLLANZ

Grail



IACHIMO AND IMOGEN

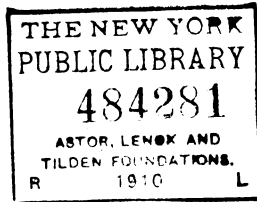


THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG

CYMBELINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN
STRATTON; WITH SONGS
SET TO MUSIC BY T.
MASKELL HARDY

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY
1908



“ 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 EVERYTHING THAT PRETTY IS,
MY LADY SWEET, ARISE;
ARISE, ARISE!”



CYMBELINE

DURING the time of Augustus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, there reigned in England (which was then called Britain) a king whose name was Cymbeline.

Cymbeline's first wife died when his three children, two sons and a daughter, were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up in her father's court ; but by a strange chance the two sons of Cymbeline were stolen out of their nursery when the eldest was but three years old, and the youngest quite an infant ; and Cymbeline could never discover what had become of them, or by whom they were taken away.

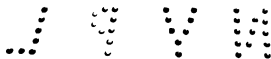
THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Cymbeline was twice married : his second wife was a wicked plotting woman, and a cruel step-mother to Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter by his first wife.

The queen, though she hated Imogen, yet wished her to marry a son of her own by a former husband (she also having been twice married), for by this means she hoped upon the death of Cymbeline to place the crown of Britain upon the head of her son Cloten ; for she knew that, if the king's sons were not found, the princess Imogen must be the king's heir. But this design was prevented by Imogen herself, who married without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen.

Posthumus, that was the name of Imogen's husband, was the best scholar and most accomplished gentleman of that age. His father died fighting in the wars for Cymbeline, and soon after his birth his mother died also for grief at the loss of her husband.

Cymbeline, pitying the helpless state of this orphan, took Posthumus (the name Cymbeline gave him, because he was born after his father's death), and educated him in his own court.



CYMBELINE

Imogen and Posthumus were both taught by the same masters, and were play-fellows from their infancy: they loved each other tenderly when they were children, and their affection continuing to increase with their



CYMBELINE AND THE QUEEN

years, when they grew up they privately married.

The disappointed queen soon learnt this secret, for she kept spies constantly to watch upon the actions of her ~~daughter-in-law~~, and

7 *step daughter*

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

she immediately told the king of the marriage of Imogen with Posthumus.

Nothing could exceed the wrath of Cymbeline when he heard that his daughter had been so forgetful of her high dignity as to marry a subject. He commanded Posthumus to leave Britain, and banished him from his native country for ever.

The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered to procure them a private meeting before Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, which place he had chosen for his residence in his banishment: this seeming kindness she showed, the better to succeed in her future designs in regard to her son Cloten; for she meant to persuade Imogen, when her husband was gone, that her marriage was not lawful, being contracted without the consent of the king.

Imogen and Posthumus took a most affectionate leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised never to part with the ring; and he fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he



IMOGEN AND POSTHUMUS

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

begged she would preserve with great care, as a token of his love: they then bade each other farewell, with many vows of everlasting love and fidelity.

Imogen remained a solitary and dejected lady in her father's court, and Posthumus arrived at Rome, the place he had chosen for his banishment.

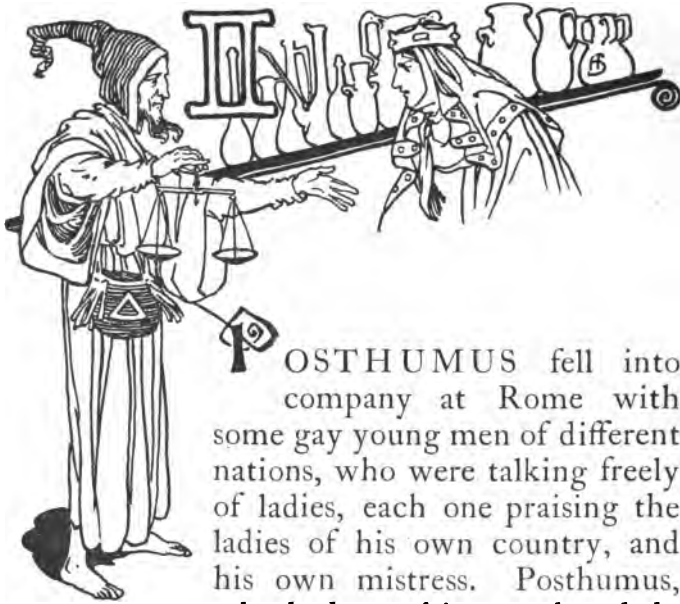
Here is Shakespeare's account of Posthumus:—

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 gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the 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 de-
ceased
As he was born. The king he takes the
babe

CYMBELINE

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
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 minister'd,
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 the more mature
A glass that 'feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him, and his virtue
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.





POSTHUMUS fell into company at Rome with some gay young men of different nations, who were talking freely of ladies, each one praising the ladies of his own country, and his own mistress. Posthumus, who had ever his own dear lady in his mind, affirmed that his wife, the fair Imogen, was the most virtuous, wise, and constant lady in the world.

One of these gentlemen, whose name was Iachimo, being offended that a lady of Britain should be so praised above the Roman ladies, his country-women, provoked Posthumus by seeming to doubt the constancy of his so highly-praised wife; and at length, after

CYMBELINE

much altercation, Posthumus consented to a proposal of Iachimo's, that he, Iachimo, should go to Britain, and endeavour to gain the love of the married Imogen. They then laid a wager, that if Iachimo did not succeed in this wicked design, he was to forfeit a large sum of money ; but if he could win Imogen's favour, and prevail upon her to give him the bracelet which Posthumus had so earnestly desired she would keep as a token of his love, then the wager was to terminate with Posthumus giving to Iachimo the ring, which was Imogen's love-present when she parted with her husband. Such firm faith had Posthumus in the fidelity of Imogen, that he thought he ran no hazard in this trial of her honour.

Iachimo, on his arrival in Britain, gained admittance, and a courteous welcome from Imogen, as a friend of her husband ; but when he began to make professions of love to her, she repulsed him with disdain, and he soon found that he could have no hope of succeeding in his dishonourable design.

O happy Leonatus ! I may say :
The credit that thy lady hath of thee

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness

Her assured credit. Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him ;
Half all men's hearts are his.

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report ; which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err : the love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

CYMBELINE

The desire Iachimo had to win the wager made him now have recourse to a stratagem to impose upon Posthumus, and for this purpose he bribed some of Imogen's attendants, and was by them conveyed into her bedchamber, concealed in a large trunk, where he remained shut up till Imogen was retired to rest, and had fallen asleep ; and then getting out of the trunk, he examined the chamber with great attention, and wrote down everything he saw there, and particularly noticed a mole which he observed upon Imogen's neck, and then softly unloosing the bracelet from her arm, which Posthumus had given to her, he retired into the chest again ; and the next day he set off for Rome with great expedition, and boasted to Posthumus that Imogen had given him the bracelet, and likewise permitted him to pass a night in her chamber : and in this manner Iachimo told his false tale, Posthumus interrupting his recital :—

Iach. Her bedchamber was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride : a piece of work

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

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

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

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

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : her and-
irons—

I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

CYMBELINE

Post. 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.

Iach. 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.

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

Iach. Sir—I thank her—that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and
said
She prized it once.

Post. Maybe she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iachimo last of all described the mole he
had observed upon her neck ; then Posthumus,
who had heard the whole of this artful recital
in an agony of doubt, broke out into the

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

most passionate exclamations against Imogen. He delivered up the diamond ring to Iachimo, which he had agreed to forfeit to him, if he obtained the bracelet from Imogen.

Posthumus then in a jealous rage wrote to



PISANIO AND IMOGEN

Pisanio, a gentleman of Britain, who was one of Imogen's attendants, and had long been a faithful friend to Posthumus; and after telling him what proof he had of his wife's disloyalty, he desired Pisanio would take Imogen to Milford-Haven, a seaport of Wales, and there kill

CYMBELINE

her. And at the same time he wrote a deceitful letter to Imogen, desiring her to go with Pisanio, for that finding he could live no longer without seeing her, though he was forbidden upon pain of death to return to Britain, he would come to Milford-Haven, at which place he begged she would meet him. She, good unsuspecting lady, who loved her husband above all things, and desired more than her life to see him, hastened her departure with Pisanio, and the same night she received the letter she set out :

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,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet
long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak
thick;

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of
hearing,
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 : but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the
gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going
And our return, to excuse : but first, how get
hence :
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour ?

When their journey was nearly at an end, Pisanio, who, though faithful to Posthumus, was not faithful to serve him in an evil deed, disclosed to Imogen the cruel order he had received.

Imogen, who, instead of meeting a loving and beloved husband, found herself doomed by that husband to suffer death, was afflicted beyond measure.

CYMBELINE

Pisanio persuaded her to take comfort, and wait with patient fortitude for the time when Posthumus should see and repent his injustice : in the meantime, as she refused in her distress to return to her father's court, he advised her to dress herself in boy's clothes for more security in travelling ; to which advice she agreed, and thought in that disguise she would go over to Rome, and see her husband, whom, though he had used her so barbarously, she could not forget to love.

When Pisanio had provided her with her new apparel, he left her to her uncertain fortune, being obliged to return to court ; but before he departed he gave her a phial of cordial, which he said the queen had given him as a sovereign remedy in all disorders.

The queen, who hated Pisanio because he was a friend to Imogen and Posthumus, gave him this phial, which she supposed contained poison, she having ordered her physician to give her some poison, to try its effects (as she said) upon animals ; but the physician, knowing her malicious disposition, would not trust her with real poison, but gave her a drug which would do no other mischief than

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

causing a person to sleep with every appearance of death for a few hours. This mixture, which Pisanio thought a choice cordial, he gave to Imogen, desiring her, if she found herself ill upon the road, to take it; and so, with blessings and prayers for her safety and happy deliverance from her undeserved troubles, he left her.





PROVIDENCE strangely directed Imogen's steps to the dwelling of her two brothers, who had been stolen away in their infancy. Belarius, who stole them away, was a lord in the court of Cymbeline, and having been falsely accused of treason, and banished from the court by the king, in revenge he stole away the two sons of Cymbeline, and brought them up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. He stole them through revenge, but he soon loved them as tenderly as if they had been his own children, educated them carefully, and they grew up fine youths, their princely spirits leading them to bold and daring actions; and as they subsisted by hunting; they were active and hardy, and were

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

always pressing their supposed father to let them seek their fortune in the wars.

Here is a scene between Belarius and the two brothers :—

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys ;
this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and
bows you

To a morning's holy office : the gates of
monarchs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair
heaven !

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
hardly

As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to
yond hill ;

Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats.
Consider,

CYMBELINE

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off :



THE TWO BROTHERS

And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : 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 attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Gui. Out of your proof 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 a sharper known ; well correspond-
ing
With your stiff age : but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

CYMBELINE

In this our pinching cave, 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.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; 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; the toil o' the
war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies
i' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this
story

The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once

CYMBELINE

The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

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

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prize it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story : say “ Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck : ” even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Strains his young nerves and puts himself in
posture
That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much
more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is
roused!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience
knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for
their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is
up.





AT the cave where these youths dwelt, it was Imogen's fortune to arrive. She had lost her way in a large forest, through which her road lay to Milford-Haven, from which she meant to embark for Rome; and being unable to find any place where she could purchase food, she was with weariness and hunger almost dying; for it is not merely putting on a man's apparel that will enable a young lady, tenderly brought up, to bear the fatigue of wandering about lonely forests like a man. Seeing this cave, she entered, hoping to find some one within of whom she could procure food. She found the cave empty, but looking about she

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

discovered some cold meat, and her hunger was so pressing, that she could not wait for an invitation, but sat down and began to eat.

The two brothers of Imogen, who had been hunting with their supposed father Belarius, were by this time returned home. Belarius had given them the names of Polydore and Cadwal, and they knew no better, but supposed that Belarius was their father ; but the real names of these princes were Guiderius and Arviragus. Let us watch the charming meeting between Imogen and her brothers, who little knew that the sweet boy was their sister.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. 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 : O Jove ! I think

CYMBELINE

Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars
told me

I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true.

My dear lord !

Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think
on thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet
famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards : hardness
ever

Of hardness is mother. Ho ! who's here ?
If anything that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then
I'll enter.

Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens ! [*She enters the cave.*]

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS
from the woods.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best
woodman and
Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our
stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury : weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be
here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in
appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll
browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay ; come
not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?



“ BUT THAT IT EATS OUR VICTUALS, I SHOULD THINK
HERE WERE A FAIRY ”

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

IMOGEN comes out to them.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took :
good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I
had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for
my meat :
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to
dirt !

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry !
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

CYMBELINE

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with
hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good
minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encoun-
ter'd !

'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.

Arv. 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 wel-
come !

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so,
that they

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Had been my father's sons! then had my
prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—
laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with
them,
Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth,
come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
supp'd,

CYMBELINE

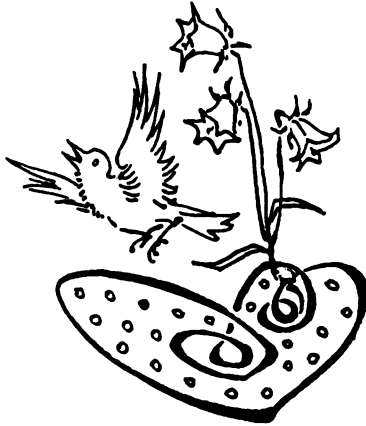
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to
the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.





FOR these her gentle qualities, or perhaps it was their near relationship, though they knew it not, Imogen, or, as the boys called her, *Fidele*, became the darling of her brothers, and she scarcely less loved them, thinking that but for the memory of her dear Posthumus, she could live and die in the cave with these wild forest youths ; and she gladly consented to stay with them, till she was rested enough from the fatigue of travelling to pursue her way to Milford-Haven.

When the venison they had taken was all eaten, and they were going out to hunt for more, Fidele could not accompany them, because she was unwell. Sorrow, no doubt, for her husband's cruel usage, as well as the fatigue

CYMBELINE

of wandering in the forest, was the cause of her illness.

They then bid her farewell, and went to their hunt, praising all the way the noble parts and graceful demeanour of the youth Fidele.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

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

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
So please you, leave me :
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :



“I WISH YE SPORT”

How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why

CYMBELINE

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.

Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. Your health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*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 !

The imperious seas breed monsters, for the
dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Bel.

Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo.

Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel.

And shall be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN, to the cave.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv.

How angel-like he sings !

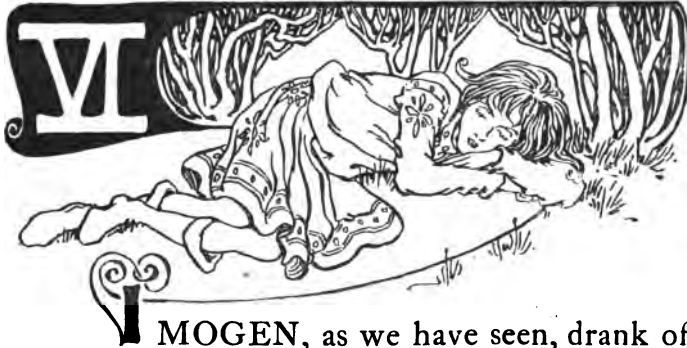
Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our
roots

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile.





V MOGEN, as we have seen, drank of the cordial Pisanio had given her. Presently she fell into a sound and deathlike sleep.

When Belarius and her brothers returned from hunting, Polydore went first into the cave, and supposing her asleep, pulled off his heavy shoes, that he might tread softly and not awake her ; so did true gentleness spring up in the minds of these princely foresters ; but he soon discovered that she could not be awakened by any noise, and concluded her to be dead, and Polydore lamented over her with dear and brotherly regret, as if they had never from their infancy been parted.

Belarius also proposed to carry her out into the forest, and there celebrate her funeral with songs and solemn dirges, as was then the custom.



“THE BIRD IS DEAD
THAT WE HAVE MADE SO MUCH ON”

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
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, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill, bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. 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 debt. To the grave !

CYMBELINE

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother ; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

SONG

Gui. *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.*

Arv. *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.*

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

- Gui.* Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
- Gui.* No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renown'd be thy grave !

When they had finished her funeral obsequies, they departed very sorrowful.





IMOGEN had not been long left alone, when, the effect of the sleepy drug going off, she awaked, and easily shaking off the slight covering of leaves and flowers they had thrown over her, she arose, and imagining she had been dreaming, she said, "I thought I was a cave-keeper, and cook to honest creatures; how came I here, covered with flowers?" Not being able to find her way back to the cave, and seeing nothing of her new companions, she concluded it was certainly all a dream; and once more Imogen set out on her weary pilgrimage, hoping at last she should

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

find her way to Milford-Haven, and thence get a passage in some ship bound for Italy; for all her thoughts were still with her husband Posthumus, whom she intended to seek in the disguise of a page.

But great events were happening at this time, of which Imogen knew nothing; for a war had suddenly broken out between the Roman emperor Augustus Cæsar, and Cymbeline, the King of Britain; and a Roman army had landed to invade Britain, and had advanced into the very forest through which Imogen was journeying. With this army came Posthumus.

Though Posthumus came over to Britain with the Roman army, he did not mean to fight on their side against his own countrymen, but intended to join the army of Britain, and fight in the cause of his king who had banished him.

He still believed Imogen false to him; yet the death of her he had so fondly loved, and by his own orders too, Pisanio having written him a letter to say he had obeyed his command, and that Imogen was dead, sat heavy on his heart, and therefore he returned to Britain,

CYMBELINE

desiring either to be slain in battle, or to be put to death by Cymbeline for returning home from banishment.

Imogen, before she reached Milford-Haven, fell into the hands of the Roman army; and her presence and deportment recommending her, she was made a page to Lucius, the Roman general.

Cymbeline's army now advanced to meet the enemy, and when they entered this forest, Polydore and Cadwal joined the king's



army. The young men were eager to engage in acts of valour, though they little thought they were going to fight for their own royal father: and old Belarius went with them to the battle. He had long since repented of the injury he

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

had done to Cymbeline in carrying away his sons; and having been a warrior in his youth, he gladly joined the army to fight for the king he had so injured.

And now a great battle commenced between the two armies, and the Britons would have been defeated, and Cymbeline himself killed, but for the extraordinary valour of Posthumus, and Belarius, and the two sons of Cymbeline. They rescued the king, and saved his life, and so entirely turned the fortune of the day, that the Britons gained the victory.

When the battle was over, Posthumus, who had not found the death he sought for, surrendered himself up to one of the officers of Cymbeline, willing to suffer the death which was to be his punishment if he returned from banishment.

Imogen and the master she served were taken prisoners, and brought before Cymbeline, as was also her old enemy Iachimo, who was an officer in the Roman army; and when these prisoners were before the king, Posthumus was brought in to receive his sentence of death; and at this strange juncture of time, Belarius with Polydore and Cadwal were also



CYMBELINE AND THE PRISONERS

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

brought before Cymbeline, to receive the rewards due to the great services they had by their valour done for the king. Pisanio, being one of the king's attendants, was likewise present.

Therefore there were now standing in the king's presence, but with very different hopes and fears, Posthumus, and Imogen, with her new master the Roman general; the faithful servant Pisanio, and the false friend Iachimo; and likewise the two lost sons of Cymbeline, with Belarius, who had stolen them away.

The Roman general was the first who spoke; the rest stood silent before the king, though there was many a beating heart among them.

Imogen saw Posthumus, and knew him, though he was in the disguise of a peasant; but he did not know her in her male attire: and she knew Iachimo, and she saw a ring on his finger which she perceived to be her own, but she did not know him as yet to have been the author of all her troubles: and she stood before her own father a prisoner of war.

Pisanio knew Imogen, for it was he who

CYMBELINE

had dressed her in the garb of a boy. "It is my mistress," thought he ;

"Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad."

Belarius knew her too, and softly said to Cadwal, "Is not this boy revived from death?" Cadwal replied :—

"One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?"

"The same dead thing alive," said Polydore. "Peace, peace," said Belarius; "if it were he, I am sure he would have spoken to us." "But we saw him dead," again whispered Polydore. "Be silent," replied Belarius.

Posthumus waited in silence to hear the welcome sentence of his own death ; and he resolved not to disclose to the king that he had saved his life in the battle, lest that should move Cymbeline to pardon him.

Lucius, the Roman general, who had taken Imogen under his protection as his page, was

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

the first, as has been before said, who spoke to the king. He was a man of high courage and noble dignity, and this was his speech to the king and Cymbeline's reply to it :—

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the
day

Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our
lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to think on't : and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd : never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With my request, which I'll make bold your
highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,

CYMBELINE

Though he have served a Roman : save him,
sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor
wherefore,
To say "Live, boy : " ne'er thank thy master ;
live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

"I humbly thank your highness," said
Imogen.

What was then called granting a boon was
the same as a promise to give any one thing,
whatever it might be, that the person on whom
that favour was conferred chose to ask for.
They were all attentive to hear what thing
the page would ask for ; and Lucius her
master said to her, "I do not beg my life,
good lad, but I know that is what you will
ask for." "No, no, alas !" said Imogen, "I

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

have other work in hand, good master ; your life I cannot ask for.”

This seeming want of gratitude in the boy astonished the Roman general.

Imogen then, fixing her eye on Iachimo, demanded no other boon than this: that Iachimo should be made to confess whence he had the ring he wore on his finger.

Cymbeline granted her this boon, and threatened Iachimo with the torture if he did not confess how he came by the diamond ring on his finger.

Iachimo then made a full acknowledgment of all his villainy, telling, as has been before related, the whole story of his wager with Posthumus, and how he had succeeded in imposing upon his credulity.

What Posthumus felt at hearing this proof of the innocence of his lady, cannot be expressed. He instantly came forward, and confessed to Cymbeline the cruel sentence which he had enjoined Pisanio to execute upon the princess ; exclaiming wildly, “ O Imogen, my queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen ! ”

Imogen could not see her beloved husband

CYMBELINE

in this distress without discovering herself, to the unutterable joy of Posthumus, who was thus relieved from a weight of guilt and woe, and restored to the good graces of the dear lady he had so cruelly treated.

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

says Posthumus, as he vows eternal devotion to Imogen.

Cymbeline, almost as much overwhelmed as he with joy, at finding his lost daughter so strangely recovered, received her to her former place in his fatherly affection, and not only gave her husband Posthumus his life, but consented to acknowledge him for his son-in-law.

Belarius chose this time of joy and reconciliation to make his confession. He presented Polydore and Cadwal to the king, telling him they were his two lost sons, Guiderius and Arviragus :—

Bel. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime
banish'd :

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my
punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle
princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I trained up : those arts they have
as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was,
sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these
children
Upon my banishment : I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, 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

Imogen now learns that her dear friends of the cave were really her own brothers.

“ You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.”

Cymbeline forgave old Belarius ; for who could think of punishments at a season of such universal happiness ? To find his daughter living, and his lost sons in the persons of his young deliverers, that he had seen so bravely fight in his defence, was unlooked-for joy indeed !

Imogen was now at leisure to perform good services for her late master, the Roman general Lucius, whose life the king her father readily granted at her request ; and by the mediation of the same Lucius a peace was concluded between the Romans and the Britons, which was kept inviolate many years.

How Cymbeline's wicked queen, through despair of bringing her projects to pass, and touched with remorse of conscience, sickened and died, having first lived to see her foolish son Cloten slain in a quarrel which he had

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

provoked, are events too tragical to interrupt this happy conclusion by more than merely touching upon. It is sufficient that all were made happy who were deserving; and even the treacherous Iachimo, in consideration of his villainy having missed its final aim, was dismissed without punishment. “Kneel not to me,” says Posthumus to him:—

“The power that I have on you is to spare
you;

The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.”

And Cymbeline nobly adds his Amen:—

“Pardon’s the word to all.”



SONG

ARRANGED FOR HOME AND SCHOOL SINGING

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

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The publishers have to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. T. MASKELL HARDY for his general supervision, and in most cases his arrangement, of the settings used in the LAMB SHAKESPEARE.

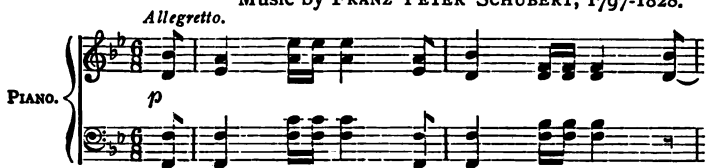
HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

Composed in 1826.


Music by FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT, 1797-1828.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *p*



The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



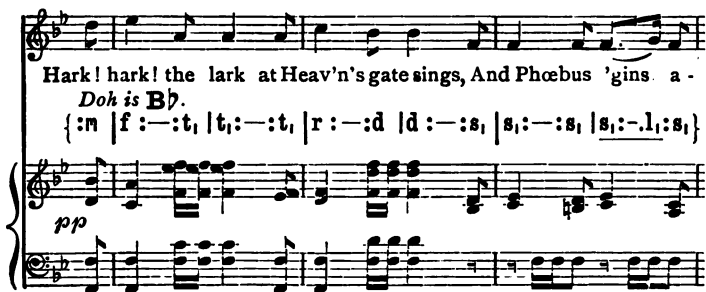
The second system continues the piano introduction with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both hands.



The third system of the piano introduction features a dynamic shift to *f* (forte) in the right hand, while the left hand remains in the piano register.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a -
Doh is B♭.
{ :m | f :-:t, | t, :-:t, | r :-:d | d :-:s, | s, :-:s, | s, :-:l, :s, }

pp



The vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics and a rhythmic notation below. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, starting with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

rise, . . . His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On
 { | s₁ :- : - | d :- : m | f :- : t₁ | t₁ :- : t₁ | d :- : m | s₁ :- : s₁ | }

cha - lic'd flow'rs that lies, . . . On cha - lic'd flow'rs that
 { | s₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ s₁ | s₁ :- : - | m : : m | s : m | d | m | d | l₁ | }

lies. And wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin . . To
 G.
 { | s₁ :- : | : : t₁ | t₁ :- : t₁ | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r :- : d | d :- : r : m | }

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

*

ope their gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry thing that
B^b.
 { | f : - : f | f : - . s : f | m : - : | : : d | ma : - : ma | ma : r : d }

*

pret - ty is, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, With
 { | s : - : m | d : - : l, | s, : - . l, : s, | f : - : m : r | m : - : | : : d }

ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My La - dy sweet, a -
 { | ma : - : ma | ma : r : d | s : - : m | d : - : l, | s, : - . l, : s, | f : - : m : r }

* This passage in Sol-fa, may be taught to the notes: { : l | d' : - : d' | d' : t : l | n' ||

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

f *decres.*

rise, . . . A - rise, . . . a - rise! . . . My

{ | s : - : - | - : - : s, | f : - : - | - : - : s, | m : - : - | - : - : m }

cres. *f* *decres.*

La - dy sweet, a - rise, . . . A - rise, . . . a -

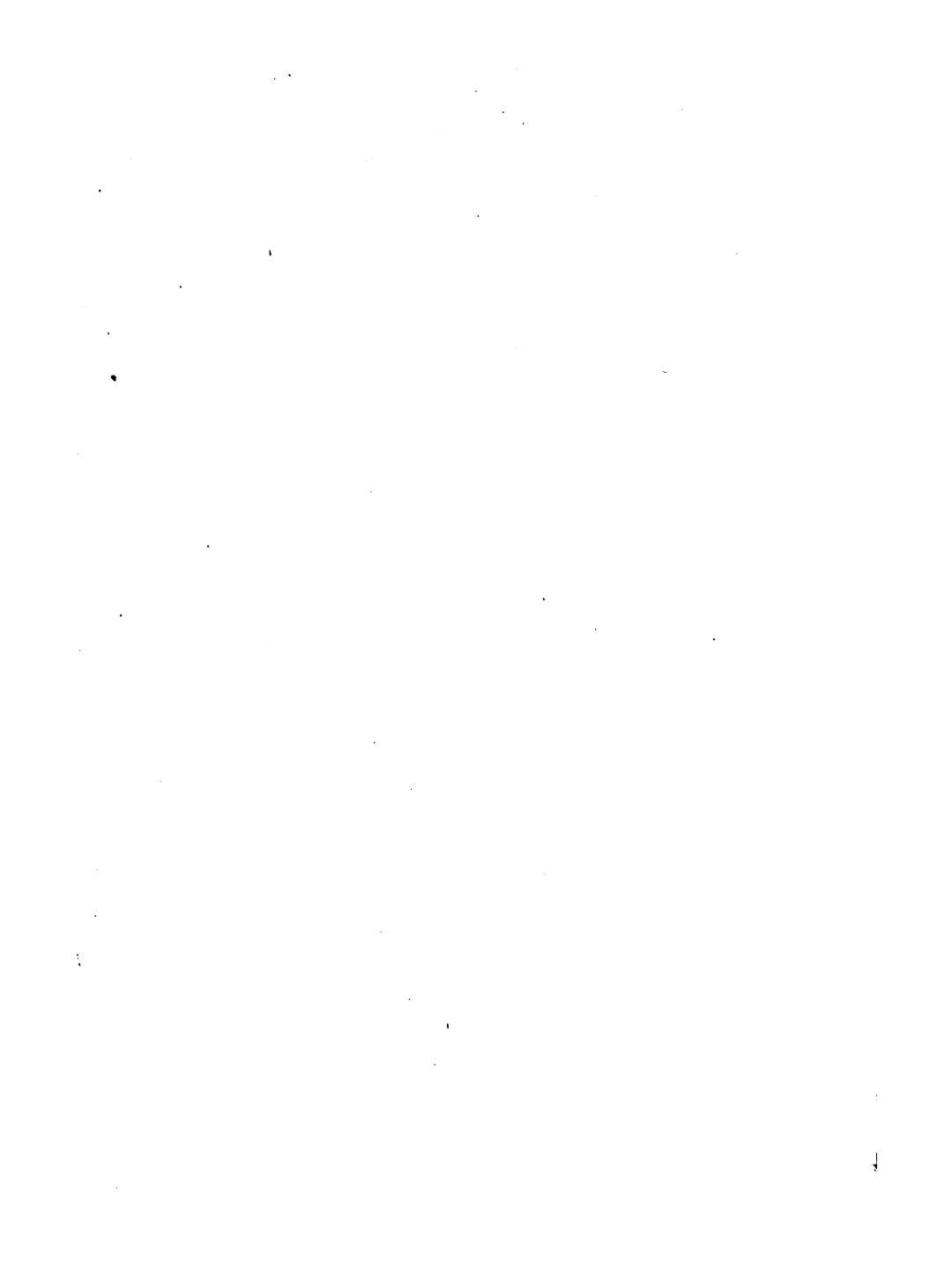
{ | f : - : m : r | r : - : d : t, | s : - : - | - : - : s, | f : - : - | - : - : s, }

cres. *f* *decres.*

- rise! . . . My La - dy sweet, a - rise!

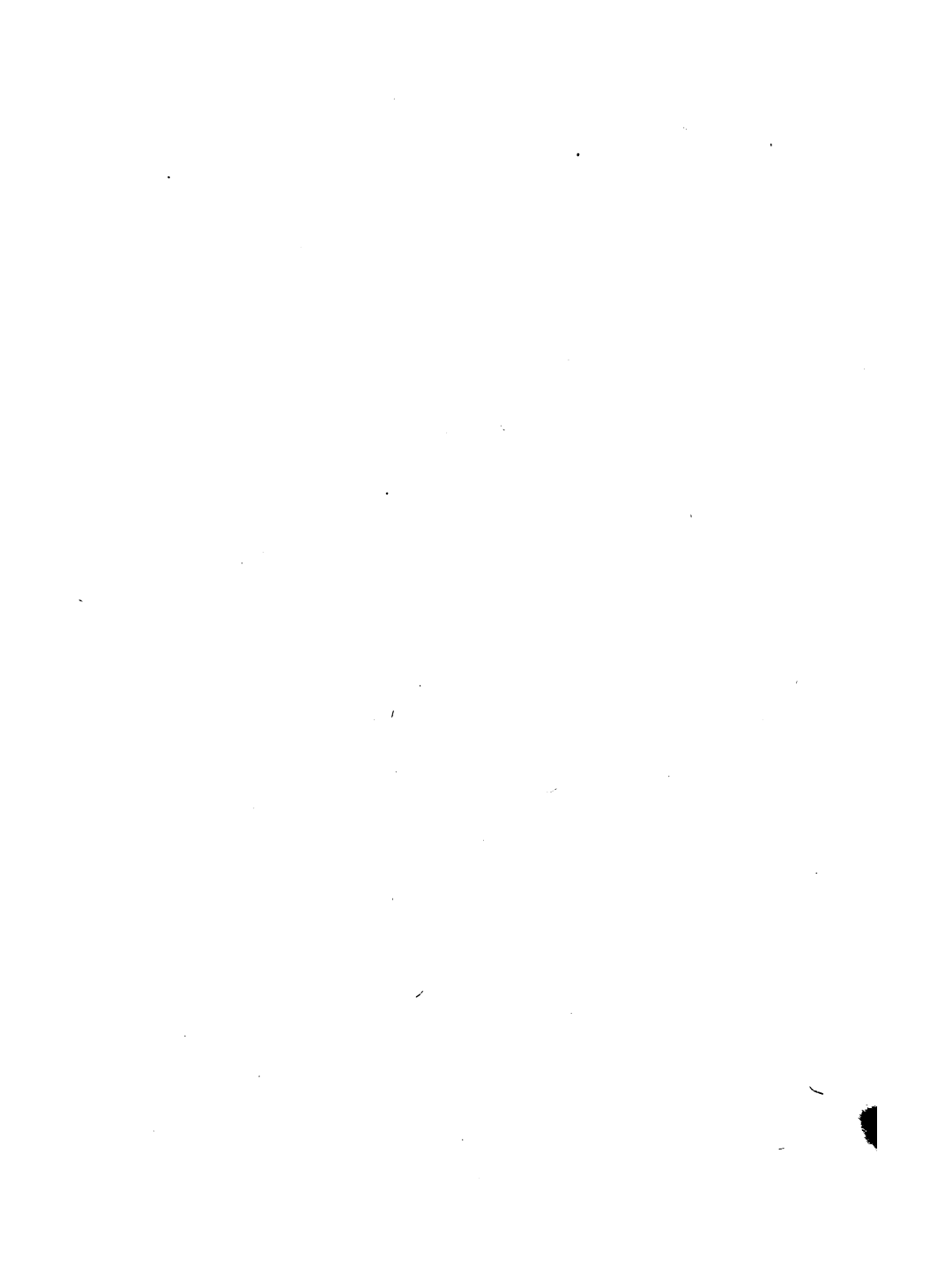
{ | m : - : - | - : - : m | 1, : f : m | r : - : m : r | d : - : - | : : ||

p

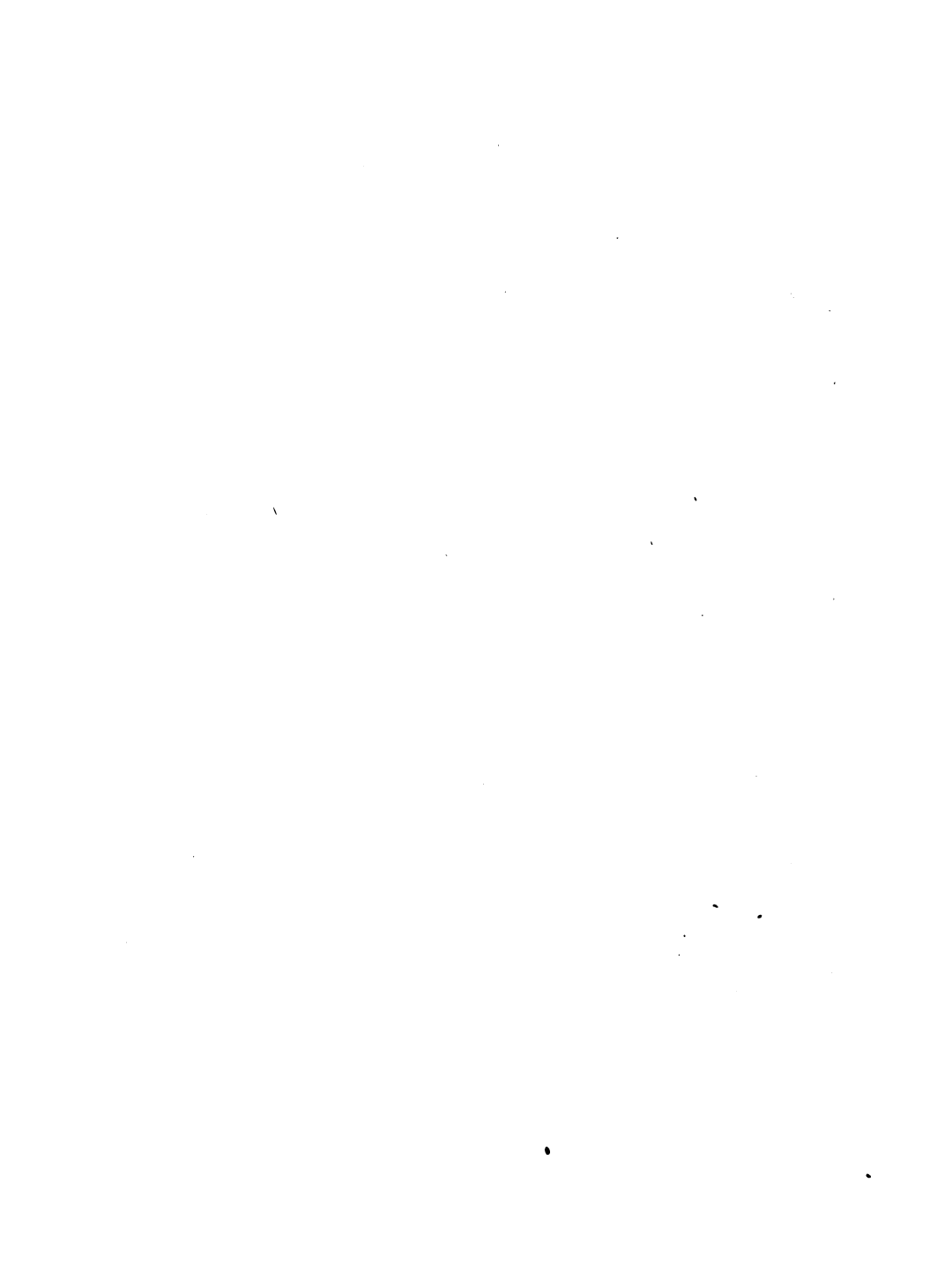


22
Bp

22
Bp







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