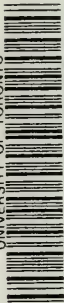



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THE WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.







FRANCESCO DE VITO

~~8379Dy~~

THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE  
EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.  
THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.  
A KING AND NO KING.

CUPID'S REVENGE.  
THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE  
AND GRAY'S INN.

FOUR PLAYS IN ONE.

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THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

*The Faithfull Shepherdesse. By John Fletcher. Printed at London for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle over against the great North dore of S. Pauls. n. d. 4to.*

*The Faithfull Shepherdesse. By John Fletcher. The second Edition, newly corrected. London, Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-streete. 1629. 4to.*

*The Faithfull Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset House before the King and Queene on Twelke night last, 1633. And divers times since with great applause at the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher. The third Edition, with Addition. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet-streel. 1634. 4to.*

*The Faithfull Shepherdesse, &c. The Fourth Edition. London, Printed for Ga. Bedell and Tho. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-streel. 1656. 4to.*

*The Faithfull Shepherdesse, &c. The Fifth Edition (also printed for Bedell and Collins), 1665. 4to. This edition is not noticed by Weber; but he mentions one dated 1661, which, I believe, docs not exist.*

And in the folio of 1679.



THIS drama is mentioned by Davies of Hereford in an epigram already cited, vol. I. p. 199; and *The Scourge of Folly*, which contains that epigram, is supposed to have been published about 1611. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, says Gifford, “was brought out in 1610, perhaps before.” Note on Jonson’s *Works*, vi. 305. The first edition is printed without a date; but Sir William Skipwith, one of the three friends to whom the author dedicates it, died on the third of May, 1610.

This pastoral was wholly from the pen of Fletcher. That in composing it he had an eye to the *Aminta* of Tasso and to the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, is, I think, quite evident. A Satyr, whose character became so refined and poetical in Fletcher’s hands, is found in both those dramas; while the latter suggested the title of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and unfortunately afforded in Corisca a model for the wanton Cloe. A version of the *Aminta* (“somewhat altered<sup>a</sup>”) into English hexameters had already appeared in the First Part of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch*, &c., by Abraham Fraunce, in 1591; and an English translation of the *Pastor Fido* by —— Dymock (which, in spite of Daniel’s commendatory sonnet, is a very bad one) had been published in 1602. But, though in all probability the poor attempts of Fraunce and Dymock were not unknown to Fletcher, there can be no doubt that the Italian text of those celebrated pieces was perfectly familiar to him.

Mr. Darley, however, (Introd. to the *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xii.), is willing to trace the origin of the *Faithful Shepherdess* to Spenser. “Various thoughts,” he says, “descriptions, &c., are taken or imitated from the *Shepherd’s Calendar*; some peculiar words, as ‘dell,’ ‘leese,’ are common to both productions; and so likewise are some proper names, as *Thenot*, *Perigot*, which do not exist in Fletcher’s supposed prototypes, the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*.” He then gives two specimens of the former coincidences, which will be found among Seward’s

<sup>a</sup> “I haue somewhat altered S.[ignor] Tassoes Italian and M.[aster] Watsons Latine Amyntas, to make them both one English.” *Dedic. Epistle to the Countess of Pembroke*.

notes in this edition. That Fletcher has occasionally imitated Spenser, is unquestionable; and indeed the very subject on which he was employed would naturally call to his recollection the well-known *Eclogues* of that mighty poet; but I must still continue to believe that if the pastoral dramas of Tasso and Guarini had never been written, we should never have possessed *The Faithful Shepherdess*. As to “dell” and “leese,”—they occur more frequently in the works of Fletcher’s contemporaries than Mr. Darley seems to be aware; the latter word is used *eleven times* by Dymock in his translation of the *Pastor Fido*.

With all its poetic beauty, *The Faithful Shepherdess* is but little fitted for the stage; and on its first representation it was decidedly condemned by the audience. The various addresses to and by the author, which, in consequence of its failure at the theatre, were prefixed to the first 4to., have been retained in the present edition.

Several years after the decease of Fletcher, this long-neglected pastoral was exhibited at court. Its revival is thus noticed in the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert:—“On Monday night the sixth of January [1633-4] and the *Twelfth Night* was presented at Denmark-house<sup>b</sup>, before the King and Queene, Fletchers pastorall called *The Faithfull Shepheardesse*, in the clothes the Queene had given Taylor the year before of her owne pastorall. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633.” Malone’s *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 234. Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of Lord Strafford, has a passage to the same effect in a letter dated January 9th, 1633:—“I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at Court this Year, but one Play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little Infirmity, a Bile, or some such Thing, which made her keep in, only on Twelfth-night she feasted the King at Somerset-house, and presented him with a Play, newly studied, long since printed, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which the King’s Players acted in the Robes she and her Ladies acted their Pastoral in the last Year.” *The Earl of Strafforde’s Letters and Dispatches*, i. 177. “Instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir William D’Avenant; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the Reader may read in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 86.” Langbaine’s *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. In consequence, we may presume, of the favour which it had experienced at court, *The Faithful Shepherdess* was again brought out at a

<sup>b</sup> Denmark-House was the later name of Somerset-House.

regular theatre; from the third quarto we learn that, soon after its revival before the King and Queen, it was acted “divers times with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friars.”

In 1637, Milton testified to the world his admiration of this drama by the various passages of *Comus* which are closely imitated from it.

In 1658, Sir Richard Fanshew published a translation of *The Faithful Shepherdess* into Latin verse,—*La Fida Pastora*°. *Comedia Pastoralis. Autore F. F. Anglo-Britanno. Adduntur nonnulla varii argumenti Carmina ab eodem.* 8vo.,—a performance of considerable merit on the whole, though containing not a little to which the critical scholar might object. I subjoin two specimens of it. The speech of Cloe,

“Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been,” &c.—Act i. sc. 3.

is rendered as follows :

“Pastor, non abeas, non, quæsumus. Unde venis nunc ?  
Aut quo vadis ? Ubi vires hac magis horrida silva ?  
Spirat et hic qua nec melior nec mollior aura est,  
Lævis ubi Zephyrus faciem lascivus oberrat  
Crispatam labentis aquæ ; floresque quot ulla  
Vere novo producit humus, totidemque colorum.  
Quod placet hic omne est ; gelidi fontesque lacusque,  
Arboreæque domus plumatis flore corymbis,  
Antra, lacunosique apices. Horum elige quid vis.  
Ipsa tuo cantans lateri concreta sedeo ;  
Hosve legam juncos (digitis tibi vincula longis) ;  
Crebraque amoris erit pro te mihi fabula ; pallens  
Ut primum vidit silvis venando Diana  
Endymiona, bibens oculis labefacta puelli  
Æternos ignes et non medicabile vulnus ;  
Molliter ut conduxit eum, gremioque refusum,  
Atque soporifero redimitum tempora flore,  
Ad Latmi caput antiqui, quo devolat illa  
Omni nocte, aurans fraterno lumine montem,  
Basia mille datura genis quas deperit.”

The concluding portion of the play, from the speech of the Satyr,

“Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,” &c.

is translated thus :

“*Sat.* Terræ pulchrior incolis, beata,  
Perquam candida virgo præpotensque,  
Dilectissima Dis et absque fraude,

° “Hanc tibi appellationem (non ego) celata imposuit autoritas, a qua recedere neutiquam debeo. Casu an consilio id egerit, non constat ; nec quam illa dictabat Angliæ, succurrit mihi ab antiquis vocabulum quo reddam Latine. Hinc necessitas.” *Author ad Opusculum.*

Stellatis oculis, pari capillo  
 Phœbeis radiis ; mihi explicato  
 Quid digni super arduisque quid sit  
 Quod præstet tibi Satyrus : volabo  
 Per regnum celer aëris secundum,  
 Et nimbi (potis) impetum rotantis  
 Sistam ? fortiter occupabo lunam,  
 Et blande dominam rogabo noctis  
 Pallentem tibi mutuum det astrum ?  
 Immergar penetralibus profundi,  
 Ut rubrum tibi colligam corallum,  
 Discludens tumidas viam per undas  
 Tanquam velleribus nivis cadentes ?  
 Vis, carissima, capreas fugaces,  
 Aut muscas capiam quibus per alas  
 Æstas texuit Iridis colores ?  
 Aut pina alta legam ? polove furer  
 Vatis Threicii lyram vetusti ?  
 Cuncta hæc plusque tui probabo causa,

Quam cunctæ hæ flexo venerantur vertice silvæ.

*Clor.* Satyre, prospicias tantum (nihil amplius oro)

Hos circum lucos, ne gens innoxia noxam

Aut damnum capiat. *Sat.* Puella saneta,

Per totum nemus hoc tripudiabo,

Surgentis celer ut jubar diei,

Saltus perque ferar per atque valles,

Alis ventimolæ magis citatus.

Tu nunc ut valeas precor, simulque

Quod solaminis uspiam invenitur,

Phœbi quale solet creare lumen,

Et te prosperet et tuum viretum !

*Clor.* Et tu sis domini tui voluptas !”

TO MY LOVED FRIEND<sup>c</sup>, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, ON HIS  
PASTORAL.

—•—  
CAN my approvement, sir, be worth your thanks,  
Whose unknown name, and Muse in swathing clouts,  
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks  
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts  
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise  
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice ?

But I must justify what privately  
I censur'd<sup>d</sup> to you : my ambition is  
(Even by my hopes and love to poesy)  
To live to perfect such a work as this,  
Clad in such elegant propriety  
Of words, including a morality,

So sweet and profitable ; though each man that hears,  
And learning has enough to clap and hiss,  
Arrives not to't, so misty it appears,  
And to their filmèd reasons so amiss :  
But let Art look in Truth, she, like a mirror,  
Reflects her comfort<sup>e</sup> ; Ignorance's terror

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid  
Of her unnatural complexion,  
As ugly women, when they are array'd  
By glasses, loathe their true reflection.  
Then how can such opinions injure thee,  
That tremble at their own deformity ?

<sup>c</sup> *To my loved friend &c.*] These recommendatory poems by Field, Beaumont, Jonson, and Chapman are found in all the 4tos. The folio of 1679 gives only those by Beaumont and Jonson.

<sup>d</sup> *I censur'd*] i. e. I gave as my opinion.

<sup>e</sup> *comfort*] The three latest 4tos. have "consort:" the meaning of this passage is far from clear.

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,  
 And once I fear'd her, till I met a mind,  
 Whose grave instructions philosophical  
 Toss'd it like dust upon a March strong wind :  
 He shall for ever my example be,  
 And his embracèd doctrine grow in me.

His soul, (and such commend this, <sup>f</sup>) that commands  
 Such art, it should me better satisfy,  
 Than if the monster <sup>g</sup> clapt his thousand hands,  
 And drown'd the scene with his confusèd cry ;  
 And if doubts rise, lo, their own names to clear 'em !  
 Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em <sup>h</sup>.

NATHANIEL FIELD <sup>i</sup>.

---

TO MY FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL  
 SHEPHERDESS.

---

I know too well that, no more than the man  
 That travels through the burning deserts can,  
 When he is beaten with the raging sun,  
 Half-smother'd with <sup>j</sup> the dust, have power to run

<sup>f</sup> *and such commend this*] “i. e. and the souls of such as commend this poem.”

WEBER. Is it not rather—and such souls as his do commend this poem ?

<sup>g</sup> *the monster*] “i. e. the multitude.” WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *near 'em*] “In reference to the ensuing poems.” WEBER.

<sup>i</sup> *Nathaniel Field*] A player and dramatist. He originally was one of the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel; and subsequently belonged to the Black-friars Company. During the earlier part of his career he performed female parts, which he afterwards abandoned. As an actor, his reputation stood very high. He wrote two dramas, *A Woman is a Weathercock*, and *Amends for Ladies*, the former printed in 1612, the latter (an excellent comedy) in 1618; and he also assisted Massinger in *The Fatal Dowry*. It has been supposed that he was dead in 1641; but the probability seems to be that he had only retired from his profession: see Collier's Pref. Remarks to *A Woman is a Weathercock*,—*Supplementary Volume to Dodsley's Old Plays*.

<sup>j</sup> *with*] The two latest 4tos. and folio 1679 “in.”

From a cool river, which himself doth find,  
 Ere he be slak'd ; no more can he whose mind  
 Joys in the Muses hold from that delight,  
 When nature and his full thoughts bid him write :  
 Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,  
 To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.  
 Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,  
 Upon the public stage present his vein,  
 And make a thousand men in judgment sit,  
 To call in question his undoubted wit,  
 Scaree two of which can understand the laws  
 Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause ?  
 Among the rout<sup>k</sup> there is not one that hath  
 In his own censure an explicit faith :  
 One company, knowing they judgment lack,  
 Ground their belief on the next man in black ;  
 Others, on him that makes signs and is mute ;  
 Some like, as he does in the fairest suit ;  
 He, as his mistress doth ; and she, by chance ;  
 Nor want there those who, as the boy doth dance  
 Between the acts<sup>l</sup>, will censure the whole play ;  
 Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day<sup>m</sup> ;  
 But multitudes there are whose judgment goes  
 Headlong according to the actors' clothes.  
 For this, these public things and I agree  
 So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,  
 I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd  
 These few ill-spoken lines into the world,  
 Both to be read and censur'd of by those  
 Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose ;

<sup>k</sup> *rout*] i. e. set, company.

<sup>l</sup> *as the boy doth dance*

*Between the acts*] "This was a usual entertainment between the acts, and several times occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*." WEBER.

<sup>m</sup> *Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day*] The two latest 4tos. and folio 1679,—

"*Some if the waxe lights be not new that day.*"

Such as must spend above an hour to spell  
 A challenge on a post <sup>n</sup>, to know it well.  
 But since it was thy hap to throw away  
 Much wit, for which the people did not pay,  
 Because they saw it not, I not dislike  
 This second publication, which may strike  
 Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,  
 To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.  
 Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see ;  
 Your censurers must <sup>o</sup> have the quality  
 Of reading, which I am afraid is more  
 Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

---

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

---

THE wise and many-headed bench, that sits  
 Upon the life and death of plays and wits,  
 (Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,  
 Lady or pusill <sup>p</sup>, that wears mask or fan <sup>q</sup>,  
 Velvet or taffata-cap, rank'd in the dark  
 With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,

<sup>n</sup> *A challenge on a post.*] "Instances of this ostentations custom among fencing-masters and others may be found in several old plays, particularly in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*." WEBER.

<sup>o</sup> *Your censurers must*] The three latest 4tos. and folio 1679, "*Your censurers now must*",—unnecessarily.

<sup>p</sup> *pusill*] Equivalent here to wench, drab, or, at least, to one who pretends to be a virgin. See notes of the commentators on the line, "*Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin, or dogfish*," Shakespeare's *Henry vi*, P. i., act 1. sc. 4. Nares (*Gloss. in v. Puzzel or Pusle*) incorrectly states that in the present passage the old eds. have "*pucelle*."

<sup>q</sup> *that wears mask or fan*] "The practice of wearing masks in theatres was prevalent as late as the time of Congreve." WEBER.



That may judge for his sixpence<sup>r</sup>) had, before  
 They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more :  
 Their motives were, since it had not to do  
 With vices, which they look'd for and came to.  
 I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,  
 And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt  
 In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,  
 Do crown thy murder'd poem ; which shall rise  
 A glorifièd work to time, when fire  
 Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

---

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, CONCERNING  
 HIS PASTORAL, BEING BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

— — —

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken  
 For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken :  
 A poem and a play too ! why, 'tis like  
 A scholar that's a poet ; their names strike  
 Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,  
 And kill outright ; one cannot both fates bear.  
 But as a poet, that's no scholar, makes  
 Vulgarity his whiffler<sup>s</sup>, and so takes  
 Passage with ease and state through both sides' prease<sup>t</sup>  
 Of pageant-seers ; or as scholars please  
 That are no poets more than poets learn'd,  
 Since their art solely is by souls discern'd ;  
 The others' falls within the common sense,  
 And sheds, like common light, her influence ;

<sup>r</sup> *sixpence*] i. e. the lowest sum taken at the theatre on the first representation of *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Concerning the various prices of admission to theatres, see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 341. sqq.

<sup>s</sup> *whiffler*] Properly, a person who cleared the way for a procession. Here (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.) it means—a person to introduce.

<sup>t</sup> *prease*] i. e. press, crowd.

So, were your play no poem, but a thing  
 That every cobbler to his patch might sing,  
 A rout of niffes <sup>u</sup>, like the multitude,  
 With no one limb of any art endu'd,  
 Like would to like, and praise you. But because  
 Your poem only hath by us applause,  
 Renews the golden world, and holds through all  
 The holy laws of homely pastoral,  
 Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,  
 And all the Graces find their old abodes,  
 Where forests flourish but in endless verse <sup>v</sup>,  
 And meadows nothing fit for purchasers ;  
 This iron age, that eats itself, will never  
 Bite at your golden world ; that other's ever  
 Lov'd as itself. Then, like your book, do you  
 Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

GEORGE CHAPMAN <sup>w</sup>.

<sup>u</sup> *A rout of niffes*] i. e. a set of trifles, frivolous things.

<sup>v</sup> *but in endless verse*] "i. e. only in immortal verse." WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *George Chapman*] The prolific dramatist, translator of Homer, &c., and author of several original poems. He died, aged 77, May 12th, 1634.

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING, SIR  
WALTER ASTON<sup>s</sup>, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR, I must ask your patience and be true ;  
This play was never lik'd, unless by few  
That brought their judgments with 'em ; for, of late,  
First the infection, then the common prate  
Of common people, have such customs got,  
Either to silence plays or like them not :  
Under the last of which this interlude  
Had fallen for ever, prest down by the rude,  
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,  
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,  
Had not the saving sense of better men  
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,  
Among the better souls, be you the best,  
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest  
And proper being ; from whose equal eye  
And judgment nothing grows but purity.  
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,  
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,  
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done  
Like his that lights a candle to the sun :  
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,  
Mov'd by your judgment, not by love or will ;  
And when I sing again, (as who can tell  
My next devotion to that holy well ?)  
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all  
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,

JOHN FLETCHER.

<sup>s</sup> *To that noble and true lover of learning, Sir Walter Aston, &c.*] " This, and the two following Dedicatory Epistles, are only to be found in the first quarto, as well as the Address to the Reader.

Sir Walter Aston of Tixall in Staffordshire, was born in 1584, [was made a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of King James I.], was one of the first created baronets, and, in 1627, was raised to the dignity of Baron Aston of Forfar, in the kingdom of Scotland. He was employed in several important embassies, and died the 13th August, 1639." WEBER.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS, SIR WILLIAM  
SKIPWITH<sup>y</sup>.

ODE.

If, from servile hope or love,  
I may prove  
But so happy to be thought for  
Such a one, whose greatest ease  
Is to please,  
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for :

For no itch of greater name,  
Which some claim  
By their verses, do I shew it  
To the world ; nor to protest  
'Tis the best ;——  
These are lean faults in a poet ;——

Nor to make it serve to feed  
At my need,  
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,  
Nor to ravish kind attorneyies  
In their journies,  
Nor to read it after diet.

<sup>y</sup> *Sir William Skipwith*] Of Cotes in Leicestershire, (and descended from the ancient family of the Skipwiths of Yorkshire,) was high-sheriff in 1597, and was knighted by King James I. at Worksop, 30th April, 1603. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of Roger Cave of Stanford in Leicestershire ; his second, Jane, daughter and heir of John Roberts of Wollaston in Northamptonshire. He died 3rd May, 1610 : on a tablet erected to his memory in the Church of Prestwould, where he was buried, are lines by Sir John Beaumont. He was a person greatly esteemed and respected ; and was celebrated among his friends for "his witty conceits" (says Burton, cited by Nichols) "in making fit and acute epigrams, poesies, mottos, and devices, but chiefly in devising apt and fit impreses agreeing and expressing the party's conceit and intendment." See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. iii. Part 1, pp. 359, 366. Some verses written by Sir William, printed from a MS., may be found *ibid.*, p. 367.

Far from me are all these aims,  
 Fittest frames  
 To build weakness on and pity.  
 Only to yourself, and such  
 Whose true touch  
 Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN, SIR ROBERT TOWNSHEND <sup>z</sup>.

If the greatest faults may crave  
 Pardon where contrition is,  
 Noble sir, I needs must have  
 A long one for a long amiss <sup>a</sup>.  
 If you ask me, how is this ?  
 Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly,  
 You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,  
 As sour fortune loves to use me,  
 A poor shepherd I have sent  
 In home-spun gray for to excuse me ;  
 And may all my hopes refuse me,  
 But when better comes ashore,  
 You shall have better, newer, more !

<sup>z</sup> *Sir Robert Townshend*] "Was the youngest son of Sir Roger Townshend, the ancestor of the present noble family of that name. He was knighted by King James, May 11, 1603 ; married [Anne] the daughter of William Lord Spencer, and died without issue, after having served as member for Castle-Rising and Orford in all parliaments from 42d Elizabeth to the last of King James." WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *a long amiss*] i. e. a fault of long continuance.

Till when, like our desperate debtors,  
 Or our three-pil'd<sup>b</sup> sweet protesters,  
 I must please you in bare letters,  
 And so pay my debts, like jesters ;  
 Yet I oft have seen good feasters,  
 Only for to please the pallet,  
 Leave great meat and choose a sallet<sup>c</sup>.

All yours,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE READER.

IF you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another ; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions ; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper<sup>d</sup> ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry ; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the

<sup>b</sup> *three-pil'd*] i. e. exaggerating ; or perhaps, literally, wearing the finest velvet : see note, vol. I. p. 296.

<sup>c</sup> *pallet*———*sallet*] Were modernised by Weber to “palate” and “sallad”, without regard to the rhyme.

<sup>d</sup> *improper*] i. e. not confined to particular persons, common.

ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them ; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned ; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it ; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

UNTO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH TAYLOR<sup>d</sup>,

UPON HIS PRESENTMENT OF THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN  
AT WHITE-HALL, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT LAST,  
1633.

WHEN this smooth pastoral was first brought forth,  
The age 'twas born in did not know its worth.  
Since, by thy cost and industry reviv'd,  
It hath a new fame and new birth achiv'd<sup>e</sup> ;  
Happy in that she found in her distress  
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess ;  
For having cur'd her from her coarser rents,  
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,  
Thou brought'st her to the court, and made her be  
A fitting spectacle for majesty ;  
(So have I seen a clouded beauty, drest  
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest ; )  
Yet did it not receive more honour from  
The glorious pomp than thine own action.  
Expect no satisfaction for the same ;  
Poets can render no reward but fame :  
Yet this I'll prophesy, when thou shalt come  
Into the confines of Elysium,  
Amidst the quire of Muses, and the lists  
Of famous actors and quick dramatists,

<sup>d</sup> *Unto his worthy friend, Master Joseph Taylor &c.*] In 4to. 1634 and the later 4tos.—Joseph Taylor was an actor of considerable eminence. He is mentioned as belonging, at various periods of his life, to various companies of performers : when *The Faithful Shepherdess* was revived at court, he had the principal management of the King's (Charles's) Players. In 1639 he was appointed Yeoman of the Revels under Sir Henry Herbert. In 1647, he was one of the ten players associated in dedicating to the Earl of Pembroke the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works ; and in 1652, when reduced to poverty by the suppression of the theatres, he published, in conjunction with Lowin, the recovered *Wild-Goose Chase* of Fletcher (see prefatory matter to that play). Some encomiastic verses by Taylor are prefixed to Massinger's *Roman Actor*. Concerning the various parts which he performed, vide Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 217, 512. He died at an advanced age, either in 1653, or 1654.

<sup>e</sup> *achiv'd*] A form of the word not uncommon in early writers.



So much admir'd for gesture and for wit,  
 That there on seats of living marble sit,  
 The blessèd consort of that numerous train  
 Shall rise with an applause to entertain  
 Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit down,  
 And with a laurel-wreath thy temples crown :  
 And meantime, while this poem shall be read,  
 Taylor, thy name shall be etèrnized ;  
 For it is just that thou, who first didst give  
 Unto this book a life, by it shouldst live.

SHAKERLEY MARMION <sup>f</sup>.

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THIS DIALOGUE <sup>g</sup>,

NEWLY ADDED, WAS SPOKEN BY WAY OF PROLOGUE, TO BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES, AT THE  
 FIRST ACTING OF THIS PASTORAL AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT,  
 1633.

—♦—  
 PRIEST.

A BROILING lamb on Pan's chief altar lies,  
 My wreath, my censer, virge <sup>h</sup>, and incense by ;  
 But I delay'd the precious sacrifice  
 To shew thee here a gentler deity.

<sup>f</sup> *Shakerley Marmion*] Descended from the ancient family of the Marmions of Scrivelsby, was born in 1602 at Aynho in Northamptonshire. He was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Wadham College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.A. in 1624. Either in consequence of his own or his father's extravagance, he was forced to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Low Countries. He soon, however, returned to England, and seems to have had recourse to his pen for support. Having been received by his friend Sir John Suckling into the troop of horse raised for the service of the King, he was, during his journey northwards, taken ill at York ; and being removed from that place by easy stages to London, he died there in 1639. He was author of *Cupid and Psyche*, 1637, a poem containing some beautiful passages ; of several comedies, three of which have been printed,—*Holland's Leaguer*, 1632, *A Fine Companion*, 1633, and *The Antiquary*, 1641 ; and of various scattered verses.

<sup>g</sup> *This Dialogue &c.*] In 4to. 1634 and the later eds. It was written by Sir William Davenant, in whose *Works*, p. 305, it occurs with some variations which he probably made subsequently to the period when it was originally spoken.

<sup>h</sup> *virge*] i. e. rod.

## NYMPH.

Nor was I to thy sacred summons slow ;  
 Hither I came as swift as th' eagle's<sup>i</sup> wing,  
 Or threatening shaft from vext Diana's bow,  
 To see this island's god, the world's best king<sup>j</sup>.

## PRIEST.

Bless, then, that queen that doth his eyes invite  
 And ears t' obey her sceptre half this night<sup>k</sup>.

## NYMPH.

Let's sing<sup>l</sup> such welcomes as shall make her sway  
 Seem easy to him, though it last till day.

## BOTH.

Welcome as peace t' unwallèd<sup>m</sup> cities when  
 Famine and sword leave them<sup>n</sup> more graves than men ;  
 As spring to birds, or noon-day's sun<sup>o</sup> to th' old  
 Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold ;  
 As shore to th' pilot<sup>p</sup> in a safe-known coast,  
 When's card is broken and his rudder lost<sup>q</sup>.

<sup>i</sup> *came as swift as th' eagle's*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*came swift as the Eagles.*"

<sup>j</sup> *To see this island's god, the world's best king*] In Davenant's *Works*,  
 "Pan sends his offering to *this Island's King.*"

<sup>k</sup> *Bless, then, that queen, &c. . . this night*] Instead of these two lines, the following four are found in Davenant's *Works* ;

" *Bless then that Queen whose Eies have brought that light  
 Which hither led and stays him here ;  
 He now doth shine within her Sphear,  
 And must obey her Scepter half this night.*"

<sup>l</sup> *Let's sing*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*Sing we.*"

<sup>m</sup> *l'unwallèd*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*to wealthy.*"

<sup>n</sup> *leave them*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*have left.*"

<sup>o</sup> *noon-day's sun*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*Phebus.*"

<sup>p</sup> *to th' pilot*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*to pilots.*"

<sup>q</sup> *When's card is broken and his rudder lost*] In Davenant's *Works*,

"*Their Cards being broken and their Rudders lost:*"

*card*, i. e. compass, properly, the paper on which the points of the wind are marked.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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PERIGOT.	God of the River.
THENOT.	Satyr.
DAPHNIS.	
ALEXIS.	CLORIN.
Sullen Shepherd.	AMORET.
Old Shepherd.	AMARILLIS.
Priest of Pan.	CLOE.
Shepherds.	Shepherdesses.

SCENE, *Thessaly.*



THE  
FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The wood before CLORIN's bower.*

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*Enter CLORIN*<sup>r</sup>.

*Clorin.* Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace  
The truest man that ever fed his flocks  
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!  
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay  
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes  
To thy still-lovèd ashes; thus I free  
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires  
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games,  
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off:  
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt<sup>s</sup>  
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;  
No more the company of fresh fair maids  
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,  
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes  
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind  
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,  
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side  
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers

<sup>r</sup> *Enter Clorin*] Old eds. add, "having buried her love in an arbour."

<sup>s</sup> *be begirt*] So the two latest 4tos. and folio 1679. The earlier 4tos.  
"be girt"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy  
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,  
 And hanging scrip of finest cordevan <sup>s</sup> !  
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,  
 And all are dead but thy dear memory ;  
 That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,  
 Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.  
 And here will I, in honour of thy love,  
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys  
 That former times made precious to mine eyes ;  
 Only remembering what my youth did gain  
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs <sup>t</sup> :  
 That will I practise, and as freely give  
 All my endeavours as I gain'd them free.  
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies  
 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,  
 Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,  
 Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat  
 Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears  
 Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum ;  
 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies  
 In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.  
 My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,  
 Berries and chesnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks  
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit  
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine ;  
 On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,  
 When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

*Enter Satyr with a basket of fruit.*

*Sat.* Through yon same bending plain <sup>u</sup>,  
 That flings his arms down to the main,

<sup>s</sup> *cordevan*] i. e. Spanish leather.

<sup>t</sup> *use of herbs*] “ Almost all the damsels of romance are described as being skilful in the use of herbs, and frequently even in the occupations of surgery, &c. [but Clorin is *not* a dainsel of romance]. Warton observes, that Sabrina, in Milton's *Comus*, possesses the same skill as Clorin. See his note, ad v. 844.” WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *Through yon same bending plain*] “ That Fletcher had frequently in his

And through these thick woods, have I run,  
 Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun  
 Since the lusty spring began ;  
 All to please my master Pan,  
 Have I trotted without rest  
 To get him fruit ; for at a feast  
 He entertains, this coming night,  
 His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—  
 But, behold, a fairer sight !

[*Seeing CLORIN, he stands amazed.*

By that heavenly form of thine,  
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,  
 Sprung from great immortal race  
 Of the gods ; for in thy face  
 Shines more awful majesty  
 Than dull weak mortality  
 Dare with misty eyes behold,  
 And live : therefore on this mould  
 Lowly do I bend my knee  
 In worship of thy deity.  
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand  
 To receive whate'er this land  
 From her fertile womb doth send  
 Of her choice fruits ; and but lend  
 Belief to that the Satyr tells :  
 Fairer by the famous wells  
 To this present day ne'er grew,  
 Never better nor more true.  
 Here be grapes, whose lusty blood  
 Is the learnèd poet's good,

eye Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is certain. The beginning and ending of this speech are an imitation of the Fairy's speech, act ii. scene i. :

' Over hill, over dale,  
 Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
 I do wander every where,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere.' ”

SEWARD,—who printed “*Thorough you same,*” &c., and rightly perhaps, though not warranted by the old eds.

Sweeter yet did never crown  
 The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown  
 Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;  
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take them <sup>v</sup> !  
 For these black-eyèd Dryope  
 Hath oftentimes commanded me  
 With my claspèd knee to climb :  
 See how well the lusty time  
 Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,  
 Such as on your lips is spread !  
 Here be berries for a queen,  
 Some be red, some be green ;  
 These are of that luscious meat.  
 The great god Pan himself doth eat :  
 All these, and what the woods can yield,  
 The hanging mountain or the field,  
 I freely offer, and ere long  
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;  
 Till when, humbly leave I take,  
 Lest the great Pan do awake <sup>w</sup>,

<sup>v</sup> *nuts more brown*

*Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them*] " But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown," says Seward, who introduced into the text a violent alteration, which the Editors of 1778 retained. Weber cites from Herrick's *Oberon's Feast* ;

" the red capp'd worm, that's shut  
 Within the concave of a *nut*,  
*Brown as his tooth.*"

Seward remarks that in these presents Fletcher had undoubtedly both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye, *Ecl.* iii. 70., *Eid.* γ'. 10. Perhaps so : but I may just notice that the Satyr in Tasso's *Aminta* speaks of the fruit which he had offered to Silvia, act ii. sc. i.

<sup>w</sup> *Lest the great Pan do awake, &c.*] " Thus Theocritus, *Eid.* α'. [15.]

Ὀὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμᾶν, τὸ μεσαμβρινόν, οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν  
 Συρίσδεν τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες· ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας  
 Τανίκα κεκμακῶς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,  
 Καὶ οἱ ἀέι δριμύϊα χολὰ ποτὶ βῆνι κάθηται.

‘ Shepherd, forbear ; no song at noon's dread hour ;  
 Tir'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bower ;  
 Churlish he is, and, stirr'd in his repose,  
 The snappish choler quivers on his nose.’

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's theology," &c., &c. SEWARD.



That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
Under a broad beech's shade.

I must go, I must run  
Swifter than the fiery sun.

[*Exit.*

*Clo.* And all my fears go with thee !

What greatness, or what private hidden power,  
Is there in me, to draw submission  
From this rude man and beast ? Sure I am mortal,  
The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,  
And she that bore me mortal : prick my hand,  
And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and  
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink  
Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal.

Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,  
And now I do believe it), if I keep  
My virgin-flower uneropt, pure, chaste, and fair,  
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,  
Satyr, or other power \* that haunts the groves,

\* *No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,*

*Satyr, or other power, &c.]* "Milton was so charmed with the noble enthusiasm of this passage, that he has no less than three imitations of it. Twice in *Comus* :

' Some say, no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magick chains at eurfen time ;  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity : ' [v. 432.]

see the whole passage in the first scene of the two Brothers. So again, the young Lady in the wood ;

' ————— a thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.' [v. 205.]

And again, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. line 639, in his noble description of the *ignis fatuus* ;

' Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool ;  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.' —SEWARD.

Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;  
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,  
 To make me follow, and so tole me on<sup>s</sup>.  
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin :  
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew  
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats  
 Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,  
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there is a power  
 In that great name of virgin, that binds fast  
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites  
 That break their confines : then, strong chastity,  
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell  
 In opposition against fate and hell !

[Retires into the bower.]

SCENE II.—*In the neighbourhood of a village.*

*Enter Old Shepherd, with four couple of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, among whom are PERIGOT and AMORET.*

*Old Shep.* Now we have done this holy festival  
 In honour of our great god, and his rites  
 Perform'd<sup>z</sup>, prepare yourselves for chaste  
 And uncorrupted fires ; that as the priest  
 With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows  
 His pure and holy water, ye may be  
 From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.  
 Kneel, shepherds, kneel ; here comes the priest of Pan.

[They kneel.]

*Enter Priest of Pan.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, thus I purge away  
 [Sprinkling them with water.]

Whatsoever this great day,

<sup>s</sup> *tole me on*] i. e. draw me on by degrees.

<sup>z</sup> *Perform'd*] Some word seems to have dropt out : qv. "Duly perform'd" ?

Or the past hours, gave not good,  
 To corrupt your maiden blood.  
 From the high rebellious heat  
 Of the grapes, and strength of meat,  
 From the wanton quick desires  
 They do kindle by their fires  
 I do wash you with this water ;  
 Be you pure and fair hereafter !  
 From your livers <sup>a</sup> and your veins  
 Thus I take away the stains :  
 All your thoughts be smooth and fair ;  
 Be ye fresh and free as air !  
 Never more let lustful heat  
 Through your purgèd conduits beat,  
 Or a plighted troth be broken,  
 Or a wanton verse be spoken  
 In a shepherdess's ear :  
 Go your ways, ye are all clear.

[*They rise, and sing the following*

SONG.

Sing' his praises that doth keep  
 Our flocks from harm,  
 Pan, the father of our sheep ;  
 And arm in arm  
 Tread we softly in a round,  
 Whilst <sup>b</sup> the hollow neighbouring ground  
 Fills the music with her sound.  
 Pan, O great god Pan, to thee  
 Thus do we sing !  
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free  
 As the young spring ;  
 Ever be thy honour spoke,  
 From that place the Morn is broke  
 To that place Day doth unyoke !

[*Exeunt all except PERIGOT and AMORET.*

*Peri.* [*detaining her.*] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-  
 brow'd maid ;

<sup>a</sup> *livers*] Supposed to be the seat of desire.

<sup>b</sup> *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,  
Equal with his soul's good.

*Amo.* Speak ; I give  
Thee freedom, shepherd ; and thy tongue be still  
The same it ever was, as free from ill  
As he whose conversation never knew  
The court or city ; be thou ever true !

*Peri.* When I fall off from my affection,  
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,  
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,  
That, being left alone without a guard,  
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat  
And want of water, rots, or what to us  
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,  
And in their general ruin let me go !

*Amo.* I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so :  
I do believe thee ; 'tis as hard for me  
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee  
To hold me foul.

*Peri.* Oh, you are fairer far  
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star  
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep ;  
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep  
Head of an agèd mountain ; and more white  
Than the new milk we strip before day-light  
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks ;  
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks  
Of young Apollo !

*Amo.* Shepherd, be not lost ;  
You are sail'd too far already from the coast  
Of our discourse.

*Peri.* Did you not tell me once  
I should not love alone, I should not lose  
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,  
I have sent to heaven ? did you not give your hand,  
Even that fair hand, in hostage ? Do not, then,  
Give back again those sweets to other men,  
You yourself vow'd were mine.

*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty  
 May give assurance, I am once more thine,  
 Once more I give my hand : be ever free  
 From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy !

*Peri.* I take it as my best good ; and desire,  
 For stronger confirmation of our love,  
 To meet this happy night in that fair grove,  
 Where all true shepherds have rewarded been  
 For their long service : say, sweet, shall it hold ?

*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make  
 A doubt of what the silent night may do,  
 Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood :  
 Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been  
 Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a stain  
 Stick in your liver<sup>c</sup> : go and purge again.

*Peri.* Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth !  
 Myself and my affections are as pure  
 As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine  
 Of the great Dian : only my intent  
 To draw you thither was to plight our troths,  
 With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,  
 And ceremonious tying of our souls.  
 For to that holy wood is consecrate  
 A virtuous well<sup>d</sup>, about whose flowery banks  
 The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds  
 By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes  
 Their stolen children, so to make them free  
 From dying flesh and dull mortality :  
 By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,  
 And given away his freedom, many a troth  
 Been plight, which neither envy nor old time  
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,  
 In hope of coming happiness ;

<sup>c</sup> *liver*] See note, p. 29.

<sup>d</sup> *A virtuous well, &c.*] "The fairies were supposed to be peculiarly attached to wells and brooks. I refer the reader to the admirable essay on the Fairies in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, fourth edition, vol. II. p. 163, where the passage in the text is quoted." WEBER.

By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid  
 Hath crown'd the head of her long-lovèd shepherd  
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung  
 Lays of his love and dear captivity ;  
 There grow<sup>e</sup> all herbs fit to cool looser flames  
 Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,  
 And quenching by their power those hidden sparks  
 That else would break out, and provoke our sense  
 To open fires ; so virtuous is that place.  
 Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant :  
 In troth, it fits not with that face to scant  
 Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires  
 He ever aim'd at, and——

*Amo.* Thou hast prevail'd : farewell. This coming night  
 Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight.

*Peri.* Our great god Pan reward thee for that good  
 Thou hast given thy poor shepherd ! Fairest bud  
 Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be  
 The true admirer of thy chastity,  
 Let me deserve the hot polluted name  
 Of a wild woodman<sup>f</sup>, or affect<sup>g</sup> some dame  
 Whose often prostitution hath begot  
 More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot  
 Sun bred th[rough] his burnings, whilst the Dog  
 Pursues the raging Lion<sup>h</sup>, throwing fog

<sup>e</sup> *grow*] Old eds. "grows."

<sup>f</sup> *a wild woodman*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "the *wild*", &c. ; and so the modern editors. *Woodman*, properly, a forester, is used here, in a wanton sense, for one who pursues another sort of game.

<sup>g</sup> *affect*] "i. e. love." WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *whilst the Dog*

*Pursues the raging Lion*, &c.] Altered by the modern editors to "while *the Dog*", &c.—"The malignant effects of the dog-star is an imitation of a like description of it in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, speaking of the sun's progress in July ;

'The rampant Lyon hunts he fast  
 With dogges of noysome breath,  
 Whose balefull barking brings in hast  
 Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.'

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenser, but are improved by Fletcher to

And deadly vapour from his angry breath,  
Filling the lower world with plague and death !

[*Exit* AMORET <sup>i</sup>.

*Enter* AMARILLIS.

*Amar.* Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,  
What I shall blushing tell ?

*Peri.* Fair maid, you may.

*Amar.* Then, softly thus : I love thee, Perigot ;  
And would be gladder to be lov'd again  
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms  
To clip <sup>j</sup> the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,  
Nor wonder that I woo thee ; thou that art  
The prime of our young grooms, even the top  
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,  
That never was acquainted with desire,  
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,  
With nimble strength and fair delivery,  
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily  
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins ?  
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again  
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice ?  
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be  
One to be number'd in this company,  
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

*Peri.* Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend  
To your complaints ; but sure I shall not love :  
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,  
Are given already. Do not love him, then,

such a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest passages in all Virgil, [*Æn.* x. 273] ;

————— *aut Sirius ardor :*

*Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris*

*Nascitur, et lævo contristat lumine cælum.*"—SEWARD.

<sup>i</sup> *Exit Amoret*] "The modern editors [Seward and those of 1778], without giving any notice of the variation, transfer the exit of Amoret to the end of her last speech. There is no reason why she should not hear the speech of her lover." WEBER.

<sup>j</sup> *clip*] i. e. embrace.

That cannot love again ; on other men  
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return  
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

*Amar.* Shall I rewarded be so slenderly  
For my affection, most unkind of men ?  
If I were old, or had agreed with art  
To give another nature to my cheeks,  
Or were I common mistress to the love  
Of every swain, or could I with such ease  
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,  
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd ; but to thee  
I am only fix'd and set ; let it not be  
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse  
The love of silly maid.

*Peri.* Fair soul, you use  
These words to little end ; for, know, I may  
Better call back that time was yesterday,  
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love  
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.  
I will no longer hold you with delays :  
This present night I have appointed been  
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,  
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.  
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again :  
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,  
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was ;  
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.  
Farewell : be happy in a better choice !

[*Exit.*

*Amar.* Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice  
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames  
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,  
I cannot ; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,  
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that  
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells  
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn  
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow  
When he sits frowning on the births of men ;  
One that doth wear himself away in louness,



And never joys, unless it be in breaking  
 The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;  
 One that lusts after every several beauty,  
 But never yet was known to love or like,  
 Were the face fairer or more full of truth  
 Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth  
 Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starvèd flocks  
 Are always scabby, and infect all sheep  
 They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,  
 And die before their weaning; and whose dog  
 Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,  
 Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,  
 If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,  
 Forcing me passage to my long desires:  
 And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose  
 As my quick thoughts could wish for.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,  
 Thus to be partner of your liveness: 'twas  
 My love (that ever-working passion) drew  
 Me to this place, to seek some remedy  
 For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,  
 For such the mighty Cupid in his doom  
 Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then, give room  
 To my consuming fires, that so I may  
 Enjoy my long desires, and so allay  
 Those flames that else would burn my life away.

*Amar.* Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound  
 As thy words seem to be, means might be found  
 To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me  
 That heavy youth-consuming misery  
 The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing:  
 I could be well content with the quick easing  
 Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure  
 Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

*Sull. Shep.* Name but that great work, danger, or what can  
 Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,

And, if I fail in my performance, may  
I never more kneel to the rising day !

*Amar.* Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night  
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair  
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint  
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts  
Are to be tied for ever : break their meeting  
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

*Sull. Shep.* Tell me their names, and if I do not move,  
By my great power, the centre of their love  
From his fix'd being, let me never more  
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.

*Amar.* Come ; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,  
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [ *Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*Another part of the wood.*

*Enter CLOE.*

*Cloe.* How have I wrong'd the times or men, that thus,  
After this holy feast, I pass unknown  
And unsaluted ? 'Twas not wont to be  
Thus frozen with the younger company  
Of jolly shepherds ; 'twas not then held good  
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood  
With that dull humour, most unfit to be  
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity<sup>k</sup>.  
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,  
Or else not free enough, or from my fold  
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain  
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>k</sup> *cold and dull chastity*] “ In the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, Corisca, who is obviously the prototype of Cloe, makes very similar reflections in her soliloquy, act I., scene IV., beginning ‘ *Chi vide mai, chi mai udì piu strana,*’ &c.”

WEBER

<sup>l</sup> *wealth-alluring swain*] “ The true reading,” says Heath, “ is undoubtedly

Yet, if I may believe what others say,  
 My face has foil<sup>m</sup> enough ; nor can they lay  
 Justly too strict a coyness to my charge ;  
 My flocks are many, and the downs as large  
 They feed upon : then, let it ever be  
 Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty  
 Makes me complain.

*Enter THENOT.*

*The.* Was ever man but I  
 Thus truly taken with uncertainty<sup>n</sup> ?  
 Where shall that man be found that loves a mind  
 Made up in constancy, and dares not find  
 His love rewarded ? Here, let all men know,  
 A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

‘wealth-allured.’” *MS. Notes.* I believe that the text is as Fletcher gave it. Sir R. Faushawe renders the passage thus ;

“alliciat<sup>r</sup> avarus

Quo pastoris opes solum sectantis ocellus.”

<sup>m</sup> foil] So the first 4to. Later eds. (with various spelling) “soile.”—  
 “*Fueille . . . . the foyle of precious stones, or looking-glasses ; and hence, a grace, beautie, or glosse given unto.*” *COTGRAVE'S French-English Dict.*

“In this soliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil ; but I cannot say that he does it with his usual spirit. Though there are some additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γὰρ θην οὐδ' εἶδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὡς με λέγοντι.  
 Ἦ γὰρ πρὸν ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον ἦν δὲ γαλάνα·  
 Καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δ' ἐμὴν ἅ μία κῶρα,  
 Ὡς παρ' ἐμὴν κέκριται, κατεφαίνετο τῶν δέ τ' ὀδόντων  
 Λευκοτέραν αὐτὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. σ'. 34.

———— *nec qui sim quæris, Alexi ;*  
*Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.*  
*Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ—*  
*Nec sum adeo informis ; nuper me in litore vidi,*  
*Cum placidum ventis staret mare.*———— *Virg. Ecl. ii. 19.*

See also a like passage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.” *SEWARD.*

<sup>n</sup> uncertainty] “Is here used in the sense of *inconsistency*, a desire of obtaining things incompatible with each other.” *MASON.*

*Cloe.* Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?  
 Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green  
 As any<sup>n</sup>; air likewise<sup>o</sup> as fresh and sweet  
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
 Face of the curlèd streams; with flowers as many  
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;  
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,  
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines<sup>p</sup>, caves, and dells:  
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,  
 Or gather rushes<sup>q</sup>, to make many a ring  
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,—  
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,

<sup>n</sup> ——— Here be woods as green

*As any, &c.*] “This whole speech breathes the true spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improved a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endymion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following passages:

——— τοῦτο δρύες, ᾧδε κύπειρος,

ᾧδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι·

Ἐνθ' ὕδατος ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο· ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ

Ὅρνιχες λαλαγεῦντι· καὶ ἅ σκια οὐδὲν ὁμοία

Τῆ παρὰ τίν' βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἅ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνου.

Ἑσοκ. Εἰδ. ε'. 45.

Fletcher has not here equalled the variety and beauty of these images: the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whose seed in the hot countries far excels our finest nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful description of a bank by Perigot, about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at least equalled Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied:

*Hic ver purpureum; varios hic flumina circum  
 Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro  
 Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.*

Eclog. ix. 40.”

SEWARD.

<sup>o</sup> *likewise*] “Which indeed is very prosaic, is not to be found in the two oldest quartos, but occurs in the folio.” WEBER. It occurs also in 4tos. 1656, 1665.

<sup>p</sup> *woodbines*] Seward gave with the later eds. “woodbinds.”

<sup>q</sup> *Or gather rushes, &c.*] “The practice of parties making a marriage-contract, (whether in earnest or only in jest, has been disputed, but not settled, by the editors of Shakespeare) is often alluded to in old authors,” &c. WEBER. In jest, certainly.

First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
 She took eternal fire that never dies ;  
 How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,  
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
 To kiss her sweetest.

*The.* Far from me are these  
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease ;  
 I have forgot what love and loving meant ;  
 Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds<sup>r</sup>, that oft are sent  
 To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :  
 Only I live to admire a chastity,  
 That neither pleasing age<sup>s</sup>, smooth tongue, or gold,  
 Could ever break upon<sup>t</sup>, so sure the mould  
 Is that her mind was cast in ; 'tis to her  
 I only am reserv'd ; she is my form I stir  
 By, breathe and move ; 'tis she, and only she,  
 Can make me happy, or give misery.

*Cloe.* Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know  
 To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

*The.* You may, and by her virtue learn to square  
 And level out your life ; for to be fair,  
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye  
 Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.  
 Then, know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,  
 She that hath long since buried her chaste love,  
 And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul  
 She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll  
 Of strict virginity : 'tis her I so admire,  
 Not any looser blood or new desire.

[*Exit.*

*Cloe.* Farewell, poor swain ! thou art not for my bend<sup>u</sup> ;  
 I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend

<sup>r</sup> rounds] “ i. e. roundelays.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>s</sup> pleasing age] “ i. e. youth ; the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or *ages* of life.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>t</sup> break upon] “ i. e. break in upon.” SEWARD.

<sup>u</sup> bend] i. e. bent, purpose : see Todd's Johnson's *Diet.* in *v.*

To some free action : give me him dare love  
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove !

[Sings.]

Come, shepherds, come !  
Come away  
Without delay,  
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.  
Green woods are dumb,  
And will never tell to any  
Those dear kisses, and those many  
Sweet embraces, that are given ;  
Dainty pleasures, that would even  
Raise in coldest age a fire,  
And give virgin-blood desire.  
Then, if ever,  
Now or never,  
Come and have it :  
Think not I  
Dare deny,  
If you crave it.

*Enter* DAPHNIS.

Here comes another. Better be my speed,  
Thou god of blood ! But certain, if I read  
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he  
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be  
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,  
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing  
We all are born for ; one that makes loving faces,  
And could be well content to covet graces,  
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing  
My hopes are frozen ; and, but fate doth bring  
Him hither<sup>u</sup>, I would sooner choose  
A man made out of snow, and freer use  
An eunuch to my ends ; but, since he's here,  
Thus I attempt him. [*Aside.*]—Thou, of men most dear,  
Welcome to her that only for thy sake  
Hath been content to live ! Here, boldly take  
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet  
Was given away to any ; and but sit  
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull  
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull

<sup>u</sup> *Him hither, &c.*] A word probably has dropt out.

The choicest delicates from yonder mead,  
 To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread  
 Under our fainting bodies, when delight  
 Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight  
 Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story  
 Of young Adonis<sup>v</sup>, when in pride and glory  
 He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms  
 Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms  
 Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow  
 More sweetness than the painters can allow  
 To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he  
 That wept himself away in memory  
 Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy<sup>w</sup>,  
 Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy  
 Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee  
 Be otherwise compar'd than some dead tree  
 To a young fruitful olive.

*Daph.* I can love,  
 But I am loath to say so, lest I prove  
 Too soon unhappy.

*Cloe.* Happy, thou wouldst say.  
 My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day  
 To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,  
 Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free  
 To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then  
 When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,  
 In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?  
 Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,  
 And tell me ay.

*Daph.* I am content to say so,  
 And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so  
 Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

*Cloe.* Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

*Daph.* Fresh maid, adieu.  
 Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on

<sup>v</sup> *Of young Adonis*] "In this speech, which is similar to that made before to Thenot, the poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus."

SEWARD.

<sup>w</sup> *Silvanus' boy*] i. e. Cyparissus.

To come this night, fear not to meet alone  
 That man that will not offer to be ill,  
 Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill  
 Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,  
 But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men  
 Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever  
 Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.

[*Exit.*]

*Cloe.* Yet am I poorer than I was before.  
 Is it not strange, among so many a score  
 Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,  
 Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,  
 Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit  
 For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit  
 With their continual power upon his sides?  
 Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,  
 And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!  
 And far more heavy be thy grief and tine<sup>x</sup>,  
 Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,  
 Than his, upon whose liver always feeds  
 A hungry vulture!

*Enter ALEXIS.*

*Alex.* Can such beauty be<sup>y</sup>  
 Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye  
 Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze  
 Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze  
 The better part contemplates, giving rein  
 And wishèd freedom to the labouring vein?  
 Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know  
 The cause of your retirement, why you go  
 Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,

<sup>x</sup> *line*] "The same as *teen*, which signifies sorrow." WEBER.

<sup>y</sup> *Can such beauty be, &c.*] "Imitated in Milton's *Comus* :

'Beauty, like the fair Hesperiau tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.'" [v. 393.] WEBER.

The resemblance between these passages, which after all is but a faint one, had been already pointed out by Warton.



And the young company of swains more meeter<sup>z</sup>,  
 Than these forsaken and untrodden places.  
 Give not yourself to liveness, and those graces  
 Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended  
 To live amongst us swains.

*Cloe.* Thou art befriended,  
 Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen  
 A man, in whom greater contents have been,  
 Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,  
 Were there but any hope left to restore  
 My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,  
 Thou shame-fac'd Morning, when from Tithon's bed  
 Thou risest ever-maiden!

*Alex.* If for me,  
 Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,  
 Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,  
 My better angel; force my name among  
 Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——

*Cloe.* Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,  
 Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,  
 Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide  
 Thy coming, shepherd.

*Alex.* If I stay behind,  
 An everlasting dulness, and the wind,  
 That as he passeth by shuts up the stream  
 Of Rhine or Volga, whilst<sup>a</sup> the sun's hot beam  
 Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn  
 To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn  
 And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

*Cloe.* My name shall be your word.

*Alex.* Fly, fly, thou day! [Exit.

*Cloe.* My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:  
 He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [Exit.

<sup>z</sup> *more meeter*] "Such is the reading of the two [three] oldest quartos, and such was undoubtedly the phrasology of the age. [The other 4tos], the folio, and all later [he means—modern] editions, read 'far meeter.'" WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *whilst*]: Altered by the modern editors to "while."

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A pasture.*

*Enter Old Shepherd ringing a bell, and Priest of Pan following.*

*Priest.* Shepherds all, and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up, for the air  
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dew-drops how they kiss  
 Every little flower that is,  
 Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a rope of crystal beads :  
 See the heavy clouds low falling,  
 And bright Hesperus down calling  
 The dead Night from under ground <sup>b</sup> ;  
 At whose rising mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapours fly apace,  
 Hovering o'er the wanton face  
 Of these pastures, where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom :  
 Therefore, from such danger loek  
 Every one his lovèd flock ;

<sup>b</sup> *See the heavy clouds low falling,  
 And bright Hesperus down calling*

*The dead Night from under ground*] “*Down-calling,*” says Seward, after noticing Sympson’s absurd correction of this passage, “will, I think, signify *calling down to Night to arise from under ground.*” If the text be right, Seward’s explanation is the correct one. It ought to be observed, however, that the three earliest 4tos. have,—

*See the heavy cloudes lowde falling, &c.*

Qy. did the words “loud” and “down” change places by a mistake of the compositor ; and is the true reading—

“*See the heavy clouds down falling,  
 And bright Hesperus loud calling,*” &c. †

And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain, and, ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
 Or the crafty thievish fox  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourselves from these,  
 Be not too secure in ease ;  
 Let one eye his watches keep,  
 Whilst<sup>c</sup> the t'other<sup>d</sup> eye doth sleep ;  
 So you shall good shepherds prove,  
 And for ever hold the love  
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,  
 And soft silence, fall in numbers<sup>e</sup>  
 On your eyelids ! So, farewell :  
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The wood before CLORIN's bower.*

*Enter CLORIN, sorting herbs.*

*Clo.* Now let me know what my best art hath done,  
 Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon<sup>f</sup>  
 In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,  
 You only brood, unto whose happy birth

<sup>c</sup> *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

<sup>d</sup> *the t'other*] Is a form not uncommon in old writers. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "*the other.*"

<sup>e</sup> ——— *Sweetest slumbers,*

*And soft silence, fall in numbers*] "Mr. Seward says, that *silence* falling in numbers is a very dark expression, and therefore proposes [introduces into the text] an unnecessary amendment. *Silence* falling in numbers would indeed be not merely a dark expression, but absolute nonsense ; but as the verb *fall* refers to slumbers, not to *silence*, the passage requires no alteration : *And soft silence* means, *With soft silence.*" MASON.

<sup>f</sup> *Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon.*] "Herbs used for magical purposes were not esteemed as efficacious except they had been gathered by moon-light," &c. WEBER.

Virtue was given, holding more of nature  
 Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,  
 Let me adore you ! you, that only can  
 Help or kill nature, drawing out that span  
 Of life and breath even to the end of time ;  
 You, that these hands did crop long before prime  
 Of day<sup>f</sup>, give me your names, and, next, your hidden power.  
 This is the clote<sup>g</sup>, bearing a yellow flower ;  
 And this, black horehound ; both are very good  
 For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood<sup>h</sup>  
 Dog's venom'd tooth : these rhamnus'<sup>i</sup> branches are,  
 Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar

<sup>f</sup> *Of day*] Omitted by Seward,—Theobald having “scratch'd out” the words in the copy which he left behind him, supposing them to have been a marginal comment to explain what *prime* signified. The Editors of 1778 and Weber restored them to the text. Heath (*MS. Notes*) disapproves of their being omitted. I suspect them to be an interpolation, though they are found in all the old eds.,—the first 4to. giving the line thus,—

“*Of day, told me your names, and next your hidden power.*”

The sixth line after this is exhibited thus by 4to. 1629 and the later eds.,—

“*That holds the dore fast, kill all enchantments, charmes ;*”

(and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed) : the omission of “fast” in the first 4to. proves the word to be an interpolation. But other lines, which are over-measure, occur, with no variation of the old eds., in the present drama :—

“Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may.” Act i. sc. 2.

“Can my imagination work me so much ill.” Act ii. sc. 4.

“Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast.” Act iv. sc. 4.

<sup>g</sup> *the clote*] See “Clote Burre, or Burre Doeke” in Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 309, ed. 1633.

<sup>h</sup> *wood*] “i. e. mad.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>i</sup> *rhamnus*] First 4to. “Ramuus.” Later eds. “Ramuns.”—“Mr. Theobald would read ‘Raymund's’, and has left us a long note relating to the history of Raymund Lully, the great philosopher and chymist, from whom he supposes some alexipharmick to have taken its name. But he was certainly in a wrong track. The true word, as Mr. Sympson discovered, is ‘Ramson's’, the *Allium Silecstre* or *Wild Garlick*, which is helpful, says the London Dispensatory, in the jaundice and palsies. But our author chose its superstitious virtues as more proper for poetry.” SEWARD,—who accordingly printed “Ramson's” ; and so the succeeding editors.—Concerning *Rhamnus*, “Ramme or Harts Thorne,” see Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 1333, ed. 1633. See also Parkinson's *Theatrum Botanicum*, 1640, p. 1005 ; and p. 1056, where he says, “*Cordus*

That holds the door, kill all enchantments<sup>i</sup>, charms,  
 (Were they Medea's verses,) that do harms  
 To men or cattle: these for frenzy be  
 A speedy and a sovereign remedy,  
 The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold ;  
 Such sympathy with man's good they do hold :  
 This tormentil<sup>k</sup>, whose virtue is to part  
 All deadly killing poison from the heart :  
 And, here, narcissus' root, for swellings best :  
 Yellow lysimachus<sup>l</sup>, to give sweet rest  
 To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,  
 All busy gnats, and every fly that hums :  
 For leprosy, darnel and celandine,  
 With calamint, whose virtues do refine<sup>m</sup>  
 The blood of man, making it free and fair  
 As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air :  
 Here, other two ; but your rebellious use  
 Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse ;

also witnesseth that *Rhamnus* is called by the Latines *Spina alba*, but wisely adviseth that this shrub *Spina alba* be not confounded with the other two sorts of Thistles so called also. Ovid also speaketh of it *lib.* 6. [129.] *Fastorum*, shewing the use of it in his time to expell incantations in these verses,

Sic fatus, spinam, qua tristes pellere posset  
*A foribus noxas, (hæc erat alba,) dedit."*

Sir R. Fanshawe renders the passage thus ;—

" Hi rami sunt mollis *Acanthi*,  
 Quæ si vestibulis," &c.

<sup>i</sup> *kill all enchantments*] "The medicinal as well as superstitious virtues ascribed by Clorin to her various herbs are imitated by Milton in his description of the Hæmony, in the first scene of the *Two Brothers* and the Attendant Spirit in *Comus*." SEWARD.

<sup>k</sup> *tormentil*] Or "setfoile." Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 992. ed. 1633.

<sup>l</sup> *lysimachus*] See the account of "*Lysimachia*, Willow-herb or Loose-strife", Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 474. ed. 1633.—Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "*Lysimacha*."

<sup>m</sup> *whose virtues do refine, &c.*] "So in *Comus*, v. 668,

'Sec, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.'" WEBER.

Therefore, foul standergrass<sup>n</sup>, from me and mine  
 I banish thee, with lustful turpentine ;  
 You that entice the veins and stir the heat  
 To civil mutiny, scaling the seat  
 Our reason moves in, and deluding it  
 With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit  
 Of burning lust be quench'd, by appetite  
 Robbing the soul of blessedness and light :  
 And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,  
 Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter ;  
 No more shall I dip thee in water now,  
 And sprinkle every post and every bough  
 With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms  
 Swell with high mirth, and<sup>o</sup> with joy all the rooms.

*Enter* THENOT.

*The.* This is the cabin where the best of all  
 Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall  
 Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,  
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.  
 Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,  
 Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night  
 Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place  
 Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face  
 Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,  
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile  
 Thy brother of his brightness, giving day  
 Again from chaos ; whiter than that way  
 That leads to Jove's high court<sup>p</sup>, and chaster far  
 Than chastity itself, you blessèd star

<sup>n</sup> *standergrass*] " i. e. satyrion." WEBER. Gerarde in the English Table refers the reader from "standergrass" to another name of the plant (equivalent to "*cynosorchis*,"—the word used by Fanshawe in his translation of this passage), under which he describes it, *Herball*, p. 205, ed. 1633.

<sup>o</sup> *and*] So the first 4to. Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave with the later eds. "as."

<sup>p</sup> *Jove's high court*] So Milton in the first line of *Comus* ;  
 " Before the starry threshold of *Jove's court*."

That nightly shines<sup>P</sup> ! thou, all the constancy  
 That in all women was or e'er shall be ;  
 From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire  
 That poets style the mother of desire,  
 Infusing into every gentle breast  
 A soul of greater price, and far more blest,  
 Than that quick power which gives a difference  
 'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense !

*Clo.* Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place<sup>Q</sup> ?  
 No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass  
 The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here  
 Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,  
 Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,  
 Dwells in this fastness.

*The.* Chaster than the morn,  
 I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion  
 Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :  
 But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)  
 To seek you out, of whose great good the air

<sup>P</sup> *you blessèd star*

*That nightly shines*] So the two earliest 4tos., except that the first has " brightly shines." Later eds. " yon blessed," &c. Seward printed—

" Thou blessed star

*That nightly shin'st* " ;

so the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber, except that he gave " shines."

This speech is a very obscure one. That part of it is addressed to the moon (see the eleventh line, " Thy brother," &c.) is not to be doubted. Qy. in the present passage is " yon blessed star " the right reading, and does Thenot begin to address Clorin at " Whiter than that way,"—proceeding to call her chaster than the goddess of chastity, " yon blessed star,"—i. e. the moon, which he had so termed in the fourth line of the speech ;—

" Thou blessed star, I thank thee," &c. ?

<sup>Q</sup> *Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place, &c.*] " Milton's imitation of these lines (Comus, v. 497) is noticed by Warton :

' How cam'st thou here, good swain ? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?'

The imitation is so slight, that it would hardly be worth mentioning, if the fact was not established that Milton had an eye upon Fletcher's pastoral all the while he was composing his Masque." WEBER.

Is full, and strongly labours, whilst<sup>r</sup> the sound  
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound  
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can  
Be resident in lesser than a man.

*Clo.* If any art I have, or hidden skill,  
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,  
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye  
May seem impossible<sup>s</sup> of remedy,  
I dare yet undertake it.

*The.* 'Tis no pain  
I suffer through disease, no beating vein  
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,  
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,  
This body holds; and yet a feller grief  
Than ever skilful hand did give relief  
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,  
Fair, beauteous virgin.

*Clo.* Then, shepherd, let me sue  
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew  
The way to health that durst not shew his sore.

*The.* Then, fairest, know, I love you.

*Clo.* Swain, no more!  
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,  
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace  
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;  
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,  
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight  
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright  
Thy very soul with horror.

*The.* Let me not,  
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot  
For my true zealous faith.

*Clo.* Dar'st thou abide  
To see this holy earth at once divide,

<sup>r</sup> *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

<sup>s</sup> *impossible*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1665, which has "impossible": see note, vol. I. 396.



And give her body<sup>t</sup> up? for sure it will,  
 If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill  
 This hallow'd place: therefore repent and go,  
 Whilst I with prayers<sup>u</sup> appease his ghost below,  
 That else would tell thee what it were to be  
 A rival in that virtuous love that he  
 Embraces yet.

*The.* 'Tis not the white or red  
 Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed  
 My mind to adoration; nor your eye,  
 Though it be full and fair, your forehead high  
 And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile  
 Lies watching in those dimples to beguile  
 The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,  
 With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,  
 Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;  
 Your hair woven into many a curious warp,  
 Able in endless error to enfold  
 The wandering<sup>v</sup> soul; not the true perfect mould  
 Of all your body, which as pure doth shew  
 In maiden-whiteness as the Alpen<sup>w</sup> snow:  
 All these, were but your constancy away,  
 Would please me less than a black stormy day  
 The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.  
 But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do keep<sup>x</sup>,  
 Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were  
 In the great womb of air were settled here,  
 In opposition, I would, like the tree,  
 Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free  
 Even in the arm of danger.

<sup>t</sup> *her body*] "That is, the body which is in her possession." MASON.

<sup>u</sup> *prayers*] First 4to. "praies" (a misprint for "praiers"); later eds. "praise."

<sup>v</sup> *wandering*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which has "errant,"—a reading adopted by Weber, but surely objectionable on account of "error" in the preceding line.

<sup>w</sup> *Alpen*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "Alpsien," and "Alpsian." Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "Alpsien", Weber "Alpine."

<sup>x</sup> *you do keep.*] "This reading is from the oldest quarto. All other editions read—'you dare keep,' [which Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER.

*Clo.* Wouldst thou have  
 Me raise again, fond<sup>x</sup> man, from silent grave  
 Those sparks, that long ago were buried here  
 With my dead friend's cold ashes ?

*The.* Dearest dear,  
 I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant :  
 Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.  
 Remember how he lov'd you, and be still  
 The same opinion speaks you : let not will,  
 And that great god of women, appetite,  
 Set up your blood again ; do not invite  
 Desire and fancy<sup>y</sup> from their long exile,  
 To seat them once more in a pleasing smile :  
 Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all  
 The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall  
 Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die  
 To all affection ; 'tis that loyalty  
 You tie unto this grave I so admire :  
 And yet there's something else I would desire,  
 If you would hear me, but withal deny.  
 Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny  
 Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire :  
 For, if I longer stay, this double fire  
 Will lick my life up.

*Clo.* Do ; and let time wear out  
 What art and nature cannot bring about.

*The.* Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest  
 For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest  
 Thus to myself ! Yet grant me leave to dwell  
 In kenning of this arbour ; yon same dell,  
 O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,  
 Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,  
 Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,  
 The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay  
 Upon this head.

*Clo.* The gods give quick release  
 And happy cure unto thy hard disease !

[*Exit* THENOT, CLORIN retiring into the bower.]

<sup>x</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

<sup>y</sup> *fancy*] i. e. love.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the wood.**Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* I do not love this wench that I should meet ;  
 For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet  
 That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair  
 Than the new blossoms when the morning-air  
 Blows gently on them, or the breaking light  
 When many maiden-blushes to our sight  
 Shoot from his<sup>z</sup> early face : were all these set  
 In some neat form before me, 'twould not get  
 The least love from me ; some desire it might,  
 Or present burning. All to me in sight  
 Are equal ; be they fair, or black, or brown,  
 Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown  
 My appetite with any ; swear as oft,  
 And weep, as any ; melt my words as soft  
 Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long  
 My heart has been her servant, and how strong  
 My passions are ; call her unkind and cruel ;  
 Offer her all I have to gain the jewel  
 Maidens so highly prize ; then loathe, and fly :  
 This do I hold a blessèd destiny.

*Enter AMARILLIS.*

*Amar.* Hail, shepherd ! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,  
 For being mindful of thy word to me !

*Sull. Shep.* Welcome, fair shepherdess ! Thy loving swain  
 Gives thee the self-same wishes back again ;  
 Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye  
 Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die  
 With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,  
 How shall we part their faithful loves, and when ?  
 Shall I belie him to her ? shall I swear  
 His faith is false and he loves every where ?

<sup>z</sup> his] Altered by the modern editors to "its."

I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you ;  
 Which will by your confirming shew as true,  
 For she <sup>a</sup> is of so pure an honesty,  
 To think, because she will not, none will lie.  
 Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,  
 And say, she but seems chaste ; I'll swear she met  
 Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,  
 And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite  
 Into my bosom ; made a wanton bed  
 Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread  
 Her willing body to be press'd by me ;  
 There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,  
 Together with mine own. To make this shew  
 More full of seeming,—Hobinal, you know,  
 Son to the agèd shepherd of the glen,  
 Him I have sorted out of many men,  
 To say he found us at our private sport,  
 And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort :  
 This to confirm, I've promis'd to the boy  
 Many a pretty knack and many a toy ;  
 As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt <sup>b</sup>  
 To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt <sup>c</sup> ;  
 A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb  
 Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.  
 This I have <sup>d</sup> done to win you ; which doth give  
 Me double pleasure : discord makes me live.

*Amar.* Lov'd swain, I thank you. These tricks might prevail  
 With other rustic shepherds, but will fail  
 Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,  
 His fixèd love from judgment, who doth know  
 Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit ;  
 Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,  
 Which I have found : give second, and my love  
 Is everlasting thine.

<sup>a</sup> *she*] Seward's correction, here, and in the next line. Old eds. "he."

<sup>b</sup> *bolt*] "i. e. arrow." REED.

<sup>c</sup> *holt*] "Is a wood or grove." REED.

<sup>d</sup> *I have*] Weber chose to print "have I."

*Sull. Shep.* Try me, and prove.

*Amar.* These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,  
 Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,  
 In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,  
 In whose hard side nature hath carv'd a well,  
 And, but that matchless spring which poets know,  
 Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow,  
 About the sides, all herbs which witches use,  
 All simples good for medicine<sup>e</sup> or abuse,  
 All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,  
 With all their colours; there the month of May  
 Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;  
 There's not a grass on which was ever seen  
 The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;  
 So full of heat and virtue is the land  
 About this fountain, which doth slowly break,  
 Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek  
 That waters all the valley, giving fish  
 Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.  
 This holy well, my grandame that is dead,  
 Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,  
 Hath power to change the form of any creature,  
 Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature  
 Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,  
 Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave

[*Shewing a scroll.*

Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,  
 I should apply unto the patients' brow  
 That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,  
 Before I trusted them into this deep:  
 All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove  
 This secret of her art, if erost in love.  
 I'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here  
 All her prescriptions, and I will not fear  
 To be myself dipp'd. Come, my temples bind  
 With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,

<sup>e</sup> *medicine*] Altered by the modern editors to "medicines."

As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,  
 And bid the water raise me Amoret ;  
 Which being done, leave me to my affair,  
 And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,  
 I will return unto my shepherd's arm ;  
 Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,  
 And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,  
 And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

*Sull. Shep.* And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.  
 I long the truth of this well's power to see.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the wood.*

*Enter DAPHNIS.*

*Daph.* Here will I stay, for this the covert is  
 Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,  
 Thou bright-eyed virgin ; come, oh, come, my fair !  
 Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care  
 Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,  
 Who would as hard be won to offer harm  
 To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,  
 Or yon great round to move another way :  
 My language shall be honest, full of truth,  
 My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth ;  
 I will not entertain that wandering thought,  
 Whose easy current may at length be brought  
 To a loose vastness.

*Alex.* [*within.*] Cloe !

*Daph.* 'Tis her voice,  
 And I must answer.—Cloe !—Oh, the choice  
 Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains  
 Our hands shall give ! I charge you, all my veins,  
 Through which the blood and spirit take their way,  
 Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay

Those mutinous desires that else would grow  
To strong rebellion; do not wilder shew  
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

*Alex.* [*within.*] Cloe!

*Daph.* There sounds that blessèd name again,  
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

*Enter ALEXIS.*

This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:  
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,  
To give myself more knowledge.

[*Retires.*]

*Alex.* Oh, my fire,

How thou consum'st me!—Cloe, answer me!  
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,  
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full  
Of entertainment, ready for to pull  
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung  
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long;  
I am impatient of these mad delays:  
I must not leave unsought those many ways  
That lead into this centre, till I find  
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!

[*Exit.*]

*Daph.* [*coming forward.*] Can my imagination work me so  
much ill,

That I may credit this for truth, and still  
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold  
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold  
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been  
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen  
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;  
But be they far from me with their fond<sup>f</sup> terror!  
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.

*Cloe.* [*within.*] Cloe!

*Daph.* Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,  
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,  
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell  
Thy blessèd name again.

<sup>f</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

*Cloe.* [*within.*] *Cloe*<sup>f</sup> ! here !

*Daph.* Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,  
And not encounter !

*Enter CLOE.*

*Cloe.* Shepherd, we are met :  
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,  
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,  
Soak through your startups<sup>g</sup>.

*Daph.* Fairest, are you found ?  
How have we wander'd, that the better part  
Of this good night is perish'd ? Oh, my heart !  
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss  
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss  
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear  
Of him that drinks your language ! But I fear  
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,  
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude  
These hot behaviours ; where regard of<sup>h</sup> fame,  
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,  
And such discourse as one fair sister may  
Without offence unto the brother<sup>i</sup> say,  
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,  
Here dwells a better temper : do not grieve,  
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute  
Seasons so much of fancy<sup>j</sup> ; I am mute  
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be  
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.  
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,  
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue  
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles ;  
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,  
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me  
Be strangers ; only to your chastity  
I am devoted ever.

<sup>f</sup> *Cloe*] Omitted by mistake in the old eds.

<sup>g</sup> *startups*] i. e. a sort of rustic shoes with high tops, galoches, or half-gaiters.

<sup>h</sup> *of*] Altered by Weber to "to."

<sup>i</sup> *the brother*] Is not the right reading. "the other" ?

<sup>j</sup> *fancy*] i. e. love, amorousness.



*Cloe.* Honest swain,  
 First let me thank you, then return again  
 As much of my love.—No, thou art too cold,  
 Unhappy boy, not temper'd to my mould ;  
 Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear  
 To offend in boldness wins ; they never wear  
 Deservèd favours that deny<sup>k</sup> to take  
 When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,  
 To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,  
 And such a one as we call goodly creature,  
 Thus backward ? What a world of precious art  
 Were merely<sup>l</sup> lost, to make him do his part !  
 But I will shake him off, that dares not hold :  
 Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold. [*Aside.*—  
 Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met  
 So happily, our lives and fortunes set  
 Upon one stake, to give assurance now,  
 By interchange of hands and holy vow,  
 Never to break again. Walk you that way,  
 Whilst I in zealous meditation stray  
 A little this way : when we both have ended  
 These rites and duties, by the woods befriended  
 And secrecy of night, retire and find  
 An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind  
 Us both within his body ; thither go ;  
 It stands within yon bottom.

*Daph.* Be it so.

[*Exit.*

*Cloe.* And I will meet there never more with thee,  
 'Thou idle shamefacedness !

*Alex.* [*within.*] Cloe !

*Cloe.* 'Tis he

'That dare, I hope, be bolder.

*Alex.* [*within.*] Cloe !

*Cloe.* Now,

Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough ! [*Exit.*

<sup>k</sup> deny] i. e. refuse.

<sup>l</sup> merely] i. e. wholly, utterly.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Part of the wood with the holy well.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd, carrying AMARILLIS asleep.*

*Sull. Shep.* From thy forehead thus I take  
 These herbs, and charge thee not awake  
 Till in yonder holy well  
 Thrice, with powerful magic spell  
 Fill'd with many a baleful word,  
 Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord  
 Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twin'd,  
 I do thy sleepy body bind.  
 I turn thy head unto<sup>m</sup> the east,  
 And thy feet unto the west,  
 Thy left arm to the south put forth,  
 And thy right unto the north.  
 I take thy body from the ground,  
 In this deep and deadly swound<sup>n</sup>,  
 And into this holy spring  
 I let thee slide down by my string.—

[*Lets her down into the well.*

Take this maid, thou holy pit,  
 To thy bottom; nearer yet;  
 In thy water pure and sweet  
 By thy leave I dip her feet;  
 Thus I let her lower yet,  
 That her ankles may be wet;  
 Yet down lower, let her knee  
 In thy waters washèd be.

<sup>m</sup> *unto*] Here and in the next line old eds. have "into" (which the modern editors give), but all in the third line after this have "unto."

<sup>n</sup> *swound*] i. e. swoon.

There stop.<sup>o</sup>—Fly away,  
 Every thing that loves the day !  
 Truth, that hath but one face,  
 Thus I charm thee from this place.  
 Snakes that cast your coats for new,  
 Chameleons that alter hue,  
 Hares that yearly sexes change,  
 Proteus altering oft and strange,  
 Hecatè with shapes three,  
 Let this maiden changèd be;  
 With this holy water wet,  
 To the shape of Amoret !  
 Cynthia, work thou with my charm !—  
 Thus I draw thee, free from harm,

[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of AMORET.*

Up out of this blessèd lake :  
 Rise both like her and awake !

*Amar.* Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight ?  
 Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,  
 For want of which any defect in me  
 May make our practices discover'd be ?

*Sull. Shep.* By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,  
 Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand  
 Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,  
 I should myself take thee for Amoret !  
 Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,  
 So like, that sense can not distinguish you.

*Amar.* Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,  
 At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.  
 Hither she needs must come, by promise made ;  
 And, sure, his nature never was so bad,  
 To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,  
 When night and fear are up, but understood  
 'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,  
 My constant love made me come first and stay ;

<sup>o</sup> *There stop*] Weber, who has a note on this line about Seward's "rage of mending the metre," prints, with his predecessors, in opposition to all the old eds., "*There I stop.*"!

Then will I lead him further to the grove :  
 But stay you here, and, if his own true love  
 Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,  
 Which say her lover lately trodden hath ;  
 I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,  
 Here is another charm, whose power will free [Gives a scroll.  
 The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,  
 And in my own true shape make me appear.

*Enter PERIGOT.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stand close : here's Perigot ; whose constant  
 heart  
 Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

[Retires with AMARILLIS.]

*Peri.* This is the place.—Fair Amoret !—The hour  
 Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power  
 Delights to be, about yon sacred well,  
 Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell ;  
 For never traveller in dead of night,  
 Nor stray'd beasts have faln in ; but when sight  
 Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found  
 By help of them, so holy is the ground.  
 But I will farther seek, lest Amoret  
 Should be first come, and so stray<sup>o</sup> long unmet.—  
 My Amoret, Amoret<sup>p</sup> !

[Exit.]

*Amar.* [coming forward.] Perigot !

*Peri.* [within.] My love !

*Amar.* I come, my love !

[Exit.]

*Sull. Shep.* Now she hath got  
 Her own desires, and I shall gainer be  
 Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.

<sup>o</sup> *stray*] Altered by Weber to "stay." But compare what Amoret afterwards says in this scene ;

" Many a weary step in yonder path  
 Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath  
 To seek her Perigot," &c.

<sup>p</sup> *Amoret*] Seward printed "my Amoret," and in the next speech, "My Perigot."

How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove  
To shew her glory in this little grove

*Enter AMORET.*

To some new-lovèd shepherd ! Yonder is  
Another Amoret. Where differs this  
From that ? but that she Perigot hath met,  
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.  
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,  
If mortal men could know your properties ! [*Aside.*]

*Amo.* Methinks it is not night ; I have no fear,  
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,  
Whose names at other times have made me quake,  
When any shepherdess in her tale spake  
Of some of them, that underneath a wood  
Have torn true lovers that together stood ;  
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,  
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,  
Are fables : such a strong heart I have got,  
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—  
My Perigot ! Who's that ? my Perigot ?

*Sull. Shep.* [*coming forward.*] Fair maid !

*Amo.* Aye me, thou art not Perigot !

*Sull. Shep.* But I can tell you news of Perigot :  
An hour together under yonder tree  
He sat with wreathèd arms, and call'd on thee,  
And said, “ Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long ? ”  
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,  
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it daylight,  
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

*Amo.* Thanks, gentle shepherd ; and beshrew my stay,  
That made me<sup>a</sup> fearful I had lost my way !  
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be  
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,  
I'll follow ; and, for this thy care of me,<sup>r</sup>  
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee ! [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *me*] “ We should certainly read ‘ him.’ ” MASON.

<sup>r</sup> *I'll follow ; and, for this thy care of me*] So the first 4to. In the second

*Sull. Shep.* How bright she was, how lovely did she  
shew !

Was it not pity to deceive her so ?  
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,  
And with a virgin-innocence did pray  
For me that perjur'd her.<sup>s</sup> Whilst she was here,  
Methought the beams of light that did appear  
Were shot from her ; methought the moon gave none  
But what it had from her. She was alone  
With me ; if then her presence did so move,  
Why did not I assay to win her love ?  
She would not sure have yielded unto me ;  
Women love only opportunity,  
And not the man ; or if she had denied,  
Alone, I might have fore'd her to have tried  
Who had been stronger : oh, vain fool, to let  
Such bless'd occasion pass ! I'll follow yet ;  
My blood is up ; I cannot now forbear.

*Enter ALEXIS and CLOE.*

I come, sweet Amoret !—Soft, who is here ?  
A pair of lovers ? He shall yield her me :  
Now lust is up, alike all women be. [*Aside, and retires.*]

*Alex.* Where shall we rest ? But for the love of me,  
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

*Cloe.* Alexis, let us rest here, if the place  
Be private, and out of the common trace  
Of every shepherd ; for, I understood,  
This night a number are about the wood :  
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,  
We freely may enjoy our stoln delight.

*Alex.* Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found :  
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground ;

4to. the line is entirely omitted. The third 4to has "*Ile seeke him out ; and for thy curtesie ;*" so later eds ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. Weber, who intended to follow the first 4to., carelessly printed, "*I'll follow him ; and for this thy care of me.*"

<sup>s</sup> *that perjur'd her*] "i. e. that swore false to her." *Ed.* 1778.

No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep ;  
 Fairies and fawns and satyrs do it keep<sup>t</sup> :  
 Then, carelessly rest here, and clip<sup>u</sup> and kiss,  
 And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

*Cloe.* Then, lie by me : the sooner we begin,  
 The longer ere the day descry our sin. [ *They lie down.*

*Sull. Shep.* [ *coming forward.* ] Forbear to touch my love ;  
 or, by you flame<sup>v</sup>,

The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,  
 Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,  
 Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be !

*Alex.* If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,  
 With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,  
 And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,  
 (A greater oath than thine) I would not rise !

*Sull. Shep.* Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,  
 But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

[ *Wounds him with his spear.*

*Cloe.* Hold, gentle shepherd !

*Sull. Shep.* Fairest shepherdess,  
 Come you with me ; I do not love you less  
 Than that fond<sup>w</sup> man, that would have kept you there  
 From me of more desert.

*Alex.* Oh, yet forbear  
 To take her from me ! Give me leave to die  
 By her !

*Enter Satyr ; Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and CLOE another.*

*Sat.* Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,  
 And the stars, whose feeble light  
 Give[s] a pale shadow to the night.  
 Are up, great Pan commanded me  
 To walk this grove about, whilst he,

<sup>t</sup> *keep*] i. e. frequent, haunt.

<sup>u</sup> *clip*] i. e. embrace.

<sup>v</sup> *yon flame*] i. e. the moon. Compare p. 69. l. 18, p. 79, l. 18. Fanshawe renders the passage thus,—“ Solve meam : si non, *sidus* tibi juro per illud,” &c.

<sup>w</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

In a corner of the wood,  
 Where never mortal foot hath stood,  
 Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,  
 To entertain a lovely guest ;  
 Where he gives her many a rose,  
 Sweeter than the breath that blows  
 The leaves, grapes, berries of the best ;  
 I never saw so great a feast.  
 But, to my charge<sup>x</sup>. Here must I stay,  
 To see what mortals lose their way,  
 And by a false fire, seeming bright,  
 Train them in and leave them right.  
 Then must I watch if any be  
 Forcing of a chastity ;  
 If I find it, then in haste  
 Give my wreathèd horn a blast,  
 And the fairies all will run,  
 Wildly dancing by the moon,  
 And will pinch him to the bone,  
 Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

*Alex.* Oh, death !

*Sat.* Back again about this ground ;  
 Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—  
 I bind thee by this powerful spell,  
 By the waters of this well,  
 By the glimmering moonbeams bright,  
 Speak again, thou mortal wight !

*Alex.* Oh !

*Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies,  
 Sleeping on the ground.—Arise !—

<sup>x</sup> *But, to my charge, &c.*] “ Warton has noticed the evident similarity between the Satyr and the Attendant Spirit in Milton’s *Comus*, and has observed that the passage in the text was imitated by that poet in these verses (l. 78).

—‘ When any, favour’d of high Jove,  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy.’” WEBER.



The poor wight is almost dead ;  
 On the ground his wounds have bled,  
 And his clothes foul'd with his blood :  
 To my goddess in the wood  
 Will I lead him, whose hands pure  
 Will help this mortal wight to cure. [*Exit, carrying* ALEXIS.]

*Re-enter* CLOE.

*Cloe.* Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast  
 Doth pant ; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.  
 Yet my desire keeps still above my fear :  
 I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where ;  
 For from one cause of fear I am most free,  
 It is impossible to ravish me,  
 I am so willing. Here upon this ground  
 I left my love, all bloody with his wound ;  
 Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,  
 Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one ;  
 But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,  
 If thou hast any life ; thou art yet my love !—  
 He's dead, or else is with his little might  
 Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—  
 Then, where art thou that struck'st my love ? Oh, stay !  
 Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say  
 Thou hast some justice : I will make thee trim  
 With flowers and garlands that were meant for him ;  
 I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast  
 As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.  
 But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me ?  
 I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,  
 Whom<sup>y</sup> I did mean to mock ; though hope be small  
 To make him bold, rather than none at all,  
 I'll try him ; his heart<sup>z</sup>, and my behaviour too,  
 Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*]

<sup>y</sup> *Whom*] So folio 1679. Qtos. "Who"; which the modern editors give.

<sup>z</sup> *I'll try him ; his heart*] "The last editors [of 1778] read, 'I'll try his heart ;' but the old text is better sense than the alteration, which a mere defect of metre is never sufficient to justify." WEBER.

*Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,  
 Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,  
 That shap'd these fears, and made me run away,  
 And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—  
 Speak, gentle shepherdess ! I am alone,  
 And tender love for love.—But she is gone  
 From me, that, having struck her lover dead,  
 For silly fear left her alone, and fled.  
 And see, the wounded body is remov'd  
 By her of whom it was so well belov'd.  
 But all these fancies must be quite forgot :  
 I must lie close ; here comes young Perigot,  
 With subtle Amarillis in the shape  
 Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not scape ! [Retires.

*Enter PERIGOT, and AMARILLIS in the shape of AMORET.*

*Amar.* Belovèd Perigot, shew me some place,  
 Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace  
 Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

*Peri.* Beshrew my tardy steps ! Here shalt thou rest,  
 Upon this holy bank<sup>2</sup> : no deadly snake  
 Upon this turf herself in folds doth make ;

<sup>2</sup> *Upon this holy bank, &c.*] “I have before observed that this passage equals the most descriptive beauties of Theocritus and Virgil ; though the ideas are all negative, they strike the imagination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly, than positive ones. Shakespeare often delights in such negative descriptions. Thus, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. the Fairy Song ;

‘ You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
 Newts and blind-worms do no wrong ;  
 Come not near our fairy queen.’

This song is again imitated by Fletcher in the song of the River-God in the next [present] scene ; but in the lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his eye the description of a bank by Shakespeare, in the same play and act :

‘ I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
 Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine : - - -  
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.’”

Here is no poison for the toad to feed ;  
 Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed  
 Dares blister them ; no slimy snail dare creep  
 Over thy face when thou art fast asleep ;  
 Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit <sup>a</sup> ;  
 No slough of falling star did ever hit  
 Upon this bank : let this thy cabin be ;  
 This other, set with violets, for me. [ *They lie down.*

*Amar.* Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

*Peri.* Fair maid,  
 You only love to hear it often said ;  
 You do not doubt.

*Amar.* Believe me, but I do.

*Peri.* What, shall we now begin again to woo ?  
 'Tis the best way to make your lover last,  
 To play with him when you have caught him fast.

*Amar.* By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot <sup>b</sup>,  
 And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

*Peri.* By Pan I swear,—and, if I falsely swear,  
 Let him not guard my flocks ; let foxes tear  
 My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,  
 Fall on the rest ; a rot among my sheep,—  
 I love thee better than the careful ewe  
 The new-yea'd lamb that is of her own hue ;  
 I dote upon thee more than that <sup>c</sup> young lamb  
 Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam !  
 Were there a sort <sup>d</sup> of wolves got in my fold,  
 And one ran after thee, both young and old

<sup>a</sup> *spit*] “The last editors [of 1778] unnecessarily alter the word to *sit*. The frothy matter very commonly seen on the leaves of plants, is still called the *gouk's* (or cuckow's) *spittle* in Scotland ; and in Herrick's *Oberon's Feast*,

———— ‘He tastes a little

Of what we call the *cuckow's spittle.*” WEBER.

<sup>b</sup> *belovèd Perigot*] So the first 4to. Later eds. “I loved *Perigot*” ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>c</sup> *that*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. “the” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *sort*] i. e. set, herd.

Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife  
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

*Amar.* How should <sup>e</sup> I trust thee, when I see thee choose  
Another bed, and dost my side refuse ?

*Peri.* 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn  
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

*Amar.* Come, Perigot will shew his power, that he  
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,  
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.  
Here, take thy Amoret ; embrace and kiss.

[*Lies down beside him.*]

*Peri.* What means my love ?

*Amar.* To do as lovers should,  
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.  
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain  
Can kiss thee with more art ; there's none can feign  
More wanton tricks.

*Peri.* Forbear, dear soul, to try  
Whether my heart be pure ; I'll rather die  
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

*Amar.* Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity  
Is amongst women ? Perigot, there's none  
That with her love is in a wood alone,  
And would come home a maid : be not abus'd  
With thy fond <sup>f</sup> first belief ; let time be us'd.

[*PERIGOT rises.*]

Why dost thou rise ?

*Peri.* My true heart thou hast slain !

*Amar.* Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

*Peri.* Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast  
Hast with thy cunning div'd !—Art not in jest ?

*Amar.* Sweet love, lie down.

*Peri.* Since this I live to see,  
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me !

<sup>e</sup> *should*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "shall" ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>f</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

*Amar.* You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

*Peri.* Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still !

*Amar.* I am as still I was, and all my kind ;  
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.

*Peri.* Then, here I end all love ; and, lest my vain  
Belief should ever draw me in again,  
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,  
I end my life ! my blood be on thy head !

[*Offers to kill himself with his spear.*

*Amar.* [*rising.*] Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry !

*Peri.* Thou counsel'st well ; first, Amoret shall die,  
That is the cause of my eternal smart !

*Amar.* Oh, hold ! [Exit.

*Peri.* This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart !

[*Exit, running after her.*

*Sull. Shep.* [*coming forward.*] Up and down, every where,  
I strew the herbs<sup>s</sup>, to purge the air :

Let your odour drive hence

All mists that dazzle sense.

Herbs and springs, whose hidden might

Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,

Thus I charge ye to undo

All before I brought ye to !

Let her fly, let her scape ;

Give again her own shape !

[*Retires.*

*Re-enter AMARILLIS in her own shape, and PERIGOT following with  
his spear.*

*Amar.* Forbear, thou gentle swain ! thou dost mistake ;  
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,  
And, as I cross'd thy way, I met thy wrath ;  
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

*Peri.* Pardon, fair shepherdess : my rage and night  
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight ;  
But far be it from me to spill the blood  
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood ! [Exit AMARILLIS.

<sup>s</sup> *the herbs*] Seward and his successors print "these herbs",—rightly perhaps, though without the authority of any old ed.

*Enter AMORET.*

*Amo.* Many a weary step, in yonder path,  
 Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,  
 To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear  
 His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear  
 That calls.

*Peri.* See yonder where she is! how fair  
 She shews! and yet her breath infects the air.

*Amo.* My Perigot!

*Peri.* Here.

*Amo.* Happy!

*Peri.* Hapless! first

It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst. [*Wounds her.*

*Amo.* Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust. [*Falls.*

*Peri.* Death is the best reward that's due to lust. [*Exit.*

*Sull. Shep.* Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being  
 struck<sup>b</sup>,

I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took

By some night-traveller, whose honest care

May help to cure her.—[*Aside, and then comes forward.*]

Shepherdess, prepare

Yourself to die!

*Amo.* No mercy I do crave;

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.

Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,

He struck my soul, and not my body through;

Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be

At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

*Sull. Shep.* In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant,  
 Sure, for a woman, thou art so innocent.—

[*Flings her into the well.*

She cannot scape, for, underneath the ground,

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,

The struggling water breaks out in a brook.

[*Exit.*

<sup>b</sup> *struck*] Fletcher probably wrote "strook",—a common form in our early poetry.

*The God of the River rises with AMORET in his arms.*

*God of the R.* What powerful charms my streams  
do bring  
Back again unto their spring,  
With such force that I their god,  
Three times striking with my rod,  
Could not keep them in their ranks?  
My fishes shoot into the banks;  
There's not one that stays and feeds,  
All have hid them in the weeds.  
Here's a mortal almost dead,  
Faln into my river-head,  
Hallow'd so with many a spell,  
That till now none ever fell.  
'Tis a female young and clear,  
Cast in by some ravisher:  
See, upon her breast a wound,  
On which there is no plaster bound.  
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,  
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—  
If thou be'st a virgin pure,  
I can give a present cure:  
Take a drop into thy wound<sup>i</sup>,  
From my watery locks, more round

<sup>i</sup> *Take a drop into thy wound, &c.*] “This healing of the wound he [Milton] imitates in his dissolution of Comus's spell:

‘Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops, that from my fountain pure  
I have kept, of precious cure;  
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.  
Now the spell hath lost his hold.’ [v. 911.]

The two last of these lines are a more immediate imitation of what Clorin afterwards says in healing Amoret's second wound:

‘With spotless hand on spotless breast  
I put these herbs, to give thee rest.’ SEWARD.

Than orient pearl, and far more pure  
 Than unchaste flesh may endure.—  
 See, she pants, and from her flesh  
 The warm blood gusheth out afresh.  
 She is an unpolluted maid ;  
 I must have this bleeding staid.  
 From my banks I pluck this flower  
 With holy hand, whose virtuous power  
 Is at once to heal and draw.  
 The blood returns. I never saw  
 A fairer mortal. Now doth break  
 Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.

*Amo.* Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,  
 And brought me back out of the arms of death ?

*God of the R.* I have heal'd thy wounds.

*Amo.* Aye, me !

*God of the R.* Fear not him that succour'd thee.  
 I am this fountain's god<sup>1</sup> : below,  
 My waters to a river grow,  
 And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,  
 That only prosper in the wet,  
 Through the meadows do they glide,  
 Wheeling still on every side,

“ Warton, in his notes on *Comus*, has pointed out numerous passages in Fletcher's pastoral, from which Milton took the process of dissolving the charm. (Todd's *Milton*, II. p. 385, 387.) He has also observed that a passage occurs in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, a poem which will be noticed more particularly in an ensuing note, ‘strongly resembling the circumstance of the river god in Fletcher applying drops of water to the enchanted Amoret, or of Sabrina doing the same in *Comus*.’ The passage, which is too long for insertion in this place, occurs in the second song of the first book.” WEBER.

<sup>1</sup> *I am this fountain's god, &c.*] “This beautiful description of a brook, Milton makes Sabrina imitate in her description of herself :

‘ By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
 That in the channel strays.’ [*Comus*, v. 890.]’

SEWARD.



Sometimes winding round about,  
 To find the evenest channel out.  
 And if thou wilt go with me,  
 Leaving mortal company,  
 In the cool streams<sup>k</sup> shalt thou lie,  
 Free from harm as well as I :  
 I will give thee for thy food  
 No fish that useth in the mud ;  
 But trout and pike, that love to swim  
 Where the gravel from the brim  
 Through the pure streams may be seen ;  
 Orient pearl fit for a queen,  
 Will I give, thy love to win,  
 And a shell to keep them in :  
 Not a fish in all my brook  
 That shall disobey thy look,  
 But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
 And from thy white hand take a fly :  
 And, to make thee understand  
 How I can my waves command,  
 They shall bubble, whilst I sing,  
 Sweeter than the silver string. [Sings.

Do not fear to put thy feet  
 Naked in the river sweet<sup>l</sup> ;  
 Think not leech, or newt, or toad,  
 Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;  
 Nor let the water rising high,  
 As thou wad'st in, make thee cry  
 And sob ; but ever live with me,  
 And not a wave shall trouble thee.

*Amo.* Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,  
 I know myself unworthy to be woo'd  
 By thee, a god ; for ere this, but for thee,  
 I should have shewn my weak mortality :

<sup>k</sup> *streams*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "stream ;" and so Weber.

<sup>l</sup> *sweet*] That this epithet belongs to the preceding word, and not to Amoret,  
 is proved by a line at p. 60.

"In thy water pure and *sweet*."

Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,  
 I am betroth'd unto a shepherd-swain,  
 Whose comely face, I know, the gods above  
 May make me leave to see, but not to love.

*God of the R.* May he prove to thee as true !  
 Fairest virgin, now adieu :  
 I must make my waters fly,  
 Lest they leave their channels dry <sup>m</sup>,

<sup>m</sup> *I must make my waters fly,*

*Lest they leave their channels dry, &c.]* “The bounties of the river, and the gratitude of the shepherds, are closely [?] imitated by Milton in his description of Sabrina :

‘ ————— Still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals ;  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustick lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.’ [*Comus*, v. 842.]

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and sublimity, but that the extreme prettiness, delicacy, and ease of Fletcher is more consonant to the pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of Milton's imitation of Amoret's answer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first :

‘ Virgin, daughter of Loerine  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills, <sup>x</sup>  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drouth, or singed air,  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl and the golden ore ;  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !’ [v. 922.] SEWARD.

And beasts that come unto the spring  
Miss their morning's watering ;

“ Warton, in noticing this imitation of Milton's, quotes a passage from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, which bears so strong a resemblance to the passages of Milton and Fletcher, that he observes, ‘ From a close parallelism of thought and incident, it is clear that either Browne's pastoral imitates Fletcher's play, or the play the pastoral. Most of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays appeared after 1616. But there is unluckily no date to the first edition of the *Faithful Shepherdess*. It is however mentioned in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, 1611.’ The first part of Browne's poem appeared in 1616 ; but a prefixed address to the reader is dated June 18, 1613, when he was twenty-three years old. Some parts of his work, however, have been conjectured to have been written in his twentieth year, that is, about 1610. As it is ascertained that Fletcher's play existed, and was acted before 1611, [see p. 3 of this vol.] his claims of priority are unquestionably greater, as Browne's work must have been in a very crude state at that time, if it existed at all ; and Fletcher was not likely to have availed himself of the manuscript labours of so young a man, if he ever saw them. Milton certainly recollected the passage in Browne, as well as that in Fletcher. Though this note is already of an unreasonable length, I cannot resist transcribing the parallel speech of Marine to the River-God, from the former poet :

———— ‘ May first,  
Quoth Marine, swaines giue lambs to thee ;  
And may thy flood haue scignorie  
Of all floods else, and to thy fame  
Meete greater springs, yet keepe thy name ;  
May neuer euet uor the toade  
Within thy bankes make their abode ;  
Taking thy iourney from the sea,  
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way  
On niter or on brimstone myne,  
To spoyle thy taste ; this spring of thine,  
Let it of nothing taste but earth,  
And salt conceiued in their birth  
Be ever fresh ; let no man dare,  
To spoile thy fish, make locke or ware ;  
But on thy margent still let dwell  
Those flowres which haue the sweetest smell ;  
And let the dust vpon thy strand  
Become like Tagus' golden sand !’ ” WEBER.

In giving the preceding quotation from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i. Song 2, Weber only followed Warton, who omitted the 12th and 13th lines, which I have restored, though, I must confess, I do not understand them. According to some bibliographers, a portion of Browne's poem appeared in 1613 ; but I have never seen an edition of that date.

Which I would not ; for of late  
 All the neighbour-people sate  
 On my banks, and from the fold  
 Two white lambs of three weeks old  
 Offer'd to my deity ;  
 For which this year they shall be free  
 From raging floods, that as they pass  
 Leave their gravel in the grass ;  
 Nor shall their meads be overflown  
 When their grass is newly mown.

*Amo.* For thy kindness to me shewn,  
 Never from thy banks be blown  
 Any tree, with windy force,  
 'Cross thy streams, to stop thy course ;  
 May no beast that comes to drink,  
 With his horns cast down thy brink ;  
 May none that for thy fish do look,  
 Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;  
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
 In thy cool streams, wife nor<sup>n</sup> maid,  
 When the spawns on stones do lie,  
 To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !

*God of the R.* Thanks, virgin. I must down again.  
 Thy wound will put thee to no pain :  
 Wonder not so soon 'tis gone  
 A holy hand was laid upon. [Descends.

*Amo.* And I, unhappy born to be,  
 Must follow him that flies from me. [Exit.

<sup>n</sup> nor] Altered by the Editors of 1773 and Weber to "or."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Part of the wood.*

*Enter* PERIGOT.

*Peri.* She is untrue, imconstant, and unkind ;  
 She's gone, she's gone ! Blow high, thou north-west wind,  
 And raise the sea to mountains ; let the trees  
 That dare oppose thy raging fury leese<sup>o</sup>  
 Their firm foundation ; creep into the earth,  
 And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth  
 Of some new prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,  
 Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,  
 And falling thus upon it ! [Offers to fall on his spear.

*Enter* AMARILLIS running.

*Amar.* Stay thy dead-doing hand ! thou art too hot  
 Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,  
 If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain  
 The heavy clouds send down can wash away  
 That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay  
 Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :  
 Believe me, she is constant ; not the sands  
 Can be so hardly<sup>p</sup> number'd as she won.  
 I do not trifle, shepherd ; by the moon,  
 And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,  
 All that I told thee, Perigot, is true :  
 Then, be a free man ; put away despair  
 And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair

<sup>o</sup> *leese*] "The old word for *lose*. It occurs in Chaucer, Spenser, and almost every ancient poet." WEBER.

<sup>p</sup> *so hardly*] "i. e. with so much difficulty." WEBER.

Dejected forehead ; be as when those<sup>9</sup> eyes  
Took the first heat.

*Peri.* Alas, he double dies  
That would believe, but cannot ! 'Tis not well  
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell  
With many worse companions. But, oh, death !  
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath  
So much but I dare leave it ; 'tis not pain  
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain  
Of many days, can hold me from my will :  
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

*Amar.* Stay but a little, little ; but one hour ;  
And if I do not shew thee, through thè power  
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,  
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,  
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,  
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears  
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,  
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret<sup>r</sup>,  
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace<sup>s</sup>, and ring,  
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing  
Else that she wears about her, let me feel  
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel !

*Peri.* I am contented, if there be a hope,  
To give it entertainment for the scope  
Of one poor hour. Go ; you shall find me next  
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplexed,  
And thus believing.

<sup>9</sup> *those*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "thine ;" and so Weber.

<sup>r</sup> *fret*] Weber observes that the meaning of the word is obvious, but that he has not met with another instance of its use as a substantive. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

<sup>s</sup> *tawdry-lace*] i. e. a sort of necklace,—bought at the fair of Stawdry, Saint Awdrey, or Saint Ethelred. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. where the following passage is cited : "Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, ex tenui et subtili seriâ confectum, collo gestare ; quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus, (*tawdry-lace*,) forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam [viz. that Ethelred died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a judgment for having been much addicted in her youth to wearing fine neck-laces]." *Nich. Harpsfeldt, Hist. Eccl. Angl. Sæc. Sept.* p. 86.

*Amar.* Bind, before I go,  
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do  
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,  
Till my return.

*Peri.* By Pan, and by the strife  
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,  
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,  
I will not ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The wood before CLORIN'S bower :—CLORIN  
discovered in the bower.*

*Enter Satyr carrying ALEXIS.*

*Sat.* Softly gliding as I go,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm's light,  
Hither am I come at last.  
Many a thicket have I past ;  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst desery me  
To the little bird ' that sleeps  
On the tender spray ; nor creeps  
That hardy worm with pointed tail,  
But if I be under sail,  
Flying faster than the wind,  
Leaving all the clouds behind,  
But doth hide her tender head  
In some hollow tree, or bed

*Not a bush that durst desery me*

*To the little bird, &c.]* i. e. Not a bush that durst give notice of, discover me, to the little bird, &c. The modern editors, as their pointing shews, did not understand the passage. Sir R. Fanshawe rightly renders it,—

“ Dumus quem tetigi timebat omnis  
Avi prodere me levi,” &c.

Of seeded nettles ; not a hare  
 Can be started from his fare <sup>u</sup>  
 By my footing ; nor a wish  
 Is more sudden, nor a fish  
 Can be found with greater ease  
 Cut the vast unbounded seas,  
 Leaving neither print nor sound,  
 Than I, when nimbly on the ground  
 I measure many a league an hour.  
 But, behold, the happy power  
 That must ease me of my charge,  
 And by holy hand enlarge  
 The soul of this sad man, that yet  
 Lies fast bound in deadly fit :  
 Heaven and great Pan succour it !—  
 Hail, thou beauty of the bower,  
 Whiter than the paramour  
 Of my master ! Let me crave  
 Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave  
 This poor mortal, that here lies,  
 Waiting when the Destinies  
 Will undo his thread of life :  
 View the wound, by cruel knife  
 Trench'd <sup>v</sup> into him.

*Clo.* [*coming from the bower.*] What art thou call'st me  
 from my holy rites,  
 And with the fearèd name of death affrights  
 My tender ears ? speak me thy name and will.

*Sat.* I am the Satyr that did fill  
 Your lap with early fruit ; and will,  
 When I hap to gather more,  
 Bring you better and more store.  
 Yet I come not empty now :  
 See, a blossom from the bough ;

<sup>u</sup> *fare*] “ We do not remember to have met with this word in the sense here adopted, before. *Fare*, in this place, seems to mean *form*.” *Ed.* 1778. It means—food.

<sup>v</sup> *Trench'd*] “ i. e. cut, from the French *trancher*.” WEBER.



But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,  
 And his perfect sight that cull'd it  
 From the other springing blooms !  
 For a sweeter youth the grooms  
 Cannot shew me, nor the downs,  
 Nor the many neighbouring towns.  
 Low in yonder glade I found him ;  
 Softly in mine arms I bound him ;  
 Hither have I brought him sleeping  
 In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,  
 In remembrance such youth may  
 Spring and perish in a day.

*Clo.* Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude ;  
 Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawny-hued,  
 Thy manners are as gentle and as fair  
 As his who brags himself born only heir  
 To all humanity. Let me see the wound :  
 This herb will stay the current, being bound  
 Fast to the orifice, and this restrain  
 Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain  
 As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore ;  
 This to draw out such putrifying gore  
 As inward falls.

*Sat.* Heaven grant it may do <sup>w</sup> good !

*Clo.* Fairly wipe away the blood :  
 Hold him gently, till I fling  
 Water of a virtuous spring  
 On his temples ; turn him twice  
 To the moonbeams ; pinch him thrice ;  
 That the labouring soul may draw  
 From his great eclipse.

*Sat.* I saw  
 His eyelids moving.

*Clo.* Give him breath ;  
 All the danger of cold death  
 Now is vanish'd : with this plaster  
 And this unction do I master

<sup>w</sup> do] The modern editors print " be " !

All the fester'd ill that may  
Give him grief another day.

*Sat.* See, he gathers up his sprite,  
And begins to hunt for light ;  
Now he gapes and breathes again :  
How the blood runs to the vein  
That erst was empty !

*Alex.* Oh, my heart !  
My dearest, dearest Cloe ! Oh, the smart  
Runs through my side ! I feel some pointed thing  
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting  
Of scorpion.—

Pan, preserve me !—What are you ?  
Do not hurt me : I am true  
To my Cloe, though she fly,  
And leave me to this destiny :  
There she stands, and will not lend  
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.  
But I am much mistaken, for that face  
Bears more austerity and modest grace,  
More reproving and more awe,  
Than these eyes yet ever saw  
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain  
Eagerly renews again !

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

*Clo.* Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,  
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,  
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,  
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will  
To execute ; these must be purg'd until  
The vein <sup>x</sup> grow whiter ; then repent, and pray  
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,  
And I shall undertake your cure with ease ;  
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease  
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise.—  
Help him a little, Satyr ; for his thighs  
Yet are feeble.

<sup>x</sup> vein] Altered by the modern editors to "veins".

*Alex.* [*rising.*] Sure, I have lost much blood.

*Sat.* 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.

Mortal, you must leave your wooing :

Though there be a joy in doing,

Yet it brings much grief behind it ;

They best feel it, that do find it.

*Clo.* Come, bring him in ; I will attend his sore.—

When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

[*ALEXIS is led into the bower.*]

*Sat.* Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing ;

By my head, 'twere better missing—

Brightest, if there be remaining

Any service, without feigning

I will do it ; were I set

To catch the nimble wind, or get

Shadows gliding on the green,

Or to steal from the great queen

Of fairies<sup>y</sup> all her beauty ;

I would do it, so much duty

Do I owe those precious eyes.

*Clo.* I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries

Of any other, that be hurt or ill,

Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will

To bring them hither.

*Sat.* I will ; and when the weather

Serves to angle in the brook,

I will bring a silver hook,

With a line of finest silk,

And a rod as white as milk,

To deceive the little fish :

So I take my leave, and wish

On this bower may ever dwell

Spring and summer !

*Clo.* Friend, farewell.

[*Exit Satyr. Scene closes.*]

<sup>y</sup> *Of fairies*] The modern editors, without noticing the insertion, print, “ *Of the fairies* ”. In the earliest eds. the spelling is “ *Fayryes* ” ; and perhaps the poet meant it for a trisyllable.

SCENE III.—*Part of the wood with the holy well.**Enter* AMORET.

*Amo.* This place is ominous ; for here I lost  
 My love and almost life, and since have crost  
 All these woods over ; ne'er a nook or dell <sup>z</sup>,  
 Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,  
 But I have sought it <sup>a</sup> ; ne'er a bending brow  
 Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,  
 Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use  
 To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose  
 Their valentines, that I have miss'd, to find  
 My love in. Perigot ! Oh, too unkind,  
 Why hast thou fled me ? whither art thou gone ?  
 How have I wrong'd thee ? was my love alone  
 To thee worthy <sup>b</sup> this scorn'd recompence ? 'Tis well ;  
 I am content to feel it. But I tell  
 Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,  
 Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear  
 Of any stranger fire, as heaven is  
 From foul corruption, or the deep abyss  
 From light and happiness ; and thou mayst know  
 All this for truth, and how that fatal blow

<sup>a</sup> *ne'er a nook or dell, &c.*] “Warton has noticed [and so had Seward before him] the similarity of the following lines in *Comus* to those in the text :

‘ I know each lane and every alley green,  
 Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;  
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,  
 Or shroud within these limits, ’ &c.” [v. 311.] WEBER.

<sup>a</sup> *sought it*] “*i. e.* searched it through. The folio, [and the three latest 4tos.] and all the modern editions, read— ‘ But I have sought *him.* ’ ” WEBER.

<sup>b</sup> *worthy*] Altered by the modern editors to “worth.”—“The construction,” say the Editors of 1778, “is rather hard ; but, resolved into plain prose, the meaning is, ‘ Was my love worth only this scornful return ? ’ ” No such thing : The meaning is,—Was my love, which was only yours, worthy of this, &c.

Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine  
 Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,  
 Or fury more than madness : therefore here,  
 Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,  
 Upon this cursèd place, and on this green  
 That first divore'd us, shortly shall be seen  
 A sight of so great pity, that each eye  
 Shall daily spend his spring in memory  
 Of my untimely fall.

*Enter AMARILLIS.*

*Amar.* I am not blind,  
 Nor is it through the working of my mind  
 That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all  
 That dwell upon the soul, but what men call  
 Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle !  
 For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle  
 Never gave answer of ; it passeth dreams,  
 Or <sup>c</sup> madmen's fancy, when the many streams  
 Of new imaginations rise and fall :  
 'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call  
 For pity to young Perigot ; whilst <sup>d</sup> he,  
 Directed by his fury, bloodily  
 Lanch'd <sup>e</sup> up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold ;  
 And, if belief may credit what was told,  
 After all this, the Melancholy Swain  
 Took her into his arms, being almost slain,  
 And to the bottom of the holy well  
 Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.  
 'Tis she, the very same ; 'tis Amoret,  
 And living yet ; the great powers will not let  
 Their virtuous love be cross'd. [*Aside.*]—Maid, wipe away  
 Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay  
 The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,  
 Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.  
 Thy Perigot——

<sup>c</sup> *Or*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "Of" !

<sup>d</sup> *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

<sup>e</sup> *Lanch'd*] i. e. Lanced.—So the four earliest 4tos. Later eds. "Lane't "

*Amo.* Where, which is Perigot ?

*Amar.* Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,  
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him ;  
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim  
Of sailing pines that edge yon mountain in.

*Amo.* I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win  
His soul again !

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay, Amarillis, stay !  
You are too fleet ; 'tis two hours yet to day.  
I have perform'd my promise ; let us sit  
And warm our bloods together, till the fit  
Come lively on us.

*Amar.* Friend, you are too keen ;  
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen ;  
Forbear a little.

*Sull. Shep.* I can stay no longer.

*Amar.* Hold, shepherd, hold ! learn not to be a wronger  
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,  
To break their loves first ?

*Sull. Shep.* I have done it, maid.

*Amar.* No ; they are yet unbroken, met again,  
And are as hard to part yet as the stain  
Is from the finest lawn.

*Sull. Shep.* I say, they are  
Now at this present parted, and so far  
That they shall never meet.

*Amar.* Swain, 'tis not so ;  
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,  
And there believe your eyes.

*Sull. Shep.* You do but hold  
Off with delays and trifles.—Farewell, cold  
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men !—

Thus I salute thee, virgin !

[*Attempts to seize her.*

*Amar.* And thus, then,  
I bid you follow : catch me, if you can !

[*Exit running.*

*Sull. Shep.* And, if I stay behind, I am no man !

[*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV.—*A dale in the wood.**Enter* PERIGOT.

*Peri.* Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet  
 To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit  
 That guides thy<sup>f</sup> lazy team. Go back again,  
 Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain  
 Round as a ring, and bring a second night,  
 To hide my sorrows from the coming light:  
 Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,  
 And read my falling; give me some black place,  
 Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,  
 That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite  
 Like running water, never to be known  
 After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

*Enter* AMORET.

*Amo.* This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,  
 My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,  
 Calls on thy lovèd name.

*Peri.* What art thou dare<sup>g</sup>  
 Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care  
 Dwell on the face of darkness?

*Amo.* 'Tis thy friend,  
 Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end  
 To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:  
 I have forgot those pains and dear annoy  
 I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content  
 To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent  
 Those curled locks, where I have often hung  
 Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung  
 Waters distill'd, to make thee fresh and gay,  
 Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?

<sup>f</sup> *thy*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. "the"; and so Weber.

<sup>g</sup> *What art thou dare*] So the second and third 4tos. The first 4to. has, "What thou dare"; the other eds. read "What art thou darrest".

Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face  
 Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace  
 From those two little heavens, upon the ground,  
 Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,  
 Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?  
 Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now  
 The same I ever was, as kind and free,  
 And can forgive before you ask of me;  
 Indeed, I can and will.

*Peri.* So spoke my fair!

Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,  
 Water and forming fire, why have you lent  
 Your hidden virtues of<sup>h</sup> so ill intent?  
 Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,  
 Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,  
 Came flowing<sup>i</sup> from her tongue; such was her eye,  
 And such the pointed sparkle that did fly  
 Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,  
 The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame  
 Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

*Amo.* Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set  
 So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,  
 That I am grown another? Look, and see  
 The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist  
 That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist  
 From those<sup>j</sup> fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?  
 Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget  
 Thy ancient faith?

*Peri.* Still nearer to my love!  
 These be the very words she oft did prove  
 Upon my temper; so she still would take  
 Wonder into her face, and silent make  
 Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,  
 "Shepherd, remember this another day."

<sup>h</sup> *Of*] Altered by Seward to "to"; and so his successors.

<sup>i</sup> *flowing*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "flying"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *those*] Weber chose to print "these".



*Amo.* Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?  
 Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most<sup>k</sup>  
 Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?  
 Are all the vows and protestations dead,  
 The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?  
 Is there not<sup>l</sup> one remaining, not a part  
 Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see  
 Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

*Peri.* Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate  
 Brought love and women forth, unfortunate  
 To all that ever tasted of their smiles;  
 Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;  
 Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds  
 Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,  
 'This way and that way, to deceive the scent  
 Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent  
 Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;  
 The hands of cruel men, more bestial,  
 And of a nature more refusing good  
 Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

*Peri.* Thou art all these, and more than nature meant  
 When she created all; frowns, joys, content;  
 Extreme fire for an hour, and presently  
 Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea  
 Upon whose face sits a continual frost;  
 Your actions ever driven to the most<sup>m</sup>,  
 Then down again as low, that none can find  
 The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any age, or days, or time,  
 Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime  
 As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,  
 Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;

<sup>k</sup> *most*] Refers, as Weber observes, only to "men." The other editors strangely misunderstood the passage.

<sup>l</sup> *not*] Weber carelessly printed "no".

<sup>m</sup> *Your actions ever driven to the most*] "Ever means *always*, and the *most* means the *uttermost*, the greatest height." WEBER.

Thou that wast every good and every thing  
 That men call blessèd ; thou that wast the spring  
 From whence our looser grooms drew all their best ;  
 Thou that wast always just, and always blest  
 In faith and promise ; thou that hadst the name  
 Of virtuous given thee, and made<sup>n</sup> good the same  
 Even from thy cradle ; thou that wast that all  
 That men delighted in ! Oh, what a fall  
 Is this, to have been so, and now to be  
 The only best in wrong and infamy !  
 And I to live to know this ! and by me,  
 That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that  
 Which we esteem<sup>o</sup> our honour, virgin-state ;  
 Dearer than swallows love the early morn,  
 Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn ;  
 Dearer than thou canst love<sup>p</sup> thy new love, if thou hast  
 Another, and far dearer than the last ;  
 Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all  
 The self-love were within thee that did fall  
 With that coy swain that now is made a flower,  
 For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower !  
 And am I thus rewarded for my flame ?  
 Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name ?  
 Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,  
 And noise it to the world, my love is dead !  
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,  
 And left for every lazy groom to say  
 I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost  
 Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost  
 When the hot sun beats on it ! Tell me yet,  
 Canst thou not love again thy Amoret ?

*Peri.* Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name ;  
 I must not know thee : fling thy wanton flame

<sup>n</sup> *made*] Altered by the modern editors to "mad'st".

<sup>o</sup> *esteem*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "esteem'd"; and so the modern editors !

<sup>p</sup> *canst love*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 omitted these words ; and perhaps they are an interpolation : but see note, p. 46.

Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot  
 With words and feignèd passions ; Perigot  
 Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now  
 Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

*Amo.* Then, hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,  
 And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night ;  
 And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,  
 And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace ;  
 Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell  
 In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,  
 Whilst I breathe out my last ! I am that maid,  
 That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd  
 The careless prodigal, and gave away  
 My soul to this young man, that now dares say  
 I am a stranger, not the same, more vild<sup>a</sup> ;  
 And thus with much belief I was beguil'd :  
 I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,  
 And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried  
 To win me, but this swain ; and yet confess  
 I have been woo'd by many with no less  
 Soul of affection ; and have often had  
 Rings, belts, and cracknels<sup>r</sup>, sent me from the lad  
 That feeds his flocks down westward ; lambs and doves  
 By young Alexis ; Daphnis sent me gloves ;  
 All which I gave to thee : nor these nor they  
 That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay  
 Up to my after-memory. But why  
 Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die ?  
 Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home ;  
 By this time had I found a quiet room,

<sup>a</sup> *vild*] i. e. vile : see note, vol. 1. 331. Old eds. " wild " ; and so the modern editors. " As *wild*," says Seward, " is sense, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the author's word was " vild ". According to Weber, "*wild* refers here to the infidelity and wantonness which Perigot had accused her of."—Compare (among other passages of these plays) a line in *The Maid's Tragedy* (vol. 1. 363),—" this *vild* woman",—where the old eds. have by a misprint, " wild ".

<sup>r</sup> *cracknels*] " Are," says Weber, " to this day *usual* in some parts of England, being a species of hard biscuit." Cakes, called *cracknels*, may be found in most of the London bakers' shops.

Where every slave is free, and every breast,  
That living bred<sup>s</sup> new care, now lies at rest ;  
And thither will poor Amoret.

*Peri.* Thou must.

Was ever any man so loath to trust  
His eyes as I ? or was there ever yet  
Any so like as this to Amoret ?  
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be  
A living soul within thee, thus to free  
Thy body from it ! *[Wounds her with his spear.*

*Amo.* [*falling.*] So, this work hath end.  
Farewell, and live ; be constant to thy friend  
That loves thee next.

*Enter Satyr ; PERIGOT runs off.*

*Sat.* See, the day begins to break,  
And the light shoots like a streak  
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,  
Whilst<sup>t</sup> the morning doth unfold ;  
Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;  
The early lark<sup>u</sup>, that erst was mute,  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay :  
Therefore here I end my watch,  
Lest the wandering swain should catch  
Harm, or lose himself.

*Amo.* Ah me !

*Sat.* Speak again, whate'er thou be ;  
I am ready : speak, I say ;  
By the dawning of the day,

<sup>s</sup> *bred*] So the first 4to. ("bread"). The second 4to. "breeds". Later eds. "breeds"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While".

<sup>u</sup> *The early lark, &c.*] Seward (whose note is retained by his successors) cites, as an imitation of this passage, some lines from Milton's *L'Allegro*, which only resemble it in the mention of the lark.

By the power of night and Pan,  
I enforce thee speak again !

*Amo.* Oh, I am most unhappy !

*Sat.* Yet more blood !

Sure, these wanton swains are wood <sup>v</sup>.

Can there be a hand or heart

Dare commit so vild <sup>w</sup> a part

As this murder ? By the moon,

That hid herself when this was done,

Never was a sweeter face :

I will bear her to the place

Where my goddess keeps <sup>x</sup>, and crave

Her to give her life or grave. [*Exit, carrying AMORET.*]

SCENE V.—*The wood before CLORIN's bower.*

*Enter CLORIN.*

*Clo.* Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,

I steal abroad to do another cure.—

Pardon, thou buried body of my love,

That from thy side I dare so soon remove ;

I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave

Thee for an hour alone : when I deceive

My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood

Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood !

I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,

Which no herb can ; being done, I'll come again. [*Exit.*]

*Enter THENOT.*

*The.* Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,

And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die ! [*Lying down.*]

<sup>v</sup> *wood*] "i. e. mad." WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *vild*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. "vile" ; and so the modern editors. See note, vol. 1. 331.

<sup>x</sup> *keeps*] "i. e. dwells, resides." WEBER.

Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends !  
 And, as a little infant cries and bends  
 His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,  
 He hath espied something that glisters nigh,  
 Which he would have, yet, give it him, away  
 He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play  
 With something else ; such my affection, set  
 On that which I should loathe, if I could get.

*Re-enter CLORIN.*

*Clo.* See, where he lies ! Did ever man but he  
 Love any woman for her constancy  
 To her dead lover, which she needs must end  
 Before she can allow him for her friend,  
 And he himself must needs the cause destroy  
 For which he loves, before he can enjoy ?  
 Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free  
 Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty !—  
 Shepherd, look up.

[*Aside.*

*The.* Thy brightness doth amaze ;  
 So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze ;  
 Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,  
 I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

*Clo.* Why dost thou pine away thyself for me ?

*The.* Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy ?

*Clo.* Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake  
 Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

*The.* [*starting up.*] Stay there, thou constant Clorin ! if  
 there be

Yet any part of woman left in thee,  
 To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

*Clo.* See, what a holy vow for thee I break ;  
 I, that already have my fame far spread  
 For being constant to my lover dead.

*The.* Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love ; how true,  
 If you had died, he would have been to you.

*Clo.* Yet, all I'll lose for thee——

*The.* Think but how blest  
A constant woman is above the rest !

*Clo.* And offer up myself, here on this ground,  
To be dispos'd by thee.

*The.* Why dost thou wound  
His heart with malice against women more,  
That hated all the sex but thee before ?  
How much more pleasant had it been to me  
To die than to behold this change in thee !  
Yet, yet return ; let not the woman sway !

*Clo.* Insult not on her now, nor use delay,  
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

*The.* Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame :  
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,  
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.  
I hate thee now. Yet turn !

*Clo.* Be just to me :  
Shall I at once lose both <sup>y</sup> my fame and thee ?

*The.* Thou hadst no fame ; that which thou didst like good  
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood  
For that time to the best ; for as a blast  
That through a house comes, usually doth cast  
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,  
And blow some one thing to his proper room,  
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,  
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.  
Yet turn !

*Clo.* Thou dost but try me, if I would  
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old  
Love's, though he were alive : but do not fear.

*The.* I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,  
And gaze upon thee ; for methinks that grace,  
Austerity, which sate upon that face,  
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,  
This is the gain of foul inconstancy !

[*Exit.*

<sup>y</sup> *lose both*] So the two earliest 4tos. Later eds. "both lose;" and so the modern editors.

*Clo.* 'Tis done :—great Pan, I give thee thanks for it !—  
What art could not have heal'd is cur'd by wit.

*Re-enter THENOT.*

*The.* Will you be constant yet ? will you remove  
Into the cabin to your buried love ?

*Clo.* No, let me die, but by thy side remain.

*The.* There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain  
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,  
And I will lie again under this tree,  
And pine and die for thee with more delight  
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

*Clo.* Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

*The.* Thou art of women's<sup>z</sup> race, and full of guilt.  
Farewell all hope of that sex ! Whilst I thought  
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught :  
But since their minds I all alike espy,  
Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,  
And for my labours sent so good success !  
I rather choose, though I a woman be,  
He should speak ill of all than die for me.

[*Exit into the bower.*

<sup>z</sup> *women's*] Altered by Weber to "woman's."



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Village.*

*Enter Priest of Pan and Old Shepherd.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !  
 See, the blushing morn doth peep  
 Through the windows, whilst <sup>a</sup> the sun  
 To the mountain-tops is run,  
 Gilding all the vales below  
 With his rising flames, which grow  
 Greater by his climbing still.  
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field !  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter north-east wind.  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lay longest, that she may  
 Go without a friend all day ;  
 Then reward your dogs, and pray  
 Pan to keep you from decay :  
 So, unfold, and then away !

What, not a shepherd stirring ? Sure, the grooms  
 Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms  
 Fill'd with such new delight and heat, that they  
 Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.  
 Knock, that they may remember what a shame  
 Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.

*Old Shep.* [*after knocking at several doors.*] It is to little  
 purpose ; not a swain  
 This night hath known his lodging here, or lain

<sup>a</sup> *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

Within these cotes : the woods, or some near town  
 That is a neighbour to the bordering down,  
 Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,  
 Or spicèd wassail-bowl<sup>b</sup>, to which resort  
 All the young men and maids of many a cote,  
 Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

*Priest.* God pardon sin !—Shew me the way that leads  
 To any of their haunts.

*Old Shep.* This to the meads,  
 And that down to the woods.

*Priest.* Then, this for me.

Come, shepherd, let me crave your company. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The wood before CLORIN's bower : CLORIN and ALEXIS discovered in the bower ; at the side of the stage, a hollow tree, in which are CLOE and DAPHNIS.*

*Clo.* Now your thoughts are almost pure,  
 And your wound begins to cure ;  
 Strive to banish all that's vain,  
 Lest it should break out again.

*Alex.* Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid !  
 I find my former wandering thoughts well staid  
 Through thy wise precepts ; and my outward pain  
 By thy choice herbs is almost gone again :  
 Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd  
 At once ; for what one hurt another heal'd.

*Clo.* May thy grief more appease !  
 Relapses are the worst disease.  
 Take heed how you in thought offend ;  
 So mind and body both will mend.

<sup>b</sup> *wassail-bowl*] “This alludes to the ancient custom of wassailing, or going about the village, particularly during the Christmas holidays, carousing and dancing. The ingredients of the bowl were spiced ale or wine, with sugar and roasted apples, &c.” WEBER.

*Enter SATYR, carrying AMORET.*

*Amo.* Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,  
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood  
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be ;  
I am a maid ; let that name fight for me.

*Sat.* Fairest virgin, do not fear  
Me, that doth thy body bear,  
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;  
Men are ruder far than we.—  
See, fair goddess, in the wood  
They have let out yet more blood :  
Some savage man hath struck her breast,  
So soft and white, that no wild beast  
Durst have touch'd, asleep or 'wake ;  
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,  
Would have lain, from arm to arm,  
On her bosom to be warm  
All a night, and, being hot,  
Gone away, and stung her not.  
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.  
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.

*Clo.* With spotless hand on spotless breast  
I put these herbs, to give thee rest :  
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,  
If both be pure ; if not, off slide.—  
See, it falls off from the wound :  
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,  
Full of lust.

*Sat.* Who would have thought it ?  
So fair a face !

*Clo.* Why, that hath brought it.

*Amo.* For aught I know or think, these words my last,  
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste !

*Clo.* And so may Pan bless this my cure,  
As all my thoughts are just and pure !

Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,  
That will not let my medicines work.—  
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.

*Sat.* Here away methinks I wind it :  
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be ;  
Here, here, in a hollow tree,  
Two fond<sup>b</sup> mortals have I found.

*Clo.* Bring them out ; they are unsound.

*Sat.* [*bringing out CLOE and DAPHNIS.*] By the fingers thus  
I wring ye,  
To my goddess thus I bring ye ;  
Strife is vain, come gently in.—  
I scented them ; they're full of sin.

*Clo.* Hold, Satyr ; take this glass,  
Sprinkle over all the place,  
Purge the air from lustful breath,  
To save this shepherdess from death :  
And stand you still whilst I do dress  
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.

*Sat.* From this glass I throw a drop  
Of crystal water on the top  
Of every grass, on flowers a pair :  
Send a fume, and keep the air  
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,  
Till this virgin's wound be drest.

*Clo.* Satyr, help to bring her in.

*Sat.* By Pan, I think she hath no sin,

[*Carrying AMORET into the bower.*]

She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.  
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,  
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain ;  
Mayst thou soon be well again !

*Clo.* Satyr, bring the shepherd near ;  
Try him, if his mind be clear.

*Sat.* Shepherd, come.

*Daph.* My thoughts are pure.

*Sat.* The better trial to endure.

<sup>b</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

*Clo.* In this flame<sup>c</sup> his finger thrust,  
Which will burn him if he lust ;  
But if not, away will turn,  
As loath unspotted flesh to burn.—

[*Satyr applies DAPHNIS's finger to the taper.*

See, it gives back ; let him go.

*Sat.* Farewell, mortal : keep thee so<sup>d</sup>. [Exit DAPHNIS.  
Stay, fair nymph ; fly not so fast ;  
We must try if you be chaste.—  
Here's a hand that quakes for fear ;  
Sure, she will not prove so clear.

*Clo.* Hold her finger to the flame ;  
That will yield her praise or shame.

*Sat.* To her doom she dares not stand,

[*Applies CLOE's finger to the taper.*

But plucks away her tender hand ;  
And the taper darting sends  
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—  
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast  
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste !

<sup>c</sup> *In this flame, &c.]* “ This was not, as Mr. Seward supposes, a fairy legend, but a superstition derived from the ordeal of the feudal times. For further information respecting this singular trial, I refer the reader to a curious note in Mr. Scott's edition of *Sir Tristrem*, 2d edit. p. 314. Similar to the lines in the text [as Seward had already remarked] are the following, which occur in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :

‘ With trial fire touch me his finger end ;  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And put him to no pain ; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.’ ” WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> *Farewell, mortal : keep thee so.]* That neither Sir R. Fanshawe (see his Latin translation of this drama) nor any of the modern editors should have perceived that these words, though given in the old eds. to *Clorin*, could only belong to one who was *not a mortal*, is altogether unaccountable. Compare, among several others that might be cited, the following speeches of the *Satyr* :

“ Here the foolish *mortal* lies.” p. 66.  
“ *Mortal*, you must leave your wooing.” p. 85.  
“ Two fond *mortals* have I found.” p. 102.

“ *Mortal*, sure,  
’Tis the blood of maiden pure.” p. 112.

*Alex.* Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!  
Cloe, fair Cloe!

*Cloe.* My Alexis!

*Alex.* He.

*Cloe.* Let me embrace thee.

*Clo.* Take her hence,  
Lest her sight disturb his sense.

*Alex.* Take not her; take my life first!

*Clo.* See, his wound again is burst:  
Keep her near, here in the wood,  
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.

[*Satyr leads off CLOE.*

Soon again he ease shall find,  
If I can but still his mind.  
This curtain<sup>e</sup> thus I do display,  
To keep the piercing air away.

[*Draws a curtain before the bower. Scene closes.*

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SCENE III.—*A pasture.*

*Enter Old Shepherd and Priest of Pan.*

*Priest.* Sure, they are lost for ever: 'tis in vain  
To find them out with trouble and much pain,  
That have a ripe desire and forward will  
To fly the company of all but ill.  
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we retire,  
Or constant follow still that first desire  
We had to find them?

*Old Shep.* Stay a little while;  
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile  
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;  
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

<sup>e</sup> *This curtain, &c.*] The want of moveable painted scenery in the early theatres probably forced this expedient upon the poet.

*Enter THENOT.*

*Priest.* Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known  
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,  
And following what desire and present blood  
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good ;  
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may  
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say  
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,  
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name ?  
And like a glorious <sup>f</sup> desperate man, that buys  
A poison of much price, by which he dies,  
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain  
Is foul disease, with present age <sup>g</sup> and pain,  
And then a grave ? These be the fruits that grow  
In such hot veins, that only beat to know  
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious  
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.

*The.* Right holy sir, I have not known this night  
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight  
Of any looseness ; music, joy, and ease,  
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please  
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game  
That I am skill'd at throughly<sup>h</sup> : nor a dame,  
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,  
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme  
Our blessèd Tityrus<sup>i</sup> did sing of yore ;  
No, were she more enticing than the store

<sup>f</sup> *glorious*] “ In this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain*.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>g</sup> *present age*] i. e., as Seward rightly explained it, an early old age. The Editors of 1778 printed “ache,”—Sympson having previously proposed “aches.”

<sup>h</sup> *throughly*] Weber chose to print “thoroughly.”

<sup>i</sup> *our blessed Tityrus*] “ Mr. Sympson would suppose that Spenser is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this ; first, because Spenser died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expression *of yore* seems to imply an earlier date ; secondly, because *Tityrus* is the name which Spenser had in all his pastorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates those pastorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended ; particularly as Spenser is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater honour than Chaucer is here.” SEWARD.

Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree  
 Bids the faint traveller be bold and free ;  
 'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay<sup>j</sup>,  
 Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay  
 Upon his charmèd branches ; such am I  
 Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

*Priest.* Then, wherefore hast thou wander'd ?

*The.* 'Twas a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now  
 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give  
 Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

*Priest.* 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart  
 In this well-sounding music bear his part.  
 Where have you left the rest ?

*The.* I have not seen,

Since yesternight we met upon this green  
 To fold our flocks up, any of that train ;  
 Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain  
 All this long<sup>k</sup> night under an agèd tree ;  
 Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,  
 Or shepherdess ; or drew into mine ear  
 The sound of living thing, unless it were  
 The nightingale, among the thick-leav'd spring  
 That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing  
 Whole nights away in mourning ; or the owl,  
 Or our great enemy<sup>l</sup>, that still doth howl  
 Against the moon's cold beams.

*Priest.* Go, and beware  
 Of after-falling.

*The.* Father, 'tis my care.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* DAPHNIS.

*Old Shep.* Here comes another straggler ; sure, I see  
 A shame in this young shepherd.—Daphnis ?

*Daph.* He.

<sup>j</sup> *thunder 'gainst the bay*] "This property was anciently ascribed to the laurel." WEBER. *Bay* is used here for *laurel*.

<sup>k</sup> *All this long night*] So the first 4to. The second 4to. has "*All this night*." Later eds. have "*All this same night* ;" and so the modern editors.

<sup>l</sup> *our great enemy*] "i. e. the wolf." Ed. 1778.



*Priest.* Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been  
Long before this grazing upon the green  
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?

*Daph.* Thou holy man,  
Give me a little breathing, till I can  
Be able to unfold what I have seen ;  
Such horror, that the like hath never been  
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart  
Labours a double motion to impart  
So heavy tidings ! You all know the bower  
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power  
Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd ;  
There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd<sup>m</sup>  
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,  
Fore'd by some iron hand and fatal knife ;  
And, by her, young Alexis.

*Enter AMARILLIS, running.*

*Amar.* If there be  
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,  
Receive my body, close me up from lust  
That follows at my heels ! Be ever just,  
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake  
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake  
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit ;  
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,  
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast  
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste !

*Priest.* This is a night of wonder.—Amarill,  
Be comforted : the holy gods are still  
Revengeurs of these wrongs.

*Amar.* Thou blessèd man,  
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,  
Hear me, and save from endless infamy<sup>n</sup>  
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity !

<sup>m</sup> *assur'd*] i. e. affianced.

<sup>n</sup> *Hear me, and save from endless infamy, &c.*] "These lines [as Warton had noticed] may be compared with the following in Milton's *Comus* :

'By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wayward glance,' &c. [v. 833.] WEBER.

By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,  
 By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed  
 That still is bless'd by thee ; by all the rites  
 Due to our god, and by those virgin-lights  
 That burn before his altar ; let me not  
 Fall from my former state, to gain the blot  
 That never shall be purg'd ! I am not now  
 That wanton Amarillis : here I vow  
 To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may  
 Scape this unhappy night, to know the day  
 A virgin, never after to endure  
 The tongues or company of men unpure !  
 I hear him come ; save me !

*Priest.* Retire a while  
 Behind this bush, till we have known that vile  
 Abuser of young maidens.

[*They retire.*]

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay thy pace,  
 Most lovèd Amarillis ; let the chase  
 Grow calm and milder ; fly me not so fast :  
 I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd  
 Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see  
 Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,  
 Able to give thee all content and ease :  
 I am not bashful, virgin ; I can please  
 At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,  
 And give thee many kisses, soft and warm  
 As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek  
 Of plums or mellow peaches ; I am sleek  
 And smooth as Neptune when stern Æolus  
 Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus  
 Can shew my active youth. Why dost thou fly ?  
 Remember, Amarillis, it was I  
 That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set  
 An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret  
 And her lovèd Perigot ; 'twas I  
 That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie

Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,  
 Turn with thy open arms, and clip ° the swain  
 That hath perform'd all this ; turn, turn, I say ;  
 I must not be deluded.

*Priest.* [*coming forward.*] Monster, stay !  
 Thou that art like a canker to the state  
 Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate <sup>p</sup>  
 Through every honest bosom, forcing still  
 The veins of any that may serve thy will ;  
 Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand  
 To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand  
 Yet trembling here !

*Sull. Shep.* Good holiness, declare  
 What had the danger been, if being bare  
 I had embrac'd her ; tell me, by your art,  
 What coming wonders would that sight impart ?

*Priest.* Lust and a branded soul.

*Sull. Shep.* Yet, tell me more ;  
 Hath not our mother Nature, for her store  
 And great encrease, said it is good and just,  
 And will'd <sup>q</sup> that every living creature must  
 Beget his like ?

*Priest.* You're better read than I,  
 I must confess, in blood and lechery.—  
 Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,  
 Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

° *clip*] i. e. embrace.

<sup>p</sup> *eating with debate*] “The word *debate*, in this place, is used in the sense of strife, or perhaps hatred.” WEBER. Discord, contention.

<sup>q</sup> *will'd*] So the first 4to. The second 4to. “will”. Later eds. “wills” ; and so the modern editors.

SCENE IV.—*Part of the wood.*

*Enter PERIGOT, with his hand bloody.*

*Peri.* Here will I wash it in the<sup>r</sup> morning's dew,  
 Which she on every little grass doth strew  
 In silver drops against the sun's appear :  
 'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.  
 My hand will not be cleans'd.—My wrongèd love,  
 If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,  
 Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand  
 All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand ;  
 And though I struck thee undeservedly,  
 Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee  
 Make less a fault which I intended not,  
 And let these dew-drops wash away my spot !—  
 It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood  
 Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?  
 Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,  
 In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals  
 All wounds : to her I will myself address,  
 And my rash faults repentantly confess ;  
 Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,  
 To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd, fair.  
 That done, not far hence, underneath some tree  
 I'll have a little cabin built, since she  
 Whom I ador'd is dead ; there will I give  
 Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. [*Exit.*

<sup>r</sup> *the*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "this"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

SCENE V.—*The wood before CLORIN's bower : CLORIN discovered sitting in the bower ; AMORET sitting on one side of her, ALEXIS and CLOE on the other ; the Satyr standing by.*

*Clo.* Shepherd, once more your blood is staid :  
 Take example by this maid,  
 Who is heal'd ere you be pure ;  
 So hard it is lewd lust to cure.  
 Take heed, then, how you turn your eye  
 On this other<sup>s</sup> lustfully.—  
 And, shepherdess, take heed lest you  
 Move his willing eye thereto :  
 Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile  
 Of yours, his weaker sense beguile.—  
 Is your love yet true and chaste,  
 And for ever so to last ?

*Alex.* I have forgot all vain desires,  
 All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires :  
 True love I find a pleasant fume,  
 Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

*Cloe.* And I a new fire feel in me,  
 Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.

*Clo.* Join your hands with modest touch,  
 And for ever keep you such.

*Enter PERIGOT.*

*Peri.* Yon is her cabin : thus far off I'll stand,  
 And call her forth ; for my unhallow'd hand  
 I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—  
 Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace  
 To a poor swain.

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* What art thou that dost call ?  
 Clorin is ready to do good to all :  
 Come near.

<sup>s</sup> *this other*] i. e., of course, *Cloe*. The three earliest 4tos. have "these other"; which the Editors of 1778 and Weber gave. The later 4tos. and folio 1679 have "each other"; and so Seward.

*Peri.* I dare not.

*Clo.* Satyr, see

Who it is that calls on me.

*Sat.* [*coming from the bower.*] There, at hand, some  
swain doth stand,

Stretching out a bloody hand.

*Peri.* Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,  
To wash my hand.

*Clo.* [*coming out.*] What wonders have been here  
To-night ! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain ;  
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain  
Holy water.

*Peri.* Still you pour,  
But my hand will never scour.

*Clo.* Satyr, bring him to the bower :  
We will try the sovereign power  
Of other waters.

*Sat.* Mortal, sure,  
'Tis the blood of maiden pure  
That stains thee so.

*The Satyr leads him to the bower, where, seeing AMORET, he kneels  
down before her.*

*Peri.* Whate'er thou be,  
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,  
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,  
Pardon poor Perigot !

*Amo.* I am thy love,  
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love :  
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove  
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,  
How soon could I my former griefs forget !

*Peri.* So over-great with joy that you live, now  
I am, that no desire of knowing how  
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive ?

*Amo.* Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live :  
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone  
Astray from me !

*Peri.* And when thou lov'st alone,

And not I [thee<sup>t</sup>], death, or some lingering pain  
That's worse, light on me !

*Clo.* Now your stain  
Perhaps will cleanse thee ; once again<sup>u</sup>.  
See, the blood that erst did stay,  
With the water drops away.  
All the powers again are pleas'd,  
And with this new knot are<sup>v</sup> appeas'd.  
Join your hands, and rise together :  
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither !

*Enter Priest of Pan and Old Shepherd.*

Go back again, whate'er thou art ; unless  
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press  
This hallow'd ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,  
And give him present trial.

*Sat.* Mortal, stand,  
Till by fire I have made known  
Whether thou be such a one  
That mayst freely tread this place.  
Hold thy hand up.—Never was  
[*Applying the Priest's hand to the taper.*  
More untainted flesh than this.  
Fairest, he is full of bliss.

*Clo.* Then, boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place ?

*Priest.* First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,  
Where all good dwells that is ; next, for to try  
The truth of late report was given to me,—  
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance  
Through much neglect and more ill governance,

<sup>t</sup> *thee*] "Was properly, but silently, introduced in the modern copies." WEBER.

<sup>u</sup> *Perhaps will cleanse thee ; once again*] "This is the reading of the old [the three oldest] quartos : [the 4tos. of 1656, 1665, and] the folio of 1679 say, 'This *perhaps will cleanse again*' ; which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books ; and though the construction, according to the usage of our author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious." Ed. 1778.

<sup>v</sup> *are*] Omitted in folio 1679,—rightly perhaps.

Whether the wounds they have may yet endure  
 The open air, or stay a longer cure ;  
 And lastly, what the doom may be shall light  
 Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite  
 All this confusion fell ; for to this place,  
 Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race<sup>v</sup>  
 Of these offenders, who have freely told  
 Both why and by what means they gave this bold  
 Attempt upon their lives.

*Clo.* Fume all the ground,  
 And sprinkle holy water, for unsound  
 And foul infection 'gins to fill the air :  
 It gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair  
 [ *The Satyr fumes the ground, &c.*  
 Of censers fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,  
 Together with cold camphire : quickly stir  
 Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins  
 To sweat and labour with th' abhorrèd sins  
 Of those offenders : let them not come nigh,  
 For full of itching flame and leprosy  
 Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,  
 And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black  
 And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,  
 Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste  
 These manlike monsters ; let them never more  
 Be known upon these downs, but, long before  
 The next sun's rising, put them from the sight  
 And memory of every honest wight :  
 Be quick in expedition, lest the sores  
 Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[ *Exit Priest of Pan.*

*Peri.* My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are  
 Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar  
 Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong  
 For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong !

<sup>v</sup> *the race*] Altered by Seward to "a brace"; and so the Editors of 1778 !



How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,  
How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart,  
For it is justly mine.

*Amo.* I do believe:

It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,  
And let us once more, in despite of ill,  
Give hands and hearts again.

*Peri.* With better will  
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day  
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay  
My eager thirst. May this band never break!  
Hear us, oh, Heaven!

*Amo.* Be constant.

*Peri.* Else Pan wreak  
With double vengeance my disloyalty!  
Let me not dare to know the company  
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!

*Amo.* Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy<sup>w</sup> dies.

*Re-enter Priest of Pan.*

*Priest.* Bright maid, I have perform'd your will. The swain  
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign  
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace:  
Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face  
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall  
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall  
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,  
Which I dare promise; once again upraise  
Her heavy spirit, that near drown'd lies  
In self-consuming care that never dies.

*Clo.* I am content to pardon; call her in.—

[*Priest of Pan brings in AMARILLIS.*

The air grows cool again, and doth begin  
To purge itself: how bright the day doth shew  
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,  
And with this taper boldly try her hand:  
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand

<sup>w</sup> *envy*] i. e. ill-will.

To be so still, we have perform'd a work  
Worthy the gods themselves.

*Sat.* Come forward, maiden ; do not lurk,  
Nor hide your face with grief and shame ;  
Now or never get a name  
That may raise thee, and re-cure  
All thy life that was impure.  
Hold your hand unto the flame :  
If thou be'st a perfect dame,  
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,  
This pale fire will be thy friend.—

[*Applies her hand to the taper.*]

See, the taper hurts her not.  
Go thy ways ; let never spot  
Henceforth seize upon thy blood :  
Thank the gods, and still be good.

*Cl.* Young shepherdess, now you are brought again  
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain  
To thy last day, unless the faithful love  
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove ;  
Then labour to be true to him, and live  
As such a one that ever strives to give  
A blessèd memory to after-time ;  
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—  
Now, holy man, I offer up again  
These patients, full of health and free from pain :  
Keep them from after-ills ; be ever near  
Unto their actions ; teach them how to clear  
The tedious way they pass through from suspect ;  
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect  
Of duty in themselves ; correct the blood  
With thrifty bits<sup>x</sup> and labour ; let the flood,  
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy  
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree  
That hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,  
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,

<sup>x</sup> bits] “i. e. morsels.” WEBER.

Be ever known of shepherds ; have a care,  
 Thou man of holy life ! Now do not spare  
 Their faults through much remissness, nor forget  
 To cherish him whose many pains and sweat  
 Hath given increase and added to the downs ;  
 Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns  
 That feed their heifers in the budded brooms <sup>y</sup> ;  
 Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms  
 May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth ;  
 Banish all compliment, but single truth,  
 From every tongue and every shepherd's heart ;  
 Let them still use persuading, but no art.  
 Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these  
 All the best goods and comforts that may please.

*All.* And all those blessings <sup>z</sup> Heaven did ever give,  
 We pray upon this bower may ever live.

*Priest.* Kneel, every shepherd, whilst <sup>a</sup> with powerful hand  
 I bless your after-labours, and the land  
 You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you  
 From misfortune, and amend you ;  
 Keep you from those dangers still  
 That are follow'd by your will ;  
 Give ye means to know at length,  
 All your riches, all your strength,  
 Cannot keep your foot from falling  
 To lewd lust, that still is calling

<sup>y</sup> ———the lazy clowns

*That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.*] “ This instance of laziness is taken from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar*, February :

‘ So loytring live you, little heardgroomes,  
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes.’” SEWARD.

Here (as Mr. Darley remarks, *Introd. to the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xii.) Spenser imitates Chaucer :

“ As haue these little heard gromes,  
 That keepen beasts in the bromes.”

*House of Fame*, B. iii. *Workes*. fol. 267, ed. 1602.

<sup>z</sup> *And all those blessings, &c.*] “ In the third edition, this speech is given to *Alexis* singly, and continued so in the later copies.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>a</sup> *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to “ while ”.

At your cottage, till his power  
 Bring again that golden hour  
 Of peace and rest to every soul ;  
 May his care of you controul  
 All diseases, sores, or pain,  
 That in after-time may reign  
 Either in your flocks or you ;  
 Give ye all affections new,  
 New desires, and tempers new,  
 That ye may be ever true !

Now rise, and go ; and, as ye pass away,  
 Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay  
 That honest Dorus<sup>b</sup> taught ye,—Dorus, he  
 That was the soul and god of melody.

[*They sing the following song, and strew the ground  
 with flowers.*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
 All ye virtues and ye powers  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
     Move your feet  
     To our sound,  
     Whilst we greet  
     All this ground  
 With his honour and his name  
 That defends our flocks<sup>c</sup> from blame.

<sup>b</sup> *honest Dorus, &c.*] “ This fine eulogy on some poet beloved and almost adored by our author, I take to have been meant of Spenser for these reasons. He seems to speak of one who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before *The Faithful Shepherdess* was published. This answers to none so well as Spenser, he and Shakespeare being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our author ; but the latter lived some years after the publication of this piece: In the next place, as he had just before taken an expression from Spenser, so he greatly imitates his manner in the following song, and inserts one expression of his in it literally :

——— *Daffadillies,*  
*Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,*  
*Let us sing, &c.*

which Spenser had thus expressed, *Shepherd's Calendar*, April ;

“ Strowe mee the grounde with daffadowndillies,  
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies.” SEWARD.

<sup>c</sup> *flocks*] Weber chose to print “ flock ”.

He is great, and he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,  
 Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,  
     Let us fling,  
     Whilst we sing,  
     Ever holy,  
     Ever holy,  
 Ever honour'd, ever young !  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt all except CLORIN and Satyr.*]

*Sat.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
 Thou most powerful maid and whitest,  
 Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,  
 Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd,  
 Like Apollo ; tell me, sweetest <sup>d</sup>,  
 What new service now is meetest  
 For the Satyr ? Shall I stray  
 In the middle air <sup>e</sup>, and stay

<sup>d</sup> *tell me, sweetest, &c.*] “ This, and the following lines, as Mr. Henley observes, are [imitated] from the well-known speech of Ariel in the *Tempest* :

—‘ I come

To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
 On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding task  
 Ariel and all his quality.’” WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *Shall I stray*

*In the middle air, &c.*] “ The character of the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* is this Satyr under another shape and name. The Satyr in the third act is sent by Pan to guide aright the wandering shepherds, and to protect virtue in distress :

‘ But to my charge. Here must I stay,  
 To see what mortals lose their way,’ &c.

The Attendant Spirit has much the same office ; he is sent by Jupiter to protect the virtuous against the enchantments of *Comus* :

‘ Therefore when any, favour'd of high Jove,’ &c.

When they have finished their office, they both give the same account of their power and velocity. In imitation of the lines now referred to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first speech,

(‘ I must go, I must run,  
 Swifter than the fiery sun.’)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience ;

The sailing rack<sup>f</sup>, or nimbly take  
 Hold by the moon, and gently make  
 Suit to the pale queen of night  
 For a beam to give thee light?  
 Shall I dive into the sea,  
 And bring thee coral, making way  
 Through the rising waves that fall  
 In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
 Of many colours? get thee fruit,  
 Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?  
 All these I'll venture for, and more,  
 To do her service all these woods adore.

‘ But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.’

The two first and the two last of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher. - - - - The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the dramatic pastoral, but I cannot, upon examination, find that Fletcher has borrowed a single sentiment or expression from any of them, except the name of *The Faithful Shepherdess* from the *Pastor Fido*.” SEWARD.

“The character of Corisca, in the pastoral of Guarini, seems however to have been the prototype of the wanton Cloe, as has been observed before.” WEBER.

At the conclusion of Seward's notes on this drama, I must express my belief that he was indebted to the memoranda of Theobald (who was then deceased) for the various passages of Theocritus which he has cited. Seward's acquaintance with Greek was, I apprehend, but very slight: Theobald, on the other hand, had an extensive and critical knowledge of ancient literature.

<sup>f</sup> *The sailing rack*] “‘The winds in the upper regions,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*), and are not perceived below, pass without noise.’” REED,—who cites here other passages from Steevens's notes on Shakespeare. *Rack*, as Tooke first shewed, is properly—vapour, steam, exhalation (that which is *reeked*); see Richardson (*Dict. in v.*), who observes that “The commentators [on Shakespeare] have fallen into the common mistake of including a meaning expressed by the context in their explanation of the word; and were thus entirely diverted from its etymology, and consequently from its intrinsic signification.”

*Clo.* No other service, Satyr, but thy watch  
About these thicks <sup>g</sup>, lest harmless people catch  
Mischief or sad mischance.

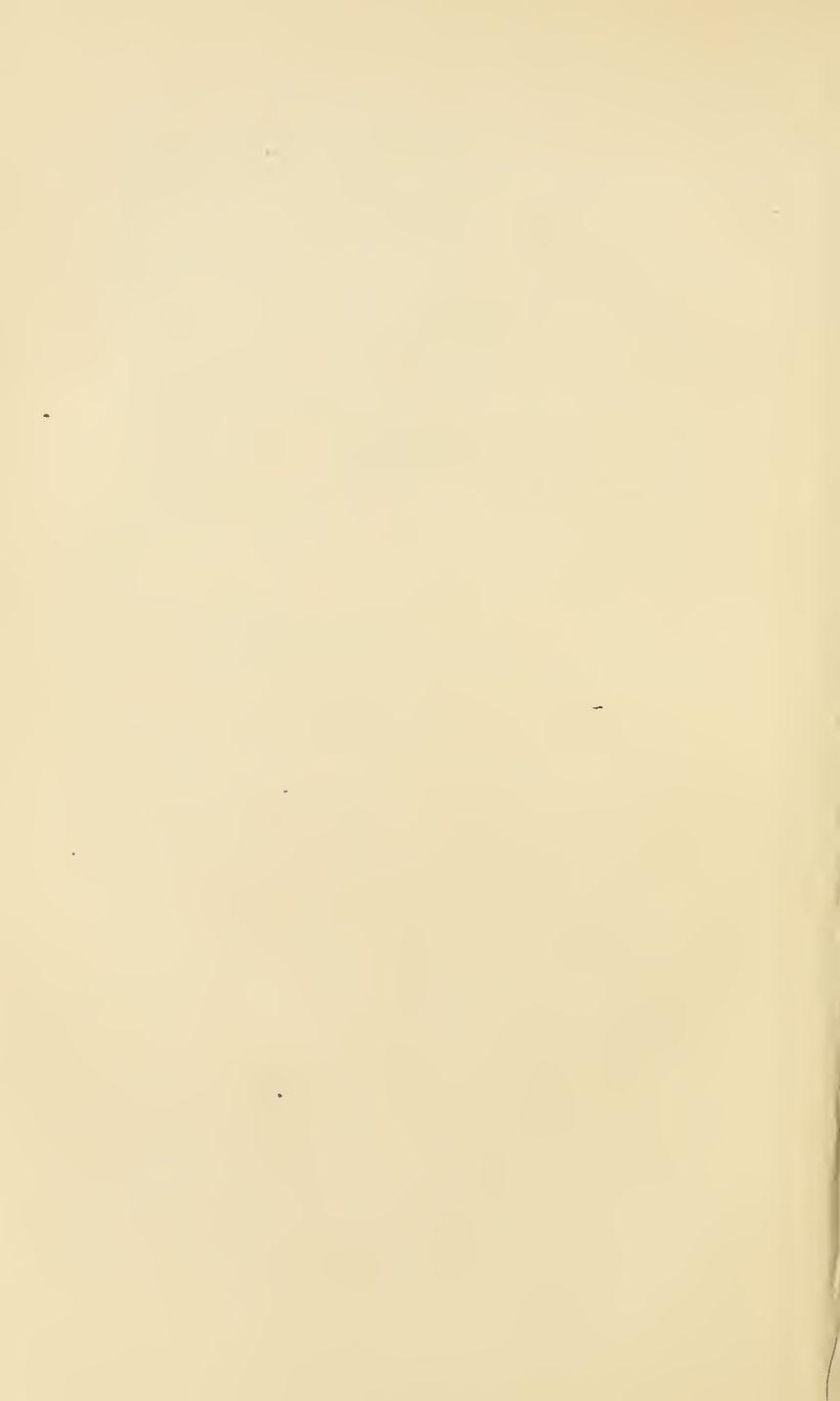
*Sat.* Holy virgin, I will dance  
Round about these woods as quick  
As the breaking light, and prick <sup>h</sup>  
Down the lawns and down the vales  
Faster than the windmill-sails.  
So I take my leave, and pray  
All the comforts of the day,  
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send  
On the earth, may still befriend  
Thee and this arbour !

*Clo.* And to thee  
All thy master's love be free !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>g</sup> *thicks*] i. e. thickets. So the two earliest  *Quartos*. Later eds. "thickets ;"  
and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>h</sup> *prick*] i. e. spur, speed.





THE  
KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

*Quod si*

*Judicium subtile, videndis artibus illud*

*Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares :*

*Bæotum in crasso iurares aëre natum.*

*Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.*

*London, Printed for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard. 1613, 4to.*

*The Knight of the Burning Pestle. Full of Mirth and Delight.*

Written by { Francis Beaumont,  
and  
John Fletcher. } *Gent.*

*As it is now acted by her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury lane. 1635.*

————— *Quod si, &c.* [as above].

*London: Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635. 4to.*

Another quarto, with a title-page letter for letter the same as that last given, but with some slight variations of text, appeared in 1635.

In the folio of 1679.

THIS comedy, as Malone observes (*Supplement to Shakespeare*, i. 194), appears to have been produced in 1611; for Burre in the Dedication to the first 4to., 1613, declares that he had “fostered it privately in his bosom these two years,” and that it was the “elder of *Don Quixote* above a year,”—meaning doubtless the translation of that work by Shelton, which was published in 1612.

Whether *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher, or written by one of them without the assistance of the other, remains a matter of dispute. Burre in the Dedication just cited speaks of its “parents,” and afterwards more than once of its “father<sup>a</sup>.” In the two 4tos. of 1635 the names of both poets stand on the title-page; but the Address to the Readers mentions “the author”; and a passage towards the end of the Prologue,—“mistaking the authors intention<sup>b</sup>,”—leaves us uncertain whether “authors” is to be understood as a singular or plural genitive. Malone notices the play as a joint work; *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 170. Weber says, that “the authority for ascribing it to a single author, who is most likely to have been Fletcher, seems to be the stronger.” If it was really written in the short space of eight days, as Burre informs us, the probability perhaps would be that it was not the effort of a single pen.

The author, or authors, of this comedy are under considerable obligations to *Don Quixote*, which, before the year 1611, must have been well known in England, where the Spanish language had become a fashionable study. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was evidently written to ridicule the extravagances of the earlier stage, the satire being more particularly levelled at a celebrated piece by Heywood—*The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Ierusalem. As it hath bene diuerse times Acted, at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.* That curious

<sup>a</sup> Weber remarks, “it is not improbable that in the former term he includes Robert Keyzar,” whom he is addressing. That Keyzar is not included in the term “parents” is quite clear.

<sup>b</sup> The Prologue is borrowed from Lilly; but these words are an addition to it: see p. 129.

drama, which, though not printed till 1615<sup>c</sup>, was acted about the close of the preceding century, may be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vi. last ed.; and is occasionally referred to in the notes on the present comedy. Warton and others have supposed that Heywood's play "is a mixture of the droll and serious"; but, says Gifford, "nothing is clearer than that Heywood was quite serious. He lived indeed to redeem his absurdities, and to write in a nobler strain: but when he drew up this strange piece, which yet was long a favourite with the people, he was, as he tells us himself, 'in the infancy of his judgment' and 'in his first practice', and he adds, as his best 'excuse' for his play, that 'as plays were then some fifteen or sixteen years ago, both the plot and style of it were in fashion.'" Note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 31. According to Weber, a second object of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was to satirize the city, and it was condemned on its first representation in consequence of the anger of the citizens and apprentices. That it was then damned is at least certain: "the world," says Burre, "for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brain), utterly rejected it."

Many years seem to have elapsed before it was revived. The two 4tos. of 1635<sup>d</sup> set it forth "as *now* acted at the Private house in Drury lane." In Sir Henry Herbert's *MSS.* we find "The 28 Feb. [1635-6] The Knight of the Burning Pestle playd by the Q.[een's] men at St. James." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 233. From that period until the suppression of the theatres, it appears to have been occasionally performed. Soon after the Restoration, it was again brought upon the stage: "this Play," says Langbaine, "was in vogue some years since, it being reviv'd by the King's House, and a new Prologue (instead of the old One in prose) being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 210<sup>e</sup>.

<sup>c</sup> Weber follows Warton and others in giving the wrong date, 1612, to the first ed. of Heywood's play.

<sup>d</sup> As a proof of the popularity of the comedy at the time, Weber cites the following passage from Richard Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, first acted in 1635:—

"*Rebecca*.—I long to see a play, and above all playes, The Knight of the Burning—— what dee' call't?

*Monylacke*. The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

*Rebecca*. Pestle is it? I thought of another thing; but I would faine see it. They say there 's a Grocer's boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizens wife the daintielist—but I would faine see their best Actor doe me; I would so put him too't; they should find another thing in handling of mee, I warrant 'em." Sig. C. 4 ed. 1640.

<sup>e</sup> Langbaine adds that "the bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the Stage, was possibly in imitation of Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*": but that drama was not produced till 1625.

TO HIS MANY WAYS ENDEARED FRIEND, MASTER  
ROBERT KEYSAR †.

SIR,

This unfortunate child, who in eight days (as lately I have learned) was begot and born, soon after was by his parents (perhaps because he was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who, for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brain), utterly rejected it: so that, for want of acceptance, it was even ready to give up the ghost, and was in danger to have been smothered in perpetual oblivion, if you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not been moved both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your judgment, understanding, and singular love to good wits. You afterwards sent it to me, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged: I have fostered it privately in my bosom these two years; and now, to shew my love, return it to you, clad in good lasting clothes, which scarce memory will wear out, and able to speak for itself; and withal, as it telleth me, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where, if yet it be welcome, father, foster-father, nurse, and child, all have their desired end. If it be slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a younger brother, who shall revenge his quarrel, and challenge the world either of fond<sup>g</sup> and merely literal interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to be of the race of Don Quixote: we both may confidently swear it is his elder above a year; and therefore may (by

† *To his many ways endeared friend, Master Robert Keysar*] This Dedication is found only in 4to. 1613. It was first reprinted by Weber,—and incorrectly.

<sup>g</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

virtue of his birthright) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their adventures, and I hope the breaking of one staff will make them friends; and perhaps they will combine themselves, and travel through the world to seek their adventures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and myself to your love. Your assured friend,

W. B[URRE].

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TO THE READERS OF THIS COMEDY <sup>h</sup>.

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GENTLEMEN, the world is so nice in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for music (which is a rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet, none but the French kickshaws <sup>i</sup> that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say: that the author had no intent to wrong any one in this comedy; but, as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

<sup>h</sup> *To the Readers of this comedy*] In the two 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679.

<sup>i</sup> *kickshaws*] Old eds. "Kickshoes"; which I notice because the Editors of 1778 chose to print "*quelque chose*."

## PROLOGUE<sup>j</sup>.

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WHERE the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all<sup>k</sup> other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that, seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a<sup>l</sup> great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish, to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with unevill habits, or courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or *mistaking the authors*<sup>m</sup> *intention*, (*who never aimed at any one particular in this play*), to make our cheeks blush. *And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure*<sup>n</sup>, to like or dislike. VALE.

<sup>j</sup> *Prologue*] In the two 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679. It is nothing more than the "Prologue at the Black fryers" to Lilly's *Sapho and Phao*, with a few very slight alterations, a few additions (which are now distinguished by Italics), and the omission of the concluding sentence, which is as follows: "The Gryffyon neuer spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sick feathers: yet haue we ventured to present our exercise beefore your iudgements, when we know them full of weak matter, yeelding rather ourselues to the curtesie which we haue euer found, then to the precisenesse which wee ought to feare." *Sapho and Phao*, first printed in 1584, had been re-published together with other five plays of Lilly in a volume entitled *Sixe Court Comedies*, 1632: Weber erroneously states that it had been represented at court in 1633.

<sup>k</sup> *all*] Weber printed "all the."

<sup>l</sup> *a*] Probably an error of the transcriber: the original has "as."

<sup>m</sup> *authors*] See p. 125.

<sup>n</sup> *ecensure*] i. e. opinion, judgment.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Speaker of the Prologue.

A Citizen.

His Wife.

RALPH, his apprentice.

Boys.

VENTUREWELL °, a merchant.

HUMPHREY.

MERRYTHOUGHT.

JASPER, } his sons.  
MICHAEL, }

TIM, } apprentices.  
GEORGE, }

Host. †

Tapster.

Barber.

Three Men, supposed captives.

Sergeant.

WILLIAM HAMMERTON.

GEORGE GREENGOOSE.

Soldiers, and Attendants.

LUCE, daughter to VENTUREWELL.

MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT.

Woman, supposed a captive.

POMPIONA, daughter to the king of  
Moldavia.

SCENE, *London and the neighbouring country, excepting act iv. scene ii., where  
it is in Moldavia.*

° *Venturewell*] Old eds. "A rich Merchant." "The name of this character is mentioned to be *Venterwels*, and it has been thought better to distinguish him by it throughout." WEBER,—who, strangely enough, did not perceive that in the passage to which he alludes—"We'll go to Master *Venterwels*, the merchant," (Act iii. sc. 5)—"*Venterwels*" means the house of *Venterwel*, and that the name in modern spelling should be *Venturewell*.



THE  
KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

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INDUCTION.

*Several Gentlemen sitting on stools upon the stage<sup>p</sup>. The Citizen,  
his Wife, and RALPH, sitting below among the audience.*

*Enter Speaker of the Prologue.*

S. of Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's  
great  
Within the compass of the city-walls,  
We now have brought our scene——*

*Citizen leaps on the stage.*

*Cit.* Hold your peace, goodman boy!

*S. of Prol.* What do you mean, sir?

*Cit.* That you have no good meaning: this seven years  
there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you  
have still girds<sup>q</sup> at citizens; and now you call your play *The  
London Merchant*<sup>r</sup>. Down with your title, boy! down with  
your title!

*S. of Prol.* Are you a member of the noble city?

<sup>p</sup> *Several gentlemen sitting on stools upon the stage.*] “The practice  
of accommodating gallants with seats on the stage, is often alluded to in old  
plays; and they commonly paid from sixpence to a shilling for a stool.”  
WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> *girds*] i. e. strokes of satire, taunts, scoffs.

<sup>r</sup> *The London Merchant*] Written by Ford. Though entered on the Sta-  
tioners' Books, June 29th, 1660, it appears never to have been printed. It was  
one of the MS. plays destroyed by Warburton's cook.

*Cit.* I am.

*S. of Prol.* And a freeman?

*Cit.* Yea, and a grocer.

*S. of Prol.* So, grocer, then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

*Cit.* No, sir! yes, sir: if you were not resolved to play the Jacks<sup>o</sup>, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with *The Legend of Whittington*<sup>p</sup>, or *The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange*<sup>q</sup>, or *The story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks*<sup>r</sup>?

*S. of Prol.* You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do, sir?

*Cit.* Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

*S. of Prol.* Why, what do you say to *The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the repairing of Fleet-privies*<sup>s</sup>?

<sup>o</sup> *the Jacks*] Equivalent to—insolent, mocking fellows: the name *Jack* is often used as a familiar term of contempt.

<sup>p</sup> *The Legend of Whittington*] “This play was probably never printed; but [was] entered on the Stationers’ Books, Feb. 8, 1604, with the following title, *The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrthe, his great fortune, as yt was played by the Prynce’s Servants.*” WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> *The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange*] Means certainly (Weber says “probably”) a drama by Heywood, entitled *If you know not me, You know nobody. The Second Part. With the building of the Royall Exchange. And the famous Victory of Queen Elizabeth: anno 1588,*” first printed in 1606. (Weber says in 1605; but that is the date of *The First Part* of the play.)

<sup>r</sup> *The story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks*] An allusion doubtless (Weber says “probably”) to *The Famous Chronicle of king Edward the first, surnamed Edward Longshankes, with his returne from the holy land. Also the life of Llevellen rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith,* first printed in 1593: it was written by Peele, and may be found in my ed. of his *Works*, vol. i. “*The rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks*” is added in jest.

<sup>s</sup> *The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the repairing of Fleet-privies*] “This probably likewise refers to a contemporary play, though I have not met with any other allusion to it.” WEBER. There could have been no such drama: the title is merely a jocose invention.

*Cit.* I do not like that ; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

*S. of Prol.* Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since ; our play is ready to begin now.

*Cit.* 'Tis all one for that ; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

*S. of Prol.* What will you have him do ?

*Cit.* Marry, I will have him——

*Wife.* [*below.*] Husband, husband !

*Ralph.* [*below.*] Peace, mistress.

*Wife.* [*below.*] Hold thy peace, Ralph ; I know what I do, I warrant ye.—Husband, husband !

*Cit.* What sayst thou, cony ?

*Wife.* [*below.*] Let him kill a lion with a pestle<sup>1</sup>, husband ! let him kill a lion with a pestle !

*Cit.* So he shall.—I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle.

*Wife.* [*below.*] Husband ! shall I come up, husband ?

*Cit.* Ay, cony.—Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room.—I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife : I thank you, sir.—So.

[*Wife comes on the stage.*]

*Wife.* By your leave, gentlemen all ; I'm something troublesome : I'm a stranger here ; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before ; but I should have seen *Jane Shore*<sup>u</sup> once ;

<sup>1</sup> *Let him kill a lion with a pestle*] In Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, (see p. 125.) Charles says,—

“ Since first I bore this shield, I quarter'd it  
With this Red Lion, whom I singly once  
Slew in the forest.”

Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vi. 464. last ed.

In a ballad entitled *The Honour of a London Prentice*, &c., the said prentice kills two lions, which by order of the “king of Turkey” were “prepared” to devour him,—tearing out their hearts, and throwing them at the king ! *Ballads, Brit. Mus.* 643, m.

<sup>u</sup> *Jane Shore*] Probably, says Reed, *The First and Second Parts of King Edward the Fourth* by Heywood : and Weber mentions *The Tragedie of Richard the Third*, in which also she is introduced. But “*Jane Shore*” undoubtedly means some drama, which bore that title ; and which is not extant. In January 1601-2, Chettle and Day were paid forty shillings by Henslowe in

and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to *The Bold Beauchamps*<sup>v</sup>, but in truth he did not. I pray you, bear with me.

*Cit.* Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools; and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

[*Stools are brought.*]

*S. of Prol.* But, sir, we have never a boy to play him; every one hath a part already.

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remembered, wife.—Come up, Ralph.—I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of repanel and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged. [*Ralph comes on the stage.*]

*Wife.* I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of repanel.—I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes!" to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do, Ralph, do.

order that the "booke [play] of *Shoare*" might be "newly written"; see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 91: and the play of *Shore* is mentioned in a metrical tract entitled *Pivalyco, or Runne Red-cap*, 1609, (to which Weber on very doubtful authority gives the date of 1596).

<sup>v</sup> *The Bold Beauchamps*] Was a drama, produced before 1600, which is repeatedly noticed by our early writers. It is not extant. According to the author of the false *Second Part of Hudibras*, 1663, canto 1, it was the work of Heywood.—"As bold as Beauchamp" is a proverbial expression, said to have originated in the valour of Thomas, first Earl of Warwick of that name, "who (Ray tells us, after Fuller), in the year 1346, with one squire and six archers, fought in hostile manner with an hundred armed men, at Hogges in Normandy, and overthrew them, slaying sixty Normans, and giving the whole fleet means to land." *Proverbs*, p. 218. ed. 1768.

Ralph. *By heaven, methinks,* <sup>w</sup> *it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;  
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,  
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.*

Cit. How say you, gentlemen? is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before <sup>x</sup>, my husband says, Mucedorus <sup>y</sup>, before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager <sup>z</sup>.

S. of Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph; and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me. [Exit Ralph.

Wife. I warrant, our Ralph will look finely when he's dressed.

S. of Prol. But what will you have it called?

Cit. *The Grocers' Honour.*

S. of Prol. Methinks *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* were better.

<sup>w</sup> *By heaven, methinks, &c.*] "This speech (with very little variation) is taken from Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV. [Act 1. sc. 3]." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>x</sup> *before*] Perhaps crept into the text by a mistake of the original compositor.

<sup>y</sup> *Mucedorus*] A character in a very popular and foolish drama, first printed in 1598. The title of the earliest ed. which I have seen is as follows: *A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus the Kings sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the Kinges daughter of Arragon, with the merrie conceites of Mouse. Newly set foorth, as it hath bin sundry times playde in the honorable Cittie of London. Very delectable, and full of mirth.* 1606.

<sup>z</sup> *played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager*] Jeronimo is a character in two plays by Kyd,—*The First Part of Jeronimo*, not printed till 1605, and *The Spanish Tragedie, or Hieronimo is mad againe*, of which the earliest extant edition is dated 1599, the later impressions of it containing additional scenes and speeches from the pen of Jonson: both pieces may be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. last ed. Here, however, the Citizen alludes to *The Spanish Tragedy*, which was often called *Jeronimo*: it was by far the more celebrated of the two, and, though unmercifully ridiculed by our early dramatists, it evinces that Kyd, with all his extravagance, was a writer of no ordinary power.

To play a part for a wager was not uncommon. See, for instance, a letter concerning a wager that Alleyn would equal his predecessors Knell and Bentley in some character which they had performed; Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 335.

*Wife.* I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

*Cit.* Let it be so.—Begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

*S. of Prol.* I pray you, do.

*Cit.* What stately music have you? you have shawms<sup>a</sup>?

*S. of Prol.* Shawms! no.

*Cit.* No! I'm a thief, if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

*S. of Prol.* So you are like to be.

*Cit.* Why, and so I will be: there's two shillings [*gives money*]; let's have the waits of Southwark; they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

*S. of Prol.* You shall have them. Will you sit down, then?

*Cit.* Ay.—Come, wife.

*Wife.* Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease. [*Citizen and Wife sit down.*]

*S. of Prol.* *From all that's near the court, from all that's great  
Within the compass of the city-walls,  
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence—  
All private taxes<sup>b</sup>, immodest<sup>c</sup> phrases,  
Whatever may but shew like vicious!  
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,  
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.—*

Thus much for that<sup>d</sup> we do; but for Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.

*Cit.* Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you. [*Exit Speaker of Prologue.*]

*Wife.* I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

<sup>a</sup> *shawms*] The shawm, or shalm, was a sort of pipe, resembling a hautboy, with a swelling protuberance in the middle: see the woodcut in Singer's note on Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 178, ed. 1827.

<sup>b</sup> *private taxes*] i. e. charges, censures on individuals.

<sup>c</sup> *immodest*] The modern editors, for the metre, print "all *immodest*."

<sup>d</sup> *that*] Altered by Weber to "what."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of VENTUREWELL.*

---

*Enter VENTUREWELL and JASPER.*

*Vent.* Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my prentice,  
And whom my charitable love redeem'd  
Even from the fall of fortune ; gave thee heat  
And growth, to be what now thou art, new-cast thee ;  
Adding the trust of all I have, at home,  
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,  
To thy direction ; tied the good opinions  
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours ;  
So fair were thy beginnings. But with these,  
As I remember, you had never charge  
To love your master's daughter, and even then  
When I had found a wealthy husband for her ;  
I take it, sir, you had not ; but, however,  
I'll break the neck of that commission,  
And make you know you are but a merchant's factor.

*Jasp.* Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,  
Bound both by love and duty to your service,  
In which my labour hath been all my profit :  
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted  
To wear your honest gains upon my back ;  
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,  
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock ;  
These, and the miseries that do attend them,  
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers  
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,  
If there be any love to my deservings  
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it ;

Nor am I able to refrain her wishes,  
 She's private to herself, and best of knowledge  
 Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for :  
 Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her  
 Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,  
 One that hath little left of nature in him.

*Vent.* 'Tis very well, sir : I can tell your wisdom  
 How all this shall be cur'd.

*Jasp.* Your care becomes you.

*Vent.* And thus it shall<sup>e</sup> be, sir : I here discharge you  
 My house and service ; take your liberty ;  
 And when I want a son, I'll send for you. [*Exit.*

*Jasp.* These be the fair rewards of them that love !  
 Oh, you that live in freedom, never prove  
 The travail of a mind led by desire !

*Enter* LUCE.

*Luce.* Why, how now, friend ? struck with my father's  
 thunder !

*Jasp.* Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy  
 Be full of speed and virtue ; I am now,  
 What I expected long, no more your father's.

*Luce.* But mine.

*Jasp.* But yours, and only yours, I am ;  
 That's all I have to keep me from the statute.  
 You dare be constant still ?

*Luce.* Oh, fear me not !

In this I dare be better than a woman :  
 Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,  
 Were they both equal to a prince's power.

*Jasp.* You know my rival !

*Luce.* Yes, and love him dearly ;  
 Even as I love an ague or foul weather :  
 I prithee, Jasper, fear him not.

*Jasp.* Oh, no !

I do not mean to do him so much kindness.

<sup>e</sup> *shall*] Weber gave with the first 4to. "must."



But to our own desires<sup>f</sup>: you know the plot  
We both agreed on?

*Luce.* Yes, and will perform

My part exactly.

*Jasp.* I desire no more.

Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.

*Luce.* I take it;

He must do miracles makes me forsake it. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Cit.* Fie upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now!  
Well, I'll be hanged for a half-penny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well, let 'em look to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing—

*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a' God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are.—I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

*Boy.* He will be presently.

*Wife.* Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal carry him this stick of liquorice: tell him his mistress sent it him, and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, say. [*Exit Boy.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the house of VENTUREWELL.*

*Enter VENTUREWELL and HUMPHREY.*

*Vent.* Come, sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;  
You have my hand: for other idle lets<sup>g</sup>  
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind  
They are scatter'd and no more. My wanton prentice,  
That like a bladder blew himself with love,  
I have let out, and sent him to discover  
New masters yet unknown,

*Hum.* I thank you, sir,  
Indeed, I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,  
It shall be known, however you do deem,  
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.

<sup>f</sup> *desires*] “Probably *designs*.” *Ed.* 1778. “The text is perfectly right, being accordant with the language of the age, and meaning, ‘what we ourselves desire to consummate.’” WEBER.

<sup>g</sup> *lets*] “i. e. hindrances.” WEBER.

*Vent.* Oh, sir, I know it certain.

*Hum.* Sir, my friend,

Although, as writers say, all things have end,  
And that we call a pudding hath his two,  
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray, to you,  
If in this bloody simile I put  
My love, more endless than frail things or gut!

*Wife.* *Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.*

*Cit.* *What is it, mouse?*

*Wife.* *Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks and looks, and perts up the head!—I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Master Monceaster's<sup>g</sup> scholars?*

*Cit.* *Chicken, I prithee heartily, contain<sup>h</sup> thyself: the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb——*

*Wife.* *Ay, when Ralph comes, cony!—Well, my youth, you may proceed.*

*Vent.* Well, sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope,  
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's,  
And wed her when you please. You must be bold,  
And clap in close unto her: come, I know  
You have language good enough to win a wench.

*Wife.* *A whoreson tyrant! h'as been an old stringer<sup>i</sup> in's days, I warrant him.*

*Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and withal  
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

*Vent.* What, Luce! within there!

*Enter LUCE.*

*Luce.* Call'd you, sir?

*Vent.* I did:

<sup>g</sup> *Monceaster's*] So one of the 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679. Other eds. "Monkesters". Richard Muleaster was the first head-master of Merchant-Taylors' School from 1561 to 1586. Some notices of dramas performed at court by a company of boys under him may be seen in Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, i. 205-8-9,—where his name is written *Munkester*.

<sup>h</sup> *contain*] i. e. restrain.

<sup>i</sup> *stringer*] "Similar to *striker*, denoting a wench." WEBER.

Give entertainment to this gentleman ;  
 And see you be not froward.—To her, sir :  
 My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.

[*Exit.*

*Hum.* Fair mistress Luce, how do you ? are you well ?  
 Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell  
 How doth your little sister and your brother ;  
 And whether you love me or any other.

*Luce.* Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

*Hum.* So they are,  
 Where women are not cruel. But how far  
 Is it now distant from the place we are in,  
 Unto that blessèd place, your father's warren ?

*Luce.* What makes you think of that, sir ?

*Hum.* Even that face ;  
 For, stealing rabbits whilom in that place,  
 God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,  
 Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,  
 And there began——

*Luce.* Your game, sir.

*Hum.* Let no game,  
 Or any thing that tendeth to the same,  
 Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,  
 For whom I sate me down, and brake my tiller<sup>j</sup>.

*Wife.* *There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you : when will you do as much for me, George ?*

*Luce.* Beshrew me, sir, I am sorry for your losses,  
 But, as the proverb says, I cannot cry :  
 I would you had not seen me !

*Hum.* So would I,  
 Unless you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion<sup>k</sup> be withstood ?  
 Send for a constable, and raise the town.

*Hum.* Oh, no ! my valiant love will batter down

<sup>j</sup> *tiller*] i. e. steel bow, or cross bow ; see note, vol. 1. 234.

<sup>k</sup> *strange passion*] “Simpson says, ‘To send for a *constable and raise a town*, to withstand a *STRANGE passion*, borders seemingly near upon nonsense ;’ he would therefore read, *STRONG passion* : but we see no reason why she may not go from one metaphor to another.” *Ed.* 1778.

Millions of constables, and put to flight  
Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night<sup>1</sup>.

*Luce.* Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yielded, then ;  
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men  
Have no resistance.

*Hum.* Yield, then ; I am full  
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull  
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.  
Look, Lucy, look ; the dog's tooth nor the doves  
Are not so white as these ; and sweet they be,  
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.  
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye  
A beam to this place, and you shall espy  
*F S*, which is to say, my sweetest honey,  
They cost me three and twopence, or no money.

*Luce.* Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you :  
What would you more ?

*Hum.* Nothing.

*Luce.* Why, then, farewell.

*Hum.* Nor so, nor so ; for, lady, I must tell,  
Before we part, for what we met together :  
God grant me time and patience and fair weather !

<sup>1</sup> *that great watch of Midsummer-day at night*] “The setting out of what was called ‘the Midsummer watch’, we should have noticed earlier, as properly belonging to the more ancient class of the companies’ shows already mentioned, but shall describe it here. This was, as we have seen ‘in the Order of the companies for the *Marching Watch*,’ a ceremony of established use in the 6th of Edward IV., and similar directions appear to have been regularly given every succeeding reign. Stow gives a splendid account of this pageant in the reign of Henry VIII., which monarch came purposely with his queen into the city to view it. We shall not again repeat his account, which has been often copied, but merely observe, that the *Marching Watch* was a grand sort of annual military muster of the citizens, embodying all the companies, for the purpose of forming a regular guard for the city during the ensuing year. The emulation for magnificence on this occasion created an expense so great and detrimental that Henry VIII. prohibited the show, and confined the citizens to the merely serviceable and efficient object of the assembling. It was afterwards revived on a more economical plan, and continued under the name of the ‘*Standing Watch*,’ till the force was finally superseded by the *City Trained Bands*, now the *Artillery Company*.’ Herbert’s *Hist. of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*, i. 196.

*Luce.* Speak, and declare your mind in terms so brief.

*Hum.* I shall: then, first and foremost, for relief  
I call to you, if that you can afford it;  
I care not at what price, for, on my word, it  
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me  
More than I'll speak of now; for love hath tost me  
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

*Luce.* Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

*Hum.* I thank you heartily; and, as I say,  
Thus do I still continue without rest,  
I' the morning like a man, at night a beast,  
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,  
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet  
Will bring me presently to that quandary,  
I shall bid all adieu.

*Luce.* Now, by St. Mary,  
That were great pity!

*Hum.* So it were, beshrew me;  
Then, ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.

*Luce.* Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth  
Without my father's grant; get his consent,  
And then you may with<sup>m</sup> assurance try me.

*Hum.* The worshipful your sire will not deny me;  
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,  
"Sweet master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride."

*Luce.* Sweet master Humphrey, then I am content.

*Hum.* And so am I, in truth.

*Luce.* Yet take me with you<sup>n</sup>;  
There is another clause must be annex'd,  
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,  
No man shall ever joy me as his wife  
But he that stole me hence. If you dare venture,  
I am yours (you need not fear; my father loves you);  
If not, farewell for ever!

<sup>m</sup> *with*] Sympton, for the metre, printed "*with full*"; and so his successors.

<sup>n</sup> *take me with you*] i. e. hear me out, understand me fully.

*Hum.* Stay, nymph, stay :  
I have a double-gelding, colour'd bay,  
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind ;  
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,  
Yet true as trusty tree.

*Luce.* I am satisfied ;  
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie  
Through Waltham-forest, where I have a friend  
Will entertain us. So, farewell, Sir Humphrey,  
And think upon your business. [*Exit.*

*Hum.* Though I die,  
I am resolv'd to venture life and limb  
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* *By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather.—Well, go thy ways ; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, i'faith.*

*Cit.* *I prithee, mouse, be patient ; 'a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for't.*

*Wife.* *That's my good lamb, George.—Fie, this stinking tobacco° kills me<sup>p</sup> ! would there were none in England !—Now, I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you ? nothing, I warrant you : make chimneys o' your faces !*

### SCENE III.—*A grocer's shop.*

*Enter RALPH, as a grocer, reading Palmerin of England<sup>q</sup>, with  
TIM and GEORGE.*

*Oh, husband, husband, now, now ! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.*

*Cit.* *Peace, fool ! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph ; do*

° tobacco] Was smoked in all parts of our early theatres ; but the Citizen's Wife is here speaking of that smoked by the gallants, who sat on stools upon the stage, and who used to have pipes and tobacco brought to them by their pages.

<sup>p</sup> me] So Sympson rightly printed "from the conjecture of an unknown friend." Old eds. "men" ; which the later editors absurdly gave.

<sup>q</sup> *Palmerin of England.*] "From the next note it will be seen that this is a mistake, as Ralph reads out of *Palmerin de Oliva* ; but this must either be an inadvertence of the author, or an intentional mistake, as *Palmerin of England* is again mentioned on the next page but one." WEBER.

*not strain yourself too much at the first.—Peace! — Begin, Ralph.*

*Ralph.* [*reads.*] “Then Palmerin and Trineus<sup>r</sup>, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, ‘Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world;’ and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, ‘All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.’” I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer<sup>s</sup>, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

*Wife.* *Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins<sup>t</sup> will come and snatch it from him.*

<sup>r</sup> *Then Palmerin and Trineus, &c.]* “This passage is taken, with some slight variations, from ‘Palmerin D’Oliva, the Mirrour of Nobilitie, Mapped of Honor, Anatomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroicall President of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie, and most accomplished Knight in all Perfections’ 4to. 1588. B. L. p. 131.” REED. The English version of this popular romance was by Anthony Munday, who also translated *Palmerin of England*.

<sup>s</sup> *the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer.]* “These were characters in the celebrated *Especio de Caballerias*, one of the romances condemned by the curate in Don Quixote to the flames. The first part, consisting of two books, and written by Diego Ortunez, was printed in 1562. A second part, also divided into two books, by Pedro de la Sierra, was published in 1580. The third and fourth parts, each consisting of two books, were written by Marcos Martinez. The whole work was translated into English in nine parts, the last printed in 1602, with the title of the *Mirrour of Knighthood*.” WEBER. See note, vol. i. 299.

<sup>t</sup> *ettins]* “The good woman,” says Sympson, “is here a little tautological - - - for ‘giants and ettins’ are giants and giants, *eten* in Saxon signifying so”: but, observes Nares, “as *ettin*, from its etymology, [A. S. *etan*, to eat] implies

Cit. *Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph.*

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. *Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.*

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age: they will call one "the son of a whore," that Palmerin of England would have called "fair sir"; and one that Rosicleer would have called "right beauteous damsel," they will call "damned bitch."

Wife. *I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.*

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses", that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. *Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!*

Wife. *They go finely, by my troth.*

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all

cannibalism, every giant might not deserve the name." *Gloss. in v.*, where he cites the present passage, and one from Cotton's *Scoffer Scoft*,—

"Nay, with a gyant or an ettin."

Weber, after remarking that "the term *ettin* for a giant was very common," informs us that "in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, among other stories told by the shepherds, we have *The Red Ettin of Ireland*": he ought to have said "*the reyde eyttyn vith the thre heydis*" (p. 98, ed. Leyden),—there being no mention in that work of any such *Irish* monster.

"*selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses*] "That is, to houses visited by the plague. Mithridate is well known to have been a composition of a vast variety of herbs, supposed to be a preservative against poison and the plague: the receipt for making it may be found in the old dispensatories. *Dragon's-water* is a ludicrous mistake for *dragon's-blood*, which, as Cotgrave informs us, 'is not, as the ignorant imagine, the blond of a dragon crushed to death by an elephant, but the gumme of the dragon-tree, opened or bruised in the dog-daies.'" WEBER.



the worthy books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle<sup>v</sup>, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Wife. *Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.*

*Ralph.* Tim!

*Tim.* Anon.

*Ralph.* My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle;" and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not, "distressed damsel;" that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys."

Wife. *This is very fine, faith.—Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?*

Cit. *Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.*

*Ralph.* My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking<sup>w</sup>, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* "Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?"

*Ralph.* No, thus: "Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel<sup>x</sup>, or otherwise."

Cit. *Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!*

<sup>v</sup> Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle] "This is in ridicule of Eustace, in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, bearing the Grocers' arms upon his shield." WEBER. See p. 125.

<sup>w</sup> pricking] i. e. spurring, riding briskly.

<sup>x</sup> damsel] So folio 1679. Other eds. "damsels"; and so the modern editors, Sympson excepted.

Wife. *I' faith, and Ralph told him on't before : all the gentlemen heard him.—Did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?*

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. *That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.*

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentice[s], but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle.

[*Exeunt* TIM and GEORGE.

Cit. *Go thy ways, Ralph! As I'm a true man<sup>x</sup>, thou art the best on 'em all.*

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph!*

Ralph. *What say you, mistress?*

Wife. *I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph.*

Ralph. *By and by.*

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.*

*Enter* Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT and JASPER.

*Mist. Mer.* Give thee my blessing! no, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hanged first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts: I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries "A merry heart lives long-a<sup>y</sup>." And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou thinkest to bezzle

<sup>x</sup> *a true man*] "That is, an honest man, generally used in opposition to thief." WEBER.

<sup>y</sup> *A merry heart lives long-a*] Resembles a line in the first verse of "Jog on, jog on the foot-path way," &c., a song printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy*, &c., 1661, p. 73: the first verse of it is sung by Autolyeus in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 2.

that <sup>z</sup>, but thou shalt never be able to do it.—Come hither, Michael!

*Enter* MICHAEL.

Come, Michael, down on thy knees; thou shalt have my blessing.

*Mich.* [*kneels.*] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me.

*Mist. Mer.* God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first: shall he not, Michael? how sayst thou?

*Mich.* Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

*Mist. Mer.* That's a good boy!

*Wife.* *I'faith, it's a fine-spoken child.*

*Jasp.* Mother, though you forget a parent's love, I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return

To have your stock maintain my idleness.

*Wife.* *Ungracious child, I warrant him; hark, how he chops logic with his mother!—Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.*

*Cit.* *If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack<sup>a</sup>.*

*Jasp.* My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, though I never gain it;

And, howsoever you esteem of me,

There is no drop of blood hid in these veins

But, I remember well, belongs to you

That brought me forth, and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

*Mist. Mer.* I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee, God knows; but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

[*Exeunt* JASPER and MICHAEL.]

<sup>z</sup> to bezzle that] i. e. to squander that riotously; properly, in guzzling or drinking: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

<sup>a</sup> halter-sack] "A term equivalent to gallows-bird." WEBER. Meaning, Nares supposes, "that the person so called was doomed to hang upon a halter, like a sack." *Gloss.* in v.

*Mer.* [*singing within.*]

Nose, nose, jolly red nose <sup>b</sup>,  
And who gave thee this jolly red nose ?

*Mist. Mer.* Hark, my husband ! he's singing and hoiting ; and I'm fain to cark and care <sup>c</sup>, and all little enough.—Husband ! Charles ! Charles Merrythought !

*Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.*

*Mer.* [*sings.*]

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves ;  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

*Mist. Mer.* If you would consider your state, you would have little list <sup>d</sup> to sing, i-wis <sup>e</sup>.

*Mer.* It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

*Mist. Mer.* But how wilt thou do, Charles ? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

*Mer.* And will do.

*Mist. Mer.* But how wilt thou come by it, Charles ?

*Mer.* How ! why, how have I done hitherto these forty years ? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and

<sup>b</sup>*Nose, nose, jolly red rose, &c.*] These and the next two lines sung by Merrythought are taken from a song (No. 7.) in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609, beginning,

“ Of all the birds that euer I see,  
the Owle is the fayrest,” &c.

where they stand thus ;

“ Nose, nose, nose, nose,  
and who gaue thee that iolly red nose ?

— — — — —  
“ Sinamont and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloues,  
and that gaue me my iolly red nose.”

<sup>c</sup> *cark and care*] “ These words, the former of which is now obsolete, are nearly synonymous.” WEBER,—who might have added that this somewhat pleonastic expression was formerly a common one.

<sup>d</sup> *list*] Altered by Weber to “ lust.”

<sup>e</sup> *i-wis*] i. e. truly, certainly.

six o'clock<sup>f</sup>, I found excellent meat and drink o' the table ; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit : and without question it will be so ever ; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. *It's a foolish old man this ; is not he, George ?*

Cit. *Yes, cony.*

Wife. *Give me a penny i' the purse while I live, George.*

Cit. *Ay, by lady<sup>g</sup>, cony, hold thee-there.*

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles ; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you, pay Jasper his portion : he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock ; he says his master turned him away, but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. *No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought ; though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place ; 'twas, i' faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter ; my husband was by.*

Cit. *Hang him, rogue ! he served him well enough ; love his master's daughter ! By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts ; let his mother alone with him.*

Wife. *Ay, George ; but yet truth is truth.*

Mer. Where is Jasper ? he's welcome, however. Call him in ; he shall have his portion. Is he merry ?

Mist. Mer. Ay, foul chive him<sup>h</sup>, he is too merry !—Jasper ! Michael !

*Re-enter JASPER and MICHAEL.*

Mer. Welcome, Jasper ! though thou runnest away, welcome ! God bless thee ! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion ; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast

<sup>f</sup> *at eleven and six o'clock*] "These were the dinner and supper hours of our ancestors, when this play was written." WEBER.

<sup>g</sup> *by lady*] i. e. by our Lady,—a common form. Altered by the modern editors to "by'r lady."

<sup>h</sup> *foul chive him*] i. e. may it end or turn out ill with him,—evil success attend him, ill luck to him. Fr. *chever*. ("Chive him," says Weber, "may be a Somersetshire contraction for *shall have him*" ! &c )

learned experience enough to govern it ; thou art of sufficient years ; hold thy hand—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee. [*Gives money.*] Thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course : if fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place ; come home to me ; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband ; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink ; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

*Jasp.* Long may you live free from all thought of ill,  
And long have cause to be thus merry still !  
But, father——

*Mer.* No more words, Jasper ; get thee gone. Thou hast my blessing ; thy father's spirit upon thee ! Farewell, Jasper !  
[*Sings.*

But yet, or ere you part<sup>1</sup> (oh, cruel!),  
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel !

So, now begone ; no words. [*Exit JASPER.*

*Mist. Mer.* So, Michael, now get thee gone too.

*Mich.* Yes, forsooth, mother ; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

*Mist. Mer.* No, Michael ; 'tis no matter for his blessing ; thou hast my blessing : begone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee ; I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. [*Exit MICHAEL.*]—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

*Mer.* What ! you will not ?

*Mist. Mer.* Yes, indeed will I.

*Mer.* [*sings.*]

Heigh-ho, farewell, Nan !  
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

<sup>1</sup> *But yet, or ere you part, &c.*] Varied from part of the first verse of a song (No. 15) printed in *The first Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure parts with Tableture for the Lute, &c.* 1597, by Dowland :

“ Wilt thou, unkind, thus reauē me of my heart  
and so leauē me ?  
Farewell ; but yet or ere I part (O cruell),  
Kisse me sweete, my Jewell.”

*Mist. Mer.* You shall not think, when all your own is gone, to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

*Mer.* Farewell, good wife; I expect it not: all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [sings.

When earth and seas from me are reft,  
The skies aloft for me are left. [Exeunt severally.

*Wife.* *I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman for all that.*  
[Music.] *Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks<sup>j</sup> before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George? [Enter a boy and dances.] But, look, look! here's a youth dances<sup>k</sup>!—Now, good youth, do a turn o' the toe.—Sweetheart, i'faith, I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols.—He'll ride the wild mare<sup>l</sup>, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him.—I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come.*

*Cit.* *Peace, cony.—Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's ——<sup>m</sup>, an they do not, I'll tear some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all riff-raff.*

[Exit Boy.

<sup>j</sup> *rebecks*] i. e. stringed instruments, played with a bow,—a sort of fiddles.

<sup>k</sup> *a youth dances*] “This appears to have been a frequent practice in the ancient theatres to amuse the audience between the acts. The same practice prevailed on the Spanish stage of the seventeenth century.” WEBER.

<sup>l</sup> *ride the wild mare*] “A game which seems to have been popular at the time.” WEBER. “Is,” says Donee, “another name for the childish sport of *see-saw*, or what the French call *bascule* and *balançoire*.” *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 458.

<sup>m</sup> *God's ——*] The editors of 1778 and Weber printed “*God's wounds*,” without informing their readers that the latter word is not in the old eds.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of VENTUREWELL.**Enter VENTUREWELL and HUMPHREY.**Vent.* And how, faith<sup>n</sup>, how goes it now, son Humphrey?*Hum.* Right worshipful, and my belovèd friend  
And father dear, this matter 's at an end.'*Vent.* 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl  
Is found so tractable.*Hum.* Nay, she must whirl  
From hence (and you must wink; for so, I say,  
The story tells,) to-morrow before day.*Wife.* *George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be  
a match? tell me but what thou thinkest, sweet rogue. Thou  
seest the poor gentleman, dear heart, how it labours and throbs, I  
warrant you, to be at rest! I'll go move the father for't.**Cit.* *No, no; I prithee, sit still, honeysuckle; thou'lt spoil all.  
If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and  
in the shutting of an evening knock 't up, and there's an end.**Wife.* *I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy. Well, George, well,  
you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God  
forgive you, and I do with all my heart.**Vent.* How was it, son? you told me that to-morrow,  
Before day-break, you must convey her hente.*Hum.* I must, I must; and thus it is agreed:  
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,  
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,  
The honest host of the Red roaring Lion,  
In Waltham situate. Then, if you may,  
Consent in seemly sort; lest, by delay,<sup>n</sup> *faith*] Weber, for the metre, printed "i'faith."



The Fatal Sisters come, and do the office,  
And then you'll sing another song.

*Vent.* Alas,

Why should you be thus full of grief to me,  
That do as willing as yourself agree  
To any thing, so it be good and fair?  
Then, steal her when you will, if such a pleasure  
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,  
To make your joys more full. But tell me why  
You may not here perform your marriage?

*Wife.* *God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! i'faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see 'a has her, George; and I'm as glad on't!—Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should say the suburbs too, I should not lie.—Why dost not rejoice with me, George?*

*Cit.* *If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i'faith.*

*Hum.* The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare—  
Help me, O Muses nine! Your daughter sware  
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;  
Yet no one<sup>n</sup> but myself within this city  
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance  
Shall meet him, were he of the noble science<sup>o</sup>:  
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?  
Truly, I cannot tell, unless it were  
For her own ease; for, sure, sometimes an oath,  
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth;  
And this it was she swore, never to marry  
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry  
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)  
Her bodily away, through stick and stone,  
Till both of us arrive, at her request,  
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-forest.

*Vent.* If this be all, you shall not need to fear

<sup>n</sup> *no one*] Old eds. "none."

<sup>o</sup> *the noble science*] "Meaning the noble science of defence; a master of fencing." MASON.

Any denial in your love : proceed ;  
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

*Hum.* Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,  
And twenty more good nights,—that makes threescore !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Waltham-forest.*

*Enter Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL.*

*Mist. Mer.* Come, Michael ; art thou not weary, boy ?

*Mich.* No, forsooth, mother, not I.

*Mist. Mer.* Where be we now, child ?

*Mich.* Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we  
be at Mile-End. Is not all the world Mile-End, mother ?

*Mist. Mer.* No, Michael, not all the world, boy ; but I can  
assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter : there  
has been a pitchfield <sup>p</sup>, my child, between the naughty  
Spaniels and the Englishmen ; and the Spaniels ran away,  
Michael, and the Englishmen followed : my neighbour Cox-  
stone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.

*Mich.* Mother, forsooth—

*Mist. Mer.* What says my white boy <sup>q</sup> ?

*Mich.* Shall not my father go with us too ?

*Mist. Mer.* No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up <sup>r</sup> ; he

<sup>p</sup> *Mile-End is a goodly matter : there has been a pitchfield, &c.*] “This must relate to some mock-fight which was fought at Mile-End, where the train-bands of the city were often exercised. One of the ballads mentioned by the fiddler in *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii. sc. 3, is ‘The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle at Mile-End.’ Again in the epilogue to *A Wife for a Month*, ‘the action at Mile-End’ alludes to the same or a similar mock-fight.” WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> *white boy*] “This was a usual term of endearment at the time.” WEBER.

<sup>r</sup> *go snick-up*] “This phrase, which occurs again in act iii. sc. 2, is equivalent to ‘go hang,’ as will appear from the following lines in Taylor’s *Praise of Hempseed* :

‘A Tiburne hempen-caudell well will cure you.

It can cure traytors, but I hold it fit

T<sup>e</sup> apply’t ere they the treason doe commit :

Wherefore in Sparta it yeleped was

*Snickup*, which is in English, gallow-grasse.’”

[p. 66 — *Workes*, 1630.] WEBER.

shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives ; let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll shew my boy fine knacks, indeed. [*They sit down : and she takes out a casket.*] Look here, Michael ; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy.

*Mich.* Shall I have all this, mother ?

*Mist. Mer.* Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

*Cit.* *How likest thou this, wench ?*

*Wife.* *I cannot tell<sup>s</sup> ; I would have Ralph, George ; I'll see no more else, indeed, la ; and I pray you, let the youths understand so much by word of mouth ; for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise : the child's a fatherless child ; and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins<sup>t</sup>, 'twere worse than knot-grass<sup>u</sup> ; he would never grow after it.*

*Enter RALPH, TIM, and GEORGE.*

*Cit.* *Here's Ralph, here's Ralph !*

*Wife.* *How do you, Ralph ? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say : it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid ; we are thy friends, Ralph ; the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou playest thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name !*

*Ralph.* My trusty squire, unlace my helm ; give me my hat. Where are we, or what desert may this be ?

Nares (*Gloss. in v.*) observes that Weber was here more fortunate than usual in his annotation ; and conjectures "that *neck-up* or *his neck-up* was the original notion." Richardson (*Diet. in v. Sneck*) says "q. d. *Snick-up, catch-up, latch-up*, the noose or cord."

<sup>s</sup> *I cannot tell*] i. e. I know not what to say or think of it.

<sup>t</sup> *gaskins*] i. e. hose, breeches.

<sup>u</sup> *knot-grass*] Was supposed, if taken in an infusion, to prevent the growth of any animal : hence Shakespeare ;

" You miuimus, of hindering *knot-grass* made."

*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii.

se. 2,—where Steevens quotes the present passage, and another from *The Coxcomb*, act ii., se. 2.

*George.* Mirror of knighthood<sup>v</sup>, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

*Mist. Mer.* Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly!

[*Exit with MICHAEL, leaving the casket.*]

*Ralph.* Lace on my helm again. What noise is this?  
A gentle lady, flying the embrace  
Of some uncourteous knight! I will relieve her.  
Go, squire, and say, the Knight, that wears this Pestle  
In honour of all ladies, swears revenge  
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;  
Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire  
That bears her company.

*Tim.* I go, brave knight.

[*Exit.*]

*Ralph.* My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;  
And hold it while I swear. First, by my knighthood;  
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,  
My famous ancestor; then by my sword  
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;  
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour  
The living trophy; and by all respect  
Due to distressèd damsels; here I vow  
Never to end the quest of this fair lady  
And that forsaken squire till by my valour  
I gain their liberty!

*George.* Heaven bless the knight  
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen! [*Exeunt.*]

*Wife.* Ay, marry, *Ralph*, this has some savour in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, *George*, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall: call *Ralph* again, *George*, call *Ralph* again; I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lovest me, *George*!

*Cit.* Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

<sup>v</sup> *Mirror of knighthood*] See note p. 145.

*Enter JASPER.*

*Jasp.* Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill,  
Shew me thy better face, and bring about  
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,  
And stand<sup>w</sup>. This is our place of meeting,  
If love have any constancy. Oh, age,  
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!  
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,  
When I am only rich in misery?  
My father's blessing and this little coin  
Is my inheritance; a strong revenue!  
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee:

[*Throws away the money.*

There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air  
Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion? [*Sees the casket.*  
What, hath the devil coin'd himself before me?  
'Tis metal good, it rings well; I am waking,  
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing  
Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;  
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

[*Exit with the casket.*

*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle<sup>x</sup>  
away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a  
heavy heart for it, God knows.

*Cit.* And reason good, sweetheart.

*Wife.* But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear shall  
fetch him again with a wanion<sup>y</sup>, I warrant him, if he be above  
ground; and besides, George, here are a number of sufficient  
gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians,  
if we be called in question.

<sup>w</sup> stand] A word seems to have dropt out: *qy.* "stand secure"?

<sup>x</sup> embezzle] Used here probably in the same sense as *bezzle* in p. 148.

<sup>y</sup> with a wanion] Equivalent to — with a vengeance, with a plague.  
*Wanion*, written also *wannion*, comes, according to Gifford, "from *wan*,  
(*vaande*, Dutch, a rod or wand) of which *wannie* and *wannion* are familiar di-  
minutives." Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. cxlvi. See also Richardson's *Dict. in*  
*v. Wanion.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.**Enter RALPH and GEORGE.*

*But here comes Ralph, George ; thou shalt hear him speak as<sup>z</sup> he were an emperal.*

*Ralph.* Comes not sir squire again ?

*George.* Right courteous knight,  
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,  
For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>z</sup> *as*] Weber printed, with the first 4to, “an” !

<sup>a</sup> *Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,*

*For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it*] Here Sympson appealed to the reader,—“could such nonsense ever flow from such standard writers as ours were ?” declared that the first word of the second line was “the most unlucky for that e’er was wrote ;” and, as “the only way to retrieve our authors’ credit,” gave the lines with the following emendation ;

“*Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady*

*Fair, and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.*”

The Editors of 1778 thought it necessary to “go further before this passage is cleared of corruption ;” and they accordingly printed,—

“*Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.*

*Ralph.* Fair ! *and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it !*

*Madam, if any service,” &c.*

Ralph, they tell us, “first addresses himself both to Mrs. Merrythought and Michael : her he calls *Fair !*” &c. Weber, finding perhaps that it was impossible to “go further” than the Editors of 1778, contented himself with their alteration of the passage.

Now, the old eds. are perfectly right, and the modern editors utterly wrong. The expression “*for and*” is not unfrequently used by our early writers :

“Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, *for and* Syr Olyuere.”

Skelton’s second poem *Against Garnesche*,—*Works*, i. 119. ed. Dyce.

“A hippocrene, a tweak, *for and* a fucus.”

Middleton’s *Fair Quarrel*, act v., sc. 1.—*Works*, iii. 544. ed. Dyce.

“A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

*For and* a shrouding sheet.”

*Hamlet*, act v. sc. i. (where Shakespeare’s recent editors separate the words thus, “*For—and*.”)

“*Squire of Damsels*,” as Mason observes, is an allusion to Spenser’s *Squire of Dames* ; see *F. Queene*, B. iii. C. vii., st. 51, &c.

*Enter* TIM, *Mistress* MERRYTHOUGHT, *and* MICHAEL.

*Ralph.* Madam, if any service or devoir  
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,  
Command it ; I am prest<sup>a</sup> to give you succour ;  
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

*Mist. Mer.* Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have  
lost my money in this forest !

*Ralph.* Desert, you would say, lady ; and not lost  
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,  
Which ill befit<sup>b</sup> the beauty of that face,  
And tell the story, if I may request it,  
Of your disastrous fortune.

*Mist. Mer.* Out, alas ! I left a thousand pound, a thousand  
pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon  
the sight of your mastership, you looked so grim, and, as I  
may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a  
mortal man.

*Ralph.* I am as you are, lady ; so are they ;  
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire ?

*Mist. Mer.* Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when  
he hath lost his inheritance ?

*Ralph.* Young hope of valour, weep not ; I am here  
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear  
Upon his coward head, that dares deny  
Distressèd squires and ladies equity.  
I have but one horse, on<sup>c</sup> which shall ride  
This lady fair behind me, and before  
This courteous squire : fortune will give us more  
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed  
Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need ! [*Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do ? by  
the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery,  
they may all cast their caps at him.

*Wife.* And so they may, i'faith ; for I dare speak it boldly,  
the twelve Companies of London cannot match him, timber for

<sup>a</sup> prest] "i. e. ready." WEBER.

<sup>b</sup> befit] Old eds. "befits."

<sup>c</sup> on] Sympson printed, for the metre, "upon ;" and so his successors.

*timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel : but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful*

*Cit. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter HUMPHREY and LUCE.*

*Hum.* Good mistress Luce, however I in fault am  
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham ;  
But which way now to go, or what to say,  
I know not truly, till it be broad day.

*Luce.* Oh, fear not, master Humphrey ; I am guide  
For this place good enough.

*Hum.* Then, up and ride ;  
Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose  
Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose ;  
Either of which shall be indifferent  
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent  
Is so entangled ever to your will,  
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

*Luce.* Faith, an you say the word, we'll e'en sit down,  
And take a nap.

*Hum.* 'Tis better in the town,  
Where we may nap together ; for, believe me,  
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

*Luce.* You're merry, master Humphrey.

*Hum.* So I am,  
And have been ever merry from my dam.

*Luce.* Your nurse had the less labour.

*Hum.* Faith, it may be,  
Unless it were by chance I did beray me<sup>c</sup>.

*Enter JASPER.*

*Jasp.* Luce ! dear friend Luce !

*Luce.* Here, Jasper.

*Jasp.* You are mine.

<sup>c</sup> *beray me*] i. e. befoul myself.



*Hum.* If it be so, my friend, you use me fine :  
What do you think I am ?

*Jasp.* An arrant noddy.

*Hum.* A word of obloquy ! Now, by God's body,  
I'll tell thy master ; for I know thee well.

*Jasp.* Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,  
Take that, and that ; and tell him, sir, I gave it ;  
And say, I paid you well. [*Beats him.*]

*Hum.* Oh, sir, I have it,  
And do confess the payment ! Pray, be quiet.

*Jasp.* Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,  
To cure your beaten bones.

*Luce.* Alas, poor Humphrey !  
Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and comfrey ;  
A little oil of roses and a feather  
To 'noint thy back withal.

*Hum.* When I came hither,  
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory<sup>d</sup> !

*Luce.* Farewell, my pretty nump ; I am very sorry  
I cannot bear thee company.

*Hum.* Farewell :  
The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell.

[*Exeunt* LUCE and JASPER.]

*Wife.* *This young Jasper will prove me another things, o' my conscience, an he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how 'a swaggers, and flies at the very heads o' folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up*

<sup>d</sup> *John Dory*] <sup>c</sup> Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, [iv.381.] says, 'The song of *John Dory*, with the tune to it, is printed in the *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, 1609 [by Ravenscroft]. The legend of this person is, that being a sea-captain, or perhaps a pirate, he engaged to the king of France to bring the crew of an English ship bound as captives to Paris, and that accordingly he attempted to make prize of an English vessel, but was himself taken prisoner. The song of *John Dory*, and the tune to it, were a long time popular in England : in the comedy of *The Chances*, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives a wound, which he will not suffer to be dressed' but upon condition that the song of *John Dory* be sung the while.'" *Ed.* 1778. See the song itself in a note on *The Chances*, act iii., sc. 2.

might have been better occupi'd, *i-wis*<sup>d</sup>, than have taught him these fegeries : he's e'en in the high way to the gallows, God bless him !

Cit. You're too bitter, cony ; the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither, master Humphrey ; has he hurt you ? now, beshrew his fingers for't ! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but 'a has pepperuel in's head, as big as a pullet's egg ! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat ! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him.

Cit. No, no ; you talk like a foolish woman : I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favouredly.—Sirrah boy, come hither. [Enter Boy.] Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well ; he's an unhappy<sup>e</sup> boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us ; the plot of our play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

Cit. Plot me no plots ! I'll ha' Ralph come out ; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why, sir, he shall ; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways, goodman boy ! [Exit Boy.] I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now. Ho, here comes Ralph ! no more.

#### SCENE V<sup>f</sup>.—Another part of the forest.

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, TIM, and GEORGE.

Ralph. What knight is that, squire ? ask him, if he keep

<sup>d</sup> *i-wis*.] i. e. truly, certainly.

<sup>e</sup> *unhappy*] “Was formerly used in the sense of wicked, mischievous.” WEBER. As we still say *unlucky*.

<sup>f</sup> *Scene V.*] Though Humphrey had not quitted the stage, having been detained by the Citizen's Wife, there can be no doubt that the audience were to *imagine* a change of scene on the entrance of Ralph : I have already noticed more than once that our early theatres were not furnished with moveable painted scenery.

The passage, bound by love of lady fair,  
Or else but prickant<sup>g</sup>.

*Hum.* Sir, I am no knight,  
But a poor gentleman, that this same night  
Had stolen from me, on<sup>h</sup> yonder green,  
My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen  
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,  
That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.

*Wife.* *Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou wert hanged.*

*Cit.* *No more, wife, no more.*

*Ralph.* Where is the caitiff-wretch hath done this deed?  
Lady, your pardon; that I may proceed  
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.—  
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,  
In leaving the great venture of the purse  
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

*Hum.* Here comes the broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

*Enter JASPER and LUCE.*

*Ralph.* Go, squire, and tell him I am here,  
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery  
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.  
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,  
And so defy him.

*Tim.* From the Knight that bears  
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,  
Unless thou make fair restitution  
Of that bright lady.

*Jasp.* Tell the knight that sent thee,  
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,  
And knock his head-piece.

*Ralph.* Knight, thou art but dead,  
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

*Wife.* *Break's pate, Ralph; break's pate, Ralph, soundly!*

*Jasp.* Come, knight; I am ready for you. Now your Pestle  
[*Snatches away his pestle.*]

<sup>g</sup> *prickant*] “i. e. pricking or spurring along, bound on a journey.” WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> *on*] Symson printed for the metre, “upon”; and so his successors.

Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar 's of.

With that he stood upright<sup>h</sup> in his stirrups, and gave the Knight of the calf-skin such a knock [*knocks RALPH down*], that he forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet——

*Hum.* Nay, an my noble knight be down so soon,  
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run. [*Exit.*]

*Wife.* *Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!* [*Exit RALPH.*]

*Jasp.* Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you:  
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu! [*Exeunt.*]

*Wife.* *Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this springald<sup>i</sup>! Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake<sup>j</sup>? I am afraid my boy's miscarried: if he be, though he were master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.*

*Cit.* *No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can stand in my lord mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet: be no more vexed, for it shall be so.*

#### SCENE VI.—*Before the Bell-Imm, Waltham.*

*Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, TIM, and GEORGE.*

*Wife.* *Oh, husband, here's Ralph again!—Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How dost thou, Ralph? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies<sup>k</sup> laid unmercifully on thee: there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.*

*Cit.* *If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.*

<sup>h</sup> *With that he stood upright, &c.]* Quoted, or parodied, from some romance.

<sup>i</sup> *springald]* “i. c. youth.” WEBER.      <sup>j</sup> *fire-drake]* i. c. fiery dragon.

<sup>k</sup> *lungies]* i. e. long, awkward fellow.

*Mist. Mer.* Truly, master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

*Mich.* Indeed, la, mother, and I am very hungry.

*Ralph.* Take comfort, gentle dame, and your<sup>1</sup> fair squire ;  
For in this desert there must needs be plac'd  
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights ;  
And till I bring you safe to one of those,  
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

*Wife.* *Well said, Ralph !—George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not ?*

*Cit.* Yes, duck.

*Wife.* *I shall ne'er forget him. When we had lost our child, (you know it was strayed almost alone to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd itself but for a sculler,) Ralph was the most comfortablest to me : “Peace, mistress,” says he, “let it go ; I'll get you<sup>m</sup> another as good.” Did he not, George ? did he not say so ?*

*Cit.* Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

*George.* I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed !

*Tim.* Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell-Inn.

*George.* Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire !  
I have discover'd, not a stone's cast off,  
An ancient castle, held by the old knight  
Of the most holy order of the Bell,  
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain :  
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd  
By the white hands of his own lady dear.  
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests ;  
The first, hight<sup>n</sup> Chamberlino, who will see  
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,  
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams<sup>o</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *your*] Weber gave with the first 4to. “you” : but compare a subsequent passage, p. 182, where all the old eds. have “fair lady, and *your* tender squire.”

<sup>m</sup> *you*] Omitted by Weber !

<sup>n</sup> *hight*] i. e. called.

<sup>o</sup> *Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams*] An allusion, as Weber observes, to running footmen, who used to have their legs greased.

The second, hight Tapstero, who will see  
 Our pots full fillèd, and no froth therein ;  
 The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,  
 Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,  
 And in the manger put them oats enough,  
 And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff<sup>o</sup>.

Wife. *That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a  
 groutnol<sup>p</sup>.*

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance.  
 [*Tim knocks at the door.*]

*Enter Tapster.*

Tap. Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen : will you  
 see a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning  
 Pestle, this is the squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair squire Tapstero, I a wandering knight,  
 Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest  
 Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,  
 Losing myself in this vast wilderness,  
 Am to this castle well by fortune brought ;  
 Where, hearing of the goodly entertain  
 Your knight of holy order of the Bell  
 Gives to all damsels and all errant knights,  
 I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. *George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell  
 what it is.*

Cit. *What is it, Nell?*

Wife. *Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? prithee,  
 sweetheart, let him.*

Cit. *So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock  
 them all.*

<sup>o</sup> *And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.*] “A common trick of the  
 ostlers at the time to prevent the horses from eating the hay.” WEBER.

<sup>p</sup> *groutnol*] i. e. thick-head, blockhead. Sympson and the Editors of 1778  
 gave “grout-nold”;—the reading of one of the 4tos. of 1635, and of folio 1679,  
 and a not uncommon form of the word.

SCENE VII.—*A room in the house of VENTUREWELL.*

*Enter HUMPHREY and VENTUREWELL.*

Wife. *Oh, George, here's master Humphrey again now that lost mistress Luce, and mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him.*

*Hum.* Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her ;  
For she is stoln away by your man Jasper.

Wife. *I thought he would tell him.*

*Vent.* Unhappy that I am, to lose my child !  
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,  
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness :  
Why didst thou let her go ? thou lov'st her not,  
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

*Hum.* Father, forgive me. Shall I tell you true ?  
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue :  
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,  
He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

*Vent.* Get men and horses straight : we will be there  
Within this hour. You know the place again ?

*Hum.* I know the place where he my loins did swaddle :  
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

*Vent.* Mean time I will go talk with Jasper's father.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Wife. *George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that master Humphrey has not mistress Luce yet ? speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me ?*

*Cit.* No, Nell ; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

Wife. *Nay, George, you must consider, mistress Luce's feet are tender ; and besides 'tis dark ; and, I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-forest with her yet.*

*Cit.* Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me, that Ralph has her not yet ?

Wife. *I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him.*

SCENE VIII.—*A room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.**Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.*

*But, look, George, peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.*

*Mer.* [*sings*]

When it was grown <sup>a</sup> to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink beforehand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be sad? methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me; [*Sings.*]

I am three merry men <sup>r</sup>, and three merry men!

To what end should any man be sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, [*Sings.*]

Troul the black bowl to me <sup>s</sup>!

<sup>a</sup> *When it was grown, &c.*] "This stanza is from the ballad of Fair Margaret and Sweet William, Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. III. p. 121. ed. 1794, where it is thus given [from "a modern printed copy"]:

'When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret  
And stood at William's feet.'

The quotation in the text, and another at the end of the third act, gave rise to Mallet's *Margaret's Ghost*. WEBER. Mallet mentions only the present stanza as the origin of his ballad.

<sup>r</sup> *I am three merry men, &c.*] In *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 3., "*Three merry men be we*" occurs as the fragment of a song; and the commentators have cited various passages from plays and ballads, which contain the same expression, and which need not be repeated here: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell,) xi. 393.

<sup>s</sup> *Troul the black bowl to me*] Is probably, Weber says, the catch which is quoted by Hawkins (*Hist. of Music*, iii. 22.) from Ravenscroft's *Pannmelia*, 1609;

"Trole, trole the bowl to me,  
And I will trole the same again to thee," &c.



and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail ! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hatband, carrying his head as if he looked for pins in the street ; I have looked out of my window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge. 'Tis vile : never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work ; his mind is of<sup>t</sup> nothing but filching.

Wife. *Mark this, George ; 'tis worth noting ; Godfrey my tailor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown ; and I'll be sworn, mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.*

Mer. [*sings*]

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
 More than wine, or sleep, or food ;  
 Let each man keep his heart at ease ;  
 No man dies of that disease.  
 He that would his body keep  
 From diseases, must not weep ;  
 But whoever laughs and sings,  
 Never he his body brings  
 Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,  
 Or lingeringly his lungs consumes,  
 Or meets with aches<sup>u</sup> in the bone,  
 Or catarrhs or griping stone ;  
 But contented lives for aye ;  
 The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. *Look, George ; how sayst thou by this, George ? is't not a fine old man ?—Now, God's blessing o' thy sweet lips !—When wilt thou be so merry, George ? faith, thou art the frowningest little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.*

Cit. *Peace, cony ; thou shalt see him taken down too, I warrant thee.*

*Enter VENTUREWELL.*

*Here's Luce's father come now.*

<sup>t</sup> of] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "on" ; and so Weber : but they ought to have recollected that *of* in the sense of *on* was formerly very common.

<sup>u</sup> aches] A dissyllable.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

As you came <sup>u</sup> from Walsingham,  
From that <sup>v</sup> holy land,  
There met you not with my true love  
By the way as you came?

*Vent.* Oh, master Merrythought, my daughter 's gone!  
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter 's gone!

*Mer.* [*sings*]

Why, an if she be, what care I?  
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

*Vent.* Mock not my misery; it is your son  
(Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him)  
Has stoln my only joy, my child, away.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

He set her <sup>w</sup> on a milk-white steed,  
And himself upon a grey;  
He never turn'd his face again,  
But he bore her quite away.

*Vent.* Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn

<sup>u</sup> *As you came, &c.*] “From a ballad printed in Percy’s *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. II. p. 94, ed. 1794, where the stanza runs thus:

‘As ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O, met you not with my true love  
As by the way ye came?’ WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> *that*] So the first 4to. Latter eds. “the”; and so the modern editors. It may be necessary to remind the reader that at Walsingham, in Norfolk, there was a famous image of the Virgin Mary.

<sup>w</sup> *He set her, &c.*] “A similar verse occurs in the ballad called *The Douglas Tragedy*, printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II. p. 217 [ed. 1810]:—

‘He’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.’ WEBER.

And in *The Knight and Shepherd’s Daughter*:

He sett her on a milk-white steede,  
And himself upon a graye;  
He hung a bugle about his necke,  
And soe they rode awaye.”

Percy’s *Reliques*, &c. iii. 76. ed. 1794.

Perhaps the verse, as given by Merrythought, may exist in some ballad with which I am unacquainted.

To thee and thine ! too late I well perceive  
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

*Mer.* Your daughter ! what a stir 's here wi' your daughter !  
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both  
my sons were on the gallows, I would sing, [Sings.

Down, down, down they fall ;  
Down, and arise they never shall.

*Vent.* Oh, might I behold <sup>x</sup> her once again,  
And she once more embrace her agèd sire !

*Mer.* Fie, how scurvily this goes ! “ And she once more  
embrace her agèd sire ! ” You'll make a dog on her, will ye ?  
she cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you. [Sings.

She cares not for her daddy, nor  
She cares not for her mammy,  
For she is, she is, she is, she is  
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.

*Vent.* For this thy scorn I will pursue that son  
Of thine to death.

*Mer.* Do ; and when you ha' killed him, [Sings.  
Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers enow ;  
Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

*Vent.* I'll fetch my daughter—

*Mer.* I'll hear no more o' your daughter ; it spoils my mirth.

*Vent.* I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

*Mer.* [sings]

Was never man <sup>z</sup> for lady's sake,  
Down, down,  
Tormented as I poor Sir Guy,  
De derry down,

<sup>x</sup> *I behold*] Sympson, for the metre, printed “ but *I behold*”, and Weber “ *I but behold* ”.

<sup>y</sup> *You'll make a dog on her, will ye ?*] “ We usually talk of a dog's sire and dam.” WEBER.

<sup>z</sup> *Was never man, &c.*] “ A stanza from The Legend of Sir Guy ; Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. III. p. 102, ed. 1794 :—

‘ Was ever knight for ladyes sake  
Soe tost in love, as I sir Guy  
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright  
As ever man beheld with eye.’

The ballad is again quoted in The Little French Lawyer. [Act ii. sc. 3.] ”  
WEBER.

For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,  
Down, down,  
As ever men beheld with eye,  
De derry down.

*Vent.* I'll be reveng'd, by heaven ! [Exeunt severally.]

*Wife.* How dost thou like this, George ?

*Cit.* Why, this is well, cony ; but if Ralph were hot once,  
thou shouldst see more. [Music.]

*Wife.* The fiddlers go again, husband.

*Cit.* Ay, Nell ; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson  
gallows money <sup>a</sup>, and I think he has not got me the waits of South-  
wark : if I hear 'em <sup>b</sup> not anan, I'll twinge him by the ears.—  
You musicians, play Baloo <sup>c</sup> !

*Wife.* No, good George ; let's ha' Lachrymæ <sup>d</sup>.

*Cit.* Why, this is it, cony.

*Wife.* It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what  
story is that painted upon the cloth <sup>e</sup> ? the Confutation of St. Paul ?

<sup>a</sup> I gave the whoreson gallows money] Gallows is a common term of reproach, meaning, one who deserves the gallows ; yet Weber printed "I gave the whoreson gallows-money." !

<sup>b</sup> 'em] Old eds. "him" ;—a frequent misprint.

<sup>c</sup> Baloo] "See Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 196 [197 ed. 1794], Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation ; in which the concluding lines of each stanza are these ;

'Balow, my babe, lie stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.' "

Ed. 1778.

"There are several other popular songs which have a similar burden, but the text alludes to the tune, which was still popular in the reign of Charles II." WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> Lachrymæ] "This tune is frequently mentioned in these volumes." WEBER. Gifford (note on Massinger's Works, iii. 232, ed. 1813) cites the present passage as if it alluded to a celebrated work by Dowland, entitled *Lachrymæ, or Seven Tcares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, &c.* ; and Weber elsewhere, Nares (Gloss. in v.), and I myself in a former publication, have fallen into the same error,—mistaking the tune called *Lachrymæ* for the musical volume which bears that title. Mr. Chappell obligingly informs me that "the tune called *Lachrymæ*, composed by Dowland, is often to be met with : it is in two MSS. of Dowland's (consisting of lute-music) in the Public Library at Cambridge, in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," &c.

<sup>e</sup> the cloth] Weber is probably right in explaining this to mean the curtains in front of the stage, what we now call the drop-scene : there were, however,

Cit. *No, lamb ; that's Ralph and Lucrece.*

Wife. *Ralph and Lucrece ! which Ralph ? our Ralph ?*

Cit. *No, mouse ; that was a Tartarian<sup>f</sup>.*

Wife. *A Tartarian ! Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again !*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Waltham-forest.*

*Enter JASPER and LUCE.*

*Jasp.* Come, my dear dear<sup>g</sup> ; though we have lost our way,  
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary  
With this night's wandering, broken from your rest,  
And frightened with the terror that attends  
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place ?

*Luce.* No, my best friend ; I cannot either fear,  
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you  
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me :  
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish

other curtains in the rear of the stage, called *traverses*. Jonson in his address "To the Reader" before his *New Inn* mentions "*the faces* in the hangings" of the stage.

<sup>f</sup> *That was a Tartarian*] "The citizen's mistake and his wife's consequent surprise will not be understood without recollecting that *Tartarian* was a cant term for a thief. So in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, the Host says—'There's not a *Tartarian* nor a carrier shall breathe upon your geldings ; they have villainous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my liuen.' And in *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, as quoted by Mr. Reed, the Hangman says—'I pray, master Jew, bestow a cast of your office upon me, a poor member of the law, by telling me my fortune, whether I shall die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me ; and if any *thieving Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him.'" WEBER,—who was indebted to the Index of Dodsley's *Old Plays* for these examples of a word, not of common occurrence, and the meaning of which they leave somewhat indefinite.

<sup>g</sup> *dear dear*] Weber printed "*dear deer*" !

Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,  
 Tell the long weary steps, and number time,  
 Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,  
 Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet)  
 Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

*Jasp.* You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that, whilst I live,  
 I shall become your faithful prisoner,  
 And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,  
 And rest your body, too, too delicate  
 For these disturbances. [*They sit down.*] So : will you sleep ?  
 Come, do not be more able than you are ;  
 I know you are not skilful in these watches,  
 For women are no soldiers : be not nice,  
 But take it ; sleep, I say.

*Luce.* I cannot sleep ;  
 Indeed, I cannot, friend.

*Jasp.* Why, then, we'll sing,  
 And try how that will work upon our senses.

*Luce.* I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

*Jasp.* Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart  
 With that enchanting voice.

*Luce.* You mock me, Jasper.

[*They sing.*

*Jasp.* Tell me, dearest, what is love<sup>h</sup> ?

*Luce.* 'Tis a lightning from above ;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire ;

'Tis a smile

Doth beguile

*Jasp.* The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more, are women true ?

*Luce.* Some love change, and so do you.

*Jasp.* Are they fair, and never kind ?

*Luce.* Yes, when men turn with the wind.

*Jasp.* Are they froward ?

*Luce.* Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

*Jasp.* Dissemble it no more ; I see the god

<sup>h</sup> *Tell me, dearest, what is love, &c.*] This song, with variations, and the addition of a third stanza, occurs in *The Captain*, act. ii. sc. 2.

Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace  
Upon your eyelids.

*Luce.* I am very heavy.

[*Sleeps.*

*Jasp.* Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!  
Keep from her fair blood distempers<sup>i</sup>, startings;  
Horrors, and fearful shapes! let all her dreams  
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,  
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul  
Gives to the senses!—So; my charms have took.—  
Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contemplate  
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!  
She is only fair and constant, only kind,  
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys!  
Whither will you transport me? let not fullness  
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,  
And overcharge my spirits! I am weak.  
Some say (however ill) the sea and women  
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,  
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,  
And truly judge, these but opinions are  
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war  
Between our tempers, that without these were  
Both void of after-love and present fear;  
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child  
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,  
Having a love without the faults of women,  
And greater in her perfect goods than men!  
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,  
Though certainly I am certain of her love,  
I'll try her, that the world and memory  
May sing to after-times her constancy.— [Draws his sword.  
*Luce!* *Luce!* awake!

*Luce.* Why do you fright me, friend,  
With those distemper'd looks? what makes your sword

<sup>i</sup> *distempers*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "all *distempers*"; and so his successors. Something perhaps may have dropt out from the line: it is nevertheless certain that our early poets very frequently used *fair* as a disyllable.

Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?

I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou art wild with watching.

*Jasp.* Come, make your way to heaven, and bid the world,  
With all the villainies that stick upon it,  
Farewell; you're for another life.

*Luce.* Oh, Jasper,  
How have my tender years committed evil,  
Especially against the man I love,  
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?

*Jasp.* Foolish girl,  
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter  
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?  
Discharg'd me his service, shut the doors  
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,  
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,  
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand you die;  
I must have life and blood, to satisfy  
Your father's wrongs.

*Wife.* *Away, George, away! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for this desperate villain!—Now, I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace kept!—Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!*

*Cit.* *I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.*

*Luce.* Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!  
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,  
And let not many deaths appear before me;  
I am a woman, made of fear and love,  
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes,  
They shoot me through and through: strike, I am ready;  
And, dying, still I love thee.

*Enter VENTUREWELL, HUMPUREY, and Attendants.*

*Vent.* Whereabouts?

*Jasp.* No more of this; now to myself again. [Aside.

*Hum.* There, there he stands, with sword, like martial  
knight,

Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,



You that be wise ; for, were I good Sir Bevis<sup>j</sup>,  
I would not stay his coming, by your leavès.

*Vent.* Sirrah, restore my daughter !

*Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

*Vent.* Upon him, then !

[*They attack JASPER, and force LUCE from him.*

*Wife.* So ; down with him, down with him, down with him !  
*cut him i' the leg, boys, cut him i' the leg !*

*Vent.* Come your ways, minion : I'll provide a cage  
For you, you're grown so tame.—Horse her away.

*Hum.* Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day.

[*Excunt all except JASPER.*

*Jasp.* They are gone, and I am hurt ; my love is lost,  
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy !  
Bleed, bleed and die ! I cannot. Oh, my folly,  
Thou hast betray'd me ! Hope, where art thou fled ?  
Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,  
Shall I but see my love again ? Oh, no !  
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,  
Nor is it fit she should ; yet I must venture.  
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,  
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,  
And let me loving<sup>k</sup> live, or losing die !

[*Exit.*

*Wife.* *Is 'a gone, George ?*

*Cit.* *Ay, cony.*

*Wife.* *Marry, and let him go, sweetheart. By the fuith o' my body, 'a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen-leaf ; look o' my little finger, George, how it shakes. Now, in truth, every member of my body is the worse for 't.*

*Cit.* *Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse ; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers !*

<sup>j</sup> *Sir Bevis*] Sir Bevis of Hampton, a celebrated hero of romance.

<sup>k</sup> *loving*] “ Means here, possessing her I love.” MASON.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Bell-Inn, Waltham.*

*Enter Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, TIM, GEORGE, Host, and Tapster.*

Wife. *Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? how hast thou slept to-night? has the knight used thee well?*

Cit. *Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.*

Tap. *Master, the reckoning is not paid.*

Ralph. *Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell, As I this flaming Pestle bear about, We render thanks to your puissant self, Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires, For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs, Stiffen'd with hard achievements in wild desert.*

Tap. *Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.*

Ralph. *Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee For comforting our souls with double jug<sup>1</sup>: And, if adventurous fortune prick thee forth, Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms, Take heed thou tender every lady's cause, Every true knight, and every damsel fair; But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens, And false enchanters that with magic spells Have done to death full many a noble knight.*

Host. *Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny.*

Wife. *George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?*

Cit. *No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph.*

Wife. *Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.*

Ralph. *Sir knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well; But, to requite this liberal courtesy,*

<sup>1</sup> *double jug*] Mentioned by Cleveland in *The Rebel Scot*;

“Or which of the Dutch States a *double Jug*

Resembles most in Belly or in Beard.”

*Works*, p. 41, ed. 1687.

If any of your squires will follow arms,  
He shall receive from my heroic hand  
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

*Host.* Fair knight, I thank you<sup>m</sup> for your noble offer :  
Therefore, gentle knight,  
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must eap<sup>n</sup> you .

*Wife.* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding<sup>o</sup> to him : give him his money, George, and let him go snick-up<sup>p</sup>.

*Cit. Cap Ralph!* no.—Hold your hand, sir Knight of the Bell ; there 's your money [gives money] : have you any thing to say to Ralph now?—*Cap Ralph!*

*Wife.* I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that.—Now take thy course, Ralph.

*Mist. Mer.* Come, Michael ; thou and I will go home to thy father ; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket : shall we, Michael ?

*Mich.* Ay, I pray, mother ; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

*Wife.* Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. *Mistress Merrythought,* when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles, with a mouse-skin ; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well ; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them ; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive.

<sup>m</sup> *Fair knight, I thank you, &c.*] So this speech is arranged in all the old eds., and was evidently intended for verse, (in which the Host afterwards speaks,) though Weber printed it as prose. The incomplete sense shows that some words which preceded "Therefore" have dropt out from the second line.

<sup>n</sup> *cap*] "With the nature of this punishment," says Weber, "I am not acquainted. That it continued in use till the eighteenth century will be seen by the following quotation," &c. Had he never heard of a *capias*? to *cap* is to arrest.

<sup>o</sup> *beholding*] i. e. beholden,—a form common in our old writers.

<sup>p</sup> *go snick-up*] See note, p. 156.

*Mist. Mer.* Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

*Ralph.* Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire.  
If pricking through these deserts, I do hear  
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile  
Hath light<sup>a</sup> upon your casket and your purse,  
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

*Mist. Mer.* I thank your worship. [Exit with MICHAEL.]

*Ralph.* Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance:—  
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

*Ralph.* But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,  
If aught you do of sad adventures know,  
Where errant knight<sup>r</sup> may through his prowess win  
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls  
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

*Host.* Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

*Tap.* I am gone, sir. [Exit.]

*Host.* Sir knight, this wilderness affordeth none  
But the great venture, where full many a knight  
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;  
And where I would not have you lose your life  
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

*Ralph.* Speak on, sir knight; tell what he is and where:  
For here I vow, upon my blazing badge,  
Never to blaze<sup>s</sup> a day in quietness,  
But bread and water will I only eat,  
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,  
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,  
That works such damage to all errant knights.

<sup>a</sup> *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."

<sup>r</sup> *knight*] Old eds. "knights."

<sup>s</sup> *blaze*] This reading has not been questioned by any of the editors; but is it not a misprint,—occasioned perhaps by the eye of the original compositor having caught the word "blazing" in the preceding line? The sense seems to require "lose" or "pass."

*Host.* Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,  
 At the north end of this distressed town,  
 There doth stand a lowly house †,  
 Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave  
 In which an ugly giant now doth won ‡,  
 Yeleped Barbarossa † : in his hand  
 He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,  
 With sleeves turn'd up ; and him before he wears  
 A motley garment, to preserve his clothes  
 From blood of those knights which he massacres  
 And ladies gent : without his door doth hang  
 A copper basin on a priekant spear ;  
 At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,  
 But the shrill sound fierce Barbarossa hears,  
 And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,  
 And sets him down in an enchanted chair ;  
 Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,  
 With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown ;  
 Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin  
 He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord †,

† *There doth stand a lowly house*] Something seems to have dropt out here. Sympson's "anonymous friend" proposed,—

"A mansion *there doth stand, a lonely house,*"—

observing that afterwards "'tis called a *mansion*.";

‡ *won*] "i. e. dwell." SYMPSON.

† *Barbarossa*] So the old eds. in the first speech of the Barber, sc. 4 ; in all the other passages where the name occurs, they have "Barbaroso." Sympson followed them exactly in giving the word "with a difference." His successors printed "Barbaroso" *passim*.

† *of mighty bord*] "I conjecture the poets intended to say *bore* ; so the cavity of a gun, cannon, &c. is commonly called." SYMPSON,—(who, it may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of obtuseness,—did not perceive that the utensil here spoken of is the barber's basin, but supposed it to be a piece of ordnance):—he accordingly printed "bore" in the text ; and was followed by the Editors of 1773. "*Bord*," says Mason, "means rim or circumference. The word is used in this sense by Spenser." After all, it is only a corrupt form of *bore* : compare with the present passage Drayton's *Noah's Flood* ;

"beside th' Artillery  
 Of fourescore pieces of a mighty *Boare*."

p. 103. ed. 1630.



Cit. *I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman<sup>a</sup>, and hurl him.*

Wife. *Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two and a knight met<sup>b</sup>, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child<sup>c</sup> that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite<sup>d</sup>.*

Cit. *Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie<sup>e</sup> was better.*

Wife. *Ninivie! oh, that was the story of Jone and the wall<sup>f</sup>, was it not, George?*

Cit. *Yes, lamb.*

<sup>a</sup> *the great Dutchman*] Was possibly, Weber says, the same person who is mentioned as "the German fencer," in S. Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, as "the high German" in Middleton and Dekker's *Roaring Girl*, &c. I think not. "The great Dutchman" of our text seems to be described in the following passage of Stow. "This yeare [1581] were to be seene in London 2 Dutchmen of strange statures, *the one* in height seuen foote and seuen inches, in breadth betwixt the shoulders 3 quarters of a yard and an inch, the compasse of his breast one yard and halfe and two inches, and about the wast one yard quarter and one inch, the length of his arme to the hand a full yard; a comely man of person, but lame of his legges (for he had broken them with lifting of a barrell of beere)." *Annales*, p. 694. ed. 1615. The other Dutelman was a dwarf.

<sup>b</sup> *and a knight met*] Altered to "on a night met" by Sympson, who hopes the correction "will be allowed by every candid and judicious reader: *night* being the time when these men-monsters remove from place to place, thereby to prevent spoiling their market by exposing to common view what they would have the world pay dearly for the sight of." And so the Editors of 1778. Weber gave the reading of the old eds., observing that "perhaps the authors alluded to some known anecdote."—Qy. have the words "and a knight" been shuffled out of their right place in the sentence? and ought we to read,—"and yet they say there was a Scotchman *and a knight* higher than he, and that they two met, and saw one another for nothing."?

<sup>c</sup> *the little child*, &c.] Is mentioned in Jonson's *Alchemist*, act v. sc. 1.—*Works*, iv. 161. ed. Gifford.

<sup>d</sup> *the hermaphrodite*] "Perhaps," says Weber very foolishly, "the redoubted Moll Cut-purse, or Mary Frith, *who was commonly reputed to be a hermaphrodite*," &c. Poor Moll was assuredly a very notorious personage, but she was never one of "the sights" of London.

<sup>e</sup> *Ninivie*] i. e. the motion or puppet-show of Nineveh, which appears to have been the most popular exhibition of the kind; the notices of it in our early writers, if collected, would occupy several pages.

<sup>f</sup> *Jone and the wall*] Meaning, as Theobald (perhaps unnecessarily) observes, *Jonah and the whale*.

SCENE III.—*Street before MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.*

*Enter Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT.*

Wife. *Look, George, here comes mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.*

Cit. *Good mistress Merrythought, begone, I pray you, for my sake; I pray you, forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.*

Wife. *Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have despatched the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to you.* [Exit Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT.] *I thank you, good mistress Merrythought.*

Cit. *Boy, come hither.* [Enter Boy.] *Send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.*

Boy. *In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hissed; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot.—I pray, gentlemen, rule him.*

Cit. *Let him come now and despatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.*

Boy. *Will you give me your hand of that?*

Wife. *Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll hiss him. I warrant thee, the youth means plainly.*

Boy. *I'll send him to you presently.*

Wife. [kissing him.] *I thank you, little youth.* [Exit Boy.] *Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; carduus benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't.*

SCENE IV.—*Before a barber's shop, Waltham.*

*Enter RALPH, Host, TIM, and GEORGE.*

*Oh, Ralph's here, George!—God send thee good luck, Ralph!*

† *bound to you*] So the first 4to. Later eds. (the compositor's eye having caught what immediately follows) "*bound to thank you*"; and so the modern editors.



*Host.* Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.  
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are !  
Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth<sup>h</sup>,  
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights !  
I dare not stay to sound ; he will appear.

[*Exit.*

*Ralph.* Oh, faint not, heart ! Susan, my lady dear,  
The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake  
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee  
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds ;  
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,  
May I destroy this monster Barbarossa !—  
Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break  
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[*TIM knocks upon the basin.*

*Enter Barber.*

*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant !—Now, Ralph, for thy life !

*Bar.* What fond<sup>i</sup> unknowing wight is this, that dares  
So rudely knock at Barbarossa's cell,  
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind ?

<sup>h</sup> Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth.] “The barbers anciently displayed the teeth which they had drawn on a string or chain, which they sometimes wore about their persons. In the romance of Otuel, that champion having laid bare his adversary's jaw by a stroke of his faulechion, thus gibes him, v. 1311 ;

— ‘Clarel, so mote thou thè,  
Why shewweston thi teth to me ?  
I n' am no toth drawere ;

Thou ne sest me no cheine bere.’ [p. 71. of the ed. printed for the Abbotsford Club, where in the second line, “scheuweston the teth.”]

- - - - - and Cleveland, in his celebrated satire, entitled ‘The Rebel Scot,’ speaking of their national disposition to be mercenary soldiers, says,

‘Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,

Who use to string their teeth upon their belt.’ [Weber's inaccurate citation of this couplet is now rectified.]

See also Lazarillo's lamentation in the Woman-Hater, vol. i. 58. From Southey's Letters from Spain, it seems that the practice is still prevalent in that country.” WEBER.

<sup>i</sup> fond] i. e. foolish.

*Ralph.* I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate  
To punish all the sad enormities  
Thou hast committed against ladies gent  
And errant knights. Traitor to God and men,  
Prepare thyself; this is the dismal hour  
Appointed for thee to give strict account  
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

*Bar.* Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby  
This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;

[*Takes down his pole.*]

And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang!  
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

*Ralph.* Saint George for me!

*Bar.* Gargantua<sup>j</sup> for me!

[*They fight.*]

*Wife.* To him, *Ralph*, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy  
leg before, *Ralph*!

*Cit.* Falsify a blow, *Ralph*, falsify a blow! the giant lies open  
on the left side.

*Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off still! there, boy!—Oh, *Ralph's*  
almost down, *Ralph's* almost down!

*Ralph.* Susan, inspire me! now have up again.

*Wife.* Up, up, up, up, up! so, *Ralph*! down with him, down  
with him, *Ralph*!

*Cit.* Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[*Ralph* knocks down the Barber.]

*Wife.* There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Ralph*!

*Cit.* No, *Ralph*; get all out of him first.

*Ralph.* Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end  
Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,  
Who never prosper those that do despise them,  
For all the villanies which thou hast done  
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home  
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.  
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul  
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go,)  
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

<sup>j</sup> *Gargantua*] It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader here of Rabelais.

*Bar.* Go in, and free them all ; thou hast the day.

*Ralph.* Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,  
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

[*Exeunt* TIM and GEORGE.

*Bar.* I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,  
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

*Ralph.* Thou shew'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any ;  
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

*Re-enter* TIM *leading a Man winking, with a basin under his chin*<sup>k</sup>.

*Tim.* Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner,  
Whom this vild<sup>l</sup> man hath usèd as you see.

*Wife.* *This is the first wise word I heard the squire speak.*

*Ralph.* Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,  
That I may give him condign punishment.

*Man.* I am a knight that took my journey post  
Northward from London ; and in courteous wise  
This giant train'd me to his loathsome den,  
Under pretence of killing of the itch ;  
And all my body with a powder strew'd,  
That smarts and stings ; and cut away my beard,  
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied<sup>m</sup> ;  
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes,  
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,)  
Whose virtue is, that, till my eyes be wip'd  
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,  
I shall not dare to look a dog i' the face.

*Wife.* *Alas, poor knight!—Relieve him, Ralph ; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.*

*Ralph.* My trusty squire, convey him to the town,  
Where he may find relief.—Adieu, fair knight.

[*Exit* Man with TIM, *who presently re-enters.*

<sup>k</sup> *under his chin*] To this stage-direction of the old eds., Weber adds, rather unnecessarily, "as prepared for shaving."

<sup>l</sup> *vild*] i. e. vile. Old eds. "wilde" and "wild"; which Sympson gave ; his successors printed "vile." See note p. 93 of this vol.

<sup>m</sup> *And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied*] "In this fantastical manner the gallants of the time attired their hair, and the practice was strongly inveighed against by the puritans." WEBER.

*Re-enter GEORGE, leading a second Man, with a patch over his nose.*

*George.* Puissant Knight, of the Burning Pestle hight <sup>n</sup>,  
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast  
Hath scotch'd <sup>o</sup> and scor'd in this inhuman wise !

*Ralph.* Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,  
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

*Sec. Man.* I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my name,  
And by my birth I am a Londoner,  
Free by my copy, but my ancestors  
Were Frenchmen all <sup>p</sup>; and riding hard this way  
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache ;  
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,  
Light <sup>q</sup> at this cave ; when straight this furious fiend,  
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,  
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,  
And in the place this velvet plaster stands :  
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands !

*Wife.* *Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send him away ;  
for in truth his breath stinks.*

*Ralph.* Convey him straight after the other knight.—  
Sir Pockhole, fare you well.

*Sec. Man.* Kind sir, good night.

[*Exit with GEORGE, who presently re-enters.*]

*Third Man.* [*within.*] Deliver us !

*Woman.* [*within.*] Deliver us !

*Wife.* *Hark, George, what a woful cry there is ! I think  
some woman lies-in there.*

*Third Man.* [*within.*] Deliver us !

*Woman.* [*within.*] Deliver us !

*Ralph.* What ghastly noise is this ? Speak, Barbarossa,  
Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off !

<sup>n</sup> *hight*] i. e. called.

<sup>o</sup> *scotch'd*] i. e. cut,—nearly synonymous with “*scor'd*.” The correction of Theobald and Sympson. Old eds, “*scoreht*.”

<sup>p</sup> *my ancestors*

*Were Frenchmen all*] “Alluding to the name of the knight. It should be remembered, that the occupation of a surgeon was at the time joined to that of a barber.” WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> *Light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to “*Lit*.”

*Bar.* Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.  
Send lower down into the cave<sup>r</sup>,  
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot<sup>s</sup>,  
There may they<sup>t</sup> find them, and deliver them.

*Ralph.* Run, squire and dwarf; deliver them with speed.

[*Exeunt* TIM and GEORGE.

*Wife.* But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afraid<sup>u</sup>, if he let him go, he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

*Cit.* Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.

*Wife.* Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, (God bless us!) that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lic-by-the-fire*<sup>v</sup>; didst never hear it, George?

*Cit.* Peace, Nell; here comes the prisoners.

*Re-enter* TIM, leading a third Man, with a glass of lotion in his hand, and GEORGE leading a Woman, with diet-bread and drink in her hand.

*George.* Here be these pinèd wretches, manful knight,  
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

*Ralph.* Deliver what you are, and how you came  
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

*Third Man.* I am an errant knight that follow'd arms,  
With spear and shield; and in my tender years

<sup>r</sup> *cave*] Some epithet belonging to this word seems to have dropt out.

<sup>s</sup> *a tub that's heated smoking hot*] Was formerly used for the cure of the venereal disease; see what presently follows. The process of sweating patients so afflicted is often mentioned in our old plays, and with a variety of joecular allusions.

<sup>t</sup> *may they*] Altered by Weber to "they may."

<sup>u</sup> *I am afraid*] I may just notice that here the 4tos. read "I am afeard"; but in an earlier speech of the Citizen's Wife (p. 166) they have "I am afraid."

<sup>v</sup> *Lob-lic-by-the-fire*] "*Lob*, as Dr. Johnson observes [Note on *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.], as well as *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, denotes inactivity of body, and dullness of mind. [The etymology of the word is uncertain.] It was commonly used as a term of contempt." WEBER,—who proceeds to quote Warton's erroneous remark that Milton in *L'Allegro* confounded "the lubber-fiend" with the sleepy giant mentioned in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and afterwards cites some lines from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book iii. Canto vii. stanzas 6, 12, which he conjectures "that both Fletcher and Milton had in view," but which there can be very little doubt that they never thought of.

I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,  
 And fell in love with this my lady dear,  
 And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-street<sup>w</sup>,  
 And bore her up and down from town to town,  
 Where we did eat and drink, and music hear ;  
 Till at the length at this unhappy town  
 We did arrive, and coming to this cave,  
 This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,  
 Where we this two months sweat, and should have done  
 Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.

*Woman.* This bread and water hath our diet been,  
 Together with a rib cut from a neck  
 Of burnèd mutton ; hard hath been our fare :  
 Release us from this ugly giant's snare !

*Third Man.* This hath been all the food we have receiv'd ;  
 But only twice a-day, for novelty,  
 He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth  
 To each of us, through this same slender quill.

[*Pulls out a syringe.*]

*Ralph.* From this infernal monster you shall go,  
 That useth knights and gentle ladies so.—  
 Convey them hence. [*Third Man and Woman are led off by*  
*TIM and GEORGE, who presently re-enter.*]

*Cit. Cony,* I can tell thee, the gentlemen like *Ralph.*

*Wife.* Ay, *George,* I see it well enough.—Gentlemen, I thank  
 you all heartily for gracing my man *Ralph* ; and I promise you,  
 you shall see him oftener.

*Bar.* Mercy, great knight ! I do recant my ill,  
 And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

*Ralph.* I give thee mercy ; but yet shalt thou swear  
 Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform  
 Thy promise utterèd.

*Bar.* I swear and kiss.

[*Kisses the Pestle.*]

*Ralph.* Depart, then, and amend.— [*Exit Barber.*]  
 Come, squire and dwarf ; the sun grows towards his set,  
 And we have many more adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>w</sup> *Turnbull-street*] " A street very notorious for its brothels at the time, and often alluded to in old plays." WEBER. A corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell.

Cit. *Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.*

Wife. *Ay, George, but it is well as it is : I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant.*

SCENE V.—*Street before MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.*

*Enter Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL.*

*But, look, George ; here comes mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael.—Now you are welcome, mistress Merrythought ; now Ralph has done, you may go on.*

*Mist. Mer.* Mick, my boy—

*Mich.* Ay, forsooth, mother.

*Mist. Mer.* Be merry, Mick ; we are at home now ; where, I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out of the windows. [*Music within.*] Hark ! hey, dogs, hey ! this is the old world, i' faith, with my husband. If I get <sup>y</sup> in among them, I'll play them such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again.—Why, master Merrythought ! husband ! Charles Merrythought !

*Mer.* [*appearing above, and singing.*]

If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,  
 And hollow, and laugh again,  
 And then cry, "there, boys, there !" why, then,  
 One, two, three, and four,  
 We shall be merry within this hour.

*Mist. Mer.* Why, Charles, do you not know your own natural wife ? I say, open the door, and turn me out those mangy companions ; 'tis more than time that they were fellow and fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children ; and I myself, (though I say it) by my mother's side niece to a worshipful gentleman and a conductor ; he has been three times in his majesty's

<sup>y</sup> *If I get*] So the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635. Other eds. "*I get,*" and "*I'll get.*"

service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God bless him and his charge, upon his journey.

*Mer.* [*sings.*]

Go from my window<sup>z</sup>, love, go ;  
 Go from my window, my dear !  
 The wind and the rain  
 Will drive you back again ;  
 You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse ; what, shall I think myself the worse ? Faith, no, I'll be merry. You come not here<sup>a</sup> ; here's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years and upwards ; care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble " Heigh-ho, my heart is heavy ! "

*Mist. Mer.* Why, master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly ? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries ? your comforter in health and sickness ? have I not brought you

<sup>z</sup> *Go from my window, &c.*] " A fragment of an old song very popular at the time, being again quoted in *The Woman's Prize* [Act 1, sc. 3] and *Monsieur Thomas* [Act iii. sc. 3]." WEBER. The next fragment sung by Merrythought belongs, it would seem, to the same piece, and is found with the following slight variation in a song which begins, " Arise, arise, my Juggie, my Puggie, &c.," printed at the end of Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* ;

" Begone, begone, my willie, my billie,  
 begone, begone, my deere,  
 The weather is warme, 'twill doe thee no harme,  
 thou caust not be lodged heere."

Durfey inserted the song from Heywood's play with some alterations in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 44. Mr. Chappell (*Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 150) is of opinion that the song given by Heywood and that cited here by Merrythought are distinct ballads.

<sup>a</sup> *You come not here, &c.*] With this speech of Merrythought some scraps of ballads seem to be interwoven ; but I am unable to distinguish them exactly. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed the whole of the present passage thus,—*as part of a song* !

" You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle,  
 Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,  
 Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble  
 Hey-ho, my heart is heavy."



children? are they not like you, Charles? look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man! and yet for all this—

*Mer.* [*sings.*]

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,  
 Begone, my love, my dear!  
 The weather is warm,  
 'Twill do thee no harm;  
 Thou canst not be lodged here.—

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more wine! [*Exit above.*]

*Wife.* *He's not in earnest, I hope, George, is he?*

*Cit.* *What if he be, sweetheart?*

*Wife.* *Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant<sup>b</sup> old man to use his bedfellow so scurvily.*

*Cit.* *What! how does he use her, honey?*

*Wife.* *Marry, come up, sir saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! you are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!*

*Cit.* *Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for, as I am an honest man and a true Christian grocer, I do not like his doings.*

*Wife.* *I ery you mercy, then, George! you know we are all frail and full of infirmitics.—D'ye hear, master Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?*

*Mer.* [*appearing above.*] *Strike up lively, lads!*

*Wife.* *I had not thought, in truth, master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions<sup>c</sup>, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife; for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib: and again—*

*Mer.* [*sings.*]

I come not hither for thee to teach,  
 I have no pulpit for thee to preach;  
 I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech,  
 As thou art a lady gay.

<sup>b</sup> *ingrant.*] “Is the reading of all the copies but that of 1711, which exhibits *ignorant*; of which word it may be a vitiation, as *ingrum* is in *Wit without Money*, [Act v. sc. 1.] *Ingrant* here seems to stand for *ingrateful* [or *ingrate*].”  
*Ed.* 1778.

<sup>c</sup> *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits.

Wife. *Marry, with a vengeance! I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith—*

Cit. *I prithee, sweet honeysuckle, be content.*

Wife. *Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born! hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: now, beshrew his knave's heart for it!*

[*Exit Citizen.*]

Mer. Play me a light lavolta<sup>d</sup>. Come, be frolic. Fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? you'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not,

[*Sings.*]

You are no love<sup>e</sup> for me, Margaret;  
I am no love for you.—

Come aloft, boys, aloft<sup>f</sup>!

[*Exit above.*]

Mist. Mer. Now, a churl's fart in your teeth, sir!—Come, Mick, we'll not trouble him; 'a shall not ding us i' the teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to master Venturewell's, the merchant; I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster: will not that do well for thee, Mick? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father; I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>d</sup> *lavolta*] “Was the name of a lively dance, somewhat resembling a German waltz.” WEBER.

Sir John Davies, in a passage which has been often quoted, describes it as

“A loftie iumping, or a leaping round,  
Where arme in arme two dauneers are entwind,  
And whirle themselues, with striet embracements bound.”

*Orchestra*, st. 70.

<sup>e</sup> *You are no love*, &c.] The Editors of 1778 erroneously state that these lines are to be found in the ballad of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, reprinted by Percy: see note p. 170.

<sup>f</sup> *Come aloft*] “To come aloft means to tumble.” MASON. The expression is generally found applied to apes that were taught to vault: here it is used merely as an incitement to mirth.

*Re-enter Citizen with beer.*

Wife. *Come, George, where's the beer?*

Cit. *Here, love.*

Wife. *This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet.—Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart. [Drinks.]—Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. [Enter Boy.] Look, George, the little boy's come again: methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness<sup>s</sup> about his neck. George, I will have him dance fading.—Fading is a fine jig<sup>h</sup>, I'll assure you, gentlemen.—Begin, brother. [Boy dances.]—Now 'a capers, sweetheart!—Now a turn o' the toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?*

Boy. *No, indeed, forsooth.*

Wife. *Nor eat fire?*

Boy. *Neither.*

Wife. *Why, then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points<sup>i</sup> withal.*

<sup>s</sup> *harness*] “i. e. armour.” MASON.

<sup>h</sup> *fading*.—*Fading is a fine jig*] “This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Irish Masque at Court: ‘Dannsh a *fading* at te vedding’; and again, ‘Show tee how teye can foot te *fading* and te fadow’. [*Works*, vii. 240, ed. Gifford.]” *Ed.* 1778. The dance took its name from the burden of an Irish song; and both seem to have been of a licentious description. “Hence,” observes Weber, “the word *jig* in the text, which should be understood in its ancient sense, viz. [merry] song, or ballad.”

<sup>i</sup> *points*] i. e. tagged laces used in the dress,—to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet, &c.

ACT IV <sup>j</sup>.SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter JASPER and Boy.*

*Jasp.* There, boy, deliver this; but do it well.  
Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows, [Gives a letter.  
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect  
In all thy business?

*Boy.* Sir, you need not fear;  
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:  
The men are ready for you, and what else  
Pertains to this employment.

*Jasp.* There, my boy;  
Take it, but buy no land. [Gives money.

*Boy.* Faith, sir, 'twere rare  
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,  
And on my wings carry your destiny.

*Jasp.* Go, and be happy! [*Exit Boy.*] Now, my latest hope,  
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,  
And let it hold! Stand fix'd, thou rolling stone,  
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all  
You powers, that rule in men, celestial! [*Exit.*

*Wife.* Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew  
in London. I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty end or  
other; for his looks say no less: besides, his father (you know,  
George) is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a  
flirt-gill<sup>k</sup>, and sing bawdy songs upon me; but, i'faith, if I live,  
George——

<sup>j</sup> *Act IV.*] “All the copies concur in making this *act* begin with the *Boy's* dancing; but as the *dance* was certainly introduced by way of interlude, here as well as at the end of the first act, we have made this *act* begin with a part of the real play, as all the others do.” *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>k</sup> *flirt-gill*] So the first 4to., and one of the 4tos. of 1635. Other eds. “gill flirt.”

Cit. *Let me alone, sweetheart : I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year<sup>1</sup>, and make him sing peccavi ere I leave him ; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.*

Wife. *Do, my good George, do !*

Cit. *What shall we have Ralph do now, boy ?*

Boy. *You shall have what you will, sir.*

Cit. *Why, so, sir ; go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child<sup>m</sup>.*

Boy. *Believe me, sir, that will not do so well ; 'tis stale ; it has been had before at the Red Bull<sup>n</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> *I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, &c.]* "Information in the prerogative court." WEBER. Nares, citing the present passage, says "It seems there was a prison belonging to this court." *Gloss. in v. Arches, Court of.*

<sup>m</sup> *let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child]* In a note by Warton on the next speech but two of the Citizen, it is erroneously stated that "the Sophy of Persia christening a child" is a circumstance in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London* ; and Weber as erroneously adds that "there is no doubt a Sophy of Persia in Heywood's play, but his christening a child is merely a ludicrous confusion of the foolish Citizen." The fact is, the Citizen is not thinking of Heywood's play, but of a drama written by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins, entitled *The Travails of The three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, Mr. Robert Shirley*, which was printed in 1607, and which (as appears from the Boy's reply to the Citizen) had been acted at the Red Bull. In the last scene of it, the following dialogue takes place between the Sophy and Robert Shirley, who has married the Sophy's niece :

"*Soph.* If yet vnsatisfied thy griefes remaine,

Aske yet to please thy selfe, it shall be granted.

*Rob.* I feare to be too bold.

*Soph.* Aske and obtaine.

*Rob.* My child may be baptis'd in Christian faith,  
And know the same God that the father hath.

*Soph.* Baptize thy Child : our selfe will ayd in it,  
Our selfe will answer for 't, a Godfather ;  
In our owne armes wecl beare it to the place,  
Where it shall receiue the compleat Ceremonie.

Now for the Temple, where our royall hand

Shall make thy Child first Christian in our land. [*Exeunt.*

*A show of the Christning."*

<sup>n</sup> *the Red Bull]* "Was one of the playhouses in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was situated in St. John's Street." REED. Mr. J. P. Collier supposes that it was originally an inn-yard, and that it was constructed, or converted into a regular theatre, late in the reign of Elizabeth : see *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 324.

Wife. *George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with [black]<sup>o</sup> velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house; and then let Ralph talk with her.*

Cit. *Well said, Nell; it shall be so.—Boy, let's ha't done quickly.*

Boy. *Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.*

Cit. *Sir boy, let's ha't as you can, then.*

Boy. *Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, sir? you are well read in histories! I pray you, what was sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of The Four Prentices of London, where they toss their pikes so<sup>p</sup>. I pray you, fetch him in, sir, fetch him in.*

Boy. *It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen.* [Exit.

Wife. *Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant ye, George.*

<sup>o</sup> [black] "I have inserted the colour of the velvet, which was here wanting, from what the Boy says in the second speech below, as to the impossibility of their complying with this request of the Citizen's Wife." SYMPSON. "The text probably refers to some contemporary romance of the Amadis school." WEBER.

<sup>p</sup> *it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, sir? you are well read in histories! I pray you, what was sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of The Four Prentices of London, where they toss their pikes so]* Sir Dagonet, whom the Citizen mistakes for a grocer's prentice, is a character in the celebrated romance, the *Morte d'Arthur*, where he is described as "Kynge Arthurs foole," and we are told that "Kynge Arthur loued hym passynge wel, and made hym knyght [with] his owne handes. And att euery turnement he begaune to make Kynge Arthur to laughe." B. x. cap. 12. vol. ii. 21, ed. Southey. On all occasions sir Dagonet meets with very rough treatment: see, for instance, B. ix. cap. 3. vol. i. 314, where sir La-cote-male-tayle smites him over his horse's croup; and cap. 19 of the same B. p. 339, where sir Tristram "souses" him in a well, and afterwards takes him by the head and dashes him to the ground.

In particularly noticing *The Four Prentices of London*, at p. 125, I neglected

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the King of Moldavia's court.*

*Enter POMPIONA, RALPH, TIM, and GEORGE.*

*Oh, here they come! how prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!*

*Cit.* *Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant ye.*

*Pomp.* Welcome, sir knight, unto my father's court,  
King of Moldavia<sup>1</sup>; unto me, Pompiona<sup>r</sup>,  
His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like  
Your entertainment, that will stay with us  
No longer but a night.

*Ralph.* Damsel right fair,

to mention that Gilchrist (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vi. 402) concludes from the Citizen's expression in this speech, "Read the play" &c., that Heywood's drama must have been printed before 1615, the date of the earliest extant edition,—*The Knight of the Burning Pestle* having been produced in 1611. His conclusion may be right: but it ought to be observed that the Citizen is made to blunder in the rest of the speech; and that the words, "where they toss their pikes so," will apply as well to the acted as to the printed play. On the present passage Warton remarks, "In Heywood's comedy, Eustace, the grocer's prentice, is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins." Here Warton, as usual, is very careless and inaccurate. In Heywood's play, *Eustace* does not court the French king's daughter: that lady courts *Guy, the goldsmith's prentice*, who at first rejects her because he can "love no woman in the world, save war," but afterwards marries her, when he has become king of Jerusalem. Again, the original wood-cut (—the copy of it in Dodsley's *Old Plays* is a sad misrepresentation—) exhibits two of the prentices bearing bills or battle-axes, and two with spears in their hands.

<sup>1</sup> *King of Moldavia*] Weber ventures to conjecture that the present scene was founded on one of the romances in Don Quixote's library; and he adds still more rashly that in the following passage of Jonson's *Silent Woman* "there is a similar allusion, perhaps referring to the same romance;"

"*Cler.* How, maps of persons!

*La-F.* Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the *prince of Moldavia*, and of his mistress, mistress Epicæne." Act v. sc. 1.

Gifford must certainly have overlooked Weber's unfortunate remark, else he would have mentioned it with one of his bitterest sneers. "Nomentack" was an Indian chief, brought from Virginia to England; but concerning "the prince of Moldavia,"—real or pretended,—nothing, I believe, is known.

<sup>r</sup> *Pompiona*] So the old eds. here; but in Ralph's speech at the conclusion of the play, they have "Pompiana,"—rightly, perhaps.

I am on many sad adventures bound,  
 That call me forth into the wilderness ;  
 Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,  
 Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.  
 But many thanks, fair lady, be to you  
 For using errant knight with courtesy !

*Pomp.* But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth ?

*Ralph.* My name is Ralph ; I am an Englishman,  
 (As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,)  
 And prentice to a grocer in the Strand<sup>r</sup>  
 By deed indent, of which I have one part :  
 But fortune calling me to follow arms,  
 On me this holy order I did take  
 Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes  
 I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

*Pomp.* Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,  
 And fertile soil and store of wholesome food ;  
 My father oft will tell me of a drink  
 In England found, and nipitato call'd,  
 Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Ralph.* Lady, 'tis true ; you need not lay your lips  
 To better nipitato<sup>s</sup> than there is.

*Pomp.* And of a wild-fowl he will often speak,  
 Which powder'd-beef-and-mustard callèd is :  
 For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you ;  
 But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me.  
 Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be  
 To wear a lady's favour in your shield ?

*Ralph.* I am a knight of [a] religious order,  
 And will not wear a favour of a lady<sup>t</sup>  
 That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.

<sup>r</sup> *Strand*] Here the first 4to. reads "Strond" (which Weber gave); but in other passages of the play it has "Strand."

<sup>s</sup> *nipitato*] A word which frequently occurs in our early writers, and with various spelling,—means here, I apprehend, strong ale. The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (xii. 397) says that "*Nipitaty* seems to have been a cant term for a certain wine;" but he is evidently mistaken. The term, whatever liquor was spoken of, only implied its strength and excellence: see the various passages cited in Nares's *Gloss.*

<sup>t</sup> *lady*] Old eds. "Ladies."



*Cit.* Well said, *Ralph* ! convert her, if thou canst.

*Ralph.* Besides, I have a lady of my own  
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake  
I took these arms ; and Susan is her name,  
A cobbler's maid in Milk-street ; whom I vow  
Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last.

*Pomp.* Happy that cobbling dame, whoc'er she be,  
That for her own, dear *Ralph*, hath gotten thee !  
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day  
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away !

*Ralph.* Lady, farewell ; I needs must take my leave.

*Pomp.* Hard-hearted *Ralph*, that ladies dost deceive !

*Cit.* Hark thee, *Ralph* : there's money for thee [gives money] ;  
give something in the king of *Cracovia's* house ; be not beholding<sup>u</sup>  
to him.

*Ralph.* Lady, before I go, I must remember  
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,  
Have been about me very diligent :  
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid !  
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain ;  
And another<sup>v</sup> shilling for his cook,  
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well ;  
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,  
For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter<sup>w</sup>  
There is another shilling ; to the maid  
That wash'd my boot-hose there 's an English groat ;  
And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my boots ;  
And last, fair lady, there is for yourself  
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair.

*Pomp.* Full many thanks ; and I will keep them safe  
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, *Ralph*.

<sup>u</sup> beholding] See note, p. 181.

<sup>v</sup> and another] The modern editors print, for the metre, "And there's another," without mentioning the insertion.

<sup>w</sup> butter] "Mason says we should read *butler*, 'as Seward does.' But the edition of 1750, and every other, reads as in the text, and there is no occasion to alter it. *Ralph* gives an additional shilling for the butter used for his horse's back." WEBER.

*Ralph.* Advance, my squire and dwarf ! I cannot stay.

*Pomp.* Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away. [*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* *I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop to a Cracovian ; there's properer<sup>w</sup> women in London than any are there, i-wis.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of VENTUREWELL.*

*Enter VENTUREWELL, HUMPHREY, LUCE, and Boy.*

*But here comes master Humphrey and his love again now, George<sup>x</sup>.*

*Cit.* *Ay, cony ; peace.*

*Vent.* Go, get you up ; I will not be entreated ;  
And, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter  
From gadding out again with boys and unthrifts :  
Come, they are women's tears ; I know your fashion.—  
Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key  
Safe as you love your life. [*Exeunt LUCE and Boy.*

Now, my son Humphrey,

You may both rest assurèd of my love  
In this, and reap your own desire.

*Hum.* I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,  
Although the hole be little ; and hereafter  
Will yield the like in all I may or can,  
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

*Vent.* I do believe you, my good son, and thank you ;  
For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.

*Hum.* It were, indeed ; but shall I tell you why ?  
I have been beaten twice about the lie.

*Vent.* Well, son, no more of compliment. My daughter  
Is yours again : appoint the time and take her ;  
We'll have no stealing for it ; I myself  
And some few of our friends will see you married.

<sup>w</sup> *properer*] i. e. handsomer.

<sup>x</sup> *again now, George*] The editors of 1778 and Weber point these words thus,—“again ; now, George !” but compare p. 169, first line.

*Hum.* I would you would, i'faith ! for, be it known,  
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

*Vent.* Some three days hence, then.

*Hum.* Three days ! let me see :  
'Tis somewhat of the most ; yet I agree,  
Because I mean against the appointed day  
To visit all my friends in new array.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with  
your worship.

*Vent.* What is she ?

*Serv.* Sir, I asked her not.

*Vent.* Bid her come in.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Enter Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL.*

*Mist. Mer.* Peace be to your worship ! I come as a poor  
suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.

*Vent.* Are you not wife to Merrythought ?

*Mist. Mer.* Yes, truly. Would I had ne'er seen his eyes !  
he has undone me and himself and his children ; and there  
he lives at home, and sings and hoits and revels among his  
drunken companions ! but, I warrant you, where to get a  
penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not : and there-  
fore, if it like your worship, I would entreat your letter to the  
honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my  
child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled  
course of life.

*Vent.* I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers. Thy  
husband,

When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me ;  
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having  
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,  
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter,  
Then wrong'd this gentleman, and, last of all,  
Gave me that grief had almost brought me down  
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand  
Reliev'd my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did,

And be unpitied ; for I here profess  
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

*Mist. Mer.* Will you so, sir ? how say you by that ?—Come, Mick ; let him keep his wind to cool his pottage<sup>y</sup>. We'll go to thy nurse's, Mick : she knits silk stockings, boy ; and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exit with* MICHAEL.]

*Enter* Boy.

*Boy.* Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.

*Vent.* How then, boy ?

*Boy.* Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter. [*Gives letter.*]

*Vent.* From whom, my pretty boy ?

*Boy.* From him that was your servant ; but no more  
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead :  
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart.  
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd  
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither :  
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

*Vent.* [*reads.*] *Sir, that I have wronged your love I must confess ; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness : let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy !* JASPER.

God's hand is great in this : I do forgive him ;  
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope  
He will not bite again.—Boy, bring the body,  
And let him have his will, if that be all.

*Boy.* 'Tis here without, sir.

*Vent.* So, sir ; if you please,  
You may conduct it in ; I do not fear it.

*Hum.* I'll be your usher, boy ; for, though I say it,  
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>y</sup> *pottage*] Here the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635 read "porrage"; but in an earlier part of the play (p. 167.) they have "pottage."

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the house of VENTUREWELL.**Enter LUCE.*

*Luce.* If there be any punishment inflicted  
 Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,  
 Let it together seize me, and at once  
 Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain  
 Of these delaying tortures.—Thou that art  
 The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,  
 Come, come, oh, Death! bring<sup>z</sup> me to thy peace,  
 And blot out all the memory I nourish  
 Both of my father and my cruel friend!—  
 Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,  
 To be a say<sup>a</sup> to Fortune in her changes,  
 And grow to number times and woes together!  
 How happy had I been, if, being born,  
 My grave had been my cradle!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* By your leave,  
 Young mistress; here's a boy hath brought a coffin:  
 What 'a would say, I know not; but your father  
 Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Boy, and two Men bearing a coffin.**Luce.* For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

*Boy.* Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief  
 To that great store you have already. Jasper  
 (That whilst he liv'd was yours, now<sup>b</sup> dead  
 And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring  
 His body hither, and to crave a tear  
 From those fair eyes, (though he deserv'd not pity,)

<sup>z</sup> *bring*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "and *bring*."<sup>a</sup> *a say*] "Means a sample or example." MASON. It evidently means, (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.,) a subject for experiments.<sup>b</sup> *now*] Altered by Sympson to "now's".—Something seems to have dropt out from the line: qy."That whilst he liv'd was *only* yours, now dead"?

To deck his funeral; for so he bid me  
Tell her for whom he died.

*Luce.* He shall have many.—

Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take  
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.

[*Exeunt Boy and Men.*]

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee  
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!  
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?  
I shall not long be after. But, believe me,  
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,  
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,  
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong me,  
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;  
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!  
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,  
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,  
And all myself, before thou goest from me:  
These<sup>b</sup> are but sparing rites; but if thy soul  
Be yet about this place, and can behold  
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,  
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,  
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,  
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,  
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

[*Sings.*]

Come, you whose loves are dead,  
And, whiles I sing,  
Weep, and wring  
Every hand, and every head  
Bind with cypress and sad yew;  
Ribands black and candles blue  
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning<sup>c</sup>,  
And on his grave  
Let him have  
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;  
Let him have fair flowers enow,  
White and purple, green and yellow,  
For him that was of men most true!

<sup>b</sup> *These*] Old eds. "There."

<sup>c</sup> *moaning*] Old eds. "mourning."

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,  
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

[*Removes the cloth, and JASPER rises out of the coffin.*

*Jasp.* And thus you meet the living.

*Luce.* Save me, Heaven !

*Jasp.* Nay, do not fly me, fair ; I am no spirit :  
Look better on me ; do you know me yet ?

*Luce.* Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend !

*Jasp.* Dear substance,  
I swear I am no shadow ; feel my hand,  
It is the same it was ; I am your Jasper,  
Your Jasper that's yet living and yet loving.  
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof  
I put in practice of your constaney ;  
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,  
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn  
The least drop from that body : for which boldness  
Doom me to any thing ; if death, I take it,  
And willingly.

*Luce.* This death I'll give you for it ; [*Kisses him.*  
So, now I am satisfied you are no spirit,  
But my own truest, truest, truest friend :  
Why do you come thus to me ?

*Jasp.* First, to see you ;  
Then to convey you hence.

*Luce.* It cannot be ;  
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,  
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

*Jasp.* Nothing more possible. Within this coffin  
Do you convey yourself : let me alone,  
I have the wits of twenty men about me ;  
Only I crave the shelter of your closet  
A little, and then fear me not <sup>c</sup>. Creep in,  
That they may presently convey you hence :  
Fear nothing, dearest love ; I'll be your second ;

[*LUCE lies down in the coffin, and JASPER covers  
her with the cloth.*

Lie close ; so ; all goes well yet.—Boy !

<sup>c</sup> *fear me not*] i. e. fear not for me. So in vol. i. 291,—

“*Fearing the lord Philaster.*”

*Re-enter Boy and Men.*

*Boy.* At hand, sir.

*Jasp.* Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

*Boy.* 'Tis done already. [*Exeunt Men with the coffin.*]

*Jasp.* Now must I go conjure. [*Exit into a closet.*]

*Enter VENTUREWELL.*

*Vent.* Boy, boy !

*Boy.* Your servant, sir.

*Vent.* Do me this kindness, boy ; (hold, here's a crown ;)  
Before thou bury the body of this fellow,  
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him  
From me, and bid him sing ; he hath cause.

*Boy.* I will, sir.

*Vent.* And then bring me word what tune he is in,  
And have another crown ; but do it truly.  
I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him.

*Boy.* God bless your worship's health, sir !

*Vent.* Farewell, boy. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—*Street before MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.*

*Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.*

*Wife.* Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again ? let's  
hear some of thy songs.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

Who can sing a merrier note  
Than he that cannot change a groat<sup>d</sup> ?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps : I do wonder yet,

<sup>d</sup> *Who can sing a merrier note*

*Than he that cannot change a groat*] The last piece in Ravenscroft's  
*Pammelia*, 1609, is *A Round or Catch for ten or eleven voices* ;—

“ Sing we now merily, our purses be empty, hey ho.

Let them take care

That list to spare,

For I will not doe soe :

Who can sing so merry a note

As he that cannot change a groat ?

Hey hoe, trolly, lolly loe, trolly lolly lo.”



as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both my sons are I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper; yet am I merry still, for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hang thought! [Sings.

I would not be a serving-man  
To carry the cloak-bag still,  
Nor would I be a falconer  
The greedy hawks to fill;  
But I would be in a good house,  
And have a good master too;  
But I would eat and drink of the best,  
And no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soul together, mirth; this is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

*Mer.* Will they not? let 'em choose. The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves. [Sings.

For Jillian of Berry,<sup>e</sup> she dwells on a hill,  
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,  
And of good fellows she thinks no ill;  
And thither will we go now, now, now, now,  
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not ask what is to pay,  
But kiss your hostess, and go your way;  
And thither will we go now, now, now, now,  
And thither will we go now.

*Enter another Boy.*

*Sec. Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

<sup>e</sup> *Jillian of Berry*] "This is, perhaps, an error for Gillian of Brentford, a noted character of the sixteenth century. Among the Selden collection of black-letter Romances, there is one entitled—'Jyl of Brentford's Testament.'" So writes Weber, and very absurdly. *Berry* is, of course, Bury. *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, instead of being a romance, is a facetious poem.

*Mer.* Hang bread and supper ! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch, boy[s] ; follow me, come<sup>f</sup>. [ *They sing.*

Ho, ho, nobody at home<sup>g</sup> !  
 Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none.  
 Fill the pot, Eedy,  
 Never more need I.

*Mer.* So, boys ; enough. Follow me : let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh. [ *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Let him go, George ; 'a shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' the company, if I may strike stroke in't.

*Cit.* No more 'a sha'not, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers.—Sirrah ! you there, boy ! Can none of you hear ?

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure ?

*Cit.* Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks<sup>h</sup>.

<sup>f</sup> *come*] The modern editors give, " come, sing this catch : " but in the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635, the words, " sing this Catch," are distinctly a stage-direction.

<sup>g</sup> *Ho, ho, nobody at home, &c.*] In Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, this catch (No. 85) stands as follows :

" Ey ho no body at home,  
 Meate nor drinke nor money haue I none,  
 Fill the pot Eadie. Hey *ut supra.*"

<sup>h</sup> *Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.*] " This incident was probably suggested by Eustace the grocer's apprentice, in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, the undoubted prototype of Ralph, who says—

' He will not let me see a mustering,  
 Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.'

We are informed by Stow, ' that, in the month of May, the citizens of London, (of all estates,) lightly in every parish, or sometime two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long ; and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets.' [ *Survey*, B. i. 252, ed. 1720.] In some parts of England, May-lords are still elected, and decked out with ribands, scarfs, and

Boy. *Why, sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that, then?*

Cit. *Why, sir, I care not what become on't: I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city: besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures. Bring him out quickly; or, if I come in amongst you—*

Boy. *Well, sir, he shall come out; but if our play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.*

Cit. *Bring him away, then.* [Exit Boy.]

Wife. *This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?*

Cit. *No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy.*

*Enter RALPH, dressed as a May-lord.*

*Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in repanel; but he has not rings enough.*

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;  
 Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:  
 For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may appear,  
 I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.  
 My name is Ralph, by due descent though not ignoble I,  
 Yet far inferior to the stock<sup>1</sup> of gracious grocery;  
 And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,  
 With gilded staff and crossèd scarf, the May-lord here I stand.  
 Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, oh, lovers dear!  
 Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke every shire<sup>2</sup>!  
 For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly  
 sort,

rings. The last of these articles of ornament seems to have been peculiarly essential, as the citizen complains that Ralph 'has not rings enough.' WEBER. I greatly doubt if the introduction of Ralph as a May-lord was suggested by the passage in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*. The Lord and Lady of the May are characters of very high antiquity. See Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* i. 212, ed. 1813. Compare also *Women Pleasèd*, act iv. sc. 1, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, act iii. sc. 5.

<sup>1</sup> *stock*] Old eds. "flocke" (and "flock"); and so the modern editors.

<sup>2</sup> *shire*] Is of course to be read here, as if it were written "*shere*;" and so, I remember, John Kemble invariably pronounced the word. Weber unnecessarily printed "*shere*."

The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport ;  
And now the birchen tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy  
cry ;

The morris rings, while hobby-horse<sup>j</sup> doth foot it feateously<sup>k</sup> ;  
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,  
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay ;  
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood ;  
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good ;  
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,  
And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd<sup>l</sup>, do creep out of  
their shellies ;

The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle ;  
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his  
saddle ;

The heavy hart, the bellowing buck<sup>m</sup>, the rascal<sup>n</sup>, and the  
pricket<sup>o</sup>,

Are now among the yeoman's pease, and leave the fearful  
thicket :

And be like them, oh, you, I say, of this same noble town,  
And lift aloft your velvet heads<sup>p</sup>, and slipping off your gown,  
With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders  
tied<sup>q</sup>,

With scarfs and garters as you please, and "Hey for our  
town!"<sup>r</sup> cried,

<sup>j</sup> *hobby-horse*] Was a prominent person in the morris-dance : see *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. i. and note.

<sup>k</sup> *feateously*] The modern editors give, with folio 1679, "featuously."

<sup>l</sup> *mew'd*] Old eds. "mute."—"I have ventured to alter *mute* into the old word *mew'd*, i. e. shut up, confined." SYMPSON.

<sup>m</sup> *bellowing*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "blowing;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted. The worthy prioress of Sopwell, describing the various cries of beasts of chase, says,

"An harte *belowyth* and a bucke *groynyth* I fynde."

*Book of Saint Albans*, sig. d. ii.

<sup>n</sup> *the rascal*] i. e. a deer lean and out of season.

<sup>o</sup> *the pricket*] i. e. a buck in his second year.

<sup>p</sup> *velvet heads*] A sly allusion to the *horns* of the citizens : see note, vol. i. 267.

<sup>q</sup> *With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied*] Accoutrements of the morris-dancers : see *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. i. and note.

<sup>r</sup> *Hey for our town*] "A very usual exclamation at processions similar to the

March out, and shew your willing minds, by twenty and by  
 twenty,  
 To Hogsdon or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty ;  
 And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London  
 Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom un-  
 done.  
 Up, then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-  
 maying,  
 With drums, and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor  
 playing !  
 Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country  
 peace,  
 And root out treason from the land ! and so, my friends, I  
 cease. [*Exit.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of VENTUREWELL.*

*Enter VENTUREWELL.*

*Vent.* I will have no great store of company at the wedding ;  
 a couple of neighbours and their wives ; and we will have a  
 capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef  
 stuck with rosemary<sup>s</sup>.

*Enter JASPER with his face mealed.*

*Jasp.* Forbear thy pains, fond<sup>t</sup> man ! it is too late.

present. Butler uses the same expression in a passage where he probably  
 recollected the text :

— ‘ Followed with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troul'd and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
 Crying, *hey for our town*, through the borough.’ ” WEBER.

<sup>s</sup> *rosemary*] This herb was used as an emblem [of remembrance] at wed-  
 dings as well as funerals. WEBER.

<sup>t</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

*Vent.* Heaven bless me ! Jasper !

*Jasp.* Ay, I am his ghost,  
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love ;  
Fond worldly wretch ! who dost not understand  
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.  
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away  
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,  
To<sup>u</sup> far out of thy reach, and never more  
Shalt thou behold her face : but she and I  
Will in another world enjoy our loves ;  
Where neither father's anger, poverty,  
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,  
Shall make us sever our united hearts.  
And never shalt thou sit or be alone  
In any place, but I will visit thee  
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind  
The great offences which thou didst to me :  
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,  
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thyself<sup>v</sup>,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear  
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

*Vent.* Forgive me, Jasper ! Oh, what might I do,  
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost ?

*Jasp.* There is no means ; too late thou think'st of this.

*Vent.* But tell me what were best for me to do ?

*Jasp.* Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,  
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* Look, George ; his very ghost would have folks beaten.

*Enter HUMPHREY.*

*Hum.* Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress Luce :  
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.

<sup>u</sup> *To*] So the first 4to. Later eds. " Too ;" and so the modern editors !

<sup>v</sup> *Invisible to all men but thyself.*] In this passage our author evidently has an eye to the ghost of Banquo in *Macbeth*.

*Vent.* Hence, fool, out of my sight with thy fond passion !  
Thou hast undone me. [Beats him.

*Hum.* Hold, my father dear,  
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer !

*Vent.* Thy father, fool ! there's some blows more ; begone.—  
[Beats him.

Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeas'd  
To see thy will perform'd. Now will I go  
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [Aside and exit.

*Hum.* What shall I do ? I have been beaten twice,  
And mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device !  
Since my true-love is gone, I never more,  
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore ;  
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles  
In passion <sup>w</sup> in Saint Faith's church under Paul's<sup>x</sup>. [Exit.

*Wife.* George, call Ralph hither ; if you love me, call Ralph  
hither : I have the bravest thing for him to do, George ; prithee,  
call him quickly.

*Cit.* Ralph ! why, Ralph, boy !

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Here, sir.

*Cit.* Come hither, Ralph ; come to thy mistress, boy.

*Wife.* Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in  
battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-  
End <sup>y</sup> in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be  
merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph ;  
and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, " Kill, kill,  
kill ! " My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's  
a scarf ; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay  
for't. Do it bravely, Ralph ; and think before whom you per-  
form, and what person you represent.

<sup>w</sup> *passion*] i. e. sorrowing, sorrowful exclamation.

<sup>x</sup> *Saint Faith's church under Paul's*] " At the west end of this Jesus Chappel, under the Quire of Pauls, also was, and is, a Parish Church of St. Faith, commonly called *St. Faith under Pauls*." Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 145, ed. 1720.

<sup>y</sup> *Mile-End*] " It has been before observed, that this was the place for training the citizens, who sometimes assembled in large bodies. Stow informs us, that in 1585, four thousand, and in 1599, thirty thousand citizens were trained there." WEBER.

Ralph. *I warrant you, mistress ; if I do it not, for the honour of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom !*

Wife. *'Tis well spoken, i'faith. Go thy ways ; thou art a spark indeed.*

Cit. *Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph<sup>z</sup> !*

Ralph. *I warrant you, sir.* [Exit.

Cit. *Let him look narrowly to his service ; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench ; had my feather shot sheer<sup>a</sup> away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here.* [Drums within.

Wife. *Hark, George, the drums !*

Cit. *Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan ! Oh, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, Drum-Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go ! Sa, sa, sa, bounce ! quoth the guns ; " Courage, my hearts ! " quoth the captains ; " Saint George ! " quoth the pikemen ; and withal, here they lay, and there they lay : and yet for all this I am here, wench.*

Wife. *Be thankful for it, George ; for indeed 'tis wonderful.*

## SCENE II.—*A street (and afterwards Mile-End).*

*Enter RALPH and company of soldiers (among whom are WILLIAM HAMMERTON and GEORGE GREENGOOSE), with drums and colours.*

Ralph. *March fair, my hearts !—Lieutenant, beat the rear up.—Ancient, let your colours fly ; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel ; they have been the death of many a fair ancient<sup>b</sup>.—Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition.—Sergeant, call a muster.*

Serg. *A stand !—William Hammerton, pewterer !*

Ham. *Here, captain !*

<sup>z</sup> *Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph !*] " Foote had probably this scene in view when he wrote his *Mayor of Garrat*." MASON.

<sup>a</sup> *sheer*] " Beaum. and Fletch. write it *shaer*," says Richardson in his *Dict.*, citing the present passage : a mistake, for that spelling is found only in folio 1679.

<sup>b</sup> *Ancient, let your colours fly - - - many a fair ancient*] *Ancient* (said to be a corruption of *ensign*) meant both a standard or flag, and the bearer of it.



*Ralph.* A corselet and a Spanish pike ; 'tis well : can you shake it with a terror ?

*Ham.* I hope so, captain.

*Ralph.* Charge upon me. [*He charges on Ralph.*]—'Tis with the weakest : put more strength, William Hammerton, more strength. As you were again !—Proceed, Sergeant.

*Serg.* George Greengoose, poulterer !

*Green.* Here !

*Ralph.* Let me see your piece, neighbour Greengoose : when was she shot in ?

*Green.* An't<sup>c</sup> like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

*Ralph.* It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed ; besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh ; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder ?

*Green.* Here.

*Ralph.* What, in a paper ! as I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial court ! you ought to die for't. Where's your horn ? answer me to that.

*Green.* An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

*Ralph.* It likes me not you should be so ; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you : I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't.—Stand, till I view you all.—What's become o' the nose of your flask ?

*First Sold.* Indeed, la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

*Ralph.* Put on a new one at the city's charge.—Where's the stone of this piece ?

*Sec. Sold.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

*Ralph.* 'Tis a fault, my friend ; put it in again.—You want a nose,—and you a stone.—Sergeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay.—Remove, and march ! [*They*

<sup>c</sup> *An't*] Here the old eds. have " and : " but see fourth speech after this.

*march.*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! double your files! as you were! faces about<sup>b</sup>! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now; advance your pikes; stand and give ear<sup>c</sup>!—Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's ear<sup>d</sup> is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.

To a resolvèd mind his home is every where :

I speak not this to take away

The hope of your return; for you shall see

(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly

Your loving wives again and your sweet children,

Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.

Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand,

And, like a sort<sup>e</sup> of true-born scavengers,

Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

*All.* Saint George, Saint George!

[*Exeunt*<sup>f</sup>.

<sup>b</sup> *faces about.*] “A common phrase, equivalent to the modern expression—*face about.*” WEBER. And see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 63.

<sup>c</sup> *stand and give ear*] The audience were to suppose that Ralph and his soldiers had now arrived at Mile-End. See note, p. 164.

<sup>d</sup> *car*] Altered by Weber to “cart.”

<sup>e</sup> *sort*] i. e. company, band. The Editors of 1778 gave the whole of this speech as verse. Weber very properly threw it back into prose, with the exception of the present passage, which seems to be a recollection of Shakespeare:—

“Remember whom you are to cope withal,” &c.

*Richard III.* act. v. sc. 3.

<sup>f</sup> *Exeunt.*] “While we smile at this humorous account of the discipline practised by the citizens of London, it may not be unnecessary to recollect the

Wife. 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon a-field and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myself to see thee.

Cit. Nell, the boy hath deceived me much; I did not think it had been in him. He has performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the galley-foist<sup>g</sup>, or I'll want my will.

SCENE III.—*A room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S house.*

*Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.*

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop<sup>h</sup>, boys? Care, live with cats: I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing; [Sings.

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;  
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

*Enter Boy, and two men bearing a coffin.*

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

behaviour of these same train-bands in the civil wars which ensued shortly afterwards, and especially at the battle of Newbury: 'The London trained bands, and auxiliary regiments,' says Lord Clarendon, 'of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation, behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity, in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected.' *History of the Rebellion, Book II.*' [Book vii. vol. iv. 235, ed. 1826.] WEBER. [qj. Sir Walter Scott?]

<sup>g</sup> *galley-foist*] "Was the old name for the Lord Mayor's barge." MASON. See note vol. i. 296.

<sup>h</sup> *a stoop*] "A vessel for drinking, deep and narrow. In Scotland and the north of England the word is still common." WEBER. *Stoop* or *stoup* is applied to drinking-vessels of various kinds and sizes.

*Boy.* Yes, sir, I can sing ; but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

Sing we, and chant it,  
Whilst love doth grant it.

*Boy.* Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

Oh, the Mimon round,  
Full long I have thee sought,  
And now I have thee found,  
And what hast thou here brought ?

*Boy.* A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it.

[*Exit with Men.*]

*Mer.* Dead ! [*sings*]

Why, farewell he !  
Thou wast a bonny boy,  
And I did love thee.

*Enter JASPER.*

*Jasp.* Then, I pray you, sir, do so still.

*Mer.* Jasper's ghost !

[*Sings.*]

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon :  
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

*Jasp.* By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there ; 'tis too hot for me, sir.

*Mer.* A merry ghost, a very merry ghost !

[*Sings.*]

And where is your true love ? Oh, where is yours ?

*Jasp.* Marry, look you, sir !

[*Removes the cloth, and LUCE rises out of the coffin.*]

*Mer.* Ah, ha ! art thou good at that, i'faith ?

[*Sings.*]

With hey, trixy, terlery-whiskin,  
The world it runs on wheels :  
When the young man's ——,  
Up goes the maiden's heels.

<sup>i</sup> *Sing we, and chant it, &c.*] The commencement of the fourth song in Morley's *First Booke of Balletts, &c.* 1600.

*Mist. Mer.* [*within.*] What, master Merrythought ! will you not let's in ? what do you think shall become of us ?

*Mer.* [*sings*]

What voice is that that calleth at our door ?

*Mist. Mer.* [*within.*] You know me well enough ; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

*Mer.* [*sings*]

And some they whistled<sup>k</sup>, and some they sung,

Hey, down, down !

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,

Away, Musgrave, away !

*Mist. Mer.* [*within.*] You will not have us starve here, will you, master Merrythought ?

*Jasp.* Nay, good sir, be persuaded ; she is my mother :  
If her offences have been great against you,  
Let your own love remember she is yours,  
And so forgive her<sup>1</sup>.

*Luce.* Good master Merrythought,  
Let me entreat you ; I will not be denied.

*Mist. Mer.* [*within.*] Why, master Merrythought, will you be a vexed thing still ?

*Mer.* Woman, I take you to my love again ; but you shall sing before you enter ; therefore despatch your song, and so come in.

<sup>k</sup> *And some they whistled, &c.*] “ This stanza is taken from the ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 64, ed. 1794, where it runs thus :

‘ Then some they whistled, and some they sang,

And some did loudly saye,

Whenever lord Barnardes home it blewe,

Awaye, Musgrave, away.’ [p. 67.]” WEBER.

<sup>1</sup> *Let your own love remember she is yours,*

*And so forgive her*] “ This may mean, Let your self-love tell you that she is a part of yourself, and so forgive her. Yet I think it probable that we ought to read—‘ Let your *old love* ’—that is, your former affection.” MASON. The meaning seems to be,—besides the consideration that she is my mother, let your own love as a husband, &c.

*Mist. Mer.* [*within.*] Well, you must have your will, when all's done.—Mick, what song canst thou sing, boy?

*Mich.* [*within.*] I can sing none, forsooth, but *A lady's daughter, of Paris properly.* [*Sings within.*]

It was a lady's daughter, &c.<sup>m</sup>.

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door*: enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL.

*Mer.* Come, you're welcome home again. [*Sings.*]

If such danger be in playing,  
And jest must to earnest turn,  
You shall go no more a-maying——

*Vent.* [*within.*] Are you within, sir? master Merrythought!

*Jasp.* It is my master's voice: good sir, go hold him  
In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into  
Some inward room. [*Exit with LUCE.*]

*Mer.* What are you? are you merry?  
You must be very merry, if you enter.

*Vent.* [*within.*] I am, sir.

*Mer.* Sing, then.

*Vent.* [*within.*] Nay, good sir, open to me.

<sup>m</sup> *It was a lady's daughter, &c.*] “A rare example of a virtuous maid in Paris, who was by her own mother procured to be put in prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire.

“Tune is—O man in desperation.

It was a lady's daughter,  
Of Paris properly,  
Her mother her commanded  
To mass that she should hie:  
O pardon me, dear mother,  
Her daughter dear did say,  
Unto that filthy idol  
I never can obey.”

The remaining eleven stanzas (of eight lines) may be found in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 135, ed. 1810. How much of this ditty (as well as of *Fortune, my foe*) was sung during the present scene, I cannot pretend to determine. In *The Chances*, act iii. sc. 2, where the old eds. have only the stage-direction “*Song of John Dorrie,*” it is certain that the whole of that ballad was sung.

*Mer.* Sing, I say,

Or, by the merry heart, you come not in !

*Vent.* [*within.*] Well, sir, I'll sing.

[*Sings.*

Fortune, my foe, &c.<sup>n</sup>.

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door* : enter VENTUREWELL.

*Mer.* You are welcome, sir, you are welcome : you see your entertainment ; pray you, be merry.

*Vent.* Oh, master Merrythought, I am come to ask you Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you, And your most virtuous son ! they're infinite ; Yet my contrition shall be more than they : I do confess my hardness broke his heart, For which just Heaven hath given me punishment More than my age can carry ; his wandering spirit, Not yet at rest, pursues me every where, Crying, " I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty." My daughter, she is gone, I know not how,

<sup>n</sup> *Fortune, my foe, &c.*] " Was," says Theobald, " the beginning of an old ballad in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune." Note on *The Custom of the Country*, act i. sc. 1, where *Fortune, my foe* is again mentioned. That Theobald derived this description merely from his own imagination, I have little doubt. In the collection of Ballads, &c., British Museum, 643. m. is a broadside entitled *A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives a comfortable answer, and attains his desire, as may here appear. The Tune is, Fortune, my Foe.* It extends to twenty-two stanzas of four lines ; the first is as follows :—

" *Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me ?*  
And will thy favours never better be ?  
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain ?  
And wilt thou not restore my joys again ?"

Malone, who cites these verses with a slight variation, and without mentioning where he found them, (note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3.), as also Mr. Chappell (*National English Airs*, ii. 63), consider the " Sweet Sonnet" in question to be the original ballad of *Fortune my foe*, to which our old writers so frequently allude. With respect to the words of the title, *The tune is, Fortune my foe*, Mr. Chappell observes to me that " nothing is more common in reprints of ballads than to put the name of the tune the same as the ballad itself ; as *The Carman's Whistle, to the tune of the Carman's Whistle, &c.*"

Taken invisible, and whether living  
 Or in [the] grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.  
 Oh, master Merrythought, these are the weights  
 Will sink me to my grave! forgive me, sir.

*Mer.* Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry:  
 And if the wag in's lifetime play'd the knave,  
 Can you forgive him too?

*Vent.* With all my heart, sir.

*Mer.* Speak it again, and heartily.

*Vent.* I do, sir;

Now, by my soul, I do.

*Re-enter LUCE and JASPER.*

*Mer.* [*sings*]

With that came out his paramour;  
 She was as white as the lily-flower:  
     Hey, trou, troy, loly!  
 With that came out her own dear knight;  
 He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i' the matter.

*Vent.* I do, I do.

*Cit.* *I do not like this. Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you: every body's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.*

*Boy.* 'Tis 'long of yourself, sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

*Cit.* *Ralph, come away!—Make [an end]<sup>o</sup> on him, as you have done of the rest, boys; come.*

*Wife.* *Now, good husband, let him come out and die.*

*Cit.* *He shall, Nell.—Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy!*

*Boy.* 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion—and in a comedy too.

*Cit.* *Take you no care of that, sir boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead?—Come away, Ralph!*

<sup>o</sup> [*an end*] “The two words which we have added seem absolutely necessary to the completion of the sense.” *Ed.* 1778. Compare the preceding speech of the Citizen.



*Enter RALPH, with a forked arrow through his head.*

*Ralph.* When I was mortal<sup>p</sup>, this my costive corps  
 Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand ;  
 Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,  
 Whose master wrought with lingel<sup>q</sup> and with awl,  
 And underground he vampèd many a boot.  
 Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,  
 To follow feats of arms in warlike wise  
 Through Waltham-desert ; where I did perform  
 Many achievements, and did lay on ground  
 Huge Barbarossa, that insulting giant,  
 And all his captives soon<sup>r</sup> set at liberty.  
 Then honour prick'd me from my native soil  
 Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love  
 Of Pompiona<sup>s</sup>, his belovèd daughter ;  
 But yet prov'd constant to the black-thumb'd maid  
 Susan, and scornèd Pompiona's love ;  
 Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,  
 And money for her father's officers.  
 I then returnèd home, and thrust myself  
 In action, and by all men chosen was  
 Lord of the May, where I did flourish it.  
 With scarfs and rings, and posy<sup>t</sup> in my hand.  
 After this action I preferrèd was,  
 And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,  
 With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,  
 And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear,  
 Save one man that beray'd him<sup>u</sup> with the noise.

<sup>p</sup> *When I was mortal, &c.]* “ This speech is a parody on that of the Ghost of Andrea, at the beginning of the famous play of Jeronimo :

‘ When this eternal substance of my soul

Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,’ &c.” REED,—who by “ *Jeronimo* ” means *The Spanish Tragedy* : see note, p. 135.

<sup>q</sup> *lingel*] or *linge*, i. e. a thread or thong used by shoemakers and cobblers.

<sup>r</sup> *soon*] Seems to have crept into the text by mistake.

<sup>s</sup> *Pompiona*] Old eds. here “ Pompana ” and “ Pompiana : ” see note, p. 201.

<sup>t</sup> *posy*] “ Refers,” says Weber, “ to the rhymes which Ralph reads at the conclusion of the fourth act,”—a very doubtful explanation.

<sup>u</sup> *beray'd him*] i. e. befouled himself.

But all these things I Ralph did undertake  
 Only for my belovèd Susan's sake.  
 Then coming home, and sitting in my shop  
 With apron blue, Death came into my stall  
 To cheapen *aquavitæ* ; but ere I  
 Could take the bottle down and fill a taste,  
 Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,  
 And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,  
 And in an instant vanishèd away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,  
 And walk'd into Moorfields to cool myself :  
 But there grim cruel Death met me again,  
 And shot this forkèd arrow through my head ;  
 And now I faint ; therefore be warn'd by me,  
 My fellows every one, of forkèd heads !  
 Farewell, all you good boys in merry London !  
 Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,  
 And pluck down houses of iniquity<sup>v</sup> ;—  
 My pain increaseth ;—I shall never more  
 Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,  
 Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs ;  
 Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall !  
 I die ! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall !  
 Oh, oh, oh, &c. [Dies.

Wife. *Well said, Ralph ! do your obeisance to the gentlemen,  
 and go your ways : well said, Ralph !*

[RALPH rises, makes obeisance, and exit.

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart<sup>w</sup> without a song.

<sup>v</sup> *Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,*

*And pluck down houses of iniquity*] "They presently (like Prentises vpon Shrouc-tuesday) take the lawe into their owne handes, and doe what they list." Dekker's *Seuen Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, sig. F 2. That one of the favourite amusements of the prentices on that day consisted in attacking "houses of iniquity" might be shewn from various passages of early writers : see for instance *Northward Ho*, act iv. sc. 3, and my note,—Webster's *Works*, iii. 225.

<sup>w</sup> *depart*] i. e. part (as in our old marriage-service,—“till death us *depart*”). So the first 4to. Other eds. “part” ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

*Vent.* A good motion.

*Mer.* Strike up, then !

SONG.

Better music ne'er was known  
 Than a quire of hearts in one.  
 Let each other, that hath been  
 Troubled with the gall or spleen,  
 Learn of us to keep his brow  
 Smooth and plain, as ours are now :  
 Sing, though before the hour of dying ;  
 He shall rise, and then be crying,  
 " Hey, ho, 'tis nought but mirth  
 That keeps the body from the earth !

[*Exeunt.*

*Cit.* *Come, Nell<sup>x</sup>, shall we go ? the play's done.*

*Wife.* *Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so ; I'll speak to these gentlemen first.—I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child ; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you : for, truly, I hope you do like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth ; I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no ; for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will. I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night ! —Come, George.*

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>x</sup> *Cit.* *Come, Nell, &c.*] Before this speech in the old eds. is " Epilogus."

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I ought to have noticed in the prefatory matter to this play,—that in Kirkman's collection of drolls, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (see vol. i. 200 of the present work), is a droll entitled *The Encounter*, p. 93., which consists of Ralph's adventure with the Barber, though in the Catalogue at the end of the volume it is said to be taken from *The Humorous Lieutenant*.



A KING AND NO KING.

*A King and no King. Acted at the Globe, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Beamount, and Iohn Flecher. At London Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold at his shoppe at the Eagle and Childe in Brittans-Burse. 1619. 4to. On the title-page is a wood-cut, which represents Arbaces standing, with a crown held in a slanting position over his head by an arm projected from a cloud.*

*A King and no King. Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his Maiesties Seruants. And now the second time Printed, according to the true Copie. Written by Francis Beamont and Iohn Flecher. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Childe in Brittans-Burse. 1625. 4to.*

*A King and no King. Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his Maiesties Seruants. And now the third time Printed, according to the true Copie.*

Written by 

}	Francis Beamont	}	Gent.
	&		
	Iohn Fletcher		

*The Stationer to Dramatophilvs.*

*A Play and no Play, who this Booke shall read,  
Will iudge, and weepe, as if'twere done indced.*

*London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie Lane, neere Serjcents Inne. 1631. 4to.*

*A King and no King, &c. And now the fourth time printed, according to the true Copie, &c. (Couplet as before.) London, Printed by E. G. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere unto the Rowles. 1639. 4to.*

*A King and No King, &c. And now the fifth time Printed, according to the true Copie &c. (Couplet as before.) London, Printed for William Leak, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Crown in Fleet-street, between the two temple Gates. 1655. 4to.*

*A King and no King, &c. And now the fourth [sic] time Printed, according to the true Copie, &c. (Couplet as before.) London, Printed in the Year, 1661. 4to.*

Weber (who doubts the existence of 4to. 1625) mentions a 4to. dated 1628, which I have never seen, nor found noticed by any other writer.

In the folio of 1679.

*A King and No King* was "allowed to be acted in 1611" by Sir George Buck: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 263. That it was written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction is not to be doubted. "If," says Weber, "we can put any faith in commendatory verses, we might suppose that the plot was the work of Fletcher, and that the inimitable character of Bessus was produced by his younger friend, Beaumont." Herrick<sup>a</sup>, indeed, in his lines *Upon Master Fletcher's incomparable plays*, speaks of,—

"that high design  
Of *King and No King*, and *the rare plot thine*";

but I suspect that he meant nothing more than that *the authors had invented the plot of their piece*. As to Earle's<sup>a</sup> expression in his verses *On Master Beaumont*,—

"Where's such an humour as *thy Bessus*, pray?"

it carries no weight whatever; for he has just before mentioned

"—*thy Philaster and Maid's Tragedy*;"

in the composition of which two plays Fletcher assuredly had a share. Weber thinks it probable "that the greater part of the scenes written in verse were produced by Beaumont."

This drama continued to be very popular both before and after the Restoration<sup>b</sup>: it "has always," says Langbaine (whose work is dated 1691), "been acted with Applause, and has lately been reviv'd on our present Theatre with so great success, that we may justly say with Horace,

Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit."

*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 210.

<sup>a</sup> See the *Commendatory Poems* prefixed to the first vol. of the present edition.

<sup>b</sup> In Kirkman's collection of drolls, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (see vol. i. 200 of the present work,) is one entitled *Forc'd Valour*, p. 87, made up from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, but which is wrongly stated in the Catalogue at the end of the volume to be taken from *A King and No King*.

The Editors of 1778 observe, "Notwithstanding its prodigious merit, it has not been performed for many years past; nor do we find that it ever received any alterations." Davies informs us that Garrick had prepared for the stage an alteration of *A King and No King*, and had distributed the various parts among the performers, retaining Arbaces for himself; but that it was withdrawn, most probably because the manager feared that the audience would be offended, both at the king's ardent passion for a lady whom he supposes to be his sister, and at the baseness of Bessus, who is not only a beaten coward, but a voluntary pandar: see *Dram. Miscell.* ii. 41. Garrick seems to have judged wisely in withdrawing it: when Harris, having made an alteration of the play, produced it at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1788, it was coldly received.

"Tate," says Weber, "is supposed to have intended his farce of *Duke and No Duke* as a parody upon the present play,"—a remark which he borrowed from the Editors of 1778, and which shews that they had never looked into the former piece. The title of *A Duke and No Duke* was doubtless suggested by that of the present drama; but the farce itself is merely a *rifacimento* of Sir Aston Cockain's comedy, *Trappolin suppos'd a Prince*. Weber adds that "Dryden appears to have partly taken from *A King and No King* the plot of his last and unsuccessful comedy, *Love Triumphant*,"—an observation which he found in the *Biographia Dramatica*. The resemblance, however, between the two plays is so slight, that Dryden's assertion in the prologue to his wretched tragedy may be allowed to pass unquestioned,

———— "here's a story which no books relate,  
Coin'd from our own old poet's addle-pate."



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL<sup>c</sup> AND WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR HENRY NEVILL.

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WORTHY SIR,

I present, or rather return unto your view, that which formerly hath been received from you, hereby effecting what you did desire. To commend the work in my unlearned method, were rather to detract from it than to give it any lustre. It sufficeth it hath your worship's approbation and patronage, to the commendation of the authors, and encouragement of their further labours: and thus wholly committing myself and it to your worship's dispose, I rest, ever ready to do you service, not only in the like, but in what I may,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

<sup>c</sup> *To the right worshipful, &c.*] Prefixed to the first 4to. If this Dedication was written in 1619, the mention of "the *authors*, and *their* further labours" is somewhat remarkable, Beaumont having died in 1615. The manuscript, it would seem, came into Walkley's hands without the knowledge of Fletcher.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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<p>ARBACES, king of Iberia.</p> <p>TIGRANES, king of Armenia.</p> <p>GOBRIAS, lord-protector, father to AR- BACES.</p> <p>BACURIUS, a lord.</p> <p>MARDONIUS. } BESSUS. } captains.</p> <p>LYGONES, father to SPACONIA.</p> <p>Two Sword-men.</p>		<p>Three Shop-men.</p> <p>PHILIP.</p> <p>Gentlemen, Attendants, &amp;c.</p> <p>ARANE, the queen-mother.</p> <p>PANTHEA, her daughter.</p> <p>SPACONIA, daughter to LYGONES.</p> <p>Citizens' Wives, &amp;c.<sup>b</sup></p>
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*SCENE, During the first act the frontiers of Armenia; afterwards the metropolis of Iberia.*

<sup>b</sup> The old eds. at the commencement of act ii. mark the entrance of a waiting-woman named *Mandane*; but no mention of her occurs elsewhere; and in my copy of 4to. 1619 the name is struck through with a pen by a very early possessor.

# A KING AND NO KING.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The camp of ARBACES, on the frontiers of Armenia.*

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*Enter MARDONIUS and BESSUS.*

*Mar.* Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't ; he has ended the wars at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket-hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives ! for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are commanders shall do well enough.

*Mar.* Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may : I had as lieve set thee perdu<sup>c</sup> for a pudding i' the dark as Alexander the Great.

*Bes.* I love these jests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I think thou lovest 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus ; I'll say so much i' thy behalf : and yet thou art valiant enough upon a retreat ; I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee, an thou couldst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius ?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see't ?

*Bes.* You stood with me.

*Mar.* I did so ; but methought thou winkedst every blow they strake.

<sup>c</sup> *perdu*] "From the French *enfants perdus*, equivalent to the forlorn hope of the present day." WEBER. It means here—in ambush.

*Bes.* Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth, I think so too, Bessus,—many a thousand; but, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

*Bes.* 'Twas bravely done of our king.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou darest talk of such dangerous businesses.

*Bes.* To take a prince prisoner, in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

*Mar.* See how thy blood cruddles<sup>d</sup> at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i<sup>n</sup> this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly?

*Mar.* Ay.

*Bes.* I could willingly venture for't.

*Mar.* Hum; no venture neither, good Bessus.

*Bes.* Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou famed for any valour?

*Bes.* Famed<sup>e</sup>! ay, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou camest to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

*Bes.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deservest it not.

*Bes.* Yes, I ha' done good service.

*Mar.* I do not know how thou mayst wait of<sup>f</sup> a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher<sup>g</sup>; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

*Bes.* You saw me do the service yourself.

*Mar.* Not so hasty, sweet Bessus: where was it? is the place vanished?

<sup>d</sup> *cruddles*] So the two earliest 4tos. Latter eds. "curdles"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>e</sup> *Famed*] Theobald and Weber gave with the first 4to. "I *famed*."

<sup>f</sup> *of*] i. e. on.

<sup>g</sup> *a trencher*] i. e. a wooden platter.

*Bes.* At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

*Mar.* Bessus'<sup>h</sup> Desperate Redemption! where's that?

*Bes.* There, where I redeemed the day; the place bears my name.

*Mar.* Prithee, who christened it?

*Bes.* The soldier<sup>i</sup>.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' the troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

*Bes.* True; but I did not run.

*Mar.* Right, Bessus; I beat thee out on't.

*Bes.* But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeemed all?

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meantst to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou rannest upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and I think we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

*Bes.* You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

*Mar.* No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceededst, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

*Bes.* Come, come<sup>j</sup>, our king's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou camest to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and

<sup>h</sup> *Bessus*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "At *Bessus*": and so the modern editors.

<sup>i</sup> *The soldier*] i. e. The soldiery. So the two first 4tos. Other eds. "The souldiers"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>j</sup> *Come, come*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Come"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

*Enter* ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two* Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

*Arb.* Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away  
 From my full victory: am I become  
 Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
 When I o'ercome him? They that plac'd me here  
 Intended it an honour, large enough  
 For the most valiant living, but to dare  
 Oppose me single, though he lost the day.  
 What should afflict you? you are free<sup>j</sup> as I;  
 To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
 Than you were formerly: and never think,  
 The man I held worthy to combat me  
 Shall be us'd servilely. Thy ransom is,  
 To take my only sister to thy wife;  
 A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is  
 A lady that the neighbour-princes send  
 Blanks to fetch home<sup>k</sup>. I have been too unkind  
 To her, Tigranes: she but nine years old,  
 I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your wars  
 Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,  
 The way to victory; she was a pretty child;  
 Then I was little better; but now fame  
 Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
 Make me believe she is a miracle.  
 She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke  
 But of her eye, Tigranes.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of

<sup>j</sup> *you are free*] So all the 4tos. Folio of 1679 "*you are as free*"; which Weber gave, the other modern editors printing, "*you're as free.*"

<sup>k</sup> *A lady that the neighbour-princes send*

*Blanks to fetch home.*] "That is, she is of such supreme beauty, that neighbour-princes, in order to obtain her for a wife, send blank bonds to Arbaces to be filled up with whatever conditions he shall please to insert."  
 WEBER.

Iberia to use their<sup>1</sup> prisoners thus ?  
 Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',  
 I should not thus have talk'd ; for<sup>m</sup> in Armenia  
 We hold it base. You should have kept your temper  
 Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,  
 Perhaps, to brag.

*Arb.* Be you my witness, earth,  
 Need I to brag ? Doth not this captive prince  
 Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts  
 That I have wrought upon his suffering land ?  
 Should I, then, boast ? Where lies that foot of ground  
 Within his whole realm, that I have not pass'd,  
 Fighting and conquering ? Far, then, from me  
 Be ostentation. I could tell the world,  
 How I have laid his kingdom desolate  
 By this sole arm, propt by divinity ;  
 Stript him out of his glories ; and have sent  
 The pride of all his youth to people graves ;  
 And made his virgins languish for their loves ;  
 If I would brag. Should I, that have the power  
 To teach the neighbour-world humility,  
 Mix with vain-glory ?

*Mar.* Indeed, this is none ! [ *Aside.*

*Arb.* Tigranes, no ; did I but take delight  
 To stretch my deeds, as others do, on words,  
 I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you do. [ *Aside.*

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
 That thinks me apt to boast : after an act  
 Fit for a god to do upon his foe,  
 A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
 Is well-becoming ; be it far from vain.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk. [ *Aside.*

*Arb.* I offer you my sister ; and you answer,

<sup>1</sup> *their*] Altered unnecessarily to "her" by the Editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.

<sup>m</sup> *talk'd ; for*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "talk'd, sir" ; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

I do insult ; a lady that no suit,  
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,  
But that thou fought'st with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not <sup>n</sup> ;  
But that you think to over-grace me with  
The marriage of your sister troubles me.  
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,  
Rather than have her.

*Arb.* See, if I insult,  
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the conquerèd,  
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn !  
It cannot be self-flattery to say,  
The daughters of your country, set by her,  
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death  
At their own foulness <sup>o</sup>. Yet she is not fair,  
Nor beautiful ; those words express her not :  
They say, her looks have something excellent,  
That wants a name. Yet were she odious <sup>p</sup>,  
Her birth deserves the empire of the world ;  
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'en  
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth  
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,  
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,  
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,  
And make no man worthy for her to take <sup>q</sup>,  
But me, that am too near her ; and as strangely  
She did for me. But you will think I brag.

*Mar.* I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions  
severed would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds.

<sup>n</sup> *me not*] Weber gave with the first 4to, "not me."

<sup>o</sup> *foulness*] i. e. ugliness.

<sup>p</sup> *That wants a name. Yet were she odious*] Weber followed the pointing of the first 4to,—

"That wants a name yet. Were she odious,"

which, he says, "is much better" than that of the other eds. I think not.

<sup>q</sup> *take*] Though Theobald had rightly given this reading from the two earliest 4tos, the Editors of 1778 preferred the corrupt lection "taste" !



I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionato: would one of 'em were away! [Aside.

*Tigr.* Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?  
 Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;  
 So perfect, that no one of her own sex  
 Could find a want; had she so tempting fair,  
 That she could wish it off, for damning souls<sup>r</sup>;  
 I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,  
 Rather than meet her married in my bed.  
 Perhaps I have a love, where I have fix'd  
 Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and she on me;  
 I am not fickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause?  
 Think you, you can so knit yourself in love  
 To any other, that her searching sight  
 Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,  
 You thought yourself a match for me in fight.  
 Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much  
 In peace as I in war; she'll conquer too:  
 You shall see, if you have the power to stand  
 The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,  
 I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom  
 Some other way; but if she be your choice,  
 She frees you. To Iberia you must.

*Tigr.* Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,  
 And will obey. But give me leave to talk  
 In private with some friends before I go.

<sup>r</sup> *Could find a want; had she so tempting fair,  
 That she could wish it off, for damning souls*] So all the old eds.; except the first 4to, in which the lines are slightly corrupted. Theobald printed,—

“*Could find a want; were she so tempting fair,*” &c.

The Editors of 1778 gave,—

“*Could find a want she had; so tempting fair,*” &c.

and Weber adopted their alteration! The word *fair*, as a substantive, in the sense of—beauty, is very common in our early writers (e. g. “Demetrius loves your *fair*,” Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1.), and the meaning of the passage is,—Had she so tempting a beauty that she could wish it away, for fear of damning souls.

*Arb.* Some two<sup>s</sup> await him forth, and see him safe ;  
 But let him freely send for whom he please,  
 And none dare to disturb his conference ;  
 I will not have him know what bondage is,  
 Till he be free from me. [*Exit TIGRANES, with two Attendants.*]

This prince, Mardonius,  
 Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces  
 Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done't  
 Hadst thou join'd with him, though thy name in arms  
 Be great. Must all men that are virtuous  
 Think suddenly to match themselves with me ?  
 I conquer'd him, and bravely ; did I not ?

*Bes.* An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—

*Mar.* When wert thou other ?

*Arb.* Of what ?

*Bes.* That you would not have spied your best advantages ;  
 for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high ; methinks,  
 under favour, you should have lain thus.

*Mar.* Like a tailor at a wake.

*Bes.* And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at  
 one time——by my troth, I wished myself wi' you.

*Mar.* By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o'  
 the lists.

*Arb.* What to do ?

*Bes.* To put your majesty in mind of an occasion : you lay  
 thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by  
 doing thus, avoided ; but, if you had whipped up your leg  
 thus, and reached him on the ear, you had made the blood-  
 royal run about his head.

*Mar.* What country fence-school didst thou learn that at ?

*Arb.* Puff<sup>t</sup> ! did not I take him nobly ?

*Mar.* Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

<sup>s</sup> *two*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "to." The modern editors print "do"!

<sup>t</sup> *Puff*] First 4to "Pufft." Other eds. "Pish" ; and so the modern editors,  
 —Weber excepted, who printed "Puff." See p. 247, and note.

*Arb.* Talk'd<sup>u</sup> enough !

Will you confine my words ? By heaven and earth,  
I were much better be a king of beasts  
Than such a people ! If I had not patience  
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant  
Throughout the world : they will offend to death  
Each minute. Let me hear thee speak again,  
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like  
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.  
Bessus, he said, I bragg'd.

*Bes.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh ?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous  
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,  
And jest at me ! but I shall make a start,  
And punish some, that others may take heed  
How they are haughty. Who will answer me ?  
He said, I boasted. Speak, Mardonius,  
Did I ? He will not answer. Oh, my temper !  
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart  
Patience ; I can endure his silence. What, will none  
Vouchsafe to give me answer<sup>v</sup> ? am I grown  
To such a poor respect ? or do you mean  
To break my wind ? Speak, speak, some one of you,  
Or else, by heaven——

*First Gent.* So please your——

*Arb.* Monstrous !

I cannot be heard out ; they cut me off,  
As if I were too saucy. I will live  
In woods, and talk to trees ; they will allow me  
To end what I begin. The meanest subject  
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,  
And not I. Now it is a time to speak ;  
I hearken.

<sup>u</sup> *Talk'd*] So the folio of 1679. Weber gave, with the 4tos, "Talk."

<sup>v</sup> *answer*] The first 4to. has "audience" ; which Weber gave, observing that the other eds. "unnecessarily" read "answer." Unnecessarily ! Arbaces is urging them, not to listen, but to speak to him.

*First Gent.* May it please——

*Arb.* I mean not you ;

Did not I stop you once ? but I am grown  
To talk but idly : let another speak <sup>w</sup>.

*Sec. Gent.* I hope your majesty——

*Arb.* Thou draw'st <sup>x</sup> thy words,

That I must wait an hour, where other men  
Can hear in instants : throw your words away  
Quick and to purpose ; I have told you this.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty——

*Arb.* Wilt thou devour me ? This is such a rudeness  
As yet you never shew'd me : and I want  
Power to command too <sup>y</sup> ; else Mardonius  
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,  
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius :  
I pray you, speak, and truly ; did I boast ?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care  
What will offend me, when you dare to utter  
Such things as these.

*Mar.* You told Tigranes, you had won his land

<sup>w</sup>

*but I am grown*

*To talk but idly : let another speak*] The first 4to,—

“ *but I am growne*

*To balke, but I desire, let another speake.*”

Other eds. (with a very trifling variety of spelling),—

“ *but I am growne*

*To balke, but I defie, let another speake.*”

Theobald gave, from Seward's conjecture, “ *To talk but idly,*” — (i. e. in vain, ineffectually, without being heeded), an emendation which is also found *in a very old hand on the margin of a copy of the first 4to, now in my possession,* and which is undoubtedly the genuine text. The Editors of 1778 printed,—

“ *But I am grown*

*To talk ! But I defy——Let another speak*” ;—

and Weber adopted the lection of the first 4to !—their notes on the passage being of the most extravagant absurdity.

<sup>x</sup> *drawl'st*] Three of the 4tos. and the folio of 1679 have by a misprint “ *drawest*” ; which Weber gave !

<sup>y</sup> *too*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which has “ *mee.*” Weber chose to print “ *ye.*”

With that sole arm, propt by divinity :  
 Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,  
 That daily ventur'd lives ?

*Arb.* Oh, that thy name

Were great as mine ! would I had paid my wealth,  
 It were as great, as I might combat thee !  
 I would through all the regions habitable  
 Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword  
 Drive thee about the world, till I had met  
 Some place that yet man's curiosity  
 Hath miss'd of ; there, there would I strike thee dead :  
 Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites  
 As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

*Bes.* The king

Rages extremely : shall we slink away ?  
 He'll strike us.

*Sec. Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.

I grant, you were my instruments, and did  
 As I commanded you ; but 'twas this arm  
 Mov'd you like wheels ; it mov'd you as it pleas'd.  
 Whither slip you now ? what, are you too good  
 To wait on me ? Puff<sup>z</sup> ! I had need have temper,  
 That rule such people ; I have nothing left  
 At my own choice : I would I might be private !  
 Mean men enjoy themselves ; but 'tis our curse  
 To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,  
 Will wait on us, whether we will or no.  
 Go, get you gone ! Why, here they stand like death ;  
 My words move nothing.

*First Gent.* Must we go ?

*Bes.* I know not.

<sup>z</sup> *Puff*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which omits it. The Editors of 1778 placed it between brackets (as it is given in all the old eds. after the second 4to), pronouncing it to be a stage-direction. Weber also considered it to be such, and omitted it,—*having forgotten that in a preceding passage* (see p. 244, and note) *he had printed "Puff" as a portion of the text !*

*Arb.* I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this,  
That you will be intreated from my sight.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen, BESSUS, and Attendants.*

*MARDONIUS is going out.*

Why, now they leave me all!—Mardonius!

*Mar.* Sir?

*Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? methinks,  
Civility should teach you more than this,  
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speak?

*Arb.* Why, you would now think much  
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat  
What I would have. Do, speak.

*Mar.* But will you hear me out?

*Arb.* With me you article<sup>a</sup>, to talk thus. Well,  
I will hear you out.

*Mar.* [*kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever lov'd you,  
My sword hath spoken for me; that I do,  
If it be doubted, I dare call an oath,  
A great one, to my witness; and were  
You not my king, from amongst men I should  
Have chose you out, to love above the rest:  
Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake  
I should have done it<sup>b</sup>, because I would have lov'd  
The most deserving man, for so you are.

*Arb.* [*raising him.*] Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:  
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;  
And where there is no difference in men's worths,  
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?  
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong;  
Thy love is not rewarded; but believe  
It shall be better: more than friend in arms,  
My father and my tutor, good Mardonius!

*Mar.* Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

<sup>a</sup> *With me you article*] Theobald printed (for the better doubtless, but without any authority), "*You article with me.*"

<sup>b</sup> *done it*] So the folio of 1679. The first 4to. "doted"; which Weber adopted. The other 4tos. "done."

*Arb.* And so I will: speak freely, for from thee  
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you have all this worth, you hold some  
qualities  
That do eclipse your virtues.

*Arb.* Eclipse my virtues!

*Mar.* Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they  
appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for  
that truth; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and  
fly the hearing. But——<sup>c</sup>

*Arb.* When you commend me! Oh, that I should live  
'To need such commendations! If my deeds  
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,  
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise:  
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter  
Words in my praise that thou thought'st impudence,  
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,  
I hug you! 'tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,  
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,  
From me. But thou shalt understand thy lies;  
For, shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there  
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee though<sup>d</sup>  
As much as now, which is as much as dust,  
Because I see thy envy.

*Mar.* However you will use me after, yet,  
For your own promise-sake, hear me the rest.

*Arb.* I will; and after call unto the winds,  
For they shall lend as large an ear as I  
To what you utter. Speak.

*Mar.* Would you but leave  
These hasty tempers, which I do not say

<sup>c</sup> when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing. But—] The first 4to. has "when I speak of your faults," &c. Other eds. "but when I speak your faults," &c.; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted. Theobald printed "and fly the hearing out."

<sup>d</sup> though] "This," says Weber, "is the text of the oldest quarto." It happens to be the reading of every one of the old eds. Theobald and the editors of 1778 printed "then,"—rightly, I suspect; for in my copy of the first 4to. "though" is struck through with a pen, and "then" written on the margin in a very old hand.

Take from you all your worth, but darken 'em<sup>e</sup>,  
Then you would<sup>f</sup> shine indeed.

*Arb.* Well.

*Mar.* Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

*Arb.* Why, now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods, should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find out you, for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: consider to yourself, find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not material! more than ten such lives  
As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said;  
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth  
As might offend another. I have been  
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see  
A swift amendment. But I want those parts  
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!  
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far  
Beyond me as thou art beyond in years;  
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me  
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee;  
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,  
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I  
Should differ thus!

<sup>e</sup> *worth - - - 'em*] Theobald (at Sympson's suggestion) gave "*worth - - - it*"; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber printed "*worths - - - 'em.*" But compare *Philaster*;

"And taste the *waters* of the springs as sweet  
As 'twas before."—vol. i. 252.

Similar ungrammatical passages occur in various early writers. Let it be observed too, that in the preceding page Mardonius says to Arbaeus, "Though you have *all this worth*," &c.

<sup>f</sup> *would*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "will"; and so the modern editors.



*Mar.* Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

*Arb.* Faith, but it is : but thou dost ever take  
All things I do thus patiently ; for which  
I never can requite thee but with love,  
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I  
Have not been merry lately : pray thee, tell me,  
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear<sup>s</sup>.

*Mar.* Why, at the taking of a town.

*Arb.* A wench,  
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,  
Gave thee that jewel.

*Mar.* Wench ! they respect not me ; I'm old and rough,  
and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer.  
I' those businesses I may swear I am truly honest ; for I pay  
justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

*Arb.* Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee ?

*Mar.* Ay, by this light, do they.

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em ?

*Mar.* Yes, faith.

*Arb.* And do they improve themselves ?

*Mar.* Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they  
come acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst live on't ?

*Mar.* Why, I think I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

*Re-enter two Gentlemen and BESSUS.*

*Mar.* Your price !

*Arb.* Ay, at the king's price.

*Mar.* That may be more than I'm worth.

*First Gent.* Is he not merry now ?

*Sec. Gent.* I think not.

*Bes.* He is, he is : we'll shew ourselves.

<sup>s</sup> *that same jewel in thine ear*] When this play was written, it was customary for men to wear ear-rings. The fashion indeed prevailed long after : in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, act ii. sc. 2, Manly says to Olivia, "Was it the gunpowder spot on his hand, or *the jewel in his ear*, that purchased your heart ?"

*Arb.* Bessus ! I thought you had been in Iberia by this ; I bade you haste ; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

*Arb.* Is't not lousy, Bessus ? what is't ?

*Bes.* I am to carry a lady with me—

*Arb.* Then thou hast two suits.

*Bes.* And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither ; will't not ?

*Bes.* I know not that, sir ; but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith, 'tis a very disputable question ; and yet I think thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it : 'tis, whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you see this sword, sir ? [Draws.]

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your majesty ! [Delivers a letter.]

*Arb.* From Gobrias ?

*Mes.* Yes, sir.

*Arb.* How does he ? is he well ?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good news.— [Gives money.]

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not  
Than is good Gobrias. [Reads.]

*First Gent.* The king starts back.

*Mar.* His blood goes back as fast.

*Sec. Gent.* And now it comes again.

*Mar.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of Heaven is on me : be it far  
 From me to struggle ! If my secret sins  
 Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears  
 Enow to wash me white, that I may feel  
 A child-like innocence within my breast :  
 Which once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand  
 As fix'd as Constancy herself ; my eyes  
 Set here unmov'd, regardless of the world,  
 Though thousand miseries encompass me !

*Mar.* This is strange.—Sir, how do you ?

*Arb.* Mardonius, my mother——

*Mar.* Is she dead ?

*Arb.* Alas, she's not so happy ! Thou dost know  
 How she hath labour'd, since my father died,  
 To take by treason hence this loathèd life,  
 That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,  
 And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit  
 To practise new sins, not repent the old.  
 She now had hir'd a slave to come from thence,  
 And strike me here ; whom Gobrias, sifting out,  
 Took, and condemn'd, and executed there,  
 The carefull'st servant ! Heaven, let me but live  
 To pay that man ! Nature is poor to me,  
 That will not let me have as many deaths  
 As are the times that he hath sav'd my life,  
 That I might die 'em over all for him.

*Mar.* Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head ;  
 Vex not yourself.

*Arb.* What will the world  
 Conceive of me ? with what unnatural sins  
 Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
 Is sought by her that gave it to the world ?  
 But yet he writes me comfort here : my sister,  
 He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,  
 In all the innocent virtues that become  
 A tender spotless maid ; she stains her cheeks  
 With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill ;  
 And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,

Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—  
 If I have lost the duty of a son,  
 If any pomp or vanity of state  
 Made me forget my natural offices,  
 Nay, farther, if I have not every night  
 Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,  
 If aught unto my parent they have err'd,  
 And call'd 'em back ; do you direct<sup>h</sup> her arm  
 Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine :  
 But if I have been just to her, send out  
 Your power to compass me, and hold me safe  
 From searching treason ! I will use no means  
 But prayer : for, rather suffer me to see  
 From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
 Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

*Mar.* I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the camp.*

*Enter TIGRANES and SPACONIA.*

*Tigr.* Why, wilt thou have me fly<sup>i</sup>, Spaconia ?  
 What should I do ?

*Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone ;  
 And when you see Armenia again,  
 You shall behold a tomb more worth than I :  
 Some friend, that either loves<sup>j</sup> me or my cause,  
 Will build me something to distinguish me  
 From other women ; many a weeping verse

<sup>h</sup> *do you direct, &c.*] “ An address to the gods of a similar nature, without naming them, occurs in act iii. sc. 1, where Arbaces says,

‘ Why should you that have made me stand in war,’ &c.’ MASON.

<sup>i</sup> *fly*] Old eds. “ die ”.—“ We should certainly read *fly* instead of *die*. Spaconia's reply shews that she had been exhorting him to flight.” MASON.

<sup>j</sup> *either loves*] So the two first 4tos ; which Theobald rightly followed. Other eds. “ ever lov'd ” ; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber printed “ ever loves ” !

He will lay on, and much lament those maids  
 That place<sup>k</sup> their loves unfortunately high<sup>l</sup>,  
 As I have done, where they can never reach.  
 But why should you go to Iberia ?

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me ! Ask the man  
 That rages in a fever, why he lies  
 Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
 Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves :  
 Can I resist it ? am I not a slave  
 To him that conquer'd me ?

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee !  
 Tigranes, he has won but half of thee  
 Thy body ; but thy mind may be as free  
 As his ; his will did never combat thine,  
 And take it prisoner.

*Tigr.* But if he by force  
 Convey my body hence, what helps it me,  
 Or thee, to be unwilling ?

*Spa.* Oh, Tigranes !  
 I know you are to see a lady there ;  
 To see, and like, I fear : perhaps the hope  
 Of her makes you forget me ere we part.  
 Be happier than you know to wish ! farewell.

*Tigr.* Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.  
 In short, destruction meet me, that I may  
 See it, and not avoid it, when I leave  
 To be thy faithful lover ! Part with me  
 Thou shalt not ; there are none that know our love ;  
 And I have given gold unto a captain,  
 That goes unto Iberia from the king,  
 That he would place a lady of our land  
 With the king's sister that is offer'd me ;  
 Thither shall you, and, being once got in,  
 Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,  
 To be as backward in her love as I.

<sup>k</sup> *place*] So all the 4tos. Folio of 1679 "plac'd"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>l</sup> *unfortunately high*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which has  
 "unfortunately too light." Weber chose to print "unfortunately too high."

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid,  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away  
With words from loving you ?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather lose you. Can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words ?  
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie !

*Tigr.* Yet, do thy best.

*Enter BESSUS.*

*Bes.* What, is your majesty ready ?

*Tigr.* There is the lady, captain.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more  
full of courtship<sup>1</sup> for your fair sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

*Bes.* Lady, you must haste ; I have received new letters  
from the king, that require more speed than I expected : he  
will follow me suddenly himself ; and begins to call for your  
majesty already.

*Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter ?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir ;  
you shall call me what you please. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *courtship*] “ i. e. courtly breeding, the behaviour of a courtier.” WEBER.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Capital of Iberia. An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, *Waiting-women,*  
*and Attendants.*

*Gob.* My lord Bacurius, you must have regard  
Unto the queen ; she is your prisoner ;  
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.

*Bac.* My lord, I know't ; she is my prisoner,  
From you committed : yet she is a woman ;  
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me  
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,  
I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So do I, my lord :  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace  
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm  
Against her king ; so little womanhood  
And natural goodness, as to think<sup>m</sup> the death  
Of her own son.

*Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

*Gob.* There is a lady takes not after you ;  
Her father is within her ; that good man,  
Whose tears paid down his sins<sup>n</sup>. Mark how she weeps ;  
How well it does become her ! and if you  
Can find no disposition in yourself  
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her  
Find out the way, and by your reason weep :

<sup>m</sup> *think*] "i. e. intend." WEBER.

<sup>n</sup> *paid down his sins*] "That is, paid the forfeit of his sins, were sufficient to balance them. The reading of the old [the first] quarto was subsequently changed thus,—'weigh'd down his sins'." WEBER.

All this she does for you, and more she needs,  
 When for yourself you will not lose a tear.  
 Think how this want of grief discredits you ;  
 And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

*Ara.* You talk to me, as having got a time  
 Fit for your purpose ; but you know, I know  
 You speak not what you think.

*Pan.* I would my heart  
 Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd  
 Against my mother ! A more troubled thought  
 No virgin bears about her : should I excuse  
 My mother's fault, I should set light a life,  
 In losing which a brother and a king  
 Were taken from me ; if I seek to save  
 That life so lov'd, I lose another life,  
 That gave me being,—I shall<sup>o</sup> lose a mother,  
 A word of such a sound in a child's ear,  
 That it strikes reverence through it. May the will  
 Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,  
 Take a poor virgin's life to answer all !

*Ara.* But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault  
 Is not in me as in another woman<sup>p</sup>. [ *They walk apart.* ]

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why, is not all that's past beyond your help ?

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay, should you publish it  
 Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'd ?

*Ara.* I know, it would not.

*Gob.* Nay, should I join with you,  
 Should we not both be torn<sup>q</sup>, and yet both die  
 Uncredited ?

*Ara.* I think we should.

<sup>o</sup> *shall*] Altered by Weber to "should."

<sup>p</sup> *another woman*] "So the first quarto. After editions read, with a disagreeable jingle—'another mother.'" WEBER.

<sup>q</sup> *torn*] i. e. torn to death, tortured. Theobald adopted Sympson's ridiculous alteration of this passage, in which "sworn" is substituted for "torn."



*Gob.* Why, then,  
Take you such violent courses? As for me,  
I do but right in saving of the king  
From all your plots.

*Ara.* The king!

*Gob.* I bade you rest  
With patience, and a time would come for me  
To reconcile all to your own content;  
But by this way you take away my power;  
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,  
But you, your urging: being done,  
I must preserve mine own<sup>r</sup>; but time may bring  
All this to light, and happily for all.

*Ara.* Accursèd be this over-curious brain,  
That gave that plot a birth! accurs'd this womb,  
That after did conceive to my disgrace!

*Bac.* My lord-protector they say there are divers letters  
come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and  
brought again a day by his particular valour: received you  
any to that effect?

*Gob.* Yes; 'tis most certain.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won,  
But that 'twas won by him. We held him here  
A coward: he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd,  
And so did all the world; for nor I  
Nor any other held him worth my sword.

*Enter BESSUS and SPACONIA.*

*Bes.* Health to my lord-protector! from the king these  
letters,—and to your grace, madam, these.

[*Gives letters to GORRIAS and PANTHEA.*

*Gob.* How does his majesty?

*Bes.* As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant  
commanders, can make him: your letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine, till I do know  
My brother's health: good captain, is he well?

<sup>r</sup> *mine own*] i. e. him who is my own.

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that? is he hurt?

*Bes.* He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

*Pan.* I do not ask how strange that soldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.* And is he well again?

*Bes.* Well again, an't please your grace! Why, I was run  
twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross  
arrow, and yet am well again.

*Pan.* I do not care how thou dost: is he well?

*Bes.* Not care how I do! Let a man, out of the mightiness  
of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the  
good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may  
live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you<sup>s</sup> distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well;  
I prithee, is he so?

*Gob.* The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

*Pan.* My prayers are heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*

*Gob.* Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—  
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,  
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,  
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely:  
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

*Ara.* I thank him.

*Gob.* You will be ready  
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

*Ara.* I will.

*Bac.* Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad  
I have lost this office. [*Exit ARANE.*

*Gob.* Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse<sup>t</sup>

<sup>s</sup> as you] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which omits these words, and which Weber followed.

<sup>t</sup> discourse] "This was one of the numerous words derived from the Latin, which were used with a great latitude of meaning by our ancestors [see note, vol. i. 213]. Here it signifies, as Mr. Mason observes, 'transaction, not conversation.'" WEBER. Mason may be right: but perhaps "the discourse betwixt Tigranes and our king" is equivalent to—the story, the full par-

Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how  
We got the victory.

*Pan.* I prithee, do ;  
And if my brother were in any danger,  
Let not thy tale make him abide there long  
Before thou bring him off, for all that while  
My heart will beat.

*Bes.* Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth ; and thus  
it was. They fought single in lists, but one to one. As  
for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days  
before ; else perhaps we had been two to two,—I cannot tell,  
some thought, we had ;—and the occasion of my hurt was this ;  
the enemy had made trenches——

*Gob.* Captain, without the manner of your hurt  
Be much material to this business,  
We'll hear't some other time.

*Pan.* I prithee<sup>u</sup>, leave it,  
And go on with my brother.

*Bes.* I will ; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the  
lists they came, and single-sword and gauntlet<sup>v</sup> was their  
fight.

*Pan.* Alas !

ticulars, of what took place between Tigranes and our king. The following passages occur in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*—"And vnderstanding the full discourse (as Fame was verie prodigall of so notable an accident) in what case Pyrocles was," &c. B. ii. p. 128. ed. 1598. "And therefore desired his mother that she would tell him the whole discourse, how all these matters had happened." B. iii. p. 241. "And then with a mery mariage looke he sang this following discourse [tale], for with a better grace he could sing then tell." B. iii. p. 377.

<sup>u</sup> *I prithee*] I may just notice that the first 4to. has "I [Ay], *I prethee*."

<sup>v</sup> *gauntlet*] Theobald printed "target", the rash conjeecture of Sympsom. "As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, so the reason for which it is made will hardly be deemed a sufficient one, when it is understood that every combatant was provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled 'Honor Military and Civill, contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar,' fo. 1602, p. 130, is the following passage: 'He that loseth his gauntlet in fight, is more to be blamed than he who is disarmed of his poulderon. For the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed ; and therefore that part of the armor is commonly sent in signe of defiaunce.'"

REED.

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I; and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, called Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and asked me, who<sup>w</sup> I thought would overcome. I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answered; and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I——

*Pan.* All this is of thyself: I prithee, Bessus, Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

*Bes.* Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

*Pan.* See, for his own part!

*Bac.* I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

*Bes.* Ay, but I——

*Pan.* Still of himself!

*Bes.* Cried, "Give the word!" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists as, "I will fight with you:" I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

*Pan.* He slips o'er all the fight!

*Bes.* I called him to me; "Cosroes," said I——

*Pan.* I will hear no more.

*Bes.* No, no, I lie.

*Bac.* I dare be sworn thou dost.

*Bes.* "Captain," said I; so 'twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee, I will hear no further.

*Bes.* No! your grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it. What, is this the lady My brother writes to me to take?

<sup>w</sup> *who*] So fol. 1679. The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print with the 4tos, "whom."

*Bes.* An't please your grace, this is she.—Charge<sup>x</sup>, will you come nearer<sup>y</sup> the princess?

*Pan.* You're welcome from your country; and this land shall shew unto you all the kindnesses that I can make it. What's your name?

*Spa.* Thalestris.

*Pan.* You're very welcome: you have got a letter to put you to me, that has power enough to place mine enemy here; then much more you, that are so far from being so to me, that you ne'er saw me.

*Bes.* Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

*Spa.* My truth!

*Pan.* Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

*Bes.* I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her and for her<sup>z</sup> honesty: she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty to a man of my rank.

*Pan.* Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

*Bes.* Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

*Spa.* Above my knee!

*Bes.* No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

*Spa.* I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

*Bes.* Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world.—And so I take my leave

<sup>x</sup> Charge] See p. 256, last line but two.

<sup>y</sup> nearer] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., "near"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>z</sup> her] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

of your grace,—and of you, my lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

*Bac.* Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

*Bes.* When you please, I will attend your lordship.

[*Exit.*

*Bac.* Madam, I'll take my leave too.

*Pan.* Good Bacurius! [*Exit* BACURIUS.

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

*Pan.* Oh, my lord,

The kindest words! I'll keep 'em, whilst I live,  
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;  
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just  
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear  
How you were grown in every virtuous way;  
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care  
Which I was bound to have in training you.  
There is no princess living that enjoys  
A brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My lord, no maid

Longs more for any thing, or<sup>s</sup> feels more heat  
And cold within her breast, than I do now  
In hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much

At this: he writes, he brings along with him  
A husband for you, that same captive prince;  
And if he love you, as he makes a show,  
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

*Pan.* And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;  
He will but offer, and give me the power  
To take or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a lady,

I could not like that man were bargain'd with  
Before I choose<sup>b</sup> him.

<sup>a</sup> or] So the first 4to. Other eds., "and"; which the modern editors give.

<sup>b</sup> choose] Altered by the modern editors to "chose."

*Pan.* But I am not built  
On such wild humours ; if I find him worthy,  
He is not less because he's offerèd.

*Spa.* 'Tis true, he is not : would he would seem less !

[*Aside.*]

*Gob.* I think there is no lady can affect  
Another prince, your brother standing by ;  
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a lady may, and more, I fear,  
Another lady will.

[*Aside.*]

*Pan.* Would I might see him !

*Gob.* Why, so you shall. My businesses are great:  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure  
To see you, madam.

*Pan.* I thank you, good my lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready, madam ?

*Pan.* Yes.

[*Exit GOBRIAS with Attendants.*]

*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away  
Your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,  
May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs<sup>c</sup>, leave me all.

[*Exeunt Waiting-women.*]

*Spa.* I kneel, a stranger here, to beg a thing  
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant :  
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,  
As if a beggar should intreat a king  
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,  
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,  
Hungry and cold.

[*Kneels.*]

*Pan.* That were a strange request.

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then do not utter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die !  
I am asham'd to speak it ; but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,

<sup>c</sup> *Sirs*] Was formerly a not unusual address to women : see vol. i. 275.

That will not talk<sup>d</sup> something unreasonably  
 To hazard saving of it. I shall seem  
 A strange petitioner, that wish all ill  
 To them I beg of, ere they give me aught ;  
 Yet so I must. I would you were not fair  
 Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good :  
 If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer ;  
 If foul<sup>e</sup>, you had not power to hinder me,—  
 He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it ?

*Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the bounds  
 Of reason yet ; for 'tis not in the power  
 Of you to do what I would have you grant.

*Pan.* Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out.

*Spa.* Your brother brings a prince into this land,  
 Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
 So full of worth withal, that every maid  
 That looks upon him gives away herself  
 To him for ever ; and for you to have,  
 He brings him : and so mad is my demand,  
 That I desire you not to have this man,  
 This excellent man ; for whom you needs must die,  
 If you should miss him. I do now expect  
 You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weep  
 Rather ; for I have found in all thy words  
 A strange disjointed sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me  
 His own desire too<sup>f</sup>, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His own desire ! Why, credit me, Thalestris,  
 I am no common wooer : if he shall woo me,  
 His worth may be such, that I dare not swear  
 I will not love him ; but, if he will stay

<sup>d</sup> *talk*] Theobald's correction,—and an obvious one, in which he had been anticipated by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Old eds., "take."

<sup>e</sup> *foul*] i. e. ugly.

<sup>f</sup> *too*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "so" ; which the modern editors give.



To have me woo him, I will promise thee  
 He may keep all his graces to himself,  
 And fear no ravishing from me.

*Spa.* 'Tis yet  
 His own desire; but when he sees your face,  
 I fear it will not be. Therefore I charge you,  
 As you have pity, stop those tender ears  
 From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,  
 That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
 Nor he from you: I charge you, as you hope  
 To live in quiet; for when I am dead,  
 For certain I shall walk to visit him,  
 If he break promise with me; for as fast  
 As oaths, without a formal ceremony,  
 Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearless;  
 For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,  
 I could gaze on him,—if I knew it sin  
 To love him,—without passion<sup>8</sup>. Dry your eyes:  
 I swear you shall enjoy him still for me;  
 I will not hinder you. But I perceive  
 You are not what you seem: rise, rise, Thalestris,  
 If your right name be so.

*Spa.* [*rising*]. Indeed, it is not:  
 Spaconia is my name; but I desire  
 Not to be known to others.

*Pan.* Why, by me  
 You shall not; I will never do you wrong;  
 What good I can, I will: think not my birth  
 Or education such, that I should injure  
 A stranger-virgin. You are welcome hither.  
 In company you wish to be commanded;  
 But when we are alone, I shall be ready  
 To be your servant.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,  
 I could gaze on him,—if I knew it sin*

*To love him,—without passion*] “*i. e.* If she knew it a sin to fall in love  
 with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could avoid it.” SEWARD.

SCENE II.—*Fields in the neighbourhood of the city.—A great Crowd.*

*Enter three Shop-Men and a Woman.*

*First Shop-M.* Come, come, run, run, run.

*Sec. Shop-M.* We shall outgo her.

*Third Shop-M.* One were better be hanged than carry women out fiddling to these shows.

*Wom.* Is the king hard by?

*First Shop-M.* You heard, he with the bottles said he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles?

*Third Shop-M.* I know not.

*Sec. Shop-M.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

*Third Shop-M.* Ink! what to do?

*First Shop-M.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

*Wom.* Let's take our places quickly<sup>h</sup>; we shall have no room else.

*Sec. Shop-M.* The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

*Third Shop-M.* Ay, marry, did he.

*First Shop-M.* Our shops are well looked to now.

*Sec. Shop-M.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

*First Shop-M.* No, 'tis not he.

*Enter two Citizens' Wives, and PHILIP.*

*First Cit. W.* Lord, how fine the fields be! what sweet living 'tis in the country!

*Sec. Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

*First Cit. W.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

<sup>h</sup> quickly] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

*Sec. Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

*First Cit. W.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

*Sec. Cit. W.* Very good people, God help 'em.

*First Cit. W.* Wilt thou go down with me this summer, when I am brought to bed?

*Sec. Cit. W.* Alas, 'tis no place for us!

*First Cit. W.* Why, prithee?

*Sec. Cit. W.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody eries brooms.

*First Cit. W.* No!

*Sec. Cit. W.* No, truly, nor milk.

*First Cit. W.* Nor milk! how do they?

*Sec. Cit. W.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

*First Cit. W.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

*Sec. Cit. W.* Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

*First Cit. W.* Do they not? alas! in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves.

— Philip, I pray, choose us a place.

*Phil.* There's the best, forsooth.

*First Cit. W.* By your leave, good people, a little.

*First Shop-M.* What's the matter?

*Phil.* I pray you, my friend<sup>i</sup>, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

*Sec. Shop-M.* Let her look to herself, then. Has she not had thrusting enough yet? if she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home<sup>j</sup> with a cake in her belly.

*Third Shop-M.* How now, goodman squitter-breech! why do you lean so<sup>k</sup> on me?

*Phil.* Because I will.

<sup>i</sup> *I pray you, my friend*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which omits "you." Weber printed, "*I pray you, my friends*," and informed the reader in a note that *he followed the first 4to*!

<sup>j</sup> *hap to go home*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "*haps go home*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

<sup>k</sup> *so*] Found only in the first 4to. Omitted by the modern editors.

*Third Shop-M.* Will you, sir sauce-box? [*Strikes him.*

*First Cit. W.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip!— Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

*Phil.* For leaning on him.

*First Cit. W.* Why didst thou lean on him?

*Phil.* I did not think he would have struck me.

*First Cit. W.* As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

*Third Shop-M.* It's at the first end, then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

*First Cit. W.* Well, slip-string<sup>1</sup>, I shall meet with you.

*Third Shop-M.* When you will.

*First Cit. W.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

*Third Shop-M.* At a bawdy-house.

*First Cit. W.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall. [*Flourish.*

*Enter a Man running.*

*Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

*Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, and Soldiers.*

*All.* God preserve your majesty!

*Arb.* I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,  
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.  
By you I grow; 'tis your united love  
That lifts me to this height.  
All the account that I can render you  
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,  
All your expenses to maintain my war,  
Is but a little word: you will imagine  
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word

<sup>1</sup> *slip-string*] The first 4to has "stripling", a reading which Weber chose to adopt, and which is manifestly wrong: towards the end of this scene, (p. 272), the same Citizen's Wife says to the same Shop-man, "Away, you halter-sack, you!"

As is not to be bought without our<sup>m</sup> bloods :

'Tis peace !

*All.* God preserve your majesty !

*Arb.* Now you may live securely in your towns,  
Your children round about you ; you may sit  
Under your vines, and make the miseries  
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,  
And lend them sorrows ; for yourselves, you may  
Safely forget there are such things as tears :  
And may you<sup>n</sup> all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,  
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life  
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus  
In such a calm estate !

*All.* God bless your majesty !

*Arb.* See, all good people, I have brought the man,  
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home :  
Behold him ; 'tis Tigranes. In your hearts  
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

*First Cit. W.* Out upon him !

*Sec. Cit. W.* How he looks !

*Wom.* Hang him, hang him !

*Mar.* These are sweet people.

*Tigr.* Sir, you do me wrong,  
To render me a scorn'd spectacle  
To common people.

*Arb.* It was far from me<sup>o</sup>  
To mean it so.—If I have aught deserv'd,  
My loving subjects, let me beg of you  
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells  
All worth, of which the nature of a man  
Is capable ; valour beyond compare ;

<sup>m</sup> *without our*] So the first 4to. Sec. 4to., “ but with *our*.” Other eds., “ but with *your*.”

<sup>n</sup> *may you*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., “ *you may*”; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber !

<sup>o</sup> *It was far from me*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., “ *It was so far from me*,”—which, says Weber with his usual carelessness, is the reading of the first 4to.

The terror of his name has stretch'd itself  
 Wherever there is sun : and yet for you  
 I fought with him single, and won<sup>p</sup> him too ;  
 I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,  
 Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall  
 Beneath mine : this, inspir'd with all your loves,  
 I did perform ; and will, for your content,  
 Be ever ready for a greater work.

*All.* The Lord bless your majesty !

*Tigr.* So, he has made me

Amends now with a speech in commendation  
 Of himself ; I would not be so vain-glorious.

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may  
 Do good to any creature here, speak out ;  
 For I must leave you : and it troubles me,  
 That my occasions, for the good of you,  
 Are such as call me from you ; else my joy  
 Would be to spend my days amongst you all.  
 You shew your loves in these large multitudes  
 That come to meet me. I will pray for you :  
 Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,  
 And live to see your children's children.  
 Sit at your boards with plenty ! When there is  
 A want of any thing, let it be known  
 To me, and I will be a father to you :  
 God keep you all !

*All.* God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty !

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS,  
 and Soldiers.

*First Shop-M.* Come, shall we go ? all's done.

*Wom.* Ay, for God's sake ; I have not made a fire yet.

*Sec. Shop-M.* Away, away ! all's done.

*Third Shop-M.* Content.—Farewell, Philip.

*First Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack<sup>q</sup>, you !

*First Shop-M.* Philip will not fight ; he's afraid on's face.

*Phil.* Ay, marry, am I afraid of my face ?

<sup>p</sup> won] *Qy.* "I won"?

<sup>q</sup> halter-sack] See note, p. 149.

*Third Shop-M.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou sawest it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

*First Cit. W.* You'll be hanged, sirrah. [*Exeunt three Shopmen and Woman.*] Come, Philip, walk afore us homewards.—Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas<sup>r</sup> for all our money?

*Sec. Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did he.

*First Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth: I longed for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

*Sec. Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ARBACES and GOBRIAS.*

*Arb.* My sister take it ill!

*Gob.* Not very ill;

Something unkindly she does take it, sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,  
My will, and not her own, must govern her.  
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* Oh, she is far from any stubbornness!  
You much mistake her; and no doubt will like  
Where you will have her: but, when you behold her,  
You will be loath to part with such a jewel.

*Arb.* To part with her! why, Gobrias, art thou mad?  
She is my sister.

*Gob.* Sir, I know she is;

<sup>r</sup> *peas*] B. Jonson had previously employed this wretched pun: see *Every Man out of his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1. *Works*, ii. 133. ed. Gifford.

But it were pity to make poor our land,  
With such a beauty to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish ! will she have him ?

*Gob.* I do hope she will not.—

[*Aside.*

I think she will, sir.

*Arb.* Were she my father and my mother too,  
And all the names for which we think folks friends,  
She should be forc'd<sup>s</sup> to have him, when I know  
'Tis fit : I will not hear her say she's loath.

*Gob.* Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass !  
You know 'tis just. [*Aside.*—Sir, she'll<sup>t</sup> not need constraint,  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me ? speak.

*Gob.* She loves you more than people love their health,  
That live by labour ; more than I could love  
A man that died for me, if he could live  
Again.

*Arb.* She is not like her mother, then.

*Gob.* Oh, no ! When you were in Armenia,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt ;  
For at the first, on every little scratch,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,  
Till you were well ; and many times the news  
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,  
She was as near her death as you<sup>u</sup> your health.

*Arb.* Alas, poor soul ! but yet she must be rul'd :  
I know not how I shall requite her well.  
I long to see her : have you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready ?

*Gob.* Sir, I have.

<sup>s</sup> *She should be forc'd, &c.*] So the passage is pointed in all the old eds. Mason would point it thus ;

“ She should be forc'd to have him. When I know  
'Tis fit, I will not hear her say she's loath.”

<sup>t</sup> *Sir, she'll*] So the first 4to. Other eds. “ She will ” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>u</sup> *you*] “ This word, which is not in the oldest quarto, was properly supplied in the folio of 1679.” WEBER. Another specimen of Weber's carelessness : “ you ” is found not only in the first, but also in the second 4to !



*Enter a Gentleman and TIGRANES.*

*Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.

*Arb.* He's welcome.

*Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princess wait  
Without.

*Arb.* Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.— [Exit GOBRIAS.]

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd  
In a strange land, where mothers cast<sup>v</sup> to poison  
Their only sons : think you, you shall be safe ?

*Tigr.* Too safe I am, sir.

*Re-enter GOBRIAS, with ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS,  
MARDONIUS, BESSUS, and two Gentlemen.*

*Ara.* [*kneels*]. As low as this I bow to you<sup>w</sup> ; and would  
As low as to my grave, to shew a mind  
Thankful for all your mercies.

*Arb.* Oh, stand up,  
And let me kneel ! the light will be asham'd  
To see observance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my king.

*Arb.* You are my mother : rise. [Raises her.]  
As far be all your faults from your own soul  
As from my memory ! then you shall be  
As white as Innocence herself.

<sup>v</sup> cast] i. e. contrive, project.

<sup>w</sup> As low as this I bow to you, &c.] "There is a fine passage, upon a similar occasion, in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, to which our authors might possibly have an eye :

*Vol.* Oh, stand up bless'd !

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint  
I kneel before thee ; and unproperly  
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and parent.

*Cor.* What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
Murdering impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work." [act v. sc. 3.] THEOBALD.

*Ara.* I came  
 Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge  
 My sorrow for my sins: longer to stay,  
 Were but to draw eyes more attentively  
 Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe  
 From me, preserve you still!

*Arb.* Your own desires  
 Shall be your guide.

[*Exit ARANE.*]

*Pan.* Now let me die!  
 Since I have seen my lord the king return  
 In safety, I have seen all good that life  
 Can shew me: I have ne'er another wish  
 For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;  
 For I am bound to spend my age to come  
 In giving thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your majesty speak?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the princess.

*Pan.* Alas, sir, I am fearful you do look  
 On me as if I were some loathèd thing,  
 That you were finding out a way to shun!

*Gob.* Sir, you should speak to her.

*Arb.* Ha!

*Pan.* I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:  
 Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel  
 Till I am one with earth, but I will gain  
 Some words and kindness from you.

[*Kneels.*]

*Gob.*<sup>x</sup> Will you speak, sir?

*Arb.* Speak! am I what I was?  
 What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,  
 And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thyself.  
 I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd  
 Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there;  
 Up, and begone; if thou be'st love, begone!  
 Or I will tear thee from my wounded flesh<sup>y</sup>,

<sup>x</sup> *Gob.*] Old eds. "Tigr."; and so the modern editors.

<sup>y</sup> *flesh*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "breast" (a word which occurs in the fifth line above); and so the modern editors.

Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,  
 By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,  
 Write to thy laughing mother<sup>z</sup> in thy blood,  
 That you are powers belied, and all your darts  
 Are to be blown away by men resolv'd,  
 Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words : away !

*Tigr.* Oh, misery ! why should he be so slow ?

There can no falsehood come of loving her :  
 Though I have given my faith, she is a thing  
 Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.  
 I would he would present me to her quickly !

[*Aside.*

*Pan.* Will you not speak at all ? are you so far  
 From kind words ? Yet, to save my modesty,  
 That must talk till you answer, do not stand  
 As you were dumb ; say something, though it be  
 Poison'd with anger, that may<sup>a</sup> strike me dead.

*Mar.* Have you no life at all ? for manhood-sake,  
 Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus :  
 A tree would find a tongue to answer her,  
 Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

*Arb.* You mean this lady : lift her from the earth ;  
 Why do you let her kneel so long ?—Alas, [*They raise PANTHEA.*  
 Madam, your beauty uses to command,  
 And not to beg ! what is your suit to me ?  
 It shall be granted ; yet the time is short,  
 And my affairs are great.—But where's my sister ?  
 I bade she should be brought.

*Mar.* What, is he mad ?

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* Gobrias, where is she ?

*Gob.* Sir ?

*Arb.* Where is she, man ?

*Gob.* Who, sir ?

*Arb.* Who ! hast thou forgot ? my sister<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>z</sup> *laughing mother*] “Venus is by the poets both Greek and Latin characterized with the epithets of φιλομυειδης and *ridens*.” THEOBALD.

<sup>a</sup> *that may*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., ‘*that it may* ;’ and so Weber.

<sup>b</sup> *hast thou forgot ? my sister.*] So in the first 4to. these words are rightly pointed. In other eds. thus—“*hast thou forgot my sister ?*” and so the modern editors.

*Gob.* Your sister, sir !

*Arb.* Your sister, sir ! Some one that hath a wit,  
Answer where is she.

*Gob.* Do you not see her there ?

*Arb.* Where ?

*Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There ! where ?

*Mar.* 'Slight, there : are you blind ?

*Arb.* Which do you mean ? that little one ?

*Gob.* No, sir.

*Arb.* No, sir ! why, do you mock me ? I can see  
No other here but that petitioning lady.

*Gob.* That's she.

*Arb.* Away !

*Gob.* Sir, it is she.

*Arb.* 'Tis false.

*Gob.* Is it ?

*Arb.* As hell ! by heaven, as false as hell !

My sister !—Is she dead ? if it be so,  
Speak boldly to me, for I am a man,  
And dare not quarrel with divinity ;  
And do not think to cozen me with this.  
I see you all are mute, and stand amaz'd,  
Fearful to answer me : it is too true ;  
A decreed instant cuts off every life,  
For which to mourn is to repine : she died  
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,  
As clear as her own eyes ; and blessedness  
Eternal waits upon her where she is :  
I know she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new ; and you shall see me bear  
My crosses like a man. We all must die ;  
And she hath taught us how.

*Gob.* Do not mistake,  
And vex yourself for nothing ; for her death  
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she ;  
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which, good Gobrias?

That lady dost thou mean?

*Gob.* That lady, sir :

She is your sister ; and she is your sister  
That loves you so ; 'tis she for whom I weep,  
To see you use her thus.

*Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tigr.* Pish ! this is tedious :

I cannot hold ; I must present myself ;  
And yet the sight of my Spaconia  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap  
Does one that is about to sin.

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* Away !

No more of this. Here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinks her for my sister : 'tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, invented  
To mad your king. He that will say so next,  
Let him draw out his sword, and sheathe it here ;  
It is a sin fully as pardonable.  
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be ;  
If she were any, I create her none :  
And which of you can question this ? My power  
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,  
And not disputed with : I have decreed her  
As far from having part of blood with me  
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,  
He that is boldest now : is that my sister ?

*Mar.* Oh, this is fine !

[*Aside.*

*Bes.* No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty ;  
I never thought she was ; she's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No ; 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou shouldst be hang'd.

[*To BESSUS.*

*Pan.* Sir, I will speak but once. By the same power  
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,  
You may command me dead ; and so much love  
A stranger may importune ; pray you, do.  
If this request appear too much to grant,

Adopt me of some other family  
 By your unquestion'd word ; else I shall live  
 Like sinful issues, that are left in streets  
 By their regardless mothers, and no name  
 Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will hear no more.—

Why should there be such music in a voice,  
 And sin for me to hear it ? all the world  
 May take delight in this ; and 'tis damnation  
 For me to do so.—You are fair and wise,  
 And virtuous, I think ; and he is blest  
 That is so near you as your<sup>d</sup> brother is ;  
 But you are nought to me but a disease,  
 Continual torment without hope of ease.  
 Such an ungodly sickness I have got,  
 That he that undertakes my cure must first  
 O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,  
 And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,  
 Allowing them to do all actions  
 As freely as they drink when they desire.  
 Let me not hear you speak again ; yet so  
 I shall but languish for the want of that,  
 The having which would kill me.—No man here  
 Offer to speak for her ; for I consider  
 As much as you can say. I will not toil  
 My body and my mind too ; rest thou there ;  
 Here's one within will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking !

*Gob.* Fear not, madam ;

The king will alter : 'tis some sudden rage,  
 And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray Heaven it do !

*Tigr.* Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot  
 Stifle my passion longer ; if my father

<sup>c</sup> *and*] For which Theobald substituted “yet,”—is here, as the Editors of 1778 observe, equivalent to *and yet*.

<sup>d</sup> *your*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. “my.” The modern editors, without authority, print “a.”

Should rise again, disquieted with this,  
 And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.— [Aside.  
 Madam, a stranger and a prisoner begs  
 To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, sir,  
 I think ; but if you be not, 'tis past me  
 To make you so ; for I am here a stranger  
 Greater than you : we know from whence you come ;  
 But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
 Is yet uncertain ; found here in the court,  
 And only suffer'd to walk up and down,  
 As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* Oh, I fear  
 Tigranes will be caught ! he looks, methinks,  
 As he would change his eyes with her. Some help  
 There is above for me, I hope. [Aside.

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,  
 And utter things that misbecome your looks ?  
 Can you want owning ?

*Spa.* Oh, 'tis certain so ! [Aside

*Tigr.* Acknowledge yourself mine.

*Arb.* How now ?

*Tigr.* And then  
 See if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking !

*Tigr.* Nations shall own you for their queen.

*Arb.* Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner ?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Arb.* And who is this ?

*Tigr.* She is your sister.

*Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so again ? that 's well. [Aside.

*Arb.* And how, then, dare you offer to change words with  
 her ?

*Tigr.* Dare do it ! why, you brought me hither, sir,  
 To that intent.

*Arb.* Perhaps I told you so :  
 If I had sworn it, had you so much folly

To credit it? The least word that she speaks  
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,  
Or I will temper it.

*Spa.* Blest be that breath!

[*Aside.*]

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue! Such incivilities  
As these no barbarous people ever knew:  
You break the law of nature, and of nations;  
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner  
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak,  
If thunder check me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will!

*Spa.* Alas, my fortune!

[*Aside.*]

*Tigr.* Do not fear his frown:

Dear madam, hear me.

*Arb.* Fear not my frown! but that 'twere base in me  
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,  
Again thou shouldst be conquer'd by me.

*Mar.* He has one ransom with him already; methinks,  
'twere good to fight double or quit.

[*Aside.*]

*Arb.* Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see  
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you?  
Seize him, Bacurius.—You shall know my word  
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with  
Are as the chaff before it.

*Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Arb.* Help there!

*Tigr.* Away!

*First Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

*Sec. Gent.* You must be forc'd.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us;  
We must obey.

*Arb.* Why do you dally there?  
Drag him away by any thing.

*Bac.* Come, sir.

*Tigr.* Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough  
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny,  
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,



Or that fam'd tyrant's bed<sup>c</sup>. Thou might'st as well  
 Search i' the deep of winter through the snow  
 For half-starv'd people, to bring home with thee  
 To shew 'em fire, and send 'em back again,  
 As use me thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close, Bacurius.

[*Exit* TIGRANES, with BACURIUS and two Gentlemen.

*Spa.* I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him  
 But this imprisonment. What shall become  
 Of me forsaken?

[*Aside.*

*Gob.* You will not let your sister  
 Depart thus discontented from you, sir?

*Arb.* By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,  
 And made myself believe much of myself  
 That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,  
 Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,  
 And, like a god incensèd, gave no ear  
 To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:  
 Shew a contempt as large as was my own,  
 And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,  
 Forgive me.

[*Kneels.*

*Pan.* Oh, you wrong me more in this  
 Than in your rage you did! you mock me now.

[*Kneels.*

*Arb.* Never forgive me, then; which is the worst  
 Can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
 Stand up, and give me but a gentle look  
 And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.

*Arb.* Rise you, then, too. Here<sup>f</sup> I acknowledge thee

[*Rising, and raising* PANTHEA.

My hope, the only jewel of my life,

<sup>c</sup> *the burning bull's,*

[*Or that fam'd tyrant's bed.*] Allusions to the brazen bull of Phalaris, and the bed of Procrustes,—of both which Theobald gives a full and particular account. Mason says that the right reading is "bull": I think not.

<sup>f</sup> *Rise you, then, too. Here*] This reading, which is found in the two earliest 4tos. (—the other eds. have "*Rise you then to hear*"—) was supposed by the Editors of 1773, and Weber, to be "the alteration of Theobald"!

The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,  
 A happiness as high as I could think ;  
 And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
 Perdition light upon me !

*Pan.* This is better

Than if you had not frown'd ; it comes to me  
 Like merey at the block : and when I leave  
 To serve you with my life, your curse be with me !

*Arb.* Then, thus I do salute thee ; and again, [*Kisses her.*  
 To make this knot the stronger.—Paradise  
 Is there!—It may be you are yet in doubt ;  
 This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin,  
 And foolishly entice myself along.—

[*Aside.*

Take her away ; see her a prisoner  
 In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias.

*Pan.* Alas, sir, why ?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer.—  
 Do it.

*Gob.* Good sir !

*Arb.* No more : do it, I say.

*Mar.* This is better and better.

[*Aside.*

*Pan.* Yet hear me speak.

*Arb.* I will not hear you speak.—

Away with her ! Let no man think to speak  
 For such a creature ; for she is a witch,  
 A poisoner, and a traitor.

*Gob.* Madam, this office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well ;

The king is pleas'd with it.

*Arb.* Bessus, go you along<sup>s</sup> too with her. I will prove  
 All this that I have said, if I may live  
 So long : but I am desperately sick,  
 For she has given me poison in a kiss,—  
 She had it 'twixt her lips,—and with her eyes  
 She witches people. Go, without a word.

[*Exeunt* GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, and SPACONIA.

<sup>s</sup> along] Should perhaps be thrown out.

Why should you<sup>b</sup>, that have made me stand in war  
 Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,  
 Decree such an unworthy end of me  
 And all my glories? What am I, alas,  
 That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts  
 Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,  
 They could not hurt you; and it is in you  
 To give me sorrow, that will render me  
 Apt to receive your merey: rather so,  
 Let it be rather so, than punish me  
 With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me  
 Dwelling already; and it<sup>i</sup> must be holy,  
 That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius?

*Mar.* Here, sir.

*Arb.* I prithee, bear me, if thou canst.  
 Am I not grown a strange weight?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier?

*Mar.* No, sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs  
 Refuse to bear my body. Oh, Mardonius,  
 Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st  
 I could have gone, though I could never run!

*Mar.* And so I shall again.

*Arb.* Oh, no, 'tis past!

*Mar.* Pray you, go rest yourself.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter, when they talk of me,  
 As thou shalt hear, nothing but infamy,  
 Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I prithee, do;

For thou shalt never see me so again.

*Mar.* I warrant ye<sup>j</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>b</sup> you] See note p. 254.

<sup>i</sup> it] i. e. that thing, that power;—which I notice only because Theobald was “puzzled a great while” by the passage.

<sup>j</sup> Mar. *I warrant ye*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of Bessus.**Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* They talk of fame ; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger : but my opinion is otherwise ; for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away ; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends ; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat ; which I did, and they beat me : then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, “ Rail still ! ” then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse ’em again ; and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed, and eat quietly ; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipped fellow<sup>k</sup>, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger ; of which I was glad,—I would it were at that pass again ! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin’s hand for me ; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with ’em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company ;

<sup>k</sup> *till they hung me up by the heels . . . a baffled whipped fellow* ] *Baffled* means ignominiously treated ; and the passage contains an allusion to the punishment inflicted on reereant knights :

“ And after all, for greater infamie,  
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,  
And baffuld so, that all which passed by  
The pieture of his punishment might see.”

Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, B. VI. C. vii. st. 27.

See more on this subject in Nares’s *Gloss.* in v. *Baffle*.

and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my<sup>1</sup> enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved,—a plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it,) by the way of challenge.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Good morrow, captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Good morrow, sir.

*Gent.* I come to speak with you——

*Bes.* You're very welcome.

*Gent.* From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em! so they cry all. [*Aside.*]

*Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives a letter.*]

*Bes.* 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

*Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bes.* An inviting! Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech.—[*Aside; and then reads.*] Um, um, um—*reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction*.—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await<sup>m</sup> an answer this thirteen weeks.

<sup>1</sup> *my*] Altered, without authority, to "mine" by the modern editors.

<sup>m</sup> *await*] Altered by Weber to "wait".

*Gent.* Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his<sup>n</sup> stain as soon as he could.

*Bes.* Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

*Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

*Bes.* Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you<sup>o</sup>, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my roll the two hundredth and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think<sup>p</sup> so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

*Gent.* I will, sir. Good morrow to you.

*Bes.* Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*—Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred: the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently

<sup>n</sup> *his*] Altered by Weber to "this".

<sup>o</sup> *with you*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> *I think*] Qy. did these words creep into the text by a mistake of the original compositor, his eye having caught them from the preceding line? and ought the passage to run thus: "I think there will be more after him than before him. So, pray you, commend me," &c.?

that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius: I fear all is not well betwixt us.

*Enter BACURIUS.*

*Bac.* Now, captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wronged me.

*Bes.* True, my lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant,—desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with<sup>a</sup> me.

*Bes.* Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

*Bac.* Tell not me of your engagements, captain Bessus: it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bes.* My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

*Bac.* Who, then, pray?

*Bes.* Bessus the coward wronged you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

*Bac.* I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kicked.

*Bes.* Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up! [Kicks him.

*Bes.* My lord, this is not noble in you.

<sup>a</sup> with] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to omit this word.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

[*Kicks him.*]

*Bes.* My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

*Bes.* Why, I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle; quick!

*Bes.* My lord!

*Bac.* Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift. [*Gives his sword<sup>r</sup>, with a knife in the scabbard.*]

*Bac.* I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell.

*Bes.* One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

*Bac.* Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. [*Exit.*]

*Bes.* I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit.*]

<sup>r</sup> *Gives his sword, &c.*] "Hitherto no stage-direction has been given in this place, and consequently the passage must have been obscure to any one who happened not to have been acquainted with the custom, which once prevailed, of wearing a dagger or a knife in a sheath, attached to the scabbard of the sword." WEBER.



SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter* MARDONIUS.

*Mar.* I'll move the king ; he is most strangely altered : I guess the cause, I fear, too right ; Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has followed me through twenty rooms ; and ever, when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business ; so turns away from me ; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

*Enter* ARBACES.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him : his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes. [*Aside.*

*Arb.* I cannot utter it. Why should I keep  
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak ?  
Darkness is in my bosom ; and there lie  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.  
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,  
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it !

*Mar.* How do you, sir ?

*Arb.* Why, very well, Mardonius :  
How dost thou do ?

*Mar.* Better than you, I fear.

*Arb.* I hope thou art ; for, to be plain with thee,  
Thou art in hell else. Secret scorching flames,  
That far transcend earthly material fires,  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure :  
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure ?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that  
you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is ; but yet I cannot do it.

*Mar.* Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not  
shrink to do you service. I shall not esteem my life a  
weightier matter than indeed it is : I know 'tis subject to

more chances than it has hours ; and I were better lose it in my king's cause than with an ague or a fall, or, sleeping, to a thief ; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

*Arb.* It will not out. Were you with Gobrias,  
And bade him give my sister all content  
The place affords, and give her leave to send  
And speak to whom she please ?

*Mar.* Yes, sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to Bacurius say as much  
About Tigranes ?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* Oh, say not so !  
You had an answer of all<sup>s</sup> this before :  
Besides, I think this business might be utter'd  
More carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee,  
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,  
To see my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well ; and what ?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange : shall I say nothing to her ?

*Arb.* Not a word :  
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way  
To make her understand by signs.

*Mar.* But what shall I make her understand ?

*Arb.* Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd !

*Mar.* You may ; but I can<sup>t</sup> only see her, then ?

*Arb.* 'Tis true. [ Gives a ring.  
Bear her this ring, then ; and, on more advice,  
Thou shalt speak to her : tell her I do love  
My kindred all ; wilt thou ?

*Mar.* Is there no more ?

<sup>s</sup> *all*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

<sup>t</sup> *can*] Altered in my copy of the first 4to. in a very old hand to "shall,"—which seems to be the better reading.

*Arb.* Oh, yes!—and her the best ;  
Better than any brother loves his sister :  
That 's all.

*Mar.* Methinks, this need not have been delivered with  
such caution<sup>u</sup>. I'll do it.

*Arb.* There is more yet : wilt thou be faithful to me ?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,  
After I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

*Arb.* I love her better than a brother ought.  
Dost thou conceive me ?

*Mar.* I hope I do not, sir<sup>v</sup>.

*Arb.* No ! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,  
And never rise again, till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I think she does.

*Arb.* But better than she does ; another way ;  
As wives love husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I think there are few wives that love their  
husbands better than she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me. Is it fit  
This should be utter'd plainly ? Take it, then,  
Naked as it is : I would desire her love  
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,  
To do a sin that needs must damn us both,  
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now ?

*Mar.* Yes ; there's your ring again. What have I done  
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it, [*Gives back the ring.*  
That you should put so base a business to me ?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it ?

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertook it : but if all  
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd  
In such a cause to save my last life<sup>w</sup>.

<sup>u</sup> *caution*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "a *caution*" ; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

<sup>v</sup> *I hope I do not, sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*I hope you do not, sir ;*" which (incredible as it may seem) the Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted !

<sup>w</sup> *last life*] Here Theobald, for the metre, printed "*last of life*" ; and throughout this scene between the King and Mardonius, the whole of which he

*Arb.* O guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou !  
 This man that is my servant, whom my breath  
 Might blow about the world, might beat me here,  
 Having this cause ; whilst I, press'd down with sin,  
 Could not resist him.—Dear<sup>x</sup> Mardonius,  
 It was a motion misbeseeming man,  
 And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Heaven grant you may be so ! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince ; but otherwise, I think I shall not love you more, for you are sinful ; and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws, for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big ; I feel I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour ; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve you, and mend you<sup>y</sup> !

*Arb.* Mardonius ! stay, Mardonius ! for, though  
 My present state requires nothing but knaves  
 To be about me, such as are prepar'd  
 For every wicked act, yet who does know  
 But that my loathèd fate may turn about,  
 And I have use for honest men again ?  
 I hope I may : I prithee, leave me not.

*Enter BESSUS.*

*Bes.* Where is the king ?

was determined to exhibit as verse, he took the most unwarrantable liberties with the text.

<sup>x</sup> *Dear*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Hear ;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

<sup>y</sup> *The gods preserve you, and mend you*] The two earliest 4tos. "God preserve you, and mend you." Other eds. "the Gods preserve you, and mend"; and so Weber. Theobald and the editors of 1778 printed, "The Gods preserve and mend you."

*Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife?

*Bes.* The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away, you fool! the king is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

*Arb.* No, no; 'tis well, Bessus, 'tis very well:  
I'm glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

*Bes.* Why, may not valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

*Arb.* No; let him stay, Mardonius, let him stay;  
I have occasions<sup>z</sup> with him very weighty,  
And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir?

*Arb.* Why, I can spare you now.

*Bes.* Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.

*Mar.* Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit.*]

*Arb.* Bessus, I should employ thee: wilt thou do't?

*Bes.* Do't for you! by this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Do not swear.

*Bes.* By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name a<sup>a</sup> thing  
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

*Bes.* I would fain hear that thing.

*Arb.* Why, I would have thee get my sister for me,—  
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner.

*Bes.* Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

<sup>z</sup> occasions] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "occasion"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>a</sup> a] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "the"; and so the modern editors.

*Arb.* Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

*Bes.* More! no. Why, is there any thing else? if there be, tell<sup>b</sup> me; it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?  
Thou art too wicked for my company,  
Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet  
Corrupt me further. Pray thee, answer me,  
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bes.* Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,  
The ugliest, loathèd, dètestable thing,  
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes  
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart  
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in, where there do stand  
Four rows of iron teeth.

*Bes.* I feel no such thing. But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better: and when this is despatched, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Arb.* My mother!—Heaven forgive me, to hear this!  
I am inspir'd with horror.—Now I hate thee  
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,  
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise  
In any breast again. Know, I will die  
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,  
Ere I will deal by such an instrument.  
Thou art too sinful to employ in this:  
Out of the world, away!

[*Beats him.*]

*Bes.* What do you mean, sir?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight  
Into the deserts; where, 'mongst all the monsters,  
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,  
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bes.* Good sir——

<sup>b</sup> *tell*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "trust"!

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou<sup>c</sup>,  
 We kings could never act such wicked deeds.  
 Seek out a man that mocks divinity,  
 That breaks each precept both of God and man,  
 And nature's<sup>d</sup> too, and does it without lust,  
 Merely because it is a law and good,  
 And live with him ; for him thou canst not spoil :  
 Away, I say ! [*Exit* BESSUS.

I will not do this sin :  
 I'll press it here till it do break my breast.  
 It heaves to get out ; but thou art a sin,  
 And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

<sup>c</sup> *If there were no such instruments as thou, &c.*] “The following passage, in Shakespeare's *King John*, conveys the same sentiment, and is similar to this before us :—

‘ It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life ;  
 And, on the winking of authority,  
 To understand a law, to know the meaning  
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
 More upon humour than advis'd respect. [Act iv. sc. 2].’ ”

*Ed.* 1778.

<sup>d</sup> *nature's*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to “nature.”

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of GOBRIAS*<sup>c</sup>.*Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, and SPACONIA.**Gob.* Have you written, madam?*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias.*Gob.* And with a kindness and such winning words  
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel  
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him  
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,  
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.  
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,  
A poor belief may follow, I have woven  
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,  
That, if he be but gracious and receive 'em——*Gob.* Good lady, be not fearful: though he should not  
Give you your present end in this, believe it,  
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you

<sup>c</sup> *A room in the house of Gobrias*] Weber wrongly marked this scene,  
“*The apartment of the Princess in the Palace.*” When Arbaces (act iii. sc. 1)  
first orders Panthea into confinement, he exclaims,—

“see her a prisoner

*In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias.*”What Panthea tells Arbaces (act iv. sc. 3) proves that she was not a prisoner in  
the palace;“I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,  
*I might be kept in some place where you are;*  
For in myself I find, I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.”

And towards the conclusion of the play, Arbaces says,—

“One call the queen.

- - - Go, some one,

*She is in Gobrias' house.*”



To labour out this tempest (which, I know,  
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience),  
All those contents your spirit will arrive at,  
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,  
When he shall once collect himself, and see  
How far he has been asunder from himself,  
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,  
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,  
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again  
Into a thousand glories, bearing his<sup>f</sup> fair branches  
High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,  
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly ;  
I know it ; and I hope I need not further  
Win you to understand it.

*Pan.* I believe it :

Howsoever<sup>g</sup>, I am sure I love him dearly ;  
So dearly, that if any thing I write  
For my enlarging should beget his anger,  
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,  
I had rather live entomb'd here.

*Gob.* You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief ;  
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,  
And this night will deliver this true story  
With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace go with you !

You are a good man.—

[*Exit* GOBRIAS.]

My Spaconia,

Why are you ever sad thus ?

*Spa.* Oh, dear lady !

*Pan.* Prithee, discover not a way to sadness,  
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows  
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.  
How shall I lessen thine ? for mine, I fear,  
Is easier known than cur'd.

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both,

<sup>f</sup> *his*] Theobald, for the metre, omitted this word.

<sup>g</sup> *Howsoever*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "But *howsoever*" ; and so the modern editors.

And give yours happy ends, however I  
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches  
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,  
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,  
How shall I do you service?

*Spa.* Noblest lady,  
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,  
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you ;  
For that is all the business of my life now.  
I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To ask a noble favour of you.

*Pan.* Speak it ; 'tis yours ; for from so sweet a virtue  
No ill demand has issue.

*Spa.* Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will  
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes,  
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more<sup>ε</sup>.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia ;  
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation,  
Though you came only with your own command.

*Spa.* I know they will deny me, gracious madam,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,  
So utter empty of those excellencies  
That tame authority<sup>h</sup> : but in you, sweet lady,  
All these are natural ; beside, a power  
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,  
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.

*Pan.* More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,  
For fear it fail you.

*Spa.* Dare you trust a token ?  
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one ; and, trust me, lady,  
It joys me I shall do a good to you,

<sup>ε</sup> *if not more*] I may just observe that the first 4to. has "*if no more ;*" which perhaps might mean—if no otherwise equal.

<sup>h</sup> *That tame authority :*] "i. e. that can have any control over people in office and power." THEOBALD.

Though to myself I never shall be happy.  
 Here, take this ring, and from me as a token [Gives ring.  
 Deliver it : I think they will not stay you.  
 So, all your own desires go with you, lady !  
*Spa.* And sweet peace to your grace !  
*Pan.* Pray Heaven, I find it ! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Prison*<sup>1</sup>.*TIGRANES discovered.*

*Tigr.* Fool that I am ! I have undone myself,  
 And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,  
 That was a fair one : I have childishly  
 Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,  
 And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia,  
 Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now !  
 Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,  
 To wither my desires ? But, wretched fool,  
 Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,  
 To make me freeze thus ? why did I prefer her  
 To the fair princess ? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,  
 Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,  
 And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment !  
 Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no lady,  
 But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,  
 And hazard all thy peace ? none to abuse,  
 But she that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia ?  
 And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty  
 And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues !  
 She, that forgot the greatness of her griefs<sup>1</sup>,  
 And miseries that must follow such mad passions,

<sup>1</sup> *A Prison*] Though all the old eds., except the first 4to., have “*Enter Tigranes in prison,*” perhaps this scene ought to be marked,—“*A room in the house of Bacurius.*”

<sup>1</sup> *griefs*] So the first 4to. Other eds. “*grief*”; and so the modern editors.

Endless and wild as woman's<sup>i</sup> ! she, that for thee,  
 And with thee, left her liberty, her name,  
 And country ! You have paid me, equal heavens<sup>k</sup>,  
 And sent my own rod to correct me with,  
 A woman ! For inconstancy I'll suffer ;  
 Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,  
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting  
 Upon a new face, after all my oaths,  
 Many and strange ones.  
 I feel my old fire flame again, and burn  
 So strong and violent, that, should I see her  
 Again, the grief and that would kill me.

*Enter BACURIUS and SPACONIA.*

*Bac.* Lady,  
 Your token I acknowledge ; you may pass :  
 There is the king.

*Spa.* I thank your lordship for it. [Exit BACURIUS.]

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes ! Shame hide me ever from  
 her !

Would I were buried, or so far remov'd.  
 Light might not find me out ! I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay, never hide yourself ; for<sup>l</sup>, were you hid  
 Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,  
 My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you.  
 I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness  
 Doubled upon you, you're a perjurd man,  
 And only mighty in the<sup>m</sup> wickedness  
 Of wronging women. Thou art false, false prince !

<sup>i</sup> *as woman's*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "as women," except 4to. 1661, which has "as woman." Theobald adopted Seward's conjecture, "in women"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 295) pronounces Seward's emendation to be "right and obvious": but he was unacquainted with the reading of the first 4to., which not one of the modern editors have even mentioned.

<sup>k</sup> *equal heavens*] i. e. just heavens. Weber absurdly pointed the passage thus,—"*You have paid me equal, heavens.*"

<sup>l</sup> *for*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "or"; and so the modern editors !

<sup>m</sup> *the*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "your"; and so the modern editors.

I live to see it ; poor Spaconia lives  
 To tell thee thou art false, and then no more<sup>n</sup> :  
 She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant  
 Than all ill women ever were together ;  
 Thy faith as<sup>o</sup> firm as raging overflows,  
 That no bank can command ; and<sup>p</sup> as lasting  
 As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' the air and broken :  
 The wind is fix'd to<sup>q</sup> thee ; and sooner shall  
 The beaten mariner with his shrill whistle  
 Calm the loud murmurs<sup>r</sup> of the troubled main,  
 And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall  
 To have peace in love with any : thou art all  
 That all good men must hate ; and if thy story  
 Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
 Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,  
 In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,  
 And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes !

*Tigr.* Oh ! oh !

*Spa.* The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out  
 Our ends alike, that thou mayst die for love,  
 Though not for me ; for, this assure thyself,  
 The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
 Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,  
 Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,  
 I fear, too deep ; beshrow<sup>s</sup> me for it !—Sir,

<sup>n</sup> *and then no more*] Theobald at Sympson's suggestion printed "*and tell thee more*" ! Seward (Postscript to vol. 1. of ed. 1750) says that "*then no more*" means,—this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with your falsehood. The Editors of 1778 and Weber followed the old eds., but they evidently understood the passage no better than their predecessors. The meaning of it is this,—“poor Spaconia lives to tell thee thou art false, and then *she lives no more*” : she has previously said, “I must speak *ere I die*”.

<sup>o</sup> *as*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. “is” ; which the Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to adopt.

<sup>p</sup> *and*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>q</sup> *to*] i. e. compared to.

<sup>r</sup> *murmurs*] So the first 4to. Other eds. “murmur” ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>s</sup> *beshrow*] So all the old eds., except the 4tos. of 1631 and 1639, which have “beshrew.”

This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,  
 Into the same piece with it.—He's asham'd<sup>s</sup> :  
 Alas, I have been too rugged !—Dear my lord,  
 I am sorry I have spoken any thing,  
 Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
 To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleas'd  
 To think it was a fault of love, not malice,  
 And do as I will do,—forgive it, prince :  
 I do, and can, forgive the greatest sins  
 To me you can repent of. Pray, believe me<sup>t</sup>.

*Tigr.* Oh, my Spaconia ! oh, thou virtuous woman !

*Spa.* No more ; the king, sir.

*Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, and MARDONIUS.*

*Arb.* Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,  
 That he want nothing fitting for his greatness ?

*Bac.* I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well.—Royal Tigranes, health !

*Tigr.* More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,  
 I offer back again to great Arbaces.

*Arb.* We thank you, worthy prince ; and pray, excuse us,  
 We have not seen you since your being here.  
 I hope your noble usage has been equal  
 With your own person : your imprisonment,  
 If it be any, I dare say, is easy ;  
 And shall not outlast two days.

*Tigr.* I thank you<sup>u</sup> :

My usage here has been the same it was,  
 Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,  
 It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for ;  
 But I must bear it.

*Arb.* What lady's that, Bacurius ?

*Bac.* One of the princess' women, sir.

<sup>s</sup> *He's asham'd*] "I have adopted the reading of Theobald's copy. The old editions, and that of 1778 read—'tis asham'd.'" WEBER. The first 4to. has distinctly "hee's asham'd" !

<sup>t</sup> *me*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>u</sup> *you*] Theobald printed, without authority, "you, sir."

*Arb.* I fear'd it.

Why comes she hither ?

*Bac.* To speak with the prince Tigranes.

*Arb.* From whom, Bacurius ?

*Bac.* From the princess, sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now again :

'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all

Anon, I fear. Would he were well cur'd of

This raging folly ! Give me the wars, where men

Are mad, and may talk what they list, and held

The bravest fellows : this pelting<sup>v</sup>, prattling<sup>w</sup> peace

Is good for nothing ; drinking's a virtue to 't. [*Aside.*]

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in ?

*Bac.* It was your own command to bar none from him :  
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to Tigranes, did she not ?

Sirrah<sup>x</sup>, tell truth.

*Bac.* I do not use to lie, sir ;

'Tis no way I eat or live by : and I think

This is no token, sir.

*Mar.* This combat has undone him : if he had been well  
beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him hand-  
some again, till he have a horseman's staff poked<sup>y</sup> through his  
shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet. [*Aside.*]

*Arb.* I am trifled with.

*Bac.* Sir ?

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

<sup>v</sup> *pelting*] i. e. paltry, contemptible : see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in *v* *Paltry*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in *v* *Pelting*. The word is very common in our early writers.

<sup>w</sup> *prattling*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "prating"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>x</sup> *Sirrah*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Sir"; and so the modern editors (Theobald choosing to print, "Sir, tell the truth").

<sup>y</sup> *poked*] So the first 4to. Other eds. (with various spelling) "yoakt"; and so the modern editors !

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

[*Aside.*

*Bac.* You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it ;  
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my soul.

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say, sir, once again——

*Bac.* You may say what you please, sir.

*Mar.* Would I might do so<sup>z</sup> !

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* I will, sir ; and say openly,

This woman carries letters : by my life,

I know she carries letters ; this woman does it.

*Mar.* Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her ! he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do 't.

*Tigr.* Do what, sir ? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turn, prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turn, sir !

*Arb.* Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tigr.* Be plainer, good sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love, Panthea ; by heaven, she shall not ; I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant<sup>a</sup>.

[*Aside.*

*Tigr.* This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

<sup>z</sup> *Would I might do so*] The first 4to. rightly gives these words to Mardonius. Other eds. (the prefix "*Mar.*" having dropt out) assign them to Bacurius ; and so the modern editors !

<sup>a</sup> *Termagant*] "Was a Saracen deity, very elamorous and violent in the old moralities." PERCY. Termagant was a deity, whom the Crusaders and romance-writers charged the Saracens with worshipping, though there was certainly no such Saracenic divinity. Concerning the name, see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 125. ed. 1813, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.



*Arb.* Take 'em away both, and together let 'em be prisoners<sup>b</sup>, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

*Tigr.*<sup>c</sup> Well, I am subject to you,  
And must endure these passions.

*Spa.* This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,  
And the dear place I would choose. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* BACURIUS, TIGRANES, and SPACONIA.

*Mar.* Sir, have you done well now?

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters, sir, to anger you,  
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's  
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.  
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

*Arb.* How darest thou so often<sup>d</sup> forfeit thy life?  
Thou knowest it is in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you wo'not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall then<sup>e</sup> tell you of these childish follies,  
When I am dead? who shall put-to his power  
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours,  
Where<sup>f</sup> they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?  
No, cut my head off:  
Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow worse,  
And have your too self-glorious temper rock'd<sup>g</sup>  
Into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you,  
Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter

<sup>b</sup> *let 'em be prisoners*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "*let them prisoners be*"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> *Tigr.*] The first 4to. has "Bac.", to whom, indeed, the speech is not unsuitable.

<sup>d</sup> *often*] Altered by Theobald, for the metre, to "oft."

<sup>e</sup> *then*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

<sup>f</sup> *Where*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "When"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *rock'd*] Seward's correction, in which, however, he had been anticipated by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Old eds., "rott" and "rot."

Be every where about you, like your flatterers.  
Do, kill me.

*Arb.* Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.  
Thou know'st I love thee, nay, I honour thee ;  
Believe it, good old soldier, I am all<sup>s</sup> thine ;  
But I am rack'd clean from myself : bear with me ;  
Wo't thou bear with me, good<sup>h</sup> Mardonius ?

*Enter* GOBRIAS.

*Mar.* There comes a good man ; love him too ; he's  
temperate :  
You may live to have need of such a virtue ;  
Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome, good Gobrias.

*Gob.* My service and this letter to your grace.

[*Gives letter.*]

*Arb.* From whom ?

*Gob.* From the rich mine of virtue and all<sup>i</sup> beauty,  
Your mournful sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not ?

*Gob.* [*kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,  
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit  
That all the sweetness of the world in one,  
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,  
And wilder people that have known no manners,  
Should live thus cloister'd up ! For your love's sake,  
If there be any in that noble heart  
To her, a wretched lady and forlorn,  
Or for her love to you, which is as much  
As nature and obedience ever gave,  
Have pity on her beauties !

*Arb.* Prithee, stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair,

[*GOBRIAS rises.*]

And all these commendations but her own :

<sup>s</sup> *all*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>h</sup> *good*] So the first 4to., and rightly, as the next line shews. Other eds.,  
"my" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>i</sup> *all*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the Editors of  
1778 and Weber.

Would thou hadst never so commended her,  
 Or I ne'er livèd to have heard it, Gobrias!  
 If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,  
 Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.  
 Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,  
 Whither myself nor thou canst well tell. Oh, my fate!  
 I think she loves me, but I fear another  
 Is deeper in her heart: how think'st thou, Gobrias?

*Gob.* I do beseech your grace, believe it not;  
 For, let me perish, if it be not false.

Good sir, read her letter. [ARBACES reads.]

*Mar.* This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets  
 more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten,  
 starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He that had  
 seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but  
 t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his  
 eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor  
 may beat him with one hand tied behind him. [Aside.]

*Arb.* Alas, she would<sup>j</sup> be at liberty!  
 And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,  
 Thousands, that will deny it;  
 Which if she knew, she would contentedly  
 Be where she is, and bless her virtue<sup>k</sup> for it,  
 And me, though she were closer: she would, Gobrias;  
 Good man, indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,  
 Send for her, and with reason make her know  
 Why she must live thus from you.

*Arb.* I will. Go, bring her to me. [Exeunt.]

<sup>j</sup> *she would*] Theobald, for the metre, printed, "*she fain would.*"

<sup>k</sup> *virtue*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., "*vertues*"; and so the modern editors.

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of BESSUS.*

*Enter BESSUS, two Sword-men<sup>1</sup>, and Boy.*

*Bes.* You're very welcome, both.—Some stools there, boy ;  
And reach a table.—Gentlemen o' the sword,  
Pray sit, without more compliment.—Begone, child.

[*Exit Boy.*]

I have been curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

*First Sw. M.* We understand ourselves, sir.

*Bes.* Nay, gentlemen, and my<sup>m</sup> dear friends o' the sword,  
No compliment, I pray ; but to the case<sup>n</sup>  
I hang upon, which, in few<sup>o</sup>, is my honour.

*Sec. Sw. M.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.  
But to your case : be wise, and speak truth<sup>p</sup>.

*Bes.* My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

*First Sw. M.* Stay there a little, sir : do you doubt<sup>q</sup> a  
beating ?

Or have you had a beating by your prince ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sword-men*] i. e. professors of the science of arms ("masters of dependencies," as they are termed in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, act v. sc. 1.) ; needy bullies, who undertook to assist the timorous,—to ascertain for them the authentic grounds of a quarrel, to settle it according to the laws of the duello, &c.,—and whose language was a jargon derived from Caranza and other writers of that description. Duelling with all its absurd puntilios was the passion of the age ; and there seems every reason to believe that what mainly contributed to the suppression of such follies was the ridicule with which they were treated by most of our early dramatists. See Seward's note on the present passage (Postscript to vol. i. of ed. 1750), and Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 9. ed. 1813.

<sup>m</sup> *my*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

<sup>n</sup> *case*] Old eds. here, and in the next speech, "cause" ; and so the modern editors. But compare the rest of this scene.

<sup>o</sup> *in few*] i. e. in few words.

<sup>p</sup> *be wise, and speak truth*] The first 4to. rightly gives these words to *Sec. Sw. M.* In other eds. they are assigned to *Bes.* ; and so by the modern editors !—Theobald printing "the truth," for the metre.

<sup>q</sup> *doubt*] i. e. dread, apprehend.

*Bes.* Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince has beaten me.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Brother, what think you of this case?

*First Sw. M.* If he have beaten him, the case is clear.

*Sec. Sw. M.* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.—

But how?—we cannot be too subtle in this business,—

I say, but how?

*Bes.* Even with his royal hand.

*First Sw. M.* Was it a blow of love or indignation?

*Bes.* 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen,  
Besides two blows o' the face.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Those blows o' the face have made a new  
case<sup>r</sup> on't;

The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

*First Sw. M.* Two blows o' the face, and given by a worse  
man,

I must confess, as we<sup>s</sup> sword-men say, had turn'd  
The business: mark me, brother, by a worse man;  
But being by his prince, had they been ten,  
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard  
Of his nose for ever, all these<sup>t</sup> had been but favours.  
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

*Sec. Sw. M.* The king may do much, captain, believe it;  
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,  
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,  
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,  
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

*Bes.* I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.  
But how far may he strike me?

*First Sw. M.* There's another,  
A new case<sup>u</sup> rising from the time and distance,  
In which I will deliver my opinion.  
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;  
For these are natural to man:  
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth

<sup>r</sup> case] So the first 4to. Other eds., "cause"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>s</sup> we] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "the"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>t</sup> these] So the first 4to. Other eds. "this"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>u</sup> case] Old eds. "cause"; and so the modern editors.

As his dominion reacheth <sup>v</sup>; that's for the distance;  
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;  
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

*Bes.* 'Tis o' the longest, but we subjects must—

*First Sw. M.* Be subject to it: you are wise and virtuous.

*Bes.* Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten body.  
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' the sword.

*Sec. Sw. M.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding: we are bound,  
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions  
Shortly and discreetly.

*Bes.* My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

*Sec. Sw. M.* How far, sir?

*Bes.* Not to flatter myself in it, all over:  
My sword lost, but not forc'd <sup>w</sup>; for discreetly  
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

*First Sw. M.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Brother, this is a pretty case<sup>x</sup>; pray, ponder on't:  
Our friend here has been kick'd.

*First Sw. M.* He has so, brother.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he sit<sup>y</sup> down here  
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

<sup>v</sup> *reacheth*] Altered by Weber to "reaches."

<sup>w</sup> *lost, but not forc'd*] Old eds. "*forc'd, but not lost.*" "This is as absurd and ridiculous a transposition (made through the error of the copyists, or at press) as we shall meet with in haste. Though Bessus was by nature and habit a liar, yet here he meant to represent the state of his case seriously to the Sword-men, to have their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding scene, that, upon Bacurius discovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his sword. Bessus obeys, and does it with a gasconade; saying, *it is a pretty hill, and if his lordship takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll present it to him for a new-years-gift.* How then was his sword *forc'd* from him? It was not; for he immediately subjoins here to the Sword-men, *for I discreetly rendered it to save that imputation.* - - - Let the two words *forc'd* and *lost* change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly stated." THEOBALD.

<sup>x</sup> *case*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. "cause"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>y</sup> *sit*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "set;" and so the modern editors.

*First Sw. M.* I think it had been cowardly indeed.

*Sec. Sw. M.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering His sword without compulsion ; and that man That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one, And his kicks nullities : He should have kick'd him after the delivery<sup>z</sup>, Which is the confirmation of a coward.

*First Sw. M.* Brother, I take it you mistake the question ; For say, that I were kick'd.

*Sec. Sw. M.* I must not say so ; Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man : You kick'd, dear brother ! you are merry.

*First Sw. M.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Let them put it, That are things weary of their lives, and know not Honour : put the case, you were kick'd !

*First Sw. M.* I do not say I was kick'd.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat : You kick'd, dear brother !

*Bes.* Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do, Truly and honestly : good sirs, to the question.

*First Sw. M.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

*Sec. Sw. M.* The boy may be suppos'd, he 's<sup>a</sup> liable : But, kick my brother !

*First Sw. M.* A foolish, forward zeal, sir, in my friend. But to the boy : suppose the boy were kick'd.

*Bes.* I do suppose it.

*First Sw. M.* Has your boy a sword ?

*Bes.* Surely, no ; I pray, suppose a sword too.

*First Sw. M.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd, then.

*Sec. Sw. M.* By no means, captain ; let it be suppos'd still ; The word " grant " makes not for us.

<sup>z</sup> *delivery*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. " delivering ; " and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.

<sup>a</sup> *he's*] So the first 4to. Other eds. " is " ; and so the modern editors.

*First Sw. M.* I say, this must be granted.

*Sec. Sw. M.* This must be granted, brother !

*First Sw. M.* Ay, this must be granted.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Still the <sup>b</sup> must !

*First Sw. M.* I say, this must be granted.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Give <sup>c</sup> me the must again ! brother, you palter.

*First Sw. M.* I will not hear you, wasp.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Brother,

I say, you palter : the must three times together !

I wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox <sup>d</sup> bites as deep : musted <sup>e</sup>, my dear brother !

But to the case <sup>f</sup> again.

*Bes.* Nay, look you, gentlemen—

*Sec. Sw. M.* In a word, I ha' done.

*First Sw. M.* A tall <sup>g</sup> man, but intemperate ; 'tis great pity.  
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Forward.

*First Sw. M.* And, being throughly <sup>h</sup> kick'd, laughs at the  
kicker.

*Sec. Sw. M.* So much for us. Proceed.

*First Sw. M.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,  
Delivers up his weapon ; where lies the error ?

*Bes.* It lies i' the beating, sir ; I found it four days since.

<sup>b</sup> *the*] So the first 4to. rightly (see what follows). Other eds. " this " ; and so the modern editors.—Theobald assures us that " the poets here are flirting " at Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*—

" It is a mind,

That *shall* remain," &c. &c. Act iii. sc. 1.

and that when the *First Sw. M.* says, " I will not hear you, *wasp*," there is a sneer upon the quarrelling scene between Brutus and Cassius in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3,—where the word "*waspish*" happens to occur !

<sup>c</sup> *Give*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. " I [*Ay*], *give* " ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>d</sup> *fox*] A familiar (and very common) term for the old English broadsword.

<sup>e</sup> *musted*] May, perhaps, be right ; but I have felt strongly inclined to alter it to " must,"—as the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. has done.

<sup>f</sup> *case*] Old eds. " cause " ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *tall*] i. e. high-spirited, bold, brave.

<sup>h</sup> *throughly*] The 4to. of 1655 and folio of 1679 " thorowly " ; and so the modern editors.



*Sec. Sw. M.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,  
Lies in the thing kicking.

*Bes.* I understand that well ; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

*First Sw. M.* That is, according to the man that did it.

*Sec. Sw. M.* There springs a new branch: whose was the foot?

*Bes.* A lord's.

*First Sw. M.* The case<sup>i</sup> is mighty; but, had it been two lords,  
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

*Bes.* I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?

*Sec. Sw. M.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

*Bes.* As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

*First Sw. M.* My reason now: the valiant man is known  
By suffering and contemning<sup>j</sup>; you have  
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

*Sec. Sw. M.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough;  
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,  
Consists not in a beating and away,  
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen  
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd<sup>k</sup>  
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bed-staves;  
This shews a valiant man.

*Bes.* Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;  
For these are all familiar things to me,  
Familiar as my sleep or want of money;  
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating:  
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,  
And almost all religions.

<sup>i</sup> *case*] Old eds. "cause"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>j</sup> *contemning*] Theobald printed, for the metre, and against the sense, "*contemning* it." The probability is, that the word "had" has dropt out from the end of the line.

<sup>k</sup> *in a head rebuk'd, &c.*] "There is a pleasant passage in Plautus's *Persian* about parasites, whom he styles *hard-headed* fellows, because they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

*His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus* [i. 2. 8.].

Casaubon has this note upon the place. *Olim inter alia instrumenta perdit luxus, et matulæ in triclinia inferri solitæ; quas sæpe, ubi incaluisse, in capita sibi invicem illiserunt. Hinc dicti propterea parasiti, duri capiones.*"

SYMPSON.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Embrace him, brother : this man is valiant ;  
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

*First Sw. M.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman ;  
Abide upon't,<sup>1</sup> a very valiant man.

*Bes.* My equal friends o' the sword, I must request  
Your hands to this.

*Sec. Sw. M.* 'Tis fit it should be.

*Bes.* Boy,

Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.— [*To Boy within.*]  
Am I clear, gentlemen ?

*First Sw. M.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we  
have done,  
Make much of your body ; for I'll pawn my steel,  
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

*Bes.* I must request you go along, and testify  
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,  
How you find my case<sup>m</sup>.

*Sec. Sw. M.* We will ; and tell that lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter on one side ARBACES, on the other GOBRIAS and PANTHEA.*

*Gob.* Sir, here 's the princess.

*Arb.* Leave us, then, alone ;  
For the main cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any but herself.— [*Exit GOBRIAS.*]  
You 're welcome, sister ; and I would to Heaven  
I could so bid you by another name !—  
If you above love not such sins as these,  
Cirele my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,  
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

<sup>1</sup> *Abide upon't*] i. e. Depend upon it. The first 4to., "To abide upon't" ; which Theobald gave. Other eds., "To bide upon" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>m</sup> *case*] Old eds. "cause" ; and so the modern editors.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you I should speak?

*Arb.* Please me!

Ay, more than all the art of music can,  
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds  
As thou brought'st joyful, unexpected news:  
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;  
I prithee, think so.

*Pan.* Be it so; I will.

I am <sup>n</sup> the first that ever had a wrong,  
So far from being fit to have redress,  
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back  
To prison, rather than disquiet you,  
And wait till it be fit.

*Arb.* No, do not go,  
For I will hear thee with a serious thought;  
I have collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd  
To hear thee largely: but I do beseech thee,  
Do not come nearer to me, for there is  
Something in that, that will undo us both.

*Pan.* Alas, sir, am I venom?

*Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in  
As equal a degree of heat or cold  
As nature can make; yet, as unsound men  
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats  
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,  
Do thee: I prithee, draw no nearer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
Shut from the world; and why it should be thus,  
Is all I wish to know.

*Arb.* Why, credit me,  
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,  
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,

<sup>n</sup> *I am*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*Am I*"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

That might undo thee everlastingly,  
 Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this ?  
 By heaven, 'tis true ; believe it, if thou canst.

*Pan.* Children and fools are ever<sup>o</sup> credulous,  
 And I am both I think, for I believe.  
 If you dissemble, be it on your head !  
 I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,  
 I might be kept in some place where you are ;  
 For in myself I find, I know not what  
 To call it, but it is a great desire  
 To see you often.

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a step ; what do you mean ?  
 Dear sister, do not so ! Alas, Panthea,  
 Where I am would you be ? why, that's the cause  
 You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
 Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must endure it, sir.  
 Heaven keep you !

*Arb.* Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea ;  
 And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,  
 And hang thy head down, like a violet  
 Full of the morning's dew. There is a way  
 To gain thy freedom ; but 'tis such a one  
 As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know  
 Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof  
 Whether the gods have care of innocence,  
 Rather than follow it. Know, I<sup>p</sup> have lost,  
 The only difference betwixt man and beast,  
 My reason.

*Pan.* Heaven forbid !

*Arb.* Nay, it is gone ;  
 And I am left as far without a bound  
 As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds ;  
 Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,  
 And overwhelms all that oppose my will.

<sup>o</sup> *ever*] Weber printed "very" !

<sup>p</sup> *Know, I*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "Know that I" ; and so the modern editors.

I have beheld thee with a lustful eye ;  
My heart is set on wickedness, to act  
Such sins with thee as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,  
(Which, I beseech thee, do not,) thou mayst gain  
Thy liberty, and yield me a content :  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,  
Where I may never see thee ; for Heaven knows,  
That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness  
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst devise together, and at once  
Hurl 'em against me ; for I am a sickness,  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Far be it from me to revile the king !

But it is true that I shall rather choose  
To search out death, that else would search out me,  
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,  
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate ;  
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience ; and, but that my eyes  
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,  
I would not weep. Peace enter you again !

*Arb.* Farewell ; and, good Panthea, pray for me,  
(Thy prayers are pure,) that I may find a death,  
However soon, before my passions grow,  
That they forget what I desire is sin ;  
For thither they are tending. If that happen,  
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin  
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap  
Of strange, yet-uninvented sin upon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you ; yet you shall know  
It is a sullen fate that governs us :  
For I could wish, as heartily as you,  
I were no sister to you ; I should then  
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me, then ?

*Pan.* So perfectly,  
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then, I curse my birth.  
Must this be added to my miseries,  
That thou art willing too? is there no stop  
To our full happiness but these mere sounds,  
Brother and sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else :  
But these, alas, will separate us more  
Than twenty worlds betwixt us !

*Arb.* I have liv'd  
To conquer men, and now am overthrown  
Only by words, brother and sister. Where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em ; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd : let 'em be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth ; or towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up ;  
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,  
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast ;  
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force  
Or policy to conquer them.

*Arb.* Panthea,  
What shall we do? shall we stand firmly here,  
And gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could do so !  
But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accursèd man !  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate ;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious<sup>9</sup> rules, when every beast is free :  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred  
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull  
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,  
Because they had one dam?

<sup>9</sup> *curious*] i. e. scrupulously strict.

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb you  
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was<sup>r</sup> ;  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise : brothers and sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together ; so will<sup>s</sup> we.  
Come nearer : is there any hurt in this ?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith, there is none at all :  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me ?

*Pan.* No, by heaven.

*Arb.* Why, yet  
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

*Pan.* True,  
But for another : for the truth——

*Arb.* No more :  
I'll credit thee ; I know thou canst not lie,  
Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else  
That we may do, but only walk ? Methinks  
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

*Arb.* And so they may, Panthea ; so will we ;  
And kiss again too : we were scrupulous<sup>t</sup>  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go  
To prison, to my death, to any thing :  
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,  
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.

*Arb.* That is impossible : what should we do ?

*Pan.* Fly, sir, for heaven's sake.

*Arb.* So we must : away !  
Sin grows upon us more by this delay. [*Exeunt severally.*

<sup>r</sup> *I will not be so foolish as I was*] The first 4to. gives this line to Panthea : but compare the fourth speech of Arbaces after this.

<sup>s</sup> *will*] Altered by Weber to "shall" !

<sup>t</sup> *were scrupulous*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*were too scrupulous ;*" and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter MARDONIUS and LYGONES.*

*Mar.* Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely, by this warrant, gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.

*Lyg.* I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

*Mar.* But is the main of all your business ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse: I am ashamed; it is a business—

*Mar.* You seem<sup>u</sup> a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you are: you may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your nobleness.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this courtesy, if it be any, is not ill bestow'd.

But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter, And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away By a mean captain of your king's.

*Mar.* Stay there, sir:

If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,  
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,  
Though she were yours and noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too. But this wretched fellow  
Reaches no further than the empty name

<sup>u</sup> *seem*] Old eds. "serve"; which is altered to "seeme" by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Mason too had pointed out the right reading; but Weber did not even mention his note.



That serves to feed him : were he valiant,  
 Or had but in him any noble nature,  
 That might hereafter promise him a good man,  
 My cares were so much lighter, and my grave  
 A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confess, such fellows  
 Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,  
 To make the sin<sup>v</sup> of coward more detested  
 In the mean soldier, that with such a foil  
 Sets off much valour. By description,  
 I should now guess him to you ; it was Bessus,  
 I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus ; and now  
 I think, 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captain do you call him ?  
 Believe me, sir, you have a misery  
 Too mighty for your age : a pox upon him !  
 For that must be the<sup>w</sup> end of all his service.  
 Your daughter was not mad, sir ?

*Lyg.* No ; would she had been !  
 The fault had had more credit. I would do something.

*Mar.* I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not.  
 He's so below a beating, that the women  
 Find him not worthy of their distaves ; and  
 To hang him were to cast away a rope.  
 He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,  
 That no revenge can catch him.  
 I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth ; this rascal  
 Fears neither God nor man ; has been so beaten,  
 Sufferance has made him wainscot ; he has had,  
 Since he was first a slave,  
 At least three hundred daggers set in 's head,  
 As little boys do new knives in hot meat ;  
 There's not a rib in 's body, o' my conscience,  
 That has not been thrice broken with dry beating ;

<sup>v</sup> *sin*] Altered by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. to "name."

<sup>w</sup> *the*] Altered by Weber to "an."

And now his sides look like two wicker targets,  
 Every way bended :  
 Children will shortly take him for a wall,  
 And set their stone-bows<sup>x</sup> in his forehead. He  
 Is of so base a sense, I cannot in  
 A week imagine what should<sup>y</sup> be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure<sup>z</sup>, I have committed some great sin,  
 That this strange<sup>a</sup> fellow should be made my rod :  
 I would see him ; but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you have not. If a laming<sup>b</sup>  
 of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for  
 you ; and I'll help you to him : 'tis no news to him to have  
 a leg broken or a shoulder out, with being turned o' the  
 stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it ; for,  
 on my conscience, his head will break it : we use him i' the  
 wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal.  
 Here comes the very person of him ; do  
 As you shall find your temper ; I must leave you :  
 But if you do not break him like a biscuit,  
 You are much to blame, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter BESSUS and two Sword-men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name Bessus ?

*Bes.* Men call me captain Bessus.

*Lyg.* Then, captain Bessus,

You are a rank rascal, without more exordiums,  
 A dirty, frozen slave ! and with the favour  
 Of your friends here, I will beat you.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Pray, use your pleasure, sir ; you seem to be  
 A gentleman.

<sup>x</sup> *stone-bows*] i. e. cross-bows, which shoot stones.

<sup>y</sup> *should*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "shall ;" and so the modern editors.

<sup>z</sup> *Sure*] Altered, for the metre, to "Surely" by Theobald,—who, throughout this scene, introduced sundry variations, for which he had not the slightest authority.

<sup>a</sup> *strange*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. Theobald printed "base" ; and so his successors.

<sup>b</sup> *laming*] Ought perhaps to be "lamming," i. e. beating,—which is undoubtedly the right reading in scene third of this act ; see p. 330.

*Lyg.* Thus, captain Bessus, thus !

Thus twinge your nose, thus kick you, and thus tread you <sup>c</sup>.

[*Kicks him, &c.*]

*Bes.* I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed, I should have told you that first.

*Bes.* I take it so.

*First Sw. M.* Captain, he should, indeed ; he is mistaken.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating :  
You have stoln away a lady, captain Coward,  
And such a one——

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir !  
I never yet stole any living thing  
That had a tooth about it.

*Lyg.* Sir, I know you dare lie.

*Bes.* With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir :  
My means and manners never could attempt  
Above a hedge or haycock.

*Lyg.* Sirrah, that quits not me. Where is this lady ?  
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,  
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,  
Wash 'em and put 'em in again that will <sup>d</sup>.

*Bes.* There was a lady, sir, I must confess,  
Once in my charge ; the prince Tigranes gave her  
To my guard, for her safety. How I us'd her,  
She may herself report ; she 's with the prince now :  
I did but wait upon her like a groom,  
Which she will testify, I am sure ; if not,  
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,  
And glad I have 'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon,  
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

*Bes.* Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange  
now to have me beat you at first sight.

<sup>c</sup> *thus kick you, and thus tread you*] So the first 4to. The sec. 4to.  
“ *thus kicke, and thus treading you.*” Other eds. “ *thus kick, thus tread you.*”  
Theobald printed “ *thus kick, thus tread upon you ;*” and so his successors.

<sup>d</sup> *that will*] Is obviously the right reading. Old eds. “ *that will I*” ; and so the modern editors.

*Lyg.* Indeed I would ; but I know your goodness can forget twenty beatings : you must forgive me.

*Bes.* Yes ; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow, for all this.

*Lyg.* My daughter is a whore ;  
I feel it now too sensible ; yet I will see her ;  
Discharge myself of <sup>e</sup> being father to her,  
And then back to my country, and there die.— [ *Aside.*  
Farewell, captain.

*Bes.* Farewell, sir, farewell ;  
Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. [ *Exit* LYGONES.

*First Sw. M.* How now, captain ? bear up, man.

*Bes.* Gentlemen o' the sword, your hands once more : I have  
Been kick'd again ; but the foolish fellow is penitent,  
Has ask'd me merey, and my honour's safe.

*Sec. Sw. M.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better  
Have kick'd his grandsire.

*Bes.* Confirm, confirm, I pray.

*First Sw. M.* There be our hands again.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Now let him come,  
And say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it. <sup>f</sup>

*Bes.* Alas, good, ignorant old man ! let him go,  
Let him go ; these courses will undo him. [ *Exeunt.*

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## SCENE II.—*A Prison* <sup>g</sup>.

*Enter* LYGONES and BACURIUS.

*Bac.* My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so ; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king : I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king ; I'll leave you. [ *Exit.*

<sup>e</sup> *of*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "from" ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>f</sup> *Sec. Sw. M. Now let him . . . sleeps for it.*] So the first 4to. In other eds., the prefix having dropt out, this is given to the *First Sw. M.* ; and so by the modern editors.

<sup>g</sup> *A Prison*] See note, p. 301.

*Enter TIGRANES and SPACONIA.*

*Lyg.* There he is,  
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

*Tigr.* I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,  
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your majesty !

*Tigr.* What, good Lygones !

Welcome : what business brought thee hither ?

*Lyg.* Several

Businesses : my public business will appear [ *Gives a paper.*

By this ; I have a message to deliver,

Which, if it please<sup>h</sup> you so to authorise,

Is an embassy from the Armenian state

Unto Arbaces for your liberty :

The offer's there set down ; please you to read it.

*Tigr.* There is no alteration happen'd since  
I came thence ?

*Lyg.* None, sir ; all is as it was.

*Tigr.* And all our friends are well ?

*Lyg.* All very well. [ *TIGRANES reads.*

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my father : it was fault

Enough not to acquaint him with that good. [ *Aside.*

*Lyg.* Madam, I should have seen you.

*Spa.* Oh, good sir, forgive me !

*Lyg.* Forgive you ! why, I am no kin to you, am I ?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts,  
Indeed you are not.

*Lyg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily<sup>i</sup>  
Ere thou couldst go ; would thou couldst do as well !  
And how does your custom hold out here ?

*Spa.* Sir ?

*Lyg.* Are you in private still, or how ?

*Spa.* What do you mean ?

*Lyg.* Do you take money ? are you come to sell sin yet ?

<sup>h</sup> *please*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "pleases" ; and so Weber.

<sup>i</sup> *unhappily*] i. e. mischievously, waggishly, wantonly.

perhaps I can help you to liberal clients : or has not the king cast you off yet ? Oh, thou vild<sup>j</sup> creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore ! I would thy mother had lived to see this ; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it ! Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolved to be a whore ?

I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied  
More privately : I would have kept a daneer,  
And a whole consort<sup>k</sup> of musicians,  
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never whore.

*Lyg.* If thou couldst not  
Say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

*Tigr.* Lygones, I have read it, and I like it ;  
You shall deliver it.

*Lyg.* Well, sir, I will :  
But I have private business with you.

*Tigr.* Speak, what is't ?

*Lyg.* How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,  
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land  
But out of my breed ?

*Tigr.* Strumpets, good Lygones !

*Lyg.* Yes ; and I wish to have you know, I scorn  
To get a whore for any prince alive ;  
And yet scorn will not help : methinks, my daughter  
Might have been spar'd ; there were enow besides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper but she's innocent  
As morning light, for me ! and, I dare swear,  
For all the world.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you, then ?  
Can she wait on you better than your man ?  
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings ?  
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns ?  
Why do you keep her with you ? For a queen,

<sup>j</sup> *vild*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "vile"; and so the modern editors. See note, vol. i. 331.

<sup>k</sup> *consort*] i. e. company, band. Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "concert."

I know, you do contemn her ; so should I ;  
And every subject else think much at it.

*Tigr.* Let 'em think much ; but 'tis more firm than earth,  
Thou see'st thy queen there.

*Ljg.* Then have I made a fair hand : I called her whore.  
If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but  
greatly rejoyce that she shall be a queen ; but if I shall  
speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your  
whore.

*Tigr.* Get you about your business to Arbaces ;  
Now you talk idly.

*Ljg.* Yes, sir, I will go.  
And shall she be a queen ? she had more wit  
Than her old father, when she ran away :  
Shall she be a<sup>1</sup> queen ? now, by my troth, 'tis fine.  
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding ;  
Shall I not, sir ?

*Tigr.* Yes, marry, shalt thou.

*Ljg.* I'll make these wither'd kexes<sup>m</sup> bear my body  
Two hours together above ground.

*Tigr.* Nay, go ;  
My business requires haste.

*Ljg.* Good Heaven preserve you !  
You are an excellent king.

*Spa.* Farewell, good father.

*Ljg.* Farewell, sweet, virtuous daughter.  
I never was so joyful in my life,  
That I remember : shall she be a queen ?  
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy ;  
I had thought they had lied that said so.

[*Exit.*

*Tigr.* Come, my dear love.

*Spa.* But you may see another,  
May alter that again.

*Tigr.* Urge it no more :  
I have made up a new strong constancy,

<sup>1</sup> a] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.  
But compare what precedes and follows.

<sup>m</sup> *kexes*] i. e. dry stalks (properly of hemlock).

Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have  
 The passions of a man; but if I meet  
 With any subject that should hold my eyes  
 More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,  
 And run away from it: let that suffice.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of BACURIUS.*

*Enter BACURIUS and Servant.*

*Bac.* Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Serv.* They are enter'd, sir, already.

*Enter BESSUS and two Sword-men.*

*Bac.* Now, fellows, your business?—Are these the gentlemen?

*Bes.* My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,  
 My friends o' the sword, along with me.

*Bac.* I am  
 Afraid you'll fight, then.

*Bes.* My good lord, I will not;  
 Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

*Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,  
 You hear my lord is sorry.

*Bac.* Not that I have  
 Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten;  
 One whose dull body will require a lamming<sup>n</sup>,  
 As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.  
 Now, to your sword-men:  
 What come they for, good captain Stockfish?

<sup>n</sup> *lamming*] i. e. beating. The first 4to. "launcing" (for which the early possessor of my copy has substituted "lammyng"). Other eds. "laming." In justice to Weber, let me mention that he alone of the modern editors gave the right reading here.



*Bes.* It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither; though they are Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing Than my remembrance, or any honest man's: What shall these billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your lordship holds your mirth still; heaven continue it!

But, for these gentlemen, they come——

*Bac.* To swear

You are a coward: spare your book; I do believe it.

*Bes.* Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch Under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

*Bac.* That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirrah<sup>o</sup>, be wise, and take money for this motion<sup>p</sup>; travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting: this will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural.—Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

*Sec. Sw. M.* It is so, most renown'd.

*Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange.

*First Sw. M.* Lord, it is strange, yet true.

We have examin'd, from your lordship's foot there To this man's head, the nature of the beatings; And we do find his honour is come off Clean and sufficient: this, as our swords shall help us!

*Bac.* You are much bound to your bilbo-men<sup>q</sup>; I am glad you are straight again, captain. 'Twere good You would think on<sup>r</sup> some way to gratify them: They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus, Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

<sup>o</sup> *Sirrah*] Theobald chose to print "Sirs"; and so his successors.

<sup>p</sup> *motion*] i. e. puppet-show.

<sup>q</sup> *bilbo-men*] i. e. sword-men.

<sup>r</sup> *on*] So the folio of 1679. Omitted in the 4tos. Theobald [(ever tampering with the text) printed,

"You'd think on some way *how* to gratify them":

and the Editors of 1778 and Weber, having thrown out from the line the "on" of the folio, retained Theobald's "how".

*Sec. Sw. M.* Your lordship must understand we are no men  
O' the law, that take pay for our opinions ;  
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd  
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay  
This rent for you.

*Bes.* Spare yourself, my good lord ;  
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their<sup>s</sup> pains.

*Sec. Sw. M.* Oh, lord ! my good lord !

*Bac.* Be not so modest ; I will give you something.

*Bes.* They shall dine with your lordship ; that's sufficient.

*Bac.* Something in hand the while. You rogues, you  
apple-squires<sup>t</sup>,

Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,  
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings ? [Kicks them.

*First Sw. M.* I do beseech your lordship !

*Sec. Sw. M.* Oh, good lord !

*Bac.* 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here !—  
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one. [Exit Servant.

*Sec. Sw. M.* More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship !

*Bac.* You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

*First Sw. M.* O' this side, good my lord !

*Bac.* Off with your swords ; for if you hurt my foot,  
I'll have you flay'd, you rascals.

*First Sw. M.* Mine's off, my lord.

*Sec. Sw. M.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little ; my strap's  
Tied to my cod-piece point : now, when you please.

[They take off their swords.

*Bac.* Captain, these are your valiant friends ! you long for  
a little too ?

*Bes.* I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.

*Bac.* What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel ?  
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard ; out with't quickly.

<sup>s</sup> *their*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "the" ; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

<sup>t</sup> *apple-squires*] i. e. pimps.

*Sec. Sw. M.* [*takes out a pistol*<sup>u</sup>.] Here 'tis, sir ;  
A small piece of artillery, that a gentleman,  
A dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with  
To get it mended, sir ; for, if you mark,  
The nose is somewhat loose.

*Bac.* A friend of mine, you rascal !—  
I was never wearier of doing nothing<sup>v</sup>  
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

*Re-enter Servant, with a cudgel.*

*Serv.* Here's a good cudgel, sir.

*Bac.* It comes too late ; I am weary ; prithee, do thou  
beat them.

*Sec. Sw. M.* My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put  
A fresh man upon us : men are but men, sir.

*Bac.* That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up  
your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather thrash than  
be bound to kick these rascals till they cried ho<sup>w</sup> !—Bessus,  
you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.  
—Farewell : as you like this, pray visit me again ; 'twill keep  
me in good breath<sup>x</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Sec. Sw. M.* H'as a devilish hard foot ; I never felt the like.

*First Sw. M.* Nor I ; and yet, I'm sure, I ha' felt a hundred.

*Sec. Sw. M.* If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-  
founder'd.—

What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays ?

*Bes.* Why, well enough, I warrant you ; you can go ?

*Sec. Sw. M.* Yes, Heaven be thank'd ! but I feel a shrewd  
ache ;

Sure, h'as sprang my huckle-bone.

*First Sw. M.* I ha' lost a haunch.

<sup>u</sup> *takes out a pistol*] Was added by Weber. In a copy of ed. 1773 Gifford has queried "a syringe?"

<sup>v</sup> *nothing*] Theobald gave, with the folio of 1679, "anything."

<sup>w</sup> *ho*] The first 4to. has "hold" : but *ho*, in the sense of—stop, hold, is very common in our early writers.

<sup>x</sup> *breath*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "health" ; and so the modern editors.

*Bes.* A little butter, friend, a little butter ;  
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter :  
*Probatum est.*

*Sec. Sw. M.* Captain, we must request  
Your hand now to our honours.

*Bes.* Yes, marry, shall ye ;  
And then let all the world come ; we are valiant  
To ourselves, and there's an end.

*First Sw. M.* Nay, then, we must  
Be valiant. Oh, my ribs !

*Sec. Sw. M.* Oh, my small guts !  
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes ! they are murderers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ARBACES, with his sword drawn.*

*Arb.* It is resolv'd : I bore it whilst I could ;  
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,  
And I will thorough them : if they be shut,  
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place  
Where the most damn'd have dwelling. Ere I end,  
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,  
But I may call it mine : I must begin  
With murder of my friend, and so go on  
To that incestuous ravishing, and end ;  
My life and sins with a forbidden blow  
Upon myself.

*Enter MARDONIUS.*

*Mar.* What tragedy is near ?  
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,  
But it cried ' dead ' to something.

*Arb.* Mardonius,  
Have you bid Gobrias come ?

*Mar.* How do you, sir?

*Arb.* Well. Is he coming?

*Mar.* Why, sir, are you thus?

Why does your hand<sup>y</sup> proclaim a lawless war  
Against yourself?

*Arb.* Thou answer'st me one question with another:  
Is Gobrias coming?

*Mar.* Sir, he is.

*Arb.* 'Tis well:

I can forbear your questions, then; begone.

*Mar.* Sir, I have mark'd—

*Arb.* Mark less; it troubles you and me.

*Mar.* You are  
More variable than you were.

*Arb.* It may be so.

*Mar.* To-day no hermit could be humbler<sup>z</sup>  
Than you were to us all.

*Arb.* And what of this?

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes,  
As you would look us all out of the land.

*Arb.* I do confess it; will that satisfy?

I prithee, get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I will speak.

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mar.* It is my duty.

I fear you will kill yourself: I am a subject,  
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,  
And I may speak.

*Arb.* Thou art not train'd in sin,  
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by heaven,  
I will not do it yet; and when I will,  
I'll tell thee; then I shall be such a creature,  
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.  
There is a method in man's wickedness;

<sup>y</sup> *does your hand*] So all the 4tos. The folio of 1679, "do *your hands*"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>z</sup> *humbler*] To be read as a trisyllable: indeed, the first 4to. has "humblier"; and so perhaps the poet wrote.

It grows up by degrees<sup>a</sup>: I am not come  
 So high as killing of myself; there are  
 A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,  
 Which I must do; I shall<sup>b</sup> come to't at last,  
 But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,  
 And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill.

*Arb.* Be sorry, then:

True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself<sup>c</sup>.

*Mar.* I pray you, let me see your sword put up  
 Before I go: I'll leave you then.

*Arb.* [*sheathing his sword.*] Why, so.

What folly is this in thee? is it not  
 As apt to mischief as it was before?  
 Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys  
 For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.  
 Now I am safe, you think: I would the book  
 Of Fate were here! my sword is not so sure,  
 But I would get it out, and mangle that,  
 That all the Destinies should quite forget  
 Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new  
 For<sup>d</sup> other fortunes: mine could not be worse.  
 Wilt thou now leave me?

*Mar.* Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!  
 I'll leave you, though I fear.

*Arb.* Go; thou art honest.

[*Exit MARDONIUS.*]

Why should the hasty errors of my youth

<sup>a</sup> *There is a method in man's wickedness;*

*It grows up by degrees*] "From Juvenal's Satires,

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."*

THEOBALD.

<sup>b</sup> *I shall*] So the two earliest 4tos., which the Editors of 1778 rightly followed. Other eds., "and *I shall*"; and so Weber (Theobald chose to print, "and *I shall come to't last*").

<sup>c</sup> *True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself*] "Evidently shadowed out from one of Martial's epigrams;

*Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet."*

THEOBALD.

<sup>d</sup> *For*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with the first 4to., "*Far*",—wrongly: in the preceding line "new" means—new decrees.

Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,  
Helpless, upon me ?

*Enter GOBRIAS.*

*Gob.* There is the king ;  
Now it is ripe.

[ *Aside.*

*Arb.* Draw near, thou guilty man,  
That art the author of the loathed'st crime  
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak :  
Curses incurable, and all the evils  
Man's body or his spirit can receive,  
Be with thee !

*Gob.* Why, sir, do you curse me thus ?

*Arb.* Why do I curse thee ! If there be a man  
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,  
His worst wish on thee ! thou hast broke my heart.

*Gob.* How, sir ! have I preserv'd you, from a child,  
From all the arrows malice or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay ?

*Arb.* 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that  
Wert crueller than harden'd murderers  
Of infants and their mothers : thou didst save me,  
Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thyself ;  
This was a curious way of torturing.

*Gob.* What do you mean ?

*Arb.* Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me :  
Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,  
Fill'd with the praise of my belovèd sister,  
Where thou extol'dst her beauty ?—what had I  
To do with that ? what could her beauty be  
To me ?—and thou didst write how well she lov'd me,—  
Dost thou remember this ?—so that I doted  
Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true.

*Arb.* Is it ? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st  
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in

To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection  
As good men cannot think on.

*Gob.* This I grant ;

I think I was the cause.

*Arb.* Wert thou ? nay, more,

I think thou meant'st it.

*Gob.* Sir, I hate a lie :

As I love heaven and honesty, I did ;

It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine own sad judge ;

A further condemnation will not need :

Prepare thyself to die.

*Gob.* Why, sir, to die ?

*Arb.* Why shouldst thou live ? was ever yet offender

So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

After confession of a crime like this ?

Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in ;

But I can take revenge ; that's all the sweetness

Left for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time. [*Aside.*]—Hear me but speak.

*Arb.* No. Yet I will be far more merciful

Than thou wert to me : thou didst steal into me,

And never gav'st me warning ; so much time

As I give thee now, had prevented me<sup>d</sup>

For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,

If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer

To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em :

If you kill me——

*Arb.* I will not stay, then.

*Gob.* Know,

You kill your father.

*Arb.* How !

<sup>d</sup> *prevented me*] The alteration of Theobald (who states, untruly, that it is the reading of 4to. 1619) ; and so his successors. Old eds. "*prevented thee,*"—which might, indeed, be explained to mean, 'had prevented thee from being able to seduce my affections into such an unlawful channel' ; but which, I apprehend, every reader who carefully weighs the whole passage will conclude to be a mistake of the original compositor.



*Gob.* You kill your father.

*Arb.* My father ! Though I know it for a lie,  
Made out of fear, to save thy stainèd life,  
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,  
And ties mine arm down.

*Gob.* I will tell you that  
Shall heighten you again : I am thy father ;  
I charge thee hear me.

*Arb.* If it should be so,  
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despisèd fruit  
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions. But another truth<sup>e</sup>  
Shall be wrung from thee : if I could come by  
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,  
Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lies  
Than he that teaches thee.

*Enter ARANE.*

*Ara.* Turn thee about :  
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man ;  
Hear me, thou tyrant !

*Arb.* I will turn to thee :  
Hear me, thou strumpet ! I have blotted out  
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

*Ara.* My shame ! Thou hast less shame than any thing :  
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison ?  
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this ?

*Arb.* Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly !  
[ *Draws his sword.*  
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,  
And have it.

*Ara.* Help me, gentle Gobrias !

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt : though they grow together  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment

<sup>e</sup> *another truth*] “Does not mean *one truth more* ; for Arbaces supposes that what Gobrias had said was false. *Another truth* is a truth of a different nature.” MASON.

They sever, and each flies the noise of other.

Think not of help ; answer !

*Ara.* I will ; to what ?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,  
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,  
That didst not shame to do what I must blush  
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,  
Whose son I am, without all circumstance ;  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,  
If thou refusest.

*Ara.* Why, you are his son.

*Arb.* His son ! swear, swear, thou worse than woman  
damn'd !

*Ara.* By all that's good, you are !

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That ever was known bad. Now is the cause  
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.  
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,  
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,  
Thy husband, and the land ? Adulterous witch,  
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me ;  
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot :  
Then †, wicked mother of my sins and me,  
Shew me the way to the inheritance  
I have by thee, which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.  
Plagues rot thee as thou liv'st, and such diseases  
As use to pay lust recompense thy deed !

*Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

You are a pair of vipers ; and, behold,  
The serpent you have got ! There is no beast,  
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree  
As brave as mine, for they have more descents ;  
And I am every way as beastly got,  
As far without the compass of a law,  
As they.

† *Then*] Theobald gave, with the first 4to., " Thou."

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vain,  
And rail upon a guess : hear us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away  
My breath, and die.

*Gob.* Why, but you are no bastard.

*Arb.* How's that ?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you go on  
In wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you, be more patient ;  
I may bring comfort to you.

*Arb.* I will kneel, [ *Kneels.*  
And hear with the obedience of a child.  
Good father, speak : I do acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last king, your supposed father,  
Was old and feeble when he married her,  
And almost all the land, as she, past hope  
Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she took leave  
To play the whore, because the king was old :  
Is this the comfort ?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
To give me satisfaction, when you find  
How you have injur'd me ? Let fire consume me,  
If ever I were whore !

*Gob.* Forbear these starts,  
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
As you are now. If you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,  
That cools and blasts not.

*Arb.* Bring it out, good father.  
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently [ *Lies down.*  
As to an angel : if I breathe too loud,  
Tell me ; for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our king, I say, was old ; and this our queen  
Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband  
She thought was past it ; and to be dishonest,

I think, she would not : if she would have been,  
 The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,  
 And had so slender opportunities,  
 She hardly could have been. But yet her cunning  
 Found out this way ; she feign'd herself with child ;  
 And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,  
 And God was humbly thank'd in every church,  
 That so had bless'd the queen, and prayers were made  
 For her safe going and delivery.  
 She feign'd now to grow bigger ; and perceiv'd  
 This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
 A far more large respect from every man,  
 And saw her power encrease, and was resolv'd,  
 Since she believ'd she could not have 't indeed,  
 At least she would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Do I not hear it well ? nay, I will make  
 No noise at all ; but, pray you, to the point,  
 Quick as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full  
 She should be brought to bed, I had a son  
 Born, which was you. This the queen hearing of,  
 Mov'd me to let her have you ; and such reasons  
 She shewèd me, as she knew would tie<sup>s</sup>  
 My secrecy ; she swore you should be king ;  
 And, to be short, I did deliver you  
 Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
 And in mine own house kept a funeral,  
 And had an empty coffin put in earth.  
 That night the queen feign'd hastily to labour,  
 And by a pair of women of her own,  
 Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe  
 She was deliver'd of you. You grew up  
 As the king's son, till you were six years old :  
 Then did the king die, and did leave to me

<sup>s</sup> *She shewèd me, as she knew would tie*] Theobald, for the metre, gave,—

“She shew'd to me, as she knew *well* would tie.”

The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed,—

“She shewed me, as she knew *well* would tie.”

Protection of the realm ; and, contrary  
 To his own expectation, left this queen  
 Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess  
 Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair ;  
 And did alone to me, yet durst not speak  
 In public, for she knew she should be found  
 A traitor, and her tale would have been thought  
 Madness, or any thing rather than truth.  
 This was the only cause why she did seek  
 To poison you, and I to keep you safe ;  
 And this the reason why I sought to kindle  
 Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,  
 That she might get part of her right again.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now ? is this all ?  
 If not, I will be still till I be aged,  
 Till all my hairs be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* [*rising.*] And is it true, say you too, madam ?

*Ara.* Yes ;

Heaven knows, it is most true.

*Arb.* Panthea, then, is not my sister ?

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prove this ?

*Gob.* If you will give consent,  
 Else who dares go about it ?

*Arb.* Give consent !

Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd  
 To get this from 'em.—All that wait without,  
 Come in ; whate'er you be, come in, and be  
 Partakers of my joy !

*Re-enter MARDONIUS, with BESSUS, two Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

Oh, you are welcome !

Mardonius, the best news !—nay, draw no nearer ;  
 They all shall hear it,—I am found no king.

*Mar.* Is that so good news ?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest news  
 That e'er was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed, 'twere well for you  
If you might be a little less obey'd.

*Arb.* One call the queen.

*Mar.* Why, she is there.

*Arb.* The queen,

Mardonius ! Panthea is the queen,

And I am plain Arbaces.—Go, some one ;

She is in Gobrias' house.

[*Exit* First Gentleman.]

Since I saw you,

There are a thousand things deliver'd to me

You little dream of.

*Mar.* So it should seem.—My lord,  
What fury's this ?

*Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no fury ;  
All that he says is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen ?

Is it to me ? I swear, it must not be ;

Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be :

I cannot now command you ; but I pray you,

For the respect you bare me when you took

Me for your king, each man clap on his hat

At my desire.

*Mar.* We will : but <sup>i</sup> you are not found  
So mean a man but that you may be cover'd  
As well as we ; may you not ?

*Arb.* Oh, not here !

You may, but not I, for here is my father

In presence.

*Mar.* Where ?

*Arb.* Why, there. Oh, the whole story

Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself

For ever !—Oh, pardon me, dear father,

For all the idle and unreverent words

That I have spoke in idle moods to you !—

<sup>i</sup> *but*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

I am Arbaces ; we all fellow-subjects :  
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister ; ay, and she looked nothing like you.

*Arb.* I think you did, good captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no king. [*Aside.*

*Enter* LYGONES.

*Mar.* Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

*Arb.* Where is he ?—I know your business, good Lygones.

*Lyg.* We must have our king again, and will.

*Arb.* I knew that was your business. You shall have  
Your king again ; and have him so again  
As never king was had.—Go, one of you,  
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither ;  
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,  
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning  
Was brave Tigranes' mistress. [*Exit* Sec. Gentleman.

*Lyg.* 'Tis Spaconia.

*Arb.* Ay, ay, Spaconia.

*Lyg.* She is my daughter.

*Arb.* She is so : I could now tell any thing  
I never heard. Your king shall go so home  
As never man went.

*Mar.* Shall he go on's head ?

*Arb.* He shall have chariots easier than air,  
That I will have invented ; and ne'er think  
He shall pay any ransom : and thyself,  
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,  
That shall be made to go with golden wheels.  
I know not how yet.

*Lyg.* Why, I shall be made  
For ever ! They belied this king with us,  
And said he was unkind. [*Aside.*

*Arb.* And then thy daughter ;  
 She shall have some strange thing : we'll have the kingdom  
 Sold utterly and put into a toy,  
 Which she shall wear about her carelessly,  
 Somewhere or other.

*Enter PANTHEA with First Gentleman.*

See, the virtuous queen !—  
 Behold the humblest subject that you have  
 Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*]

*Pan.* Why kneel you to me,  
 That am your vassal ?

*Arb.* Grant me one request.

*Pan.* Alas, what can I grant you ? what I can  
 I will.

*Arb.* That you will please to marry me,  
 If I can prove it lawful.

*Pan.* Is that all ?  
 More willingly than I would draw this air.

*Arb.* [*rising.*] I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

*Sec. Gent.*<sup>j</sup> Sir, Tigranes  
 Is coming, though he made it strange<sup>k</sup> at first  
 To see the princess any more.

*Arb.* The queen  
 Thou mean'st.

*Enter TIGRANES and SPACONIA.*

Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me !  
 Tread on my neck ; I freely offer it ;  
 And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,  
 For I have injur'd thee.

*Tigr.* No ; I forgive,

<sup>j</sup> *Sec. Gent.*] Though Arbaces has sent to "bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither," yet Bacurius does not make his appearance here. In the first 4to the prefix to the present speech is "*Mar.*,"—*qy.* if a misprint for "*Bac.*" ? and ought the *Sec. Gent.* to re-enter with Tigranes and Spaconia ?

<sup>k</sup> *made it strange*] *i. e.* made it a matter of nicety, scruple.



And rejoice more that you have found repentance  
Than I my liberty.

*Arb.* Mayst thou be happy  
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate !  
You owe no ransom to the state ! Know that  
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,  
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay  
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go  
With me, and help me ? pray you, do.

*Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Take, then, your fair one with you :—and you, queen  
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave  
To take your arm in mine !—Come, every one  
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing  
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no king !

[*Exeunt.*]



CUPID'S REVENGE.

*Cypids Revenge. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the Children of her Maiesties Reuels. By Iohn Fletcher. London Printed by Thomas Creede for Iosias Harison, and are to bee solde at the Golden Anker in Pater-Noster-Row. 1615. 4to.*

Weber, who certainly had not seen the 4to. of 1615, mentions one dated 1625, the existence of which I disbelieve.

*Cypids Revenge. As it was often Acted (with great applause) by the Children of the Reuels.*

Written by  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Fran. Beavmont} \\ \& \\ \text{Io. Fletcher} \end{array} \right\}$  Gentlemen.

*The second Edition. London: Printed for Thomas Iones, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleet-street. 1630. 4to.*

*Cypids Revenge, &c. The third Edition. London, Printed by A. M. 1635. 4to.*

In the folio of 1679.

“As,” says Weber, “we are informed by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine that this play was acted at court in 1613, we may *confidently* assign the date of its original representation to that year.” This remark only shews how dangerous it is to be *confident* in matters of such uncertainty. An authentic document is now before me, which proves that the present tragedy is of an earlier date: a MS. *Booke of the Reuells* records that “The Sunday ffollowing [after “Neweres night,” 1611-12] A play called *Cupids Reueng*” was acted by the Children of Whitefriars.

According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, “it was entered on the Stationers’ books, April 24, 1615,”—in which year also it was first printed.

That this drama was written by Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly, there is every reason to believe. The *Arcadia* furnished the groundwork of the plot: and the abstract of Sidney’s narrative which was given by Weber<sup>a</sup>, I have taken some pains to alter into the following shape. “Of late there reigned a king in Lydia, who had, for the blessing of his marriage, this only daughter of his, Erona, a princess worthy for her beauty as much praise as beauty may be praiseworthy. This princess, Erona, being nineteen years of age, seeing the country of Lydia so much devoted to Cupid, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored, (either moved thereunto by the esteeming that could be no godhead which could breed wickedness, or the shamefast consideration of such nakedness,) procured so much of her father as utterly to pull down and deface all those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished, (for to that the Lydians impute it,) quickly after appeared<sup>b</sup>. Erona was punished for the sacrilege she had committed, by falling desperately in love with Antiphilus, the son of her nurse. Accordingly, when her father offered to wed her to Tiridates,

<sup>a</sup> Weber says that *Shirley* selected the same plot for his tragedy of *Andromana*: but that play was certainly the work of some other, and far inferior, dramatist.

<sup>b</sup> P. 151, ed. 1593.

king of Armenia, she refused it; and neither the reported flight of Antiphilus, nor his pretended execution, (another being put to death under his name, while he was kept in prison,) could divert her love. When she thought him dead, she endeavoured to take away her life, and thus 'send her soul at least to be married in the eternal church with him.' This occasioned the death of her father, and Erona, inheriting the kingdom, sought by all means to obtain her desires in a union with Antiphilus. 'But before she could accomplish all the solemnities,' Tiridates, who was violently enamoured of her, and determined to obtain her, invaded and wasted the country, and besieged her in her best city. Pyrocles and Musidorus, the princes of Macedon and Thessalia, happening to arrive there, gathered together 'the honestest Lydians' for her relief, and had defeated her adversary, if Plangus, the cousin of Tiridates and general of his horse, had not retrieved the battle. The latter then offered a challenge of three princes in his retinue against the two princes and Antiphilus, in order to decide the war. Pyrocles and Musidorus slew their adversaries; but Plangus took Antiphilus prisoner, whom Tiridates threatened to behead before the walls on the third day after, unless Erona should grant his suit. By the valour of her two confederates, her lover was rescued, and Tiridates slain; and Erona was married to Antiphilus, though against the consent of all her nobility. Plangus now returned to Armenia. The circumstances which had brought him to take part in the war against Erona were these. He was the only son to the king of Iberia by his queen, who died soon after his birth. He had an intrigue with the wife of a private citizen; and his father having discovered it, disguised himself, surprised the lovers together, and laid his 'threatenings upon her, and upon him reproaches.' The prince endeavoured to produce a more favourable opinion of her in his father's mind, and (thinking, 'if it be ever lawful to lie, it is for one's lover') praised her chastity and resistance to his wishes so strongly that the old king fell violently in love with her, and, sending his son to subdue a distant province which had rebelled, plied his suit so earnestly, that she, whose husband died very opportunely, became his queen, and bore him a son and a daughter. When Plangus returned, she tried to induce him to resume their criminal intercourse; but, finding him absolute in his refusal, and consequently both hating and fearing him, she resolved upon revenge. This she commenced by praising him extravagantly to the king, and thus gradually awakening his jealousy. She not only extolled his beauty and superior accomplishments, but suborned one of her servants to intimate the extreme affection of the Iberians to the

prince, and their weariness of the old king's government. The queen now engaged the principal men of the country to propose to the king to make Plangus joint ruler in the kingdom. Plangus disclaimed any wish for, and refused to accept, such a dignity ; but the old king thought he dissembled, 'and therefore delaying the desire of his subjects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands upon his son, which his wife brought thus to pass.' She sent her accomplice to inform the prince that his step-mother and certain noblemen had, with the consent of the king, conspired his destruction. Plangus credited the story, but not choosing to fly the country, as he was advised, he determined to wait and 'see further.' Upon this, his informer offered to bring him that same night into a place where he should overhear the plot meditated against him. Plangus, having armed himself on account of the lateness of the hour, was accordingly conducted into a room adjoining the chamber of the queen. She meanwhile, counterfeiting extreme affliction, 'lay almost grovelling on the floor' ; and, the king having been summoned by her attendants, she at last declared to him that she was weary of her life, as she must either conceal his murder, or accuse his son, who had besought her to assist in destroying him, and had assured her he would marry her afterwards. Her accomplice now rushed into the chamber, and falling at the king's feet, intreated him to save himself, for a man with a drawn sword was in the next apartment. The king having called the guard, they found Plangus, with his sword in his hand, 'not naked, but standing suspiciously enough to one already suspicious.' He was immediately sent to prison, being destined for death the following morning. But he was rescued by his friends and followers ; and though he might have then revenged himself and obtained the crown, he chose rather a voluntary exile, and withdrew to the court of his cousin Tiridates, where he remained 'eleven or twelve years, ever hoping by his intercession and his own desert to recover his father's grace : at the end of which time the war of Erona happened.' His father, however, still believing him to be guilty, employed 'that wicked servant' already mentioned to poison him ; but the villain being detected by the watchfulness of Plangus's attendants, was taken, tortured, and executed. Palladius, the son of the new queen, was now proclaimed heir to the kingdom of Iberia.—The remainder of the story bears no similarity to the plot of *Cupid's Revenge*."

Malone cites from Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book ; "Upon Innocents night, the [prince] and the duke of Brunswyck being there, *Cupid's Revenge*, by the Queen of Bohemia's Servants. Att Whitehall.

1624." *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 228. It appears to have been a very popular play till the suppression of the theatres; and in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*<sup>c</sup>, (see vol. i. 200 of the present work,) is a droll entitled *The Loyal Citizens*, taken from the third scene of the fourth act. After the Restoration, *Cupid's Revenge* seems to have been neglected.

<sup>c</sup> The Catalogue erroneously states that *The Loyal Citizens* is taken from *Philaster*, and that the droll formed from the latter play is a portion of *Cupid's Revenge*.



## THE PRINTER TO THE READER <sup>c</sup>.



It is a custom used by some writers in this age to dedicate their plays to worthy persons, as well as their other works; and there is reason for it, because they are the best Minervas of their brain, and express more purity of conceit in the ingenious circle of an act or scene than is to be found in the vast circumference of larger volumes, and therefore worthy an answerable Mæcenas to honour and be honoured by them. But not having any such epistle from the author (in regard I am not acquainted with him), I have made bold myself, without his consent, to dedicate this play to the judicious in general, of what degree soever; not insinuating herein with any, be they never so great, that want judgment, for to them it belongs not, though they pay for it, more than in this respect, that, like Æsop's cock, having met with a precious stone by accident, they knew not the true use thereof, but had rather have a barleycorn to their humour than a perfect diamond. But leaving them to their ignorance, I once again dedicate this book to the judicious, some whereof I have heard commend it to be excellent; who, because they saw it acted, and knew what they spake, are the better to be believed: and for my part, I censure<sup>d</sup> it thus,—that I never read a better.

<sup>c</sup> *The Printer to the Reader, &c.*] Prefixed to 4to. 1615.

<sup>d</sup> *censure*] i. e. pass opinion on.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CUPID.

LEONTIUS, duke \* of Lycia.

LEUCIPPUS, his son.

ISMENUS, his nephew.

DORIALUS.

AGENOR.

NISUS.

TELAMON.

TIMANTUS.

ZOILUS, a dwarf.

NILO.

Priest of Cupid.

Citizens, Gentlemen, Attendants, &c.

HIDASPE, daughter to LEONTIUS.

CLEOPHILA, }  
HERO, } her attendants.

BACHA, a widow.

URANIA, her daughter.

Waiting-maids to BACHA and URANIA, &c.

SCENE—*Lycia.*

\* "There is a great and irremediable confusion in this play. Leontius is sometimes called duke, at others, king of Lycia; Bacha, after her marriage to Leontius, queen and duchess, and Leucippus, prince and marquis." WEBER.

# CUPID'S REVENGE.

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## ACT I.

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SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

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*Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

*Age.* Trust me, my lord Dorialus, I had missed of this, if you had not called me; I thought the princess's birthday had been to-morrow.

*Nisus.* Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

*Dor.* I marvel what the duke meant, to make such an idle VOW.

*Nisus.* Idle! why?

*Dor.* Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birthday? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heaven she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion on's<sup>d</sup> daughter.

*Age.* I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

*Dor.* He's acquainted with 'em before.

*Age.* She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

*Dor.* So is Leucippus her brother.

*Nisus.* She's twenty year old; I wonder she ask not a husband.

<sup>d</sup> *on's*] Seward printed "of one's"; the Editors of 1778 and Weber, "of his." That *on* was often used for *of*, has been already observed.

*Dor.* That were a folly in her, having refused all the great princes in one part of the world : she'll die a maid.

*Age.* She may ask but once, may she ?

*Nisus.* A hundred times this day, if she will : and, indeed, every day is such a day ; for though the duke has vowed it only on this day, he keeps it every day ; he can deny her nothing. [ *Cornets within.*

*Enter LEONTIUS, HIDASPES, LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, TIMANTUS,  
and TELAMON.*

*Leon.* Come, fair Hidaspes ; thou art duchess to-day ;  
Art thou prepar'd to ask ? thou know'st my oath  
Will force performance :—and, Leucippus, if  
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance  
After my death, when by the help of Heaven  
This land is thine, accursèd be thy race,  
May every one forget thou art my son,  
And so their own obedience——

*Leuc.* Mighty sir,  
I do not wish to know that fatal hour  
That is to make me king ; but if I do,  
I shall most hastily<sup>e</sup>, and like a son,  
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.—  
Remember that you ask what we agreed upon. [ *Aside to HID.*

*Leon.* Are you prepar'd ? then, speak.

*Hid.* Most royal sir, I am prepar'd ;  
Nor shall my will exceed a virgin's bounds ;  
What I request shall both at once bring me  
[And you]<sup>f</sup> a full content.

*Leon.* So it ever does :  
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,  
Make known thy good desire, for I dare swear  
Thou lovest me.

<sup>e</sup> *hastily*] Altered by the modern editors to “heartily.”

<sup>f</sup> *And you*] Mason's insertion. I give this speech according to the arrangement of the old eds. The modern editors divide the lines differently. In several places of this play the blank verse is irremediably corrupted by the dropping out of words.

*Hid.* [*kneeling*] This is it I beg,  
 And on my knees. The people of your land,  
 The Lycians, are, through all the nations  
 That know their name, noted to have in use  
 A vain and fruitless superstition ;  
 So much more hateful, that it bears the show  
 Of true religion, and is nothing else  
 But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

*Leon.* What is it ?

*Hid.* Many ages before this,  
 When every man got to himself a trade,  
 And was laborious in that chosen course,  
 Hating an idle life far worse than death,  
 Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,  
 Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found himself  
 Contemn'd<sup>g</sup> for that by every painful man,  
 To take his stain away, fram'd to himself  
 A god, whom he pretended to obey,  
 In being thus dishonest ; for a name,  
 He call'd him Cupid. This created god  
 (Man's nature being ever credulous  
 Of any vice that takes part with his blood)<sup>h</sup>  
 Had ready followers enow ; and since  
 In every age they grew, especially  
 Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain  
 Adorers of that drowsy deity,  
 Which drink invented ; and the wingèd boy

<sup>g</sup> *Contemn'd*] Symson's conjecture ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Seward printed "Condemn'd."—Old eds. "conioynd," and "conjoyn'd."—"The editors [of 1778] are clearly right in reading *Contemn'd* instead of *Conjoin'd* : every painful man means, every laborious man, who takes pains to fulfil the duties of his profession.—Seward, in his note, accuses the poets of an outrage on poetical justice by making this just speech of Hidaspes to be esteemed such an act of impiety as to involve the extirpation of her and her family : but he surely must have forgot that the Lycians were pagans, that Cupid was their tutelar deity, and that therefore this just speech, as he calls it, must have been the most horrid blasphemy, and the subsequent proceedings to which it prompted highly sacrilegious." MASON.

<sup>h</sup> *blood*] "i. e. disposition, or propensity of nature." MASON.

(For so they call him) <sup>i</sup> has his sacrifices,  
 And these loose naked statues through the land,  
 In every village ; nay, the palace  
 Is not free from 'em. This is my request,  
 That these erected obscene images  
 May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man  
 That offers to 'em any sacrifice  
 May lose his life.

*Leon.* [*raising her*] But be advis'd,  
 My fairest daughter : if he be a god,  
 He will express it upon thee, my child ;  
 Which Heaven avert !

*Leuc.* There is no such power ;  
 But the opinion of him fills the land  
 With lustful sins : every young man and maid,  
 That feel the least desire to one another,  
 Dare not suppress it, for they think it is  
 Blind Cupid's motion ; and he is a god !

*Leon.* This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd.—  
 Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down  
 Here in the palace, and command the city  
 Do <sup>j</sup> the like : let proclamations  
 Be drawn, and hastily sent through the land,  
 To the same purpose.

*Ism.* Sir, I'll break down none

<sup>i</sup> *and the winged boy,*  
 (*For so they call him*) &c.] Old eds.

“ and the winged Boy,  
 (For so they call him) has his sacrifices.  
 These loose naked statues [1st 4to. statues] through the Land,  
 And in every Village, nay the Palace  
 Is not free from 'em.”

Seward printed,—

“ And these loose naked statues through the land,  
 In every village ; nay, the palace' *self*,” &c.

and so the Editors of 1778. I have followed him only in removing “ And ”  
 from the beginning of one line to that of the preceding line,—an alteration  
 which at least gives a sense to this corrupted passage ; and so Weber.

<sup>j</sup> *Do*] The modern editors print “ To do.”

Myself, but I'll deliver your command :  
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.

*Leon.* Go, and command it. [*Exit* ISMENUS.

Pleasure of my life,

Wouldst thou aught else? make many thousand suits ;  
They must and shall be granted.

*Hid.* Nothing else.

*Leon.* But go and meditate on other suits ;  
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,  
And by a new oath bind myself to keep it :  
Ask largely for thyself ; dearer than life,  
In whom I may be bold to call myself  
More fortunate than any in my age,  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Leuc.* 'Twas well done, sister.

[*Exeunt all except* DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.

*Nisus.* How like you this request, my lords? <sup>k</sup>

*Dor.* I know not yet, I am so full of wonder :  
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,  
An we pull 'em out of heaven o' this fashion.

*Age.* We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,  
An we transgress thus.

*Nisus.* An we abuse the gods once, 'tis a justice  
We should be held at hard meat. For my part,  
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection ;  
I know the god incens'd must send a hardness  
Through all good women's hearts, and then we have brought  
Our eggs and muscadine to a fair market :  
Would I had gi'n an hundred pound for a toleration,  
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house !

*Dor.* The duke, he's old and past it ; he would never  
Have brought such a plague upon the land else ;  
'Tis worse than sword and famine. Yet, to say truth,  
We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,  
Every man at his livery ; and would that

<sup>k</sup> *lords*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "lord"; and so the modern editors. Compare the last two speeches of this scene.

Would have suffic'd us !

We murmur'd at this blessing, that 'twas<sup>1</sup> nothing,  
And cried out to the god for endless pleasures :  
He heard us, and supplied us, and our women  
Were new still, as we needed<sup>m</sup> 'em ; yet we,  
Like beasts, still cried, " Poor men can number their whores,"<sup>n</sup>  
Give us abundance ! " we had it, and this curse withal.

*Age.* By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't ;  
Flesh will<sup>o</sup> be flesh now. Gentlemen, I had rather  
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.  
I remember, once the people did but slight him  
In a sacrifice ; and what follow'd ? women kept  
Their houses, grew good huswives, honest forsooth !  
Was not that fine ?

Wore their own faces, though they wore gay clothes<sup>p</sup>,  
Without surveying ; and, which was most lamentable,  
They lov'd their husbands.

*Nisus.* I do remember it to my grief :  
Young maids were as cold as cucumbers, and much  
Of that complexion ; bawds were abolish'd ;  
And (to which misery it must come again)  
There were no cuckolds.  
Well, we had need pray<sup>q</sup> to keep these devils<sup>r</sup> from us ;  
The times grow mischievous.—There he goes ! Lord !

*An Attendant, carrying an image of CUPID, passes over the stage.*

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of :  
Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows !

<sup>1</sup> 'twas] Mason's correction. Old eds. " was."

<sup>m</sup> needed] Old eds. " need."

<sup>n</sup> whores] Seward's correction. Old eds. " woers."

<sup>o</sup> will] So the first 4to. Other eds. " shall " ; and so the modern editors.

<sup>p</sup> though they wore gay clothes] Old eds. " though they weare," &c. Seward altered the passage to, " nay, they let us wear gay clothes " ; and so his successors gave it. The Rev. J. Mitford would read, " as though they were gay clothes." These speeches come under the head of what Mr. Darley calls the *blank doggerel* of our authors. *Intro.* to the *Works of B. and F.* p. xlvi.

<sup>q</sup> pray] Weber printed " to pray."

<sup>r</sup> devils] Qy. " evils " ?



*Age.* And I too. You shall see, within these few years,  
A fine confusion i' the country, mark it :  
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,  
And set up Chastity again,—well, I have done,—  
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings  
Are hunger and hard beds !

*Nisus.* This comes of fulness, a sin too frequent with us :  
I believe now we shall find shorter commons.

*Dor.* Would I were married ! somewhat has some savour ;<sup>s</sup>  
The race of gentry will quite run out, now  
'Tis only left to husbands : if younger sisters  
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.<sup>t</sup>

*Age.* Well, let come what will come, I am but one,  
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself :  
If women will be honest, I'll be sound.  
If the god be not too unmerciful,  
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,  
And thank him, and say nothing.

*Nisus.* This ill wind yet may blow the city good,  
And let them (if they can) get their own children :  
They have hung long enough in doubt : but, howsoever,  
The old way was the surer ; then they had 'em.

*Dor.* Farewell, my lords. I'll e'en take up what rent  
I can before the day ; I fear the year  
Will fall out ill.

*Age.* We'll with you, sir :—and, Love, so favour us,  
As we are still thy servants !—Come, my lords ;  
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly  
His doting now has brought him.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> *savour*] Weber chose to print "favour."

<sup>t</sup> *lawful*] Mason wishes to read "awful."

SCENE II.—*Temple of Cupid.*

*Enter Priest, with four young Men and Maidens, and Boy.*

*Priest.* Come, my children, let your feet  
 In an even measure meet,  
 And your cheerful voices rise,  
 For to present this sacrifice  
 To great Cupid, in whose name  
 I his priest begin the same.  
 Young men, take your loves and kiss ;  
 Thus our Cupid honour'd is ;  
 Kiss again, and in your kissing  
 Let no promises be missing ;  
 Nor let any maiden here  
 Dare to turn away her ear  
 Unto the whisper of her love,  
 But give bracelet, ring, or glove,  
 As a token to her sweeting  
 Of an after secret meeting.  
 Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts  
 Fuller of great Cupid's darts.

*[The Boy sings the following*

## SONG.

Lovers, rejoice ! your pains shall be rewarded,  
 The god of love himself grieves at your crying ;  
 No more shall frozen honour be regarded,  
 Nor the coy faces of a maid <sup>u</sup> denying ;  
 No more shall virgins sigh, and say " We dare not,  
 For men are false, and what they do they care not : "  
 All shall be well again ; then do not grieve ;  
 Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice ! what you shall say henceforth,  
 When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,

<sup>u</sup> *maid*] So the first 4to ; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 (though they had not seen that 4to). Other eds. " maid's " ; and so Weber.

It shall be accounted oracle and worth ;  
 No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,  
 And cry " They are too young ; " the god hath said,  
 Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid :  
 Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown ;  
 Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

[*A measure.*<sup>v</sup>

*Enter* NILO, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

*Nilo.* No more of this : here break your rites for ever ;  
 The duke commands it so. Priest, do not stare ;  
 I must deface your temple, though unwilling,  
 And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,  
 For any thing I know, or, at the best,  
 Adorn a chimney-piece.

*Priest.* Oh, sacrilege unheard of !

*Nilo.* This will not help it.—

Take down the images, and away with 'em<sup>w</sup>.—

[*Attendants take down, and carry out the images of* CUPID.

*Priest,* change your coat, you had best ; all service now  
 Is given to men ; prayers above their hearing  
 Will prove but babblings ; learn to lie and thrive,  
 'Twill prove your best profession. For the gods,  
 He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar :  
 There's better holiness on earth, they say ;  
 Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice !  
 Go home ;  
 And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,  
 He will make some smoke for it.

[*Exeunt* Priest, young Men and Maidens, and Boy.

*First Gent.* Sir——

*Nilo.* Gentlemen,

<sup>v</sup> *A measure*] See note, vol. i. 166.

<sup>w</sup> *the images - - - 'em*] So the two first 4tos. The third 4to., "their images - - - um" ; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Folio of 1679, "the image - - - em" ; which Seward gave. I suspect (from the preceding speech of Nilo) that only a single image of Cupid is now removed, and that the right reading is, "the image - - - him,"—our early printers, as we have seen before, frequently confounding 'em and him.

There is no talking ; this must be done and speedily :  
I have commission that I must not break.

*Sec. Gent.* We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

*Nilo.* On

To the next temple !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cornets within.* CUPID descends.

*Cupid.* Am I, then, scorn'd ? is my all-doing will,  
And power that knows no limit nor admits none,  
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd ?  
Am I, whose bow struck terror through the earth  
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding  
Even gods themselves, who kneel <sup>x</sup> before my altars,  
Now shook off and contemn'd <sup>y</sup> by such whose lives  
Are but my recreation ? Anger, rise !  
My sufferance and myself are made the subject  
Of sins against us : go thou out, displeasure !  
Displeasure of a great god, fling <sup>z</sup> thyself  
Through all this kingdom ; sow whatever evils  
Proud flesh is taking of amongst these rebels ;  
And on the first heart that despis'd <sup>a</sup> my greatness  
Lay a strange misery, that all may know  
Cupid's revenge is mighty. With [t]his arrow,  
Hotter than plagues or <sup>b</sup> mine own anger, will I  
Now nobly right myself ; nor shall the prayers,  
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,  
Till I have left this a most wretched land. [Ascends.]

<sup>x</sup> *who kneel*] Old eds. " whose knees " ; a misprint, which arose, I imagine, from the eye of the original compositor having caught " whose " in the following line. The modern editors suppose a line to have dropt out after the present one. Mason would read " who've knelt."

<sup>y</sup> *contemn'd*] Weber printed " condemn'd " !

<sup>z</sup> *fling*] Is evidently the right reading, which Seward gave from Theobald's conjecture. All the old eds. " flying,"—except 4to 1635, which has " fly," and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed !

<sup>a</sup> *heart that despis'd*] So 4to 1635, rightly (Hidaspes being alluded to, and the " strange misery " meaning her passion for Zoilus). Other eds., " heart that despise." The modern editors print " hearts that despise."

<sup>b</sup> *or*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, " of " !

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter HIDASPES and CLEOPHILA.*

*Hid.* Cleophila, what was he that went hence ?

*Cleo.* What means your grace now ?

*Hid.* I mean that handsome man,  
That something more than man, I met at door.

*Cleo.* Here was no handsome man.

*Hid.* Come, he's some one  
You would preserve in private ; but you want  
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper  
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance  
See all the graces of a man. Who was't ?

*Cleo.* That went hence now ?

*Hid.* That went hence now ; ay, he.

*Cleo.* Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks :  
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.

*Hid.* I think 'twas he : how bravely he pass'd by !  
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman ?

*Cleo.* A goodly gentleman, madam ! he is  
The most deformèd fellow i' the land.

*Hid.* Oh, blasphemy ! he may perhaps to thee  
Appear deformèd, for he is indeed  
Unlike a man : his shape and colours are  
Beyond the art of painting ; he is like  
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble  
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,  
When rising from his bed he stirs himself,  
And shakes day from his hair.<sup>c</sup>

*Cleo.* He resembles Apollo's recorder.<sup>d</sup>

*Hid.* Cleophila, go send a page for him,

<sup>c</sup> *shakes day from his hair*] Here Reed cites a passage from Lord Falkland's *Marriage Night*, which is merely a copy of the present one ; and Mason quotes another from Virgil, which is nothing to the purpose.

<sup>d</sup> *recorder*] " i. e. flageolet." WEBER.

And thou shalt see thy error, and repent. . [Exit CLEOPHILA.  
 Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,  
 And I am one of those I us'd to scorn :  
 My maiden-thoughts are fled ; against myself  
 I harbour traitors ; my virginity,<sup>d</sup>  
 That from my childhood kept me company,  
 Is heavier than I can endure to bear.  
 Forgive me, Cupid ! for thou art a god,  
 And I a wretched creature : I have sinn'd ;  
 But be thou merciful, and grant that yet  
 I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love !<sup>e</sup>

*Re-enter CLEOPHILA with ZOILUS.*

*Cleo.* Zoilus is here, madam.

*Hil.* He's there indeed.

Now be thine own judge : see, thou worse than mad,  
 Is he deform'd ? look upon those eyes,  
 That let all pleasure out into the world,  
 Unhappy that they cannot see themselves ;  
 Look on his hair, that, like so many beams,  
 Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world ;  
 Look on him altogether, who is made  
 As if two natures had contention  
 About their skill, and one had brought forth him !

*Zoilus.* Ha, ha, ha !

Madam, though nature hath not given me  
 So much as others in my outward show,  
 I bear a heart as loyal unto you  
 In this unsightly body (which you please  
 To make your mirth), as many others do  
 That are far more befriended in their births :  
 Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd

<sup>d</sup> *traitors ; my virginity*] Old eds., "*traitors in my virginity.*"

<sup>e</sup> *wilt have me love*] Old eds., "*wilt have me, Love.*"—"As the address is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here : to ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous request ; but to let her enjoy what he would have her love is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid." SEWARD.

Than yet I am, so I might make your grace  
More merry than you are. Ha, ha, ha!

*Hid.* Beshrew me, then,

If I be merry ! but I am content  
Whilst thou art with me ; thou that art my saint,  
By hope of whose mild favour I do live  
To tell thee so. I pray thee, scorn me not :  
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth  
To triumph over me, that am a maid  
Without deceit, whose heart doth guide her tongue,  
Drown'd in my passions ? yet I will take leave  
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.

*Cleo.* The princess is besides <sup>f</sup> her grace, I think,  
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly  
Serve i<sup>n</sup> the dark when one is drunk.

[*Aside.*

*Hid.* What answer wilt thou give me ?

*Zoilus.* If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.

*Hid.* If it be jest <sup>g</sup>, not to esteem my life  
Compar'd with thee ; if it be jest in me,  
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour  
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again ;  
If it be jest for me to marry thee,  
And take obedience on me whilst I live ;  
Then all I say is jest ;  
For every part of this, I swear by those  
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do !  
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,  
(Which pardon me that I am bold to kiss  
With so unworthy lips,) that thou wilt swear  
To marry me, as I do here to thee,  
Before the face of Heaven !

*Zoilus.* Marry you ! ha, ha, ha !

*Hid.* Kill me, or grant ! wilt thou not speak at all ?

*Zoilus.* Why, I will do your will for ever.

*Hid.* I ask no more : but let me kiss that mouth

<sup>f</sup> *besides*] The modern editors print "beside."

<sup>g</sup> *If it be jest, &c.*] "This is very like the turn of a speech in *Philaster*, 'If it be love,' &c. [see vol. i. 239.]" *Ed.* 1778.

That is so merciful,—that is my will;  
 Next, go with me before the king in haste,—  
 That is my will,—where I will make our peers  
 Know that thou art their better.

*Zoilus.* Ha, ha, ha!

That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

*Cleo.* Madam, what means your grace?  
 Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what  
 You run madly<sup>s</sup>: will you take this viper  
 Into your bed?

*Hid.* Away! hold off thy hands!—  
 Strike her, sweet *Zoilus*; for it is my will,  
 Which thou hast sworn to do.

*Zoilus.* Away, for shame!

Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit with HIDASPEs.*]

*Cleo.* Thou know'st none, I fear.—  
 This is just Cupid's anger. Venus, look  
 Down mildly on us! and command thy son  
 To spare this lady once, and let me be  
 In love with all, and none in love with me<sup>h</sup>! [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ISMENUS and TIMANTUS.*

*Tim.* Is your lordship for the wars this summer?

*Ism.* Timantus, wilt thou go with me?

*Tim.* If I had a company, my lord.

*Ism.* Of fiddlers? thou a company!

No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds:

<sup>s</sup> madly] Seward, for the metre, printed "thus madly."

<sup>h</sup> In love with all, and none in love with me] "The editors [of 1778] say that this is certainly corrupt, and that the conclusion of the prayer is a strange one. But they mistake the meaning of the faithful Cleophila, who implores Venus to spare her mistress, and to let all her [Cupid's] vengeance light upon herself; and considers the loving all mankind without being beloved by any as the severest punishment that could be inflicted on her." MASON.



The wars will hurt thy face ; there's<sup>i</sup> no semsters,  
 Shoemakers, nor tailors, nor almond-milk i' the morning,  
 Nor poached eggs to keep your worship soluble,  
 No man to warm your shirt, and blow your roses<sup>j</sup>,  
 Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.  
 If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case  
 For thy captainship ; a shower will spoil thee else.  
 Thus much for thee.

*Tim.* Your lordship's wondrous witty ;  
 Very pleasant, believe 't.

*Enter* LEONTIUS, TELAMON, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS,  
*and* Attendants.

*Leon.* No news yet of my son ?

*Tel.* Sir, there be divers out in search ; no doubt  
 They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion  
 That led him hence.

*Tim.* They have<sup>k</sup> good eyes, then. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* The gods go with them !—Who be<sup>l</sup> those that wait  
 there ?

*Tel.* The lord Ismenus, your general, for his despatch.

*Leon.* Oh, nephew, we have no use to employ your virtue  
 In our war ; now the province is well settled.  
 Hear you aught of the marquis ?

*Ism.* No, sir.

*Leon.* 'Tis strange he should be gone thus ; these five days  
 He was not seen.

*Tim.* I'll hold my life, I could bolt him in an hour. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* Where's my daughter ?

*Dor.* About the purging of the temples, sir.

*Leon.* She is chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to me,  
 And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now  
 Her last request, without repenting me,

<sup>i</sup> *there's*] The modern editors print "*there are.*"

<sup>j</sup> *roses*] i. e. the (sometimes preposterously large and costly) knots of ribands on the shoes.

<sup>k</sup> *They have*] Seward and his successors print "*They must have.*"

<sup>l</sup> *be*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*are.*"

Be it what it will.

[*Exit NISUS.*

She is wise, Dorialus,  
And will not press me farther than a father.

*Dor.* I pray the best may follow ! yet, if your grace  
Had taken the opinions of your people,  
At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake  
About your safety, I may say it, sir,  
Under your noble pardon, that this change  
Either had been more honour to the gods,  
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princess.

*Enter HIDASPES, with NISUS and ZOILUS.*

*Leon.* Oh, my daughter,  
My health ! and did I say my soul, I lied not,  
Thou art so near me ! speak, and have whatever  
Thy wise will leads thee to. Had I a heaven,  
It were too poor a place for such a goodness.

*Dor.* What's here ?

*Age.* An ape's skin stuff, I think, 'tis so plump.

*Hid.* Sir, you have pass'd your word ; still be a prince,  
And hold you to it. Wonder not I press you ;  
My life lies in your word ; if you break that,  
You have broke my heart. I must ask that's my shame,  
And your will must not deny me : now, for Heaven,  
Be not forsworn.

*Leon.* By the gods<sup>m</sup>, I will not,  
I cannot ! were there no other power  
Than my love called to a witness of it.

*Dor.* They have much reason to trust you have forsworn  
one of 'em out o' the country already. [*Aside.*

*Hid.* Then this is my request : this gentleman—  
Be not asham'd, sir ; you are worth a kingdom.

*Leon.* In what ?

<sup>m</sup> *By the gods, &c.*] Such is the arrangement of this speech in the old eds., and bad enough it is ; but I doubt if the following would be better ;

“ By the gods, I will not, I cannot !  
Were there no other power than my love  
Call'd to a witness of it.”

*Hid.* In the way of marriage<sup>n</sup>.

*Leon.* How!

*Hid.* In the way of marriage : it must be so ;  
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love  
To him.

*Leon.* I know thou dost but try my age ;  
Come, ask again.

*Hid.* If I should ask all my lifetime,  
This is all still. Sir, I am serious ; I must have  
This worthy man, without inquiring why,  
And suddenly, and freely : do not look  
For reason or obedience in my words ;  
My love admits no wisdom ; only haste  
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, sir, speak !  
But not as a father ; I am deaf and dull to counsel ;  
My<sup>o</sup> inflam'd blood hears nothing but my will :  
For God's sake, speak !

*Dor.* Here's a brave alteration !

*Nisus.* This comes of chastity !

*Hid.* Will not you speak, sir ?

*Age.* The god begins his vengeance : what a sweet youth  
He has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly !

*Leon.* Oh, let me never speak,  
Or with my words let me speak out my life !—  
Thou power abus'd, great Love, whose vengeance now  
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land !

*Nisus.* How does your grace ?

*Leon.* Sick ; very sick, I hope.

*Dor.* Gods comfort you !

*Hid.* Will not you speak ? is this your royal word ?  
Do not pull perjury upon your soul :  
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment ;  
Remember.

*Leon.* Away, base woman !

*Hid.* Then be no more my father, but a plague

<sup>n</sup> *way of marriage*] Equivalent to—marriage ; see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309, ed. 1813.

<sup>o</sup> *My*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

I am bound to pray against ! be any sin  
 May force me to despair, and hang myself !  
 Be thy name never more remember'd, king,  
 But in example of a broken faith,  
 And curs'd even to forgetfulness ! may thy land  
 Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is !—  
 I am weary of my rage.—I pray, forgive me,  
 And let me have him ! will you, noble sir ?

*Leon.* Mercy, mercy, Heaven !—

Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not  
 To draw this little moisture left for life  
 Thus rudely from me ?—Carry that slave to death !

*Zoilus.* For Heaven's sake, sir ! it is no fault of mine  
 That she will love me.

*Leon.* To death with him, I say !

*Hid.* Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him ° !  
 This is the way to hell.

*Leon.* Hold fast, I charge you !

Away with him ! [*Exit* ZOILUS with Attendants.]

*Hid.* Alas, old man ! death hath more doors than one,  
 And I will meet him. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Dorialus, pray, see her in her chamber,  
 And lay a guard about her. [*Exit* DORIALUS.]

The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties  
 Is will<sup>p</sup> and disobedience in our issues,  
 Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,  
 With our fond<sup>q</sup> loves. Beasts, you are only blest,  
 That have that happy dulness to forget  
 What you have made ! your young ones grieve not you ;  
 They wander where they list, and have their ways  
 Without dishonour to you ; and their ends  
 Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,

° *I'll be before him*] Old eds. "*I'll be for him.*" The Editors of 1778 observe that "perhaps the original ran (which seems more in our authors' style) '*I will before him*'." I think not. When two syllables exactly the same happen to come together, one of them is not unfrequently omitted by the compositor.

<sup>p</sup> *will*] "i. e. wilfulness." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>q</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Or after ill remembrance. Oh, this woman !  
 Would I had made myself a sepulchre,  
 When I made her !—Nephew, where is the prince ?—  
 Pray God he have not more part of her baseness  
 Than of her blood about him !—Gentlemen,  
 Where is he ?

*Ism.* I know not, sir : h'as his ways by himself,  
 Is too wise for my company.

*Leon.* I do not like this hiding of himself  
 From such society as [fits] his person :  
 Some of ye needs must know <sup>r</sup>.

*Ism.* I am sure not I,  
 Nor have known twice this ten days ; which, if I were  
 As proud as some of 'em, I should take scurvily :  
 But he is a young man, let him have his swinge ;

[*TIMANTUS whispers the DUKE.*

'Twill make him——there's some good matter now in hand :  
 How the slave jeers <sup>s</sup> and grins ! the duke is pleas'd ;  
 There's a new pair of scarlet hose <sup>t</sup> now, and as much  
 Money to spare as will fetch the old from pawn,  
 A hat and a cloak to go out to-morrow ;  
 Garters and stockings come by nature. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* Be sure of this.

*Tim.* I durst not speak else, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>r</sup> *Some of ye needs must know*] The first 4to, "*Some of it needs must yee know.*" The second 4to and the folio of 1679, "*Some of it ye needs must know.*" The third 4to, "*Some of it ye must needs know.*" On the superfluous "it" Theobald founded his conjecture "fits," to supply the deficiency in the preceding line, where Seward printed "suits."

<sup>s</sup> *jeers*] Qy. "leers" ?

<sup>t</sup> *hose*] i. e. breeches (the stockings being mentioned afterwards).

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Temple of Cupid.*

*Cornets within. Cupid descends.*

*Cupid.* Leucippus, thou art shot through with a shaft  
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough  
To sow a world of helpless misery  
In this unhappy kingdom. Dost thou think,  
Because thou art a prince, to make a part  
Against my power? but it is all the fault  
Of thy old father, who believes his age  
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;  
But he shall know ere long that my smart loose<sup>s</sup>  
Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart  
Of Nestor: thou thyself art lightly struck;  
But his mad love shall publish that the rage  
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age.

[*Ascends.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of BACHA.*

*Enter BACHA and LEUCIPPUS<sup>t</sup>.*

*Leuc.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bacha.* Have you got the spoil  
You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!

*Leuc.* I pray thee, leave.

<sup>s</sup> *smart loose*] The 4to of 1635 has, by a misprint, "dart loose,"—which reading is given by the modern editors! *Loose* is a technical term for the discharging of an arrow: "the Archers terme, who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he giue the *loose*, and deliuer his arrow from his bow." Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 145.

<sup>t</sup> *Enter Bacha and Leucippus*] The old eds. add, "*Bacha, a handkercheffe* [to dry her tears],"—a direction intended for the performer of that part.

*Bacha.* Your envy <sup>u</sup> is, Heaven knows,  
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex :  
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,  
If I had kept mine honour ? you might still  
Have been a prince, and still this country's heir :  
That innocent guard which I till now had kept  
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem  
So dangerous in a state, that yourself <sup>v</sup>  
Came to suppress it ?

*Leuc.* Dry thine eyes again ;  
I'll kiss thy tears away : this is but folly ;  
'Tis past all help.

*Bacha.* Now you have won the treasure,  
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,  
And never see these empty walls again :  
I know you will do so ; and well you may,  
For there is nothing in 'em that is worth  
A glance. I loathe myself, and am become  
Another woman ; one, methinks, with whom  
I want acquaintance.

*Leuc.* If I do offend thee,  
I can be gone ; and though I love thy sight,  
So highly do I prize thine own content,  
That I will leave thee.

*Bacha.* Nay, you may stay now ;  
You should have gone before : I know not now  
Why I should fear you ; all I should have kept  
Is stoln, nor is it in the power of man  
To rob me farther ; if you can invent,  
Spare not : no naked man fears robbing less  
Than I do ; now you may for ever stay.

*Leuc.* Why, I could do thee farther wrong.

*Bacha.* You have a deeper reach in evil than I ;  
'Tis past my thought <sup>w</sup>.

<sup>u</sup> *envy*] i. e. malice.

<sup>v</sup> *yourself*] The modern editors print "you yourself."

<sup>w</sup> *thought*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "thoughts"; and so the modern editors.

*Leuc.* And past my will to act ;  
But, trust me, I could do it.

*Bacha.* Good sir, do ;  
That I may know there is a wrong beyond  
What you have done me.

*Leuc.* I could tell the \* world  
What thou hast done.

*Bacha.* Yes, you may tell the world ;  
And do you think I am so vain to hope  
You will not ? you can tell the world but this,  
That I am a widow, full of tears in show,  
(My husband dead, and one that lov'd me so,  
Hardly a week,) forgot my modesty,  
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself  
To live in sin with you : this you may tell ;  
And this I do deserve.

*Leuc.* Why, dost thou think me  
So base to tell ? these limbs of mine shall part  
From one another on a rack,  
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words  
That much afflict me ; you did seem as ready,  
Sweet *Bacha*, as myself.

*Bacha.* You are right a man ;  
When they have witch'd us into misery,  
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.  
But be it so : for prince *Leucippus*' sake,  
I will bear any thing.

*Leuc.* Come, weep no more ;  
I wrought thee to it ; it was my fault :  
Nay, see if thou wilt leave ! Here, take this pearl,—  
Kiss me, sweet *Bacha*,—and receive this purse.

[*Gives pearl and purse.*]

*Bacha.* What should I do with these ? they will not deck  
My mind.

*Leuc.* Why, keep 'em to remember me.  
I must be gone ; I have been absent long ;

\* *the*]. So the first 4to. Other eds. "all *the*" ; and so the modern editors.



I know the duke my father is in rage :  
But I will see thee suddenly again.

Farewell, my Bacha !

*Bacha.* Gods keep you ! Do you hear, sir ?

Pray, give me a point<sup>y</sup> to wear.

*Leuc.* Alas, good Bacha !

Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.

*Bachu.* [*taking a point from his dress*]. Coming  
From you, this point is of as high esteem  
With me as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good  
Be ever with or near you !

*Leuc.* Fare thee well,

Mine own good Bacha ! I will make all haste.

[*Exit.*

*Bacha.* Just as you are a dozen<sup>z</sup> I esteem you ;  
No more. Does he think I would prostitute  
Myself for love ? it was the love of these  
Pearls and gold that won me. I confess  
I lust more after him than any other,  
And would at any rate, if I had store,  
Purchase his fellowship ; but being poor,  
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,  
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

*Enter* LEONTIUS, *with* LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, *and* TIMANTUS.

*Leon.* Nay, you must back, and shew us what it is  
That witches you out of your honour thus.

*Bacha.* Who's that ?

*Tim.* Look there, sir !

*Leon.* Lady, never fly ;  
You are betray'd.

*Bacha.* Leave me, my tears, a while,  
And to my just rage give a little place !—  
What saucy man are you, that without leave  
Enter upon a widow's mournful house ?  
You hinder a dead man from many tears,

<sup>y</sup> *point*] See note, p. 197.

<sup>z</sup> *dozen*] Mason would read "donor" ; which Weber might well say "has a very tame sound."

Who did deserve more than the world can shed,  
 Though they should weep themselves to images.  
 If not for love of me, yet of yourself,  
 Away! for you can bring no comfort to me;  
 But you may carry hence you know not what;  
 Nay, sorrow is infectious.

*Leon.* Thou thyself  
 Art grown infectious. Wouldst thou know my name,  
 I am the duke, father to this young man  
 Whom thou corrupt'st.

*Bacha.* Has he, then, told him all? [Aside.]

*Leuc.* You do her wrong, sir.

*Bacha.* Oh, he has not told.— [Aside.]

Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild tongue,  
 Directed by a weak distemper'd head,  
 Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know  
 You were my sovereign! but now you may  
 Command my poor unworthy life, which will  
 Be none, I hope, ere long. [Kneels.]

*Leon.* All thy dissembling  
 Will never hide thy shame: and were't not more  
 Respecting womanhood in general  
 Than any thing in thee, thou shouldst be made  
 Such an example, that posterity,  
 When they would speak most bitterly, should say,  
 "Thou art as impudent as *Bacha* was."

*Bacha.* Sir, though you be my king, whom I will serve  
 In all just causes, yet when wrongfully  
 You seek to take mine honour, I will rise [Rises.]  
 Thus, and defy you; for it is a jewel  
 Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,  
 (Though in this lowly house,) I shall esteem  
 Myself above the princes of the earth  
 That are without it. If the prince your son,  
 Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak  
 Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,  
 The plagues of hell light on him! may he never  
 Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,

Before the face of Heaven, my liege, and these  
 To speak the worst he can : if he will lie  
 To lose a woman's fame, I'll say he is  
 Like you,—I think I cannot call him worse.  
 He's dead, that with his life would have defended  
 My reputation, and I fore'd to play  
 (That which I am)<sup>a</sup> the foolish woman,  
 And use my liberal tongue.

*Leuc.* Is't possible ?

We men are children in our carriages,  
 Compar'd with women. Wake thyself, for shame,  
 And leave not her (whose honour thou shouldst keep  
 Safe as thine own) alone to free herself !  
 But I am press'd, I know not how, with guilt,  
 And feel my conscience (never us'd to lie)  
 Loath to allow my tongue to add a lie  
 To that too much I did : but it is lawful  
 To defend her, that only for my love  
 Lov'd evil.

[*Aside.*

*Leon.* Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,  
 Stay here so long ?

*Leuc.* If I can urge aught from me but a truth,  
 Hell take me !

[*Aside.*

*Leon.* What's the matter ? why speak you not ?

*Tim.* Alas, good sir, forbear to urge the prince !  
 You see his shamefacedness.

*Bacha.* What does he say, sir ?—If thou be a prince,  
 Shew it, and tell the truth.

*Ism.* If you have lain with her, tell your father ;  
 No doubt but he has done as ill before now :  
 The gentlewoman will be proud on't.

*Bacha.* For God's sake, speak !

*Leuc.* Have you done prating yet ?

*Ism.* Who prates ?

<sup>a</sup> (*That which I am*), &c.] The poet probably wrote "*(That which I am indeed)*," &c. Seward and the Editors of 1778 (contrary to the old eds.) make this line end with "and use."—*Liberal* means—licentiously free.

*Leuc.* Thou know'st I do not speak to thee, Ismenus :—  
But what said you, Timantus, concerning my shame-  
facedness ?

*Tim.* Nothing, I hope, that might displease your highness.

*Leuc.* If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,  
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,  
It would have made thee honest : I stay'd  
To hear what you would say. She is, by Heaven,  
Of the most strict and blameless chastity  
That ever woman was ;—good gods, forgive me ! — [ *Aside.*  
Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kill'd  
With a slave by her ere she had agreed.  
I lie with her ! would I might perish, then !  
Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,  
Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,  
Upon my soul ! for, by this light, she is  
A most obstinate modest creature !

*Leon.* What did you with her, then, so long, Leucippus ?

*Leuc.* I'll tell you, sir : you see she's beautiful.

*Leon.* I see it well.

*Leuc.* Mov'd by her face, I came  
With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me,  
But, telling truth, something more pardonable,  
And for the world I will not lie to you) ;  
Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name  
Had power to blow 'em down flat of<sup>b</sup> their backs,  
But here I found a rock not to be shook ;  
For, as I hope for good, sir, all the battery  
That I could lay to her, or of my person,  
My greatness, or gold<sup>c</sup>, could nothing move her.

*Leon.* 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

*Leuc.* She's almost thirty, sir.

*Leon.* How do you know  
Her age so just ?

*Leuc.* She told it me herself,

<sup>b</sup> of] i. e. on. Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "o'."

<sup>c</sup> gold] Seward printed "my gold ;" and so probably the author wrote.

Once when she went about to shew by reason  
I should leave wooing her.

*Leon.* She stains<sup>d</sup> the ripest virgins of the<sup>e</sup> age.

*Leuc.* If I had sinn'd with her, I would be loath  
To publish her disgrace; but, by my life,  
I would have told it you, because I think  
You would have pardon'd me the rather, sir<sup>f</sup>;  
And I will tell you farther<sup>g</sup>; by this light,  
(But that I never will bestow myself  
But to your liking) if she now would have me,  
I now would marry her.

*Leon.* How's that, Leucippus?

*Leuc.* Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet  
I have not done, but had a will to do,  
And I will tell it?

*Leon.* Be it what it will,  
I pardon thee.

*Leuc.* I offer'd marriage to her.

*Leon.* Did she refuse it?

*Leuc.* With that earnestness,  
And almost scorn to think of any other  
After her lost mate, that she made me think  
Myself unworthy of her.

*Leon.* You have stay'd  
Too long, Leucippus.

*Leuc.* Yes, sir.—Forgive me, Heaven!  
What multitudes<sup>h</sup> of oaths have I bestow'd  
On lies! and yet they were officious lies<sup>i</sup>,  
There was no malice in 'em.

[*Aside.*]

<sup>d</sup> *She stains*] "i. e. she makes them look faded [sullied] by the superior lustre of her beauty." MASON.

<sup>e</sup> *the*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "her"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>f</sup> *sir*] Evidently belongs to this line. Old eds. place it at the end of the next; and so the modern editors. Seward, finding the present line too short, printed,—

"*You would have pardon'd me the rather for it.*"

<sup>g</sup> *farther*] So Seward rightly printed from Theobald's and Sympson's correction; and so Weber. The Editors of 1778 gave, with the old eds., "father."

<sup>h</sup> *multitudes*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "multitude"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>i</sup> *officious lies*] i. e. lies uttered with a kind intention.

*Leon.* She is the fairest  
 Creature that ever I beheld ; and then  
 So chaste, 'tis wonderful : the more I look on her,  
 The more I am amazèd. I have long  
 Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,  
 But that I was afraid to meet a woman  
 That might abuse my age : but here she is  
 Whom I may trust to ; of a chastity  
 Impregnable, and approv'd<sup>j</sup> so by my son ;  
 The meanness of her birth will still preserve her  
 In due obedience ; and her beauty is  
 Of force enough to pull me back to youth.  
 My son once sent away, whose rivalship  
 I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,  
 Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.—  
*Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence*  
 Your province is unquiet still.

[*Aside.*]

*Ism.* I'm glad on't.

*Leon.* And so dangerously, that I must send  
 The prince in person with you.

*Ism.* I'm glad of that too :  
 Sir, will you despatch us ? we shall wither here  
 For ever.

*Leon.* You shall be despatch'd within  
 This hour.—Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask ;  
 It must be thus.—Lady, I ask your pardon,  
 Whose virtue I have slubber'd with my tongue ;  
 And you shall ever be  
 Chaste in my memory hereafter : but  
 We old men often dote. To make amends  
 For my great fault, receive that ring :  
 I'm sorry for your grief ; may it soon leave you !—  
 Come, my lards ; let 's be gone.

[*Gives ring.*]

*Bacha.* Heaven bless your grace !

[*Exeunt all except BACHA.*]

One that had but so much modesty left as to blush,  
 Or shrink a little at his first encounter,

<sup>j</sup> *approv'd*] i. e. proved.

Had been undone ; where<sup>k</sup> I come off with honour,  
 And gain too : they that never would be track'd  
 In any course by the most subtle sense,  
 Must bear it through with frontless impudence. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

*Dor.* Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of justice, to put the wretched dwarf to death because she doted on him : is she not a woman, and subject to those mad figaries<sup>l</sup> her whole sex is infected with ? Had she loved you, or you, or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more the merrier still with them,) must we therefore have our heads pared with a hatchet ? So she may love all the nobility out o' the dukedom in a month, and let the rascals in.

*Nisus.* You will not, or you do not, see the need That makes this just to the world.

*Dor.* I cannot tell ; I would be loath to feel it : But, the best is, she loves not proper men ; We three were in wise cases else. But make me know This need.

*Nisus.* Why, yes : he being taken away, This base incontinence dies presently, And she must see her shame, and sorrow for it.

*Dor.* Pray God she do ! But was the sprat beheaded ? or did they swing him about like a chicken, and so break his neck ?

*Age.* Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemn justice made of it.

*Dor.* That might have been deducted.

*Age.* Why, how would you have had him die ?

<sup>k</sup> *where*] i. e. whereas.

<sup>l</sup> *figaries*] i. e. vagaries.

*Dor.* Faith, I would have had him roasted, like a warden,<sup>n</sup> in a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or a feather stuck in's head like a quail; or ha' hanged him in a dog-collar. What should he be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base shortly, gentlemen will be out of love with it.

*Nisus.* I wonder from whence this [race] of the dwarfs<sup>o</sup> first sprung?

*Dor.* From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly they are no man's work: and I am sure a monkey would get one of the guard to<sup>p</sup> this fellow; he was no bigger than a small portmanteau, and much about that making, if't had legs.

*Age.* But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince?

*Nisus.* Ay, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

*Dor.* Why, then, he will come home I know not when. You shall pardon me; I'll talk no more of this subject, but say, Gods be with him, where'er he is, and send him well home again! for why he is gone, or when he will return, let them know that directed him: only this, there's mad moriscoes<sup>q</sup> in the state; but what they are, I'll tell you when I know. Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing.

*Age.* Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.—*Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter TIMANTUS and TELAMON.*

*Tel.* Timantus, is the duke ready<sup>r</sup> yet?

*Tim.* Almost.

*Tel.* What ails him?

<sup>n</sup> a warden] "A Warden (Pear) *pyrum volcum* or *sylvestre*." Coles's *Dict.*

<sup>o</sup> this [race] of the dwarfs] So Weber. Heath (*M.S. Notes*) proposes "[breed]." Seward printed "this love of the dwarf's", the Editors of 1778 "this love of the dwarf;" and Mason would read "this love, the dwarf:"—all wrongly, beyond a doubt: see the next speech. <sup>p</sup> to] i. e. compared to.

<sup>q</sup> moriscoes] i. e. morris-dances (intended originally as an imitation of Moorish dances),—commotions.

<sup>r</sup> ready] i. e. dressed.



*Tim.* Faith, I know not : I think he has dreamt he's but eighteen ; has been worse since he sent you forth for the frizzling-iron.

*Tel.* That cannot be ; he lay in gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new periwig with a lock<sup>s</sup> at it, and knocked up a swing in's chamber.

*Tim.* Oh, but since his tailor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's clothes ; and yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in's ear ;<sup>t</sup> and he has bespoke a vaulting-horse. You shall see him come forth presently : he looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

*Tel.* Will he not tilt, think you ?

*Tim.* I think he will.

*Tel.* What does he mean to do ?

*Tim.* I know not ; but, by this light, I think he is in love : he would ha' been shaved but for me.

*Tel.* In love ! with whom ?

*Tim.* I could guess, but you shall pardon me : he will take me along with him somewhither.

*Tel.* I overheard him ask your opinion of somebody's beauty.

*Tim.* Yes ; there it goes that makes him so youthful : and h'as laid by his crutch, and halts now with a leading-staff.

*Enter* LEONTIUS *with a staff and a looking-glass.*<sup>u</sup>

*Leon.* Timantus—

*Tim.* Sir ?

*Leon.* This feather is not large enough.

*Tim.* Yes, faith, 'tis such an one as the rest of the young gallants wear.

*Leon.* Telamon, does it do well ?

<sup>s</sup> a lock] "i. e. a love-lock. The allusion is (as Dr. Warburton observes in a note on *Much Ado About Nothing*) to the fantastical custom in our poets' days of men wearing 'a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribbands, and called a love-lock. Against this fashion Prynne wrote his treatise called *The Unloveliness of Love-locks.*'" *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>t</sup> a hole in's ear ;] "i. e. For an ear-ring." *Ed.* 1778. See note, p. 251.

<sup>u</sup> a looking-glass] "This article of refinement was worn by gallants as well as ladies," &c. WEBER. It is quite evident that Leontius does not wear the glass.

*Tel.* Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rareliest——

*Leon.* Away! dost think so?

*Tel.* Think, sir! I know it. Sir, the princess is past all hope of life since the dwarf was put to death.

*Leon.* Let her be so; I have other matters in hand. But this same tailor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide<sup>v</sup>; and, see, the knave has put no points<sup>w</sup> at my arm!

*Tim.* Those will be put-to quickly, sir, upon any occasion.

*Leon.* Telamon, have you bid this<sup>x</sup> dancer come a-mornings?

*Tel.* Yes, sir.

*Leon.* Timantus, let me see the glass again. Look you how careless you are grown! is this tooth well put in?

*Tim.* Which, sir?

*Leon.* This, sir.

*Tim.* It shall be.

*Tel.* Methinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years; and Timantus stands as if (seeing the duke in such a youthful habit) he were looking in 's mouth how old he were.

[*Aside.*

*Leon.* So, so.

*Tel.* Will you have your gown, sir?

*Leon.* My gown! why, am I sick? bring me my sword. [*Exit TELAMON.* Timantus<sup>y</sup>, let a couple of the great horses be brought out for us.

*Tim.* He'll kill himself. [*Aside.*]—Why, will you ride, sir?

*Leon.* Ride! dost thou think I cannot ride? .

*Tim.* Oh, yes, sir, I know it: but, as I conceive your journey, you would have it private; and, then, you were better take a coach.

*Leon.* These coaches make me sick; yet 'tis no matter; let it be so.

<sup>v</sup> *my doublet so wide*;] “At the time this play was written, the wide stuffed doublets and great hose had given way to those of a closer make,” &c. WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *points*] See note, p. 197.

<sup>x</sup> *this*] Altered by Weber to “the.”

<sup>y</sup> *Timantus*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors (Seward printing “and” instead of it).

*Re-enter TELAMON with a sword.*

*Tel.* Sir, here's your sword.

*Leon.* Oh, well said ! let me see it. I could, methinks—  
[*Endeavours to draw it*]. Why, Telamon, bring me another :  
what, thinkest thou I will wear a sword in vain ?

*Tel.* He has not strength enough to draw it : a yoke of  
fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it. [*Aside ; and then  
draws it.*]—'Tis out, sir, now ; the scabbard is broke.

*Leon.* Oh, put it up again, and on with it ! methinks, I am  
not dressed till I feel my sword on. [*TEL. sheathes it, and then  
puts it on LEON.*] 'Telamon, if any of my council ask for me,  
say I am gone to take the air. [*Exit.*

*Tim.* He has not been dressed this twenty years, then<sup>z</sup>. If  
this vein hold but a week, he will learn to play o' the base-  
viol, and sing to't. He's poetical already ; for I have spied a  
sonnet on's<sup>a</sup> making lie by 's bed's side : I'll be so unmannerly  
to read it. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE V.—*The apartment of HIDASPES.*

*HIDASPES discovered on a bed, CLEOPHILA and HERO attending.*

*Hid.* He's dead, he's dead, and I am following !

*Cleo.* Ask Cupid merey, madam.

*Hid.* Oh, my heart !

*Cleo.* Help !

*Hero.* Stir her.

*Hid.* Oh, oh !

*Cleo.* She's going ; wretched women that we are !  
Look to her, and I'll pray the while.

*Hero.* Why, madam——

*Cleo.* [*kneeling*] Cupid, pardon what is past,  
And forgive our sins at last !

<sup>z</sup> *then*] Was deliberately altered by Seward to "thus" ; which his successors gave ! Leontius has just said, "I am not dressed till I feel my sword on" ; and now Timantus observes, "Then he has not been dressed this twenty years [for during that time he has not had a sword on]."

<sup>a</sup> *on's*] Altered by the modern editors to "of his."

Then we will be coy no more,  
 But thy deity adore ;  
 Troths at fifteen we will plight,  
 And will tread a dance each <sup>b</sup> night,  
 In the fields or by the fire,  
 With the youths that have desire.—

How does she yet ?

*Hero.* Oh, ill !

*Cleo.* Given ear-rings we will wear,  
 Bracelets of our lovers' hair,  
 Which they on our arms shall twist,  
 With their names carv'd, on our wrist ;  
 All the money that we owe <sup>c</sup>  
 We in tokens will bestow ;  
 And learn to write that, when 'tis sent,  
 Only our loves know what is meant.  
 Oh, then, pardon what is past,  
 And forgive our sins at last !—

What, mends she ?

*Hero.* Nothing ; you do it not wantonly ; you should  
 sing.

*Cleo.* Why——

*Hero.* Leave, leave, 'tis now too late ; she is dead,  
 Her last is breath'd.

*Cleo.* What shall we do ?

*Hero.* Go, run,

And tell the duke ; and whilst I'll close her eyes.

[*Exit* CLEOPHILA.]

Thus I shut thy faded light,  
 And put it in eternal night.  
 Where is she can boldly say,  
 Though she be as fresh as May,  
 She shall not by this corpse be laid,  
 Ere to-morrow's light do fade ?  
 Let us all now living be  
 Warn'd by thy strict chastity,

<sup>b</sup> *each*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "at ;" and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> *owe*] i. e. own.

And marry all fast as we can ;  
 Till then we keep a piece of man  
 Wrongfully from them that owe it :  
 Soon may every maid bestow it !

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of BACHA.*

*Enter BACHA and Maid.*

*Bacha.* Who is it ?

*Maid.* Forsooth, there's a gallant coach at the door, and the brave<sup>d</sup> old man in't that you said was the duke.

*Bacha.* Cupid, grant he may be taken !—Away !<sup>e</sup>

*Maid.* He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringest, and has such glorious clothes !

*Bacha.* Let all the house seem<sup>f</sup> sad, and see all handsome.  
[*Exit Maid.*]

*Enter LEONTIUS and TIMANTUS.*

*Leon.* Nay, widow, fly not back ; we come not now  
[*BACHA kneels.*]

To chide ; stand up, and bid me welcome.

*Bacha* [*rising.*] To a poor widow's house, that knows no end  
 Of her ill fortune, your highness is most welcome.

*Leon.* Come, kiss me, then ; this is but manners. widow :  
[*Kissing her.*]

Ne'er fling your head aside ; I have more cause  
 Of grief than you ; my daughter's dead ; but what !  
 'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horse brought to the door ?  
 They say he is a high-goer ; I shall soon try his mettle.

*Tim.* He will be, sir, and the grey Barbary ;  
 They are fiery both.

*Leon.* They are the better :

<sup>d</sup> *brave*] i. e. richly, finely, dressed.

<sup>e</sup> *Away*] So all the old eds. (the word being by mistake printed in Italics),—except 4to. 1635, which omits it, and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed.

<sup>f</sup> *seem*] Old eds. “ see me.”

Before the gods, I am lightsome, very lightsome !—  
How dost thou like me, widow ?

*Bacha.* As a person  
In whom all graces are.

*Leon.* Come, come, you flatter :  
I'll clap your cheek for that ; and you shall not  
Be angry. Hast no music ? now could I cut  
Three times with ease, and do a cross-point should  
Shame all your gallants !

*Bacha.* I do believe you ;—and yourself too :  
Lord, what a fine old zany<sup>s</sup> my love has made him !  
He's mine, I am sure : Heaven make me thankful for him !

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweetheart ?

*Tim.* Your grace will not buy her ! she may trip, sir.

*Bacha.* My sorrow shews me elder than I am  
By many years.

*Leon.* Thou art so witty I must kiss again. [*Kissing her.*]

*Tim.* Indeed, her age lies not in her mouth ;  
Ne'er look it there, sir : she has a better register,  
If it be not burnt.

*Leon.* I will kiss thee. [*kissing her.*]—I am a-fire, Timantus !

*Tim.* Can you choose, sir, having such heavenly fire  
Before you ?

*Leon.* Widow, guess why I come ; I prithee, do.

*Bacha.* I cannot, sir, unless you be pleas'd to make  
A mirth out of my rudeness ;  
And that I hope your pity will not let you,  
The subject is so barren.—Bite, king, bite !  
I'll let you play a while.

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* Now, as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truly.—  
How many foot did I jump yesterday, Timantus ?

*Tim.* Fourteen of your own and some three fingers.

*Bacha.* This fellow lies as lightly<sup>h</sup> as if he  
Were in cut taffata.

<sup>s</sup> zany] "i. e. buffoon." WEBER.

<sup>h</sup> lies as lightly] i. e. lies as easily, readily,—with a play on the words.

Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,  
And tell what weather we shall have to-morrow ! [ *Aside.*

*Leon.* Widow, I am come, in short, to be a suitor.

*Bacha.* For whom ?

*Leon.* Why, by my troth, I come to woo thee, wench,  
And win thee, for myself : nay, look upon me ;  
I have about me that will do it.

*Bacha.* Now Heaven defend me !

Your whore you shall never<sup>i</sup>. I thank the gods, I have  
A little left me to keep me warm and honest :  
If your grace take not that, I seek no more.

*Leon.* I am so far from taking any thing,  
I'll add unto thee.

*Bacha.* Such additions may  
Be for your ease, sir, not my honesty ;  
I am well in being single ; good sir, seek another ;  
I am no meat for money.

*Leon.* Shall I fight for thee ?  
This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claim  
But to a finger of thee, but to a look ;  
I would see such a fellow !

*Bacha.* It would be but a cold sight to you.  
This is the father of St. George a-footback :  
Can such dry mummy<sup>j</sup> talk ?

[ *Aside.*

*Tim.* Before the gods, your grace looks like Æneas.

*Bacha.* He looks like his old father upon his back,  
Crying to get aboard. [ *Aside.*

*Leon.* How shall I win thy love ? I pray thee, tell me.  
I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that ;  
That is an honest course,—I am in good earnest,—  
And presently, within this hour,—I am mad for thee :—

<sup>i</sup> *Your whore you shall never*] The two earliest 4tos., and the folio of 1679, have, "*your whore shall never.*" The 4to. of 1635 has the reading which I have adopted, and which (though I hardly think it can be the genuine one) may mean—*Your whore you shall never win me to be.* Seward printed "*your whore I shall be never.*" The Editors of 1778 followed the 4to. of 1635, varying the punctuation thus, "*Your whore ? you shall never—,*" marking it as a broken sentence ; and so Weber.

<sup>j</sup> *mummy*] Old eds. "mumming."

Prithee, deny me not ; for, as I live,  
I'll pine for thee, but I'll have thee.

*Bacha.* Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast. [Aside.

*Tim.* You do not know what 'tis to be a queen ;  
Go to, you're mad else. What<sup>j</sup> the old man falls short of,  
There's others can eke out, when you please to call on 'em.

*Bacha.* I understand you not.—Love, I adore thee !—  
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks [Kneeling.  
For so much honouring your humble handmaid  
Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.  
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all  
That must repine at my unworthy rising ;  
Beside, you have many fair ones in your kingdom  
Born to such worth : oh, turn yourself about,  
And make a noble choice !

*Leon.* [raising her.] If I do, let me famish ! I will have  
thee,  
Or break up house, and board here.

*Bacha.* Sir, you may  
Command an unwilling woman to obey you ;  
But Heaven knows——

*Leon.* No more :  
These half-a-dozen kisses, and this jewel,  
[Kissing her, and giving jewel.

And every thing I have, and away with me,  
And clap it up, and have a boy by morning !—  
Timantus, let one be sent  
Post for my son again and for Ismenus ;  
They are scarce twenty miles on their way yet :  
By that time we'll be married.

*Tim.* There shall, sir. [Exeunt.

<sup>j</sup> *you're mad else. What, &c.*] The first 4to., "*your Maide, else what,*" &c. The sec. 4to., and the folio of 1679, "*you Maide, else what,*" &c. The 4to. of 1635, "*you Mayd, what,*" &c. The Editors of 1778 printed, "*you're made ! What,*" &c., and Weber, "*you're made ! Else what,*" &c. : but Seward had previously given the right reading, though he pointed it wrongly,—"*you're mad, else what,*" &c. In the second scene of the next act, *Bacha* says,

"The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd  
The king."



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

*Nisus.* Is not this a fine marriage ?

*Age.* Yes, yes ; let it alone.

*Dor.* Ay, ay, the king may marry whom 's list<sup>k</sup>. Let's talk of other matters.

*Nisus.* Is the prince coming home certainly ?

*Dor.* Yes, yes ; he was sent post for yesterday : let's make haste ; we'll see how his new mother-in-law will entertain him.

*Nisus.* Why, well, I warrant you : did you not mark how humbly she carried herself to us on her marriage-day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be our servant ?

*Dor.* But mark what's done.

*Nisus.* Regard not show.

*Age.* Oh, God ! I knew her when I have been offered her to be brought to my bed for five pounds ; whether it could have been performed or no, I know not.

*Nisus.* Her daughter's a pretty lady.

*Dor.* Yes ; and having had but mean bringing-up, it talks the prettiliest and innocentliest ! The queen will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by her language ! but I am persuaded she's well disposed.

*Age.* I think, better than her mother.

*Nisus.* Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>k</sup> *whom's list*] Altered by the modern editors to "*whom he list.*"

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter LEUCIPPUS and ISMENUS.*

*Ism.* How now, man! struck dead with a tale?

*Leuc.* No, but with a truth.

*Ism.* Stand of yourself: can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

*Leuc.* Thou knowest I have told thee all.

*Ism.* But that all's nothing to make you thus; your sister's dead.

*Leuc.* That's much; but not the most.

*Ism.* Why, for the other, let her marry and hang! 'tis no purposed fault of yours; and if your father will needs have your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good do his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it; let her go: what! there are more wenches, man; we'll have another.

*Leuc.* Oh, thou art vain! thou know'st I do not love her. What shall I do? I would my tongue had led me To any other thing but blasphemy, So I had miss'd commending of this woman, Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother! My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill: And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me, And do not lie! if any man should ask thee But how thou dost, or what o'clock 'tis now, Be sure thou do not lie; make no excuse For him that is most near thee; never let The most officious falsehood<sup>1</sup> scape thy tongue; For they above (that are entirely truth) Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies Yield miseries a thousand-fold Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

<sup>1</sup> *officious falsehood*] See note, p. 383.

*Enter* TIMANTUS.

*Tim.* Sir, your highness is welcome home: the king and queen<sup>m</sup> will presently come forth to you.

*Leuc.* I'll wait on them.

*Tim.* Worthy Ismenus, I pray, how have you sped<sup>n</sup> in your wars?

*Ism.* This rogue mocks me.—Well, Timantus. Pray, how have you sped here at home at shovel-board?

*Tim.* Faith, reasonable. How many towns have you taken in this summer?

*Ism.* How many stags have you been at the death of this grass?

*Tim.* A number. Pray, how is the province settled?

*Ism.* Prithee, how does the dun nag?

*Tim.* I think you mock me, my lord.

*Ism.* Mock thee! yes, by my troth, do I: why, what wouldst thou have me do<sup>o</sup> with thee? art good for any thing else?

*Enter* LEONTIUS, BACHA, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, and  
TELAMON.

*Leuc.* My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist;  
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,  
For I shall swoon again else. [*Kneels.*

*Leon.* Welcome, my son! rise. I did send for thee  
Back from the province by thy mother's counsel, [*LEUC. rises.*  
Thy good mother<sup>p</sup> here, who loves thee well;  
She would not let me venture all my joy  
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,  
And none but thee; I took her on thy word.

*Leuc.* Pinch harder. [*Aside to* ISMENUS.

*Leon.* And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now

<sup>m</sup> *the king and queen*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., "*the Duke and Queen*", (which sounds rather oddly); and so Seward and Weber. The confusion of these titles throughout the play has been already noticed (see p. 356): in what presently follows, Bacha twice calls her husband *king*.

<sup>n</sup> *I pray, how have you sped*] So the first 4to. Sec. 4to. and folio of 1679, "*I pray you, have you sped*"; and so Seward. Quarto 1635, "*I pray you, how have you sped*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>o</sup> *me do*] Weber chose to print "*me to do.*"

<sup>p</sup> *Thy good mother*] Altered by Seward to "*By thy good mother's.*"

Some near affairs ; but I will drink a health  
 To thee anon.—Come, Telamon.—I'm grown  
 Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married.—  
 Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone<sup>p</sup>,  
 And never stagger.

[Exit with TELAMON.]

*Bacha.* Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come  
 Hither before you !—Out, alas ! you scorn me,  
 And teach me what to do.

*Leuc.* No ; you are  
 My mother.

*Bacha.* Far unworthy of that name,  
 God knows : but, trust me, here before these lords,  
 I am no more but nurse unto the duke ;  
 Nor will I breed a faction in the state ;  
 It is too much for me that I am rais'd  
 Unto his bed, and will remain the servant  
 Of you that did it.

*Leuc.* Madam, I will serve you  
 As shall become me.—Oh, dissembling woman !  
 Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy quiver,  
 Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,  
 Headed with thy consuming golden beams,  
 And let it melt this body into mist,  
 That none may find it !

[Aside.]

*Bacha.* Shall I beg, my lords,  
 This room in private for the prince and me ?

[Exeunt all except BACHA and LEUCIPPUS.]

*Leuc.* What will she say now ?

[Aside.]

*Bacha.* I must still enjoy him :  
 Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,  
 That wishes he would move it ; but he stands  
 As if he grew there, with his eyes on earth.—  
 Sir, you and I, when we were last together,  
 Kept not this distance, as we were afraid  
 Of blasting by ourselves.

[Aside.]

<sup>p</sup> *Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., “ *I can stand now alone, why, Telamon* ” ; and so Seward.

*Leuc.* Madam, 'tis true ;  
Heaven pardon it !

*Bacha.* Amen, sir. You may think  
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

*Leuc.* 'Tis past now.

*Bacha.* But it was no fault of mine :  
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd  
The king ; nor laid I any train to catch him,  
It was your own oaths did it <sup>a</sup>.

*Leuc.* 'Tis a truth,  
That takes my sleep away : but would to Heaven,  
If it had so been <sup>r</sup> pleas'd, you had refus'd him,  
Though I had gratified that courtesy  
With having you myself ! But since 'tis thus,  
I do beseech you that you will be honest  
From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous age,  
Which you may easily do. As for myself,  
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,  
Is tied within me ! here it will sit like lead,  
But shall offend no other ; it will pluck me  
Back from my entrance into any mirth,  
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me  
Of some friend's death. But I will bear myself  
To you with all the due obedience  
A son owes to a <sup>s</sup> mother : more than this  
Is not in me ; but I must leave the rest  
To the just gods, who in their blessèd time,  
When they have given me punishment enough  
For my rash sin, will mercifully find  
As unexpected means to ease my grief  
As they did now to bring it.

*Bacha.* Grown so godly !  
This must not be. [*Aside.*]—And I will be to you  
No other than a natural mother ought ;

<sup>a</sup> *oaths did it*] So all the old eds.,—except 4to. 1635, which has “*oaths that did it*”, and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed (printing, “’Twas,” &c.)

<sup>r</sup> *so been*] Seward and Weber print “*been so.*”

<sup>s</sup> *a*] Seward and Weber print “*his.*”

And for my honesty, so you will swear  
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe  
From any other.

*Leuc.* Bless me ! I should urge you !

*Bacha.* Nay, but swear, then, that I may be at peace ;  
For I do feel a weakness in myself,  
That can deny you nothing : if you tempt me,  
I shall embrace sin, as it were a friend,  
And run to meet it.

*Leuc.* If you knew how far  
It were from me, you would not urge an oath ;  
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you ——

*Bacha.* Swear not.—I cannot move him. [*Aside.*]—This  
sad talk

Of things past help does not become us well :  
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance ?

*Leuc.* Dance, madam !

*Bacha.* Yes, a *lavorla* †.

*Leuc.* I cannot dance, madam.

*Bacha.* Then let's be merry.

*Leuc.* I am as my fortunes bid me ;  
Do not you see me sour ?

*Bacha.* Yes. And why think you I smile ?

*Leuc.* I am so far  
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy  
A cause of mirth.

*Bacha.* I'll tell you ; we are alone.

*Leuc.* Alone !

*Bacha.* Yes.

*Leuc.* 'Tis true ; what then ?

*Bacha.* What then !

You make my smiling now break into laughter :  
What think you is to be done then ?

*Leuc.* We should pray  
To Heaven for mercy.

*Bacha.* Pray ! that were a way indeed  
To pass the time ! But I will make you blush,

† *lavorla*] See note, p. 196.

To see a bashful woman teach a man  
 What we should do alone ; try again  
 If you can find it out.

*Leuc.* I dare not think  
 I understand you.

*Bacha.* I must teach you, then :  
 Come, kiss me.

*Leuc.* Kiss you !

*Bacha.* Yes: be not asham'd  
 You did it not yourself ; I will forgive you<sup>u</sup>.

*Leuc.* Keep, you displeasèd gods, the due respect  
 I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,  
 As she is now my mother, fast<sup>v</sup> within me,  
 Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance  
 Will cure me.

*Bacha.* Leave these melancholy moods,  
 That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips  
 A thousand times.

*Leuc.* Pray, leave this wicked talk :  
 You do not know to what my father's wrong  
 May urge me.

*Bacha.* I am careless, and do weigh  
 The world, my life, and all my after hopes,  
 Nothing without thy love : mistake me not ;  
 Thy love, as I have had it, free and open  
 As wedlock is, within itself. What say you ?

*Leuc.* Nothing.

*Bacha.* [*kneels.*] Pity me ! behold, a duchess  
 Kneels for thy mercy ; and I swear to you,  
 Though I should lie with you, it is no lust,  
 For it desires no change ; I could with you  
 Content myself. What answer will you give ?

<sup>u</sup> *Yes be not ashamed, &c.*] “The pointing in the text is Mason’s, who thus explains the speech: ‘Be not ashamed of your not having kissed me without my bidding ; I will forgive that neglect.’” WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> *fast*] “Another judicious emendation of Mason’s has here been adopted ; the old text [‘hast’ and ‘haste’], though unnoticed by the editors of 1750 and 1778, being stark nonsense.” WEBER. In the *MS. Notes* of Heath, written long before the *Comments* of Mason, I find “fast” substituted for “haste”.

*Leuc.* They that can answer must be less amaz'd  
Than I am now : you see my tears deliver  
My meaning to you.

*Bacha.* Shall I be contemn'd?  
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,  
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing  
Which a right man would offer.

*Leuc.* 'Tis your will,  
Heaven ! but let me bear me like myself,  
However she does.

*Bacha.* [*rising.*] Were you made an eunuch  
Since you went hence ? yet they have more desire  
Than I can find in you. How fond<sup>w</sup> was I  
To beg thy love ! I'll force thee to my will :  
Dost thou not know that I can make the king  
Dote as my list<sup>x</sup> ? Yield quickly, or, by heaven,  
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose !  
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee  
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,  
And not thy health,—why dost not speak to me ?—  
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown  
Less able to perform, then I will have thee  
Kill'd and forgotten : are you stricken dumb ?

*Leuc.* All you have nam'd, but making of me sin  
With you, you may command, but never that :  
Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me ;  
If you speak [*wickedly*]<sup>y</sup>, I will not follow  
Your counsel, neither will I tell the world  
To your disgrace, but give you the just honour  
That is due from me to my father's wife.

*Bacha.* Lord, how full of wise formality

<sup>w</sup> *fond*] i. e. foolish.

<sup>x</sup> *as my list*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print “*at my list*”, Weber, “*as me list*” : but, surely, the old text may mean—according to my pleasure.

<sup>y</sup> *wickedly*] That something, absolutely necessary to complete the sense, has dropt out here, probably by a mistake of the original compositor, is quite evident ; though the modern editors (those of 1778 and Weber pointing this speech in a most ridiculous manner) do not appear to have perceived the deficiency. In the preceding page Leucippus says, “Pray, leave this *wicked* talk.”



You're grown of late ! but you were telling me  
 You could have wish'd that I had married you :  
 If you will swear so yet, I'll make away  
 The king.

*Leuc.* You are a strumpet !

*Bacha.* Nay, I care not  
 For all your railings ; they will batter walls  
 And take in towns, as soon as trouble me :  
 Tell him, I care not ; I shall undo you only,  
 Which is no matter.

*Leuc.* I appeal to you  
 Still and for ever, that are and cannot  
 Be other !—Madam, I see 'tis in your power  
 To work your will on him ; and I desire you  
 To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,  
 But suffer him to find his quiet grave  
 In peace : alas, he never did you wrong !  
 And farther, I beseech you pardon me  
 For the ill word I gave you ; for, however  
 You may deserve, it became not me  
 To call you so ; but passion urges me  
 I know not whither.—My heart, break now,  
 And ease me ever !

*Bacha.* Pray you, get you hence  
 With your godly <sup>z</sup> humour ! I am weary of you  
 Extremely.

*Leuc.* Trust me, so am I of myself too.  
 Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right !

*Bacha.* Amen, sir. Get you gone ! [Exit LEUCIPPUS.  
 Am I denied ? It does not trouble me  
 That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd :  
 I have lost my patience. I will make him know  
 Lust is not love ; for lust will find a mate  
 While there are men ; and so will I, and more  
 Than one or twenty.

<sup>z</sup> *godly*] Old eds., "goodly" ; and so the modern editors. The correction is from Heath's *MS. Notes* : compare what *Bacha* has previously said,—  
 "Grown so *godly* !" p. 399.

*Enter* TIMANTUS.

Yonder is Timantus,  
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,  
And therefore like to catch at any evil  
That will but pluck him up : him will I make  
Mine own. [*Aside.*]—Timantus !

*Tim.* Madam ?

*Bacha.* Thou know'st well  
Thou wert by chance a means of this my raising,—  
Brought the duke to me ; and though 'twere but chance,  
I must reward thee.

*Tim.* I shall bend my service  
Unto your highness.

*Bacha.* But do it, then, entirely and in every thing ;  
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing thou  
Wouldst not do for me ?

*Tim.* No, by my soul, madam.

*Bacha.* Then thou art right.  
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee,  
With my instruction. [*Exit* TIMANTUS.]

I do see already  
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead ;  
Yet will I never speak an evil word  
Unto his father of him, till I have  
Won a belief I love him ; but I'll make  
His virtues his undoing, and my praises  
Shall be so many swords against his breast :  
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,  
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue  
In this large throne ; nor shall it be withstood :  
They that begin in lust must end in blood. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.— *Before the Palace.**Enter* DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*Dor.* We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.*Nisus.* And a fine duke, that, through his doting age,  
Suffers him[self] to be a child again,  
Under his wife's tuition.*Age.* All the land  
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service :  
Sure, we shall learn to spin.*Dor.* No, that's too honest ;  
We shall have other liberal sciences  
Taught us too soon : lying and flattering,  
Those are the studies now ; and murder shortly  
I know will be humanity<sup>a</sup>. Gentlemen,  
If we live here, we must be knaves, believe it.*Nisus.* I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus ;  
Though my own nature hate it,  
If all determine to be knaves, I'll try  
What I can do upon myself, that's certain :  
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness ;  
The virtue will not quit the pain.*Age.* But pray you, tell me,  
Why is the prince, now ripe and full experient<sup>b</sup>,  
Not made a doer<sup>c</sup> in the state ?*Nisus.* Because he is honest.*Enter* TIMANTUS.*Tim.* Goodness attend your honours !*Dor.* You must not be amongst us, then.*Tim.* The duchess,  
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,  
Would speak with you.<sup>a</sup> *humanity*] i.e. (with a play on the word) polite literature.<sup>b</sup> *experient*] So all the old eds.,—except 4to 1635, which has “*experienc't*”, and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber follow.<sup>c</sup> *doer*] Old eds. “*dore*.”

*Age.* Sir, we are pleas'd to wait :  
When is it ?

*Tim.* An hour hence, my good lords ; and so  
I leave my service. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* This is one of her ferrets that she boults business out  
withal : this fellow, if he were well ript, has all the linings of  
a knave within him ; how sly he looks !

*Nisus.* Have we nothing about our clothes that he may  
catch at ?

*Age.* O' my conscience, there's no treason in my doublet :  
if there be, my elbows will discover it,—they are out.

*Dor.* Faith, and all the harm that I can find in mine is,  
that they are not paid for : let him make what he can of  
that, so he discharge that<sup>d</sup>. Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* BACHA, LEONTIUS, and TELAMON.

*Bacha.* And you shall find, sir, what a blessing Heaven  
Gave you in such a son.

*Leon.* Pray gods I may ! Let's walk, and change our subject.

*Bacha.* Oh, sir, can any thing come sweeter to you,  
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart,  
Than your son's virtue ?

*Leon.* I allow his virtues ;  
But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself  
With such [im]moderate praises of mine own.

*Bacha.* The subject of our commendations  
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,  
That all the glory we can lay upon it,  
Though we should open volumes of his praises,  
Is a mere modesty in his expression<sup>e</sup>,

<sup>d</sup> *that*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "it."

<sup>e</sup> *in his expression*] "i. e. in the expression of him and his merits."

And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought piece  
Wanting proportion.

*Leon.* Yet still he is a man, and subject still  
To more inordinate vices than our love  
Can give him blessing<sup>f</sup>.

*Bacha.* Else he were a god ;  
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heaven,  
That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,  
Things only worthy them, and only these  
In all his actions.

*Leon.* This is too much, my queen.

*Bacha.* Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb  
Had bred this brave man——

*Leon.* Still you run wrong.

*Bacha.* I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him,  
Fed on his growing hopes.

*Leon.* This touches me.

*Bacha.* I know<sup>g</sup> no friends, nor being, but his virtues.

*Leon.* You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

*Bacha.* But words cannot express him, sir.

Why, what a shape Heaven has conceiv'd him in !  
Oh, nature made him up——

*Leon.* I wonder, duchess——

*Bacha.* So you must ; for less than admiration  
Loses this godlike man.

*Leon.* Have you done with him ?

*Bacha.* Done with<sup>h</sup> ! Oh, good gods,  
What qualities thus<sup>i</sup> pass by us without reverence !

*Leon.* I see no such perfection.

*Bacha.* Oh, dear sir, you are a father, and those joys  
To you speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

*Leon.* This leaves a taste behind it worse than physic.

<sup>f</sup>  *blessing*] Altered by the modern editors to “ blessings”,—rightly, perhaps.

<sup>g</sup>  *I know*] Is not the right reading,—“ Ay, known ” ?

<sup>h</sup>  *Done with*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to “ Done with him.”

<sup>i</sup>  *qualities thus*] The first 4to, “ frailties this”. Other eds., “ frailties thus”. Seward printed “ virtues thus”. I have adopted Simpson's conjecture, which is given by the Editors of 1778 and Weber, and approved by Heath in his *MS.* Notes ; and which is preferable to what once occurred to me,—“ faculties.”

*Bacha.* Then, for his wisdom<sup>i</sup>, valour, good fortune, and all  
Those friends of honour, they are in him as free  
And natural as passions in a woman.

*Leon.* You make me blush, at all these years,  
To see how blindly you have flung your praises  
Upon a boy, a very child ; and worthless,  
Whilst I live, of these honours.

*Bacha.* I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue  
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise  
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,  
Or general allowance of the people.

*Leon.* Allowance of the people ! what allow they ?

*Bacha.* All I have said for truth ; and they must do it,  
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.

*Leon.* How's that ?

*Bacha.* For in this<sup>j</sup> youth and noble forwardness  
All things are bound together that are kingly ;  
A fitness to bear rule——

*Leon.* No more !

*Bacha.* And sovereignty,  
Not made to know command.

*Leon.* I have said, no more !

*Bacha.* I have done, sir, though unwilling ; and pardon me.

The Rev. J. Mitford would retain the old reading, “frailties *thus*,” and thinks that the line may mean (Bacha alluding to the king’s imperfect estimate of his son’s character)—What weaknesses of judgment, *frailties*, (for she dare not use a stronger term,) pass by us without any reverence for us, any shame of their baseness !—an explanation which I cannot but consider as both too subtle, and not in accordance with the context.

<sup>i</sup> *Then, for his wisdom, &c.*] Old eds. “*Then for all his wisdom,*” &c.—a mistake, I imagine, of the original compositor, whose eye had caught the “all,” a few words after. Seward printed,—

“*Then for his wisdom, valour, and good fortune,  
And all those friends of honour,*” &c.

and so the Editors of 1778. Weber altered the arrangement of the two preceding speeches to suit exactly the following division,—

“*Then*

*For all his wisdom, valour, good fortune, and all  
Those friends of honour,*” &c.

<sup>j</sup> *this*] Altered by Seward to “his” ; and so his successors : but “this” means—this his youth.

*Leon.* I do ; not a word more !

*Bacha.* I have gi'n thee poison,  
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,  
Or the gross air o'er-heated.

[*Aside.*

*Enter TIMANTUS.*

*Leon.* Timantus, when  
Saw you the prince ?

*Tim.* I left him now, sir.

*Leon.* Tell me truly,  
Out of your free opinion, without courting,  
How you like him.

*Tim.* How I like him !

*Leon.* Yes ;  
For you in conversation may see more  
Than a father.

*Bacha.* It works.

[*Aside.*

*Tim.* Your grace has chosen out an ill observer.

*Leon.* Yes, I mean of his ill ; you take<sup>k</sup> rightly.

*Tim.* But you take me wrong. All I know by him  
I dare deliver boldly : he is the storehouse  
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,  
That feeds the kingdom.

*Leon.* These are flatteries. Speak me his vices ; there  
You do a service worth<sup>l</sup> a father's thanks.

*Tim.* Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure  
They are the times', which I could wish less dangerous.  
But pardon me, I am too bold.

*Leon.* You are not :  
Forward, and open what these dangers are !

*Tim.* Nay, good sir—

*Leon.* Nay, fall not off again ; I will have all.

*Tim.* Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe  
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe

<sup>k</sup> *take*] So the first 4to (a reading which is proved to be right by what immediately follows). Other eds. "talk"; and so the modern editors.

<sup>l</sup> *worth*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "worthy," to suit their arrangement of the metre.

Faults in a state? all my main business  
Is service to your grace, and necessaries  
For my poor life.

*Leon.* Do not displease me, sirrah;  
But that you know tell me, and presently.

*Tim.* Since your grace will have it,  
I'll speak it freely; always my obedience  
And love preserv'd unto the prince.

*Leon.* Prithee, to the matter.

*Tim.* For, sir, if you consider  
How like a sun in all his great employments,  
How full of heat——

*Leon.* Make me understand  
What I desire.

*Tim.* And, then, at his return——

*Leon.* Do not anger me!

*Tim.* Then, thus, sir: all mislike you,  
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

*Leon.* What!

*Tim.* Talk and prate as their ignorant rages lead<sup>m</sup> 'em,  
Without allegiance or religion.

For heaven's sake, have a care of your own person!  
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead  
Farther than I dare think yet.

*Leon.* Oh, base people!

*Tim.* Yet the prince,  
For whom this is pretended, may persuade 'em,  
And no doubt will; virtue is ever watchful:  
But be you still secur'd and comforted!

*Leon.* Heaven, how have I offended, that this rod  
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me  
When I am old and helpless?

*Tim.* Brave gentleman!  
That such a madding love should follow thee,  
To rob thee of a father! All the court  
Is full of dangerous whispers.

*Leon.* I perceive it;

<sup>m</sup> *lead*] Old eds., "leads."



And, spite of all their strengths, will make my safety :  
 I'll cut him shorter, I'll cut him shorter first,—  
 Then let him rule !

*Bacha.* What a foul age is this,  
 When virtue is made a sword to smite the virtuous !  
 Alas, alas !

*Leon.* I'll teach him to fly lower.

*Tim.* By no means, sir ; rather make more your love,  
 And hold your favour to him ; for 'tis now  
 Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,—  
 As I must ne'er believe,—run with their rages,—  
 He ever<sup>n</sup> was so innocent. But what reason  
 His grace has to withdraw his love from me  
 And other good men that are near your person,  
 I cannot yet find out ; I know my duty  
 Has ever been attending.

*Leon.* 'Tis too plain :  
 He means to play the villain ; I'll prevent him.  
 Not a word more of this ; be private.

[*Exit.*

*Tim.* Madam, 'tis done.

*Bacha.* He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with  
 The noblemen ?

*Tim.* Yes, madam ; they are here.  
 I wait a farther service.

*Bacha.* Till you see<sup>o</sup> the prince,  
 You need no more instructions.

*Tim.* No ; I have it.

[*Exit.*

*Bacha.* That fool that willingly provokes a woman,  
 Has made himself another evil angel,  
 And a new hell, to which all other torments  
 Are but mere pastime.

<sup>n</sup> ever] Old eds., "never."—"A very involved paragraph, but the meaning is,—'It is now impossible to restrain him, if he has given up his thoughts to their rages (that is, to their violent intents) which I must not suffer myself to believe, as he was ever so innocent.'" WEBER,—who was indebted to Mason for this wrong explanation. That "their rages" means those of the people, is plain from what Timantus has said a little before,—

"Talk and prate as *their ignorant rages* lead 'em."

<sup>o</sup> *Till you see*] So 4to 1635. Other eds., "*Till* yet be." Seward printed "Still beset" !

*Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

Now, my noble lords,

You must excuse me, that unmannerly  
We have broke your private business.

*Age.* Your good grace  
May command us and that.

*Bacha.* Faith, my lord Agenor,  
It is so good a cause, I am confident  
You cannot lose by it.

*Dor.* Which way does she fish now?  
The devil is but a fool to<sup>p</sup> a right woman. [*Aside.*]

*Nisus.* Madam, we must needs win in doing service  
To such a gracious lady.

*Bacha.* I thank you, and will let you know the business,  
So I may have your helps : never be doubtful ;  
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you  
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,  
That I assure myself your willing hearts  
Will straight be for me in it.

*Age.* If she should prove good now, what were 't like ?

*Dor.* Thunder in January, or a good woman ; that's  
stranger than all the monsters in<sup>q</sup> Afric.

*Bacha.* It shall not need your wonder ; this it is.  
The duke you know is old, and rather subject  
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,  
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend  
A kingdom's safety ; therefore, to prevent  
The fall of such a flourishing estate  
As this has ever<sup>r</sup> been, and to put off  
The murmur[s] of the people, that increase  
Against my government, which the gods know<sup>s</sup>  
I only feel the trouble of, I present

<sup>p</sup> to] i. e. compared to.

<sup>q</sup> the monsters in] So 4to. 1635. Omitted in other eds. ; and by Seward.  
In *The Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 3 (see vol. iii.), we find,—

“ ’Foot, this is *stranger than an Afric monster!*”

<sup>r</sup> ever] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

<sup>s</sup> know] Old eds., “ knows.”

The prince unto your loves, a gentleman  
 In whom all excellencies are knit together,  
 All pieces of a true man : let your prayers  
 Win from the duke half his vexation,  
 That he may undertake it, whose discretion  
 I must confess, though it be from a<sup>t</sup> father,  
 Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern :  
 'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's ;  
 I know the weakness of it<sup>u</sup>.

*Nisus.* Madam, this noble care and love has won us  
 For ever to your loves : we'll to the king ;  
 And since your grace has put it in our mouths,  
 We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.

*Dor.* I was never cozen'd in a woman before ;  
 For commonly they are like apples ; if once they bruise,  
 They will grow rotten through, and serve for nothing  
 But to assuage swellings. [*Aside.*

*Bacha.* Good lords, delay no time, since 'tis your good  
 pleasures  
 To think my counsel good ; and by no means  
 Let the prince know it, whose affections  
 Will stir mainly against it ; besides, his father  
 May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried  
 So that his forward will appear not in it.  
 Go, and be happy !

*Dor.* Well, I would not be chronicled as thou  
 Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world. [*Aside.*

*Nisus.* Madam, we kiss your hand ; and so inspir'd<sup>v</sup>,  
 Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>t</sup> a] So 4to 1635. Other eds., "the" ; and so Seward.

<sup>u</sup> I know the weakness of it.] "i. e. of the duke's discretion, compared with that of Leucippus." MASON. "I should rather conceive the meaning to be— 'It is the desire of the whole land, not my own desire only, of which I know the inadequacy.'" WEBER.

<sup>v</sup> inspir'd] Seward's correction. Old eds. "inspire."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter LEUCIPPUS and ISMENUS.*

*Leuc.* And<sup>w</sup> thus she has us'd me: is't not a good mother?

*Ism.* Why kill'd you her not?

*Leuc.* The gods forbid it!

*Ism.* 'Slight, if all the women i' the world were barren, she had died!

*Leuc.* But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.

*Ism.* Then have I none at all; for all I have in me directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.

*Leuc.* Why?

*Ism.* Nay, 'tis well if he know himself. But some of the nobility have delivered a petition to him; what's in't I know not; but it has put him to his trumps: he has taken a month's time to answer it, and chafes like himself.

*Leuc.* He's here, Ismenus.

*Enter LEONTIUS led on by TELAMON, and BACHA.*

*Leon.* Set me down, Telamon.—Leucippus!

*Leuc.* Sir?

*Bacha.* Nay, good sir, be at peace; I dare swear He knew not of it.

*Leon.* You are foolish; peace.

*Bacha.* All will go ill<sup>x</sup>! Deny it boldly, sir; Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.

*Leuc.* What?

*Bacha.* You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

*Leuc.* What is the matter?

*Leon.* Know'st thou that petition?

<sup>w</sup> *And*] Omitted in 4to 1635; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

<sup>x</sup> *ill*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "well,"—a specious conjecture.

Look on it well: wouldst thou be join'd with me?  
 Unnatural child, to be weary of me,  
 Ere fate esteem me fit for other worlds!

*Bacha.* May be he knows not of it.

*Leuc.* Oh, strange carriages!

Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing  
 To reward doing well, my usages,  
 Which have been,—but it is no matter what,—  
 Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,  
 That I should welcome it like a disease  
 That grew upon me, and I could not cure.  
 They are my enemies that gave you this;  
 And yet they call me friend, and are themselves,  
 I fear, abus'd. I am weary of my life;  
 For God's sake, take it from me! it creates  
 More mischief in the state than it is worth.  
 The usage I have had, I know would make  
 Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,  
 And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,

This sword—— [Offers his sword to LEONTIUS.]

*Bacha.* Alas! help, for the love of Heaven!—  
 Make way<sup>s</sup> through me first; for he is your father.

*Leon.* What, would he kill me?

*Bacha.* No, sir, no.

*Leon.* Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear—

*Leuc.* Why do you use me thus? who is't can think  
 That I would kill my father, that can yet  
 Forbear to kill you?—Here, sir, is my sword;

[Throws down his sword.]

I dare not touch it, lest she say again  
 I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy  
 When I most need it, if I would not change  
 Place with my meanest servant!—Let these faults

[Aside to BACHA.]

Be mended, madam: if you saw how ill  
 They did become you, you would part with them.

*Bacha.* I, told the duke as much before.

<sup>s</sup> way] Weber chose to print "a way."

*Leuc.* What? what did you tell him?

*Bacha.* That it was only an ambition,  
Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,  
Which age would take away.

*Leon.* It was his doing, then?—Come hither, love.

*Bacha.* No, indeed, sir.

*Leuc.* How am I made, that I can bear all this?  
If any one had us'd a friend of mine  
Near this, my hand had carried death about it.

*Leon.* Lead me hence, Telamon.—Come, my dear Bacha.  
I shall find time for this.

*Ism.* Madam, you know I dare not speak before  
The king; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell it<sup>z</sup> you,)  
You are the most wicked'st<sup>a</sup> and most murderous strumpet  
That ever was call'd woman!

*Bacha.* My lord,  
What I can do for him, he shall command me.

*Leon.* I know thou art too kind: away, I say!

[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS, BACHA, and TELAMON.]

*Ism.* Sir, I am sure we dream; this cannot be.

*Leuc.* Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought  
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.

[*URANIA passes over the stage.*]

*Ism.* Look, do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's  
issue: kill her; yet take some little piddling revenge.

*Leuc.* Away!  
The whole court calls her virtuous; for they say  
She is unlike her mother; and if so,  
She can have no vice.

*Ism.* I'll trust none of 'em  
That come of such a breed.

*Leuc.* But I have found  
A kind of love in her to me: alas,  
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,

<sup>z</sup> *it*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

<sup>a</sup> *wicked'st*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "wicked." Perhaps the arrangement of the old eds., where the word "strumpet" begins the next line, is that which was intended by the author.

She is as free from any hate to me  
 As her bad mother's full. She was brought up  
 I' the country, as her tongue will let you know,  
 If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,  
 Such as her mother had.

*Re-enter URANIA.*

*Ism.* She's come again.

*Ura.* I would fen speak to the good marquis, my brother,  
 If I but thought he could abaid me.

*Leuc.* Sister, how do you ?

*Ura.* Very well, I thank you.

*Ism.* How does your good mother ?

*Leuc.* Fie, fie, Ismenus,

For shame ! mock such an innocent soul as this !

*Ura.* Feth, a' she be no good, God ma'<sup>y</sup> her so !

*Leuc.* I know you wish it with your heart, dear sister :  
 But she is good, I hope.

*Ism.* Are you so simple,

To make so much of this ? do you not know  
 That all her wicked mother labours for  
 Is but to raise her to your right, and leave her  
 This dukedom ?

*Ura.* Ay ; but ne'er, sir, be afred ;  
 For though she take th' ungainest weas she can,  
 I'll ne'er ha't fro you.

*Leuc.* I should hate myself, Ismenus,  
 If I should think of her simplicity  
 Aught but extremely well.

*Ism.* Nay, as you will.

*Ura.* And though she be my mother,  
 If she take any caurse to do you wrang,  
 If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir :  
 And so I'll take my leave.

<sup>y</sup> ma'] i. e. make. Weber remarks on a later scene, that "it is one of the numerous singularities in this play, that Urania speaks a mixture of broad Scotch and Yorkshire." The absurdity is not to be defended ; but the same sort of rustic gibberish, and as much out of place, may be found in various other early dramas.

*Leuc.* Farewell, good sister :

I thank you.

[*Exit URANIA.*]

*Ism.* You believe all this ?

*Leuc.* Yes.

*Ism.* A good faith doth well ; but, methinks, it were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.

*Enter TIMANTUS.*

Yonder's one you may trust, if you will, too.

*Leuc.* So I will,

If he can shew me as apparent signs  
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus ?

*Ism.* Yes, I think so ; some good's happened I warrant.—  
Do you hear, you ? what honest man has scaped misery, that  
thou art crying thus ?

*Tim.* Noble Ismenus, where's the prince ?

*Ism.* Why, there : hast wept thine eyes out ?

*Tim.* Sir, I beseech you, hear me.

*Leuc.* Well, speak on.

*Ism.* Why, will you hear him ?

*Leuc.* Yes, Ismenus ; why ?

*Ism.* I would hear blasphemy as willingly.

*Leuc.* You are to blame.

*Tim.* No, sir, he is not to blame,  
If I were as I was.

*Ism.* Nor as thou art,  
l'faith, a whit to blame.

*Leuc.* What's your business ?

*Tim.* Faith, sir, I am asham'd to speak before you ;  
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,  
And, by the earnest instigation  
Of others, have not done you to the king  
Always the best and friendliest offices :  
Which pardon me, or I will never speak.

*Ism.* Never pardon him, and silence a knave.

*Leuc.* I pardon thee.

*Tim.* Your mother sure is naught.

*Leuc.* Why shouldst thou think so ?



*Tim.* Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes perceive not  
The dangers you are led to ! Shame upon her,  
And what fell miseries the gods can think on,  
Shower down upon her wicked head ! she has plotted,  
I know too well, your death : would my poor life,  
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd  
Like sacrifices up for your preserving ;  
What free oblations would she have to glut her !  
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin,  
If Heaven and good men step not to your rescue,  
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom !  
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans i' the country,  
Left without friends or parents<sup>z</sup>.

*Leuc.* Now, Ismenus, what think you of this fellow ?  
This was a lying knave, a flatterer !  
Does not this love still shew him so ?

*Ism.* This love ! this halter. If he prove not yet  
The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,  
I'll never see man again ; I know him to bring<sup>a</sup>,

<sup>z</sup> *without friends or parents*] All the old eds., “with but *friends or parents* ;”  
—except 4to 1635, which has “with but *friends, not parents*.” Seward printed,—

“ *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in  
This country, left without or friends or parents.*”

and so the Editors of 1778. Weber retained Seward's “This,” and his arrangement of the lines.

<sup>a</sup> *I know him to bring*] Seward printed “*I know him to b'a rogue*” ! Mason would read “*I know him to be one*” ; and Weber had “little hesitation in believing that here a line had been overlooked by the compositor.”

Though sure that the text is uncorrupted, I am by no means sure about its exact meaning, which I leave the reader to determine from a comparison of the following passages.

“ *E. Love.* I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience,  
For ferreting in my ground.

*Lady.* You have been with my sister ?

*Wel.* Yes, *to bring*.

*E. Love.* An heir into the world he means.”

*The Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4 ;—see vol. iii. of the present work.

“ And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing  
That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him *to bring* :  
Well, such shifting knaves as I am, the anibodexter must play,  
And for commodity serve every man, whatsoever the world say.”

*Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*,—Peele's *Works*, iii. 44. ed. Dyce.

And can interpret every new face he makes:  
 Look how he wrings, like a good stool, for a tear!  
 Take heed;  
 Children and fools first feel the smart, then weep.

*Leuc.* Away, away! such an unkind distrust  
 Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,  
 And sooner leads to mischief. I believe it,  
 And him an honest man; he could not carry,  
 Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.

*Ism.* Take heed; this is your mother's scorpion,  
 That carries stings even in his tears, whose soul  
 Is a rank poison through: touch not at him;  
 If you do, you are gone, if you had twenty lives.  
 I knew him from<sup>b</sup> a roguish boy,  
 When he would poison dogs, and keep tame toads;  
 He lay with his mother, and infected her,  
 And now she begs i' the hospital, with a patch  
 Of velvet where her nose stood, like the queen of spades,  
 And all her teeth in her purse.  
 The devil and this fellow are so near,  
 'Tis not yet known which is the eviler angel.

*Leuc.* Nay, then, I see 'tis spite.—Come hither, friend:  
 Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd  
 My mother to my death? for I protest  
 I feel none in myself.

*Tim.* Her will, sir, and ambition, as I think,  
 Are the provokers of it, as in women  
 Those two are ever powerful to destruction;  
 Beside a hate of your still-growing virtues,  
 She being only wicked<sup>c</sup>.

*Leuc.* Heavens defend me,

“And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;  
 And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee *to bring*,  
 And thee, Lorenzo,” &c.

Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, act iv,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*,  
 iii. 163, last ed.

<sup>b</sup> *from*] So the first 4to. Other eds. “for”; and so the modern editors.

<sup>c</sup> *only wicked*] “i. e. nothing but wickedness, entirely compounded of it.”

As I am innocent, and ever have been,  
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,  
That carry such rewards along with 'em !

*Tim.* Sir, all I know, my duty must reveal ;  
My country and my love command it from me,  
For whom I'll lay my life down. This night coming,  
A council is appointed by the duke  
To sit about your apprehension :  
If you dare trust my faith, (which, by all good things,  
Shall ever watch about you !) go along,  
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word  
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot  
Without discovering to you ; which once known,  
You have your answers and prevention.

*Ism.* You are not so mad to go ! shift off this fellow :  
You shall be rul'd once by a wise man.—Ratsbane,  
Get you gone, or——

*Leuc.* Peace, peace, for shame ! thy love is too suspicious :  
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life,  
And I will take it.—Be my guide, Timantus,  
And do not mind this angry man ; thou know'st him :  
I may live to requite thee.

*Tim.* Sir, this service  
Is done for virtue's sake, not for reward,  
However he may hold me.

*Ism.* The great pox on you ! but thou hast that curse so  
much,  
'Twill grow a blessing in thee shortly.—Sir,  
For wisdom's sake, court not your death ! I am  
Your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both :  
If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you  
Run your neck into the noose, and cry, A woodcock !<sup>d</sup>

*Leuc.* So much of man, and so much fearful, fie !  
Prithee, have peace within thee : I shall live yet  
Many a golden day to hold thee here

<sup>d</sup> *woodcock*] Became a common cant term for a simpleton. Again, in Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*, act iv. sc. 4, we find the same allusion to the readiness with which woodcocks ran into the springs, or nets, that were formerly set for them.

Dearest and nearest to me.—Go on, Timantus.—  
I charge you by your love, no more, no more !

[*Exeunt* LEUCIPPUS and TIMANTUS.]

*Ism.* Go, and let your own rod whip you ! I pity you :  
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't ;  
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last  
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,  
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTIUS and TELAMON.

*Leon.* I wonder the duchess comes not.

*Tel.* She has heard, sir, your will to <sup>e</sup> speak with her :  
But there is something leaden at her heart,  
(Pray God it be not mortal !) that even keeps her  
From conversation with herself.

*Enter* BACHA.

*Bacha.* Oh, whither  
Will you, my cross affections, pull me ? Fortune, Fate,  
And you whose powers direct our actions,  
And dwell within us, you that are angels  
Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given  
So strong a hand to evil ? wherefore suffer'd  
A temple of your own, you deities,  
Where your fair selves dwelt only and your goodness,  
Thus to be soil'd with sin ?

*Leon.* Heaven bless us all !  
From whence comes this distemper ? speak, my fair one.

*Bacha.* And have you none, Love and Obedience,  
You ever-faithful servants, to employ  
In this strange story of impiety  
But me, a mother ? must I be your trumpet<sup>f</sup>,

<sup>e</sup> *to*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to. 1635, "is *to*."

<sup>f</sup> *trumpet*] So the Editors of 1778. Old eds. "strumpet."

To lay black treason open <sup>g</sup>? and in him  
 In whom all sweetness was ; in whom my love  
 Was proud to have a being ; in whom justice,  
 And all the gods for our imaginations <sup>h</sup>  
 Can work into a man, were more than virtues ?  
 Ambition, down to hell, where thou wert foster'd !  
 Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,  
 And merest innocence <sup>i</sup> itself, that ever  
 Man's <sup>j</sup> greedy hopes gave life to.

*Leon.* This is still stranger : lay this treason open  
 To my correction.

*Bacha.* Oh, what a combat duty and affection  
 Breed <sup>k</sup> in my blood !

*Leon.* If thou conceal'st him, may,  
 Beside my death, the curses of the country,  
 Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,  
 Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave !

*Bacha.* My being, for another tongue to tell it !  
 Oh, ease <sup>l</sup> a mother, some good man that dares  
 Speak for his king and country ! I am full  
 Of too much woman's pity : yet, oh, heaven,  
 Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,  
 Let it not be a cruelty in me,  
 Nor draw a mother's name in question  
 Amongst unborn people, to give up that man  
 To law and justice, that unrighteously  
 Has sought his father's death ! Be deaf, be deaf, sir !  
 Your son is the offender : now have you all ;  
 Would I might never speak again !

<sup>g</sup> *open*] Old eds. "upon."

<sup>h</sup> *And all the gods for our imaginations*] Seward printed,—

" *And all the gods for all our imaginations.*"

The Editors of 1778 propose in a note "or *our imaginations.*" Mason would read "to *our imaginations.*" And Weber gave (Sympson's conjecture) "*for our imitations.*" Surely, the text may mean,—And all that the gods, to satisfy our imaginations of perfection.

<sup>i</sup> *innocence*] Theobald's and Seward's correction. Old eds. "innocent'st."

<sup>j</sup> *Man's*] So 4to, 1635. Other eds. "Men's;" and so Seward.

<sup>k</sup> *Breed*] Old eds. "Breeds."

<sup>l</sup> *Oh, ease*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "Cease."

*Leon.* My son!

Heaven help me! No more: I thought it;  
And since his life is grown so dangerous,  
Let them that gave him take him; he shall die,  
And with him all my fears.

*Bacha.* Oh, use your mercy!

You have a brave subject to bestow it on:  
I'll forgive him, sir; and for his wrong to me,  
I'll be before you.

*Leon.* Durst his villany

Extend to thee?

*Bacha.* Nothing but heats of youth, sir.

*Leon.* Upon my life, he sought my bed!

*Bacha.* I must confess he lov'd me

Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursued it  
With such a lust, I will not say ambition,  
That, clean forgetting all obedience,  
And only following his first heat unto me,  
He hotly sought your death, and me in marriage.

*Leon.* Oh, villain!

*Bacha.* But I forget all; and am half asham'd  
To press a man so far.

*Enter TIMANTUS.*

*Tim.* Where is the duke? for God's sake, bring me to him!

*Leon.* Here I am:—each corner of the dukedom  
Sends new affrights forth:—what wouldst thou? speak.

*Tim.* I cannot, sir, my fear ties up my tongue.

*Leon.* Why, what's the matter? take thy courage to thee,  
And boldly speak.—Where are the guard?—In the gods' name,  
Out with it!

*Enter the Guard.*

*Tim.* Treason, treason!

*Leon.* In whom?

*Bacha.* Double the guard!

*Tim.* There is a fellow, sir—

*Leon.* Leave shaking, man.

*Tim.* 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

*Leon.* Well?

*Tim.* There is a fellow, sir, close <sup>m</sup> i' the lobby :—  
You o' the guard, look to the door there!

*Leon.* But let me know the business.

*Tim.* Oh, that the hearts of men should be so harden'd  
Against so good a duke!—For God's sake, sir,  
Seek means to save yourself! this wretched slave  
Has his sword in his hand; I know his heart:  
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it!

*Leon.* Where is he?

*Tim.* I' the lobby, sir, close in a corner:  
Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake! methinks,  
He is here already.—Fellows of the guard, be valiant!

*Leon.* Go, sirs, and apprehend him. Treason shall  
Never dare me in mine own gates. [*Exeunt the Guard.*]

*Tim.* 'Tis done.

*Bacha.* And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

*Leon.* Are these the comforts of my age? They're happy  
That end their days contented with a little,  
And live aloof from dangers: to a king  
Every content doth a new peril bring.

*Re-enter the Guard with LEUCIPPUS.*

Oh, let me live no longer!—Shame of nature,  
Bastard to honour, traitor, murderer,  
Devil in a human shape!—Away with him!  
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.

*Leuc.* Sir, hear me.

*Leon.* Am I or he your duke? away with him  
To a close prison!—Your highness now shall know,  
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

*Leuc.* Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;  
My innocency<sup>n</sup> is my armour. Gods preserve you!

[*Exit with the Guard.*]

*Bacha.* Fare thee well!

I shall never see so brave a gentleman:  
Would I could weep out his offences!

<sup>m</sup> close] i. e. secretly hid.

<sup>n</sup> innocency] The modern editors print "innocence."

*Tim.* Or

I could weep out mine eyes !

*Leon.* Come, gentlemen ;

We'll determine presently about his death :

We cannot be too forward in our safety.

I am very sick ; lead me unto my bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter First Citizen and Boy.*

*First Cit.* Sirrah, go fetch my fox<sup>n</sup> from the cutler's ;  
There's money for the scouring : tell him I stop  
A groat, since the last great muster, he had in stone-pitch  
For the bruise he took with the recoiling of his gun.

*Boy.* Yes, sir.

*First Cit.* And, do you hear? when you come, take down  
my buckler,  
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick<sup>o</sup> on't,  
And fetch a nail or two, and tack on bracers<sup>p</sup> :  
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,  
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.

*Boy.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*First Cit.* [*knocking at a door.*] Who's within here? ho,  
neighbour!  
Not stirring yet?

*Enter Second Citizen.*

*Sec. Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow :  
What news, what news?

*First Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

*Sec. Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune ! I am resolv'd.

<sup>n</sup> *fox*] See note, p. 314.

<sup>o</sup> *the pick*] i. e. the pike, or spike, in the centre of the buckler.

<sup>p</sup> *bracers*] i. e. straps, to pass the arm through. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to. 1635, "the *bracers*."



*First Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows,  
That will not give their heads for the washing<sup>1</sup>, I take it.

*Sec. Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such good  
company,  
And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!  
'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em  
To the world, and let their honours, their honours, neigh-  
bour, slip.

*First Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of bastard<sup>2</sup> and a roll  
For that bare word.

*Sec. Cit.* They say that we tailors are  
Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us:  
I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o' the game, then.—  
Jack, take down my bill<sup>3</sup>; 'tis ten to one I use it.—

[*To Boy within.*

Take a good heart, man; all the low ward is ours,  
With a wet finger.—

And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,

[*To Boy within.*

That that I us'd to work in when the gentlemen  
Were up against us, and beaten out of town,  
And almost out o' debt too,—for, a plague on 'em!  
They never paid well since: and take heed, sirrah,  
Your mistress hears not of this business,  
She's near her time; yet, if she do, I care not;  
She may long for rebellion, for she has  
A devilish spirit.

*First Cit.* Come, let's call up  
The new iremonger<sup>4</sup>: he's as tough as steel,  
And has a fine wit in these resurrections.—  
Are you stirring, neighbour?

[*Knocking at another door.*

<sup>1</sup> *That will not give their heads for the washing*] “This proverbial phrase occurs in *Hudibras* (Part I. Canto III. ver. 255).” WEBER. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Head*.

<sup>2</sup> *bastard*] Was a sweetish wine, (approaching to the muscadel wine in flavour, and perhaps made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape,) which was brought from some of the countries bordering the Mediterranean. There were two sorts, white and brown. See Henderson's *Hist. of Wines*, pp. 290-1.

<sup>3</sup> *bill*] See note, vol. 1, 297.

<sup>4</sup> *iremonger*] The modern editors give, with 4to. 1635, “ironmonger.”

*Third Cit.* [*within*] Oh, good morrow, neighbours :  
I'll come to you presently,

*Sec. Cit.* Go to <sup>t</sup>,

This is his mother's doing ; she's a polecat.

*First Cit.* As any is in the world

*Sec. Cit.* Then say I have hit it, and a vengeance on her,  
Let her be what she will !

*First Cit.* Amen, say I :

She has brought things <sup>u</sup> to a fine pass with her wisdom, do  
you mark it ?

*Sec. Cit.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old duke ;  
She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles him,  
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,  
And makes him believe his teeth will come again ;  
Which if they did, and I he, I would worry her  
As never cur was worried,—I would, neighbour,  
Till my teeth met I know where ; but that's counsel <sup>v</sup>.

*Enter Third Citizen.*

*Third Cit.* Good morrow, neighbours : hear you the sad news ?

*First Cit.* Yes ; would we knew as well how to prevent it !

*Third Cit.* I cannot tell : methinks, 'twere no great matter,  
If men were men ; but——

*Sec. Cit.* You do not twit me with my calling <sup>w</sup>, neighbour ?

*Third Cit.* No, surely ; for I know your spirit to be tall :  
Pray, be not vex'd.

*Sec. Cit.* Pray, forward with your counsel. I am what I am,  
And they that prove me shall find me to their cost :  
Do you mark me, neighbour ? to their cost, I say.

*First Cit.* Nay, look how soon you are angry !

*Sec. Cit.* They shall, neighbours ; yes, I say they shall.

<sup>t</sup> *Go to*] Weber put a dash after these words, wrongly supposing them to be addressed to the Third Citizen.

<sup>u</sup> *She has brought things, &c.*] Mr. Darley remarks that “ a multitude of elisions would give Beaumont and Fletcher's works the unsightliest aspect, if the lines were printed as they must be pronounced.” *Introd. to their Works*, p. xliii. The present line of course is to be shortened thus in the reading,—

“ S'has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom, d'ye mark it ? ”

<sup>v</sup> *that's counsel*] “ i. e. that is a secret.” WEBER.

<sup>w</sup> *my calling*] The *Sec. Cit.* is a tailor : see his speech, p. 427.

*Third Cit.* I do believe they shall.

*First Cit.* I know they shall.

*Sec. Cit.* Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence :  
I am no beast ; I know mine own strength, neighbours :  
God bless the king ! your companies is fair.

*First Cit.* Nay, neighbour, now ye err ; I must tell you so,  
An ye were twenty neighbours.

*Third Cit.* You had best  
Go peach ; do, peach.

*Sec. Cit.* Peach ! I scorn the motion.

*Third Cit.* Do, and see what follows : I'll spend an hundred  
pound  
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.

*Sec. Cit.* Peach ! oh, disgrace !  
Peach in thy face ! and do the worst thou canst !  
I am a true man, and a free-man : peach !

*First Cit.* Nay, look, you will spoil all.

*Sec. Cit.* Peach !

*First Cit.* Whilst you two brawl together,  
The prince will lose his life.

*Third Cit.* Come, give me your hand ;  
I love you well. Are you for the action ?

*Sec. Cit.* Yes ;  
But peach provokes me : 'tis a cold fruit ; I feel it  
Cold in my stomach still.

*Third Cit.* No more : I'll give you cake to digest<sup>x</sup> it.

*Enter Fourth Citizen.*

*Fourth Cit.* Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys :  
[*To Boys within.*

And one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes  
('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn  
A little juniper in my murrin<sup>y</sup> (the maid made it  
Her chamber-pot) ; an hour hence I'll come again :  
And, as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt !

<sup>x</sup> *digest*] So all the old eds.—except 4to. 1635, which has “digest,” and which the modern editors follow. Even supposing *digest* to be a vulgarism (which formerly it was not), it would be unobjectionable here.

<sup>y</sup> *murrin*] i. e. murrion, morion,—steel cap, plain helmet.

*Third Cit.* The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!

*Sec. Cit.* Gossip, good morrow.

*Fourth Cit.* Oh, good morrow, gossip,—  
Good morrow, all. I see ye of one mind,  
You cleave so close together. Come, 'tis time:  
I have prepar'd an hundred, if they stand.

*First Cit.* 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?

*Third Cit.* First, let's to the tavern; and a pint a-piece  
Will make us dragons.

*Sec. Cit.* I will have no mercy,  
Come what will of it.

*Fourth Cit.* If my tuck hold, I'll spit  
The guard like larks with sage between 'em.

*Sec. Cit.* I have  
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make  
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on:  
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.

*Third. Cit.* Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of  
When I am rotten: pray God there be enough  
To kill! that's all. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

*Age.* How black the day begins!

*Dor.* Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall  
be done this morning?

*Nisus.* Does the prince suffer to-day?

*Dor.* Within this hour, they say.

*Age.* Well, they that are most wicked are most safe:  
'Twill be a strange justice and a lamentable;  
Gods keep us from the too soon feeling of it!

*Dor.* I care not if my throat were next; for to live still,  
and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

*Nisus.* Yet we must do it, and thank 'em too, that our  
lives may be accepted.

*Age.* Faith, I'll go starve myself, or grow diseased, to shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me.

*Dor.* Ay, a plague on him! he's too excellent at arms.

*Nisus.* Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?

*Age.* I'll make a mourner.

*Dor.* If I could do him any good, I would go; The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit: My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes. As you find him settled,

Remember my love and service to his grace.

*Nisus.* We will weep for you, sir. Farewell.

*Dor.* Farewell:

[*Exeunt.*

To all our happiness a long farewell!—

Thou angry power, whether of heaven or hell,  
That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom  
For our offences, infinite and mighty,  
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd  
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,  
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept  
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly wisdoms,  
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,  
That now is flying to your happiness,  
Only for you most fit; let all our sins  
Suffer in him!—

[*A shout within.*

Gods, what's the matter? I hope

'Tis joy.

*Re-enter AGENOR and NISUS.*

How now, my lords?

*Nisus.* I'll tell you with that little breath I have:  
More joy than you dare think; the prince is safe  
From danger.

*Dor.* How!

*Age.* 'Tis true, and thus it was. His hour was come  
To lose his life; he, ready for the stroke,  
Nobly, and full of saint-like patience,

Went with his guard ; which when the people saw,  
 Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,  
 That bred desires, and whispers to each other,  
 To do some worthy kindness for the prince ;  
 And ere they understood well how to do,  
 Fury stepp'd in, and taught them what to do,  
 Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,  
 As a white innocent : then flew the roar,  
 Through all the streets, of " Save him, save him, save him ! "  
 And as they cried, they did ; for catching up  
 Such sudden weapons as their madness shew[ 'd ] them,  
 In short, they beat the guard, and took him from 'em,  
 And now march with him like a royal army.

*Dor.* Heaven, Heaven, I thank thee ! What a slave was I  
 To have my hand so far from this brave rescue !  
 'T had been a thing to brag on when I was old.  
 Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,  
 And give thanks ?

*Nisus.* As fast as wishes.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

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SCENE V.—*A Street.*

*Enter LEUCIPPUS and ISMENUS.*

*Leuc.* Good friends, go home again ! there's not a man  
 [ *To the people within.* ]

Shall go with me.

*Ism.* Will you not take revenge ?  
 I'll call them on.

*Leuc.* All that love me, depart !  
 I thank you, and will serve you for your loves ;  
 But I will thank you more to suffer me  
 To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,  
 For my sake, to your houses !

*All [within].* Gods preserve you !

*Ism.* And what house will you go to ?

*Leuc.* Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses

That I can think of to defend myself,  
But not offend.

*Ism.* You may kill your mother,  
And never offend your father, an honest man <sup>a</sup>.

*Leuc.* Thou know'st I can scape now ; that's all I look for :  
I'll leave <sup>b</sup>.

*Ism.* Timantus, a pox take him ! would I had him here ! I  
would kill him at his own weapon, single scythes : we have  
built enough on him. Plague on't ! I'm out of all patience :  
discharge such an army as this, that would have followed you  
without paying ! oh, gods !

*Leuc.* To what end should <sup>c</sup> I keep 'em ? I am free.

*Ism.* Yes, free o' the traitors ; for you are proclaimed one.

*Leuc.* Should I therefore make myself one ?

*Ism.* This is one of your moral philosophy, is it ? Heaven bless  
me from subtillties to undo myself with ! but I know, if Reason  
herself were here, she would not part with her own safety.

*Leuc.* Well, pardon <sup>d</sup>, Ismenus ; for I know  
My courses are most just ; nor will I stain 'em  
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st  
That, though I may command thee, I shall be  
A ready servant to thee, if thou need'st :  
And so I'll take my leave.

*Ism.* Of whom ?

*Leuc.* Of thee.

*Ism.* Heart, you shall take no leave of me !

*Leuc.* Shall I not ?

*Ism.* No, by the gods, shall you not ! nay, if you have no  
more wit but to go absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

*Leuc.* Nay, prithee, good Ismenus, part with me !

*Ism.* I wo'not, i'faith : never move it any more ; for, by this  
good light, I wo'not !

<sup>a</sup> *an honest man*] Altered by Seward to "or any *honest man*" ; and so the Editors of 1778.

<sup>b</sup> *I'll leave*] So all the old eds., except 4to 1635, which has "*He leave thee.*" The modern editors print it thus, "I will leave—"

<sup>c</sup> *should*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to 1635, "shall."

<sup>d</sup> *pardon*] The author most probably wrote "*pardon me.*"

*Leuc.* This is an ill time to be thus unruly :  
Ismenus, you must leave me.

*Ism.* Yes, if you can beat me away ; else the gods refuse me, if I will leave you till I see more reason ! you sha'n't undo yourself.

*Leuc.* But why wilt not leave me ?

*Ism.* Why, I'll tell you : because when you are gone, then—life, if I have not forgot my reason—hell take me ! you put me out of patience so—oh, marry, when you are gone, then will your mother—a pox confound her ! she never comes in my head but she spoils my memory too. There are a hundred reasons.

*Leuc.* But shew me one.

*Ism.* Shew you ! what a stir here is ! why, I will shew you : do you think—well, well, I know what I know ; I pray, come, come ; 'tis in vain, but I am sure—devils take 'em ! what do I meddle with 'em ?—you know yourself—soul, I think I am—is there any man i' the world—as if you knew not this already better than I ! Pish, pish, I'll give no reason !

*Leuc.* But I will tell thee one why thou shouldst stay :  
I have not one friend in the court but thou,  
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me  
Any intelligence ; and if thou lov'st me,  
Thou wilt do this ; thou need'st not fear to stay ;  
For there are new-come proclamations out,  
Where all are pardon'd but myself.

*Ism.* 'Tis true ; and in the same proclamation your fine sister Urania, whom you used so kindly, is proclaimed heir-apparent to the crown.

*Leuc.* What though ? thou mayst stay at home without danger.

*Ism.* Danger ! hang danger ! what tell you me of danger ?

*Leuc.* Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

*Ism.* I dare not ! If you speak it <sup>c</sup> in earnest, you are a boy.

*Leuc.* Well, sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.



*Ism.* Why, so you shall ; I will stay.

*Leuc.* Why, God-a-mercy !

*Ism.* You know I love you but too well.

*Leuc.* Now take these few directions ; farewell <sup>f</sup> !

Send to me by the wariest ways thou canst :

I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.

The gods protect thee !

*Ism.* Pox o' myself for an ass ! I'm crying now. God be with you ! if I never see you again, why, then—pray, get you gone ; for grief and anger wo'not let me know what I say. I'll to the court as fast as I can, and see the new heir-apparent.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace* <sup>g</sup>.

*Enter URANIA in boy's clothes, and Maid.*

*Ura.* What, hast thou found him ?

*Maid.* Madam, he is coming in.

*Ura.* Gods <sup>h</sup> bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is !

And I beseech you, keep me fro the bed  
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother  
Would ha' me have to wrong him !

*Enter ISMENUS.*

*Ism.* What would her new grace have with me ?

*Ura.* Leave us a while.

[*Exit Maid.*]

My lord Ismenus,

I pray, for the love of Heaven and God,

<sup>f</sup> *farewell*] The modern editors print “and *farewell*” ; which perhaps the poet wrote.

<sup>g</sup> *An apartment in the Palace*] Weber marked this scene, “*A Street*,”—wrongly, as the second speech shews.

<sup>h</sup> *Gods*] Altered by Seward and Weber to “*God*.”

That you would tell me one thing, which I know  
You can do weel.

*Ism.* [*mocking her.*] Where's her fain grace?

*Ura.* You know me weel enough, but that you mock;  
I am she my sen.

*Ism.* God bless him that shall be thy husband! if thou wearest  
breeches thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.

*Ura.* But will you tell me this one thing?

*Ism.* What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or  
no, perhaps I will.

*Ura.* Yes, feth<sup>h</sup>, 'tis matter.

*Ism.* And what is't?

*Ura.* I pray you,  
Let me know whair the prince my brother is.

*Ism.* I'faith, you shan be hanged first! Is your mother  
so foolish to think your good grace can sift it out of me?

*Ura.* If you have any mercy left i' you  
To a poor wench, tell me!

*Ism.* Why, wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for  
this, to follow thy mother's steps so young?

*Ura.* But, believe me, she knows none of this.

*Ism.* Believe you! why, do you think I never had wits? or  
that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to  
know, if I could tell?

*Ura.* Why, I will tell you; and, if I speak false,  
Let the devil<sup>i</sup> ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,  
Come from a tyrant<sup>j</sup> to my mother, and what name  
They ha' for him, good feth, I cannot tell.

*Ism.* An ambassador?

*Ura.* That's it: but he would carry me away,  
And have me marry his master; and I'll day  
Ere I will ha' him.

*Ism.* But what's this to knowing where the prince is?

<sup>h</sup> *feth*] Here (and only in this speech of Urania) the old eds. agree in reading "faith."

<sup>i</sup> *devil*] Altered by Seward to "de'il"; and so his successors.

<sup>j</sup> *tyrant*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "tayaran," with 4to 1635; but even that 4to in the second speech of Urania in this scene has "tyrant."

*Ura.* Yes ; for you know all my mother does  
Agen the princee, is but to ma' me great. <sup>1</sup>

*Ism.* Pray—I know that too well—what ten<sup>k</sup> ?

*Ura.* Why, I would go to the good marquis my brother,  
And put myself into his hands, that so  
He may preserve himself.

*Ism.* Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in thee,  
and couldst mean this now !

*Ura.* Why, feth<sup>l</sup>, I do ;  
Would I might never stir more, if I do not !

*Ism.* I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damned else :  
hang me, if I do not half believe thee.

*Ura.* By my troth, you may.

*Ism.* By my troth, I do: I know I'm an ass for't, but I  
cannot help it.

*Ura.* And won you tell me, then ?

*Ism.* Yes, faith, will I, or any thing else i' the world ; for I  
think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

*Ura.* But ail go i'this lad's reparrel<sup>m</sup> ; but you mun help me  
To silver.

*Ism.* Help thee ! why, the pox take him that will not help  
thee to any thing i' the world ! I'll help thee to money, and  
I'll do't presently too : and yet, soul, if you should play the  
scurvy, harlotry, little pocky baggage, now, and cozen me,  
what then ?

*Ura.* Why, an I do, would I might ne'er see day again !

*Ism.* Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt : I'll  
presently provide thee money and a letter. [Exit.

*Ura.* Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.

When I have found my brother, I will beg  
To serve him ; but he shall never know who I am ;  
For he must hate me then for my bad mother :  
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,  
And have stray'd on him by chance, lest he discover me.

<sup>k</sup> *ten*] The 4to of 1635 has “ then ” ; and so the modern editors. Ismenus is still mocking Urania, being not yet convinced of her sincerity.

<sup>l</sup> *feth*] Altered by Seward and the Editors of 1778 to “ ifeth.”

<sup>m</sup> *reparrel*] Seward gave, with the folio of 1679, “ apparel.”

I know I must not live long ; but that taine  
 I ha' to spend shall be in serving him :  
 And, though my mother seek to take his life away,  
 In ai<sup>n</sup> day my brother shall be taught  
 That I was ever good, though she were naught. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter BACHA and TIMANTUS.*

*Bacha.* Run away ! the devil be her guide !

*Tim.* Faith, she's gone : there's a letter ; I found it in her pocket. [*Gives letter to BACHA, who reads it.*]—Would I were with her ! she's a handsome lady : a plague upon my bashfulness ! I had bobbed her long ago else. [*Aside.*

*Bacha.* What a base whore is this, that, after all My ways for her advancement, should so poorly Make virtue her undoer, and choose this time, The king being deadly sick, and I intending A present marriage with some foreign prince, To strengthen and secure myself ! She writes here, Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay ; And the example of her dear brother makes her Fear herself<sup>o</sup>, to whom she means to fly.

*Tim.* Why, who can help it ?

*Bacha.* Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end, Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy goodness !

*Tim.* By'r lady, they'll bruise her, an she were of brass ! I am sure they'll break stone walls : I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate. But there's a messenger, madam, come from the prince with a letter to Ismenus, who by him returns an answer.

<sup>n</sup> ai] "i. e. one." *Ed.* 1778.

<sup>o</sup> *Fear herself*] "Seward reads, '*fear for herself*' ; but the text is good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our authors' time." *Ed.* 1778. See note, p. 209.—The editors of 1778 and Weber take "her" from the end of the preceding line, and place it at the beginning of this, forgetting that "fear" was often used as a dissyllable.

*Bacha.* This comes as pat as wishes. Thou shalt presently  
Away, Timantus.

*Tim.* Whither, madam?

*Bacha.* To the prince; and take the messenger for guide.

*Tim.* What shall I do there? I have done too much  
mischief to be believed again; or, indeed, to scape with my  
head on my back, if I be once known.

*Bacha.* Thou art a weak shallow fool! Get thee a disguise;  
And withal, when thou com'st before him, have a letter  
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou  
Hast ever hope of goodness by me or after me,  
Strike one home-stroke that shall not need another!  
Dar'st thou? speak, dar'st thou? If thou fallest off,  
Go, be a rogue<sup>p</sup> again, and lie and pandar  
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak to me.

*Tim.* Sure, I shall never walk when I am dead, I have no  
spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk, but I'll do it; that's all my refuge.

*Bacha.* Away! no more, then. [Exit TIMANTUS.  
I'll raise an army whilst the king yet lives,  
If all the means and power I have can do it;  
I cannot tell.

*Enter ISMENUS, DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS.*

*Ism.* Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

*Bacha.* Why, how now, saucy lords?

*Ism.* Nay, I'll shake you; yes, devil, I will shake you!

*Bacha.* Do not you know me, lords?

*Nisus.* Yes, deadly sin, we know you: would we did not!

*Ism.* Do you hear, whore? a plague o' God upon thee!  
The duke is dead.

*Bacha.* Dead!

*Ism.* Ay, wildfire and brimstone take thee! good man, he  
is dead, and past those miseries, which thou, salt infection,  
like a disease<sup>q</sup>, flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? an

<sup>p</sup> *rogue*] "Means here a beggar, as it frequently does in these plays." MASON.

<sup>q</sup> *infection, like a disease*] Old eds., "*infection-like, like a disease.*" "The reduplication of *like* is evidently accidental, but the modern editions not only retain it, but introduce another *thou.*" WEBER.

'twere not more respect to womanhood in general than thee, because I had a mother,—who, I will not say she was good, she lived so near thy time,—

I would have thee, in vengeance of this man,  
Whose peace is made in heaven by this time,  
Tied to a post, and dried i' the sun, and after  
Carried about, and shewn at fairs for money,  
With a long story of the devil thy father,  
That taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody !

*Bacha.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ism.* You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry sumpters<sup>r</sup>.—Come, lords, bring her along : we'll to the prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure ;—and if he spare thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again ! and beside, mayst thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch ! Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip : away to the prince !

*Bacha.* Ha, ha, ha !

I hope yet I shall come too late to find him. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—*Temple of CUPID.*

*Cornets within. CUPID descends.*

*Cupid.* The time now of my revenge<sup>s</sup> draws near ;  
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,  
With all the cries and prayers that have been,  
And those that be to come, though they be infinite  
In need and number. [*Ascends.*]

<sup>r</sup> *sumpters*] i. e. packs, baggage, burdens. Nares (*Gloss. in v.*) citing the present passage, says, “I fancy it [*sumpter*] originally meant the panuier, or basket, which the *sumpter-horse* carried.” Coles has “A Sumpter-saddle, Sagma.” *Dict.*—I have no doubt that the whole of this and of the preceding speech of Ismenus would run into regular blank verse, if we possessed an uncorrupted text.

<sup>s</sup> *my revenge*] *Qy.* “*my full revenge*” ?—In the old eds. this speech is placed at the end of the play.

SCENE IV.—*A Forest, with a cave in the back-ground.*

*Enter LEUCIPPUS, and URANIA<sup>t</sup> in boy's clothes.*

*Leuc.* Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me?  
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

*Ura.* In good feth, I shall be weel and rich enough,  
If you will love me, and not put me from you.

*Leuc.* Why dost thou choose out me, boy, to undo thee?  
Alas, for pity, take another master,  
That may be able to deserve thy love,  
In breeding thee hereafter! Me thou know'st not  
More than my misery; and therefore canst not  
Look for rewards at my hands: would I were able,  
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!  
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith:  
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.  
Wilt thou go save thyself? why dost thou weep?  
Alas, I do not chide thee!

*Ura.* I cannot tell;  
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er dawn<sup>u</sup> day more:  
Pray, if you can—I will be true to you—  
Let me wait on you. If I were a man,  
I would fight for you:  
Sure, you have some ill-willers; I would slay 'em.

*Leuc.* Such harmless souls are ever prophets. Well,  
I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still:  
But, prithee, eat, then<sup>v</sup>, my good boy; thou wilt die,  
My child, if thou fast one day more; this four days  
Thou hast tasted nothing: go into the cave,

<sup>t</sup> and URANIA] The old eds. add, "*Leucippus with a bloody handkerchief*,—a direction intended for the performer of that part, who was to have a bloody handkerchief ready to be displayed when Urania should be stabbed.

<sup>u</sup> dawn] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "draw."

<sup>v</sup> then] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

And eat ; thou shalt find something for thee<sup>w</sup>,  
To bring thy blood again and thy fair colour.

*Ura.* I cannot eat, God thank you ! but I'll eat to-morrow.

*Leuc.* Thou'nt be dead by that time.

*Ura.* I should be well then ; for you will not love me.

*Leuc.* Indeed, I will.—

This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet !—

Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me ?

*Ura.* You have fair eyes, master.

*Leuc.* Sure, the boy dotes !—

Why dost thou sigh, my child ?

*Ura.* To think that such

A fine man should live, and no gay lady love him.

*Leuc.* Thou wilt love me ?

*Ura.* Yes, sure, till I die ;

And when I am in heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.

*Leuc.* And I'll come to thee, boy. This is a love  
I never yet heard tell of.—Come, thou art sleepy, child ;  
Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heaven, what portends this ?

*Ura.* You are sad, but I am not sleepy : would I could  
Do aught to make you merry ! shall I sing ?

*Leuc.* If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou  
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I !

*Enter TIMANTUS disguised.*

*Ura.* La, master, there's one ! look to yourself<sup>x</sup> !

*Leuc.* What art thou that in[to] this dismal place,  
Which nothing could find out but misery,  
Thus boldly step'st ? Comfort was never here ;  
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house  
Built by a better architect than beasts ;  
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,  
You must fight for it : if you conquer him,  
He is your meat ; if not, you must be his.

*Tim.* I come to you (for, if I not mistake,

<sup>w</sup> *for thee*] Seward, for the metre, printed “*for thee* there.”

<sup>x</sup> *yourself*] The first 4to, “*your sen*.”



You are the prince) from that most noble lord  
Ismenus, with a letter.

[ *Gives letter.*

*Ura.* Alas, I fear

I shall be discover'd now !

[ *Aside.*

*Leuc.* Now I feel

Myself the poorest of all mortal things :  
Where is he that receives such courtesies  
But he has means to shew his gratefulness  
Some way or other ? I have none at all ;  
I know not how to speak so much as well  
Of thee, but to these trees.

*Tim.* His letters speak him, sir.

[ *While LEUCIPPUS opens the letter, TIMANTUS runs at  
him ; URANIA rushes between, and receives the wound.*

*Ura.* Gods keep him but from knowing me till I die<sup>y</sup> !

Aye me, sure, I cannot live a day !—

Oh, thou foul traitor !—How do you, master ?

*Leuc.* How dost thou, my child !—Alas, look on this !

It may make thee repentant, to behold  
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

*Ura.* 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.

*Tim.* Oh, pardon me ! [ *Kneels and discovers himself.*

Know you me now, sir ?

*Leuc.* How couldst thou find me out ?

*Tim.* We intercepted

A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer  
Directed me.

*Leuc.* Stand up, Timantus, boldly.

[ *TIM. rises.*

The world conceives that thou art guilty  
Of divers treasons to the state and me :  
But, oh, far be it from the innocence  
Of a just man, to give a traitor death  
Without a trial ! Here thy<sup>z</sup> country is not  
To purge thee or condemn thee ; therefore,

<sup>y</sup> *Gods keep him but from knowing me till I die*] Mason's correction. Old eds.

" *Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die.*"

In the old eds of *Philaster* (see vol. i. 236) there is a similar error.

<sup>z</sup> *thy*] So the first 4to. Other eds, "the" ; and so the modern editors.

(A nobler trial<sup>a</sup> than thou dost deserve,  
Rather than none at all,) here I accuse thee,  
Before the face of Heaven, to be a traitor  
Both to the duke my father and to me,  
And the whole land. Speak; is it so, or no?

*Tim.* 'Tis true, sir: pardon me!

*Leuc.* Take heed, Timantus,  
How thou dost cast away thyself: I must  
Proceed to execution hastily  
If thou confess it. Speak once again; is't so, or no?

*Tim.* I am not guilty, sir.

*Leuc.* Gods and thy sword  
Acquit thee! here it is. [*Delivers him his sword.*]

*Tim.* I will not use  
Any violence against your highness.

*Leuc.* At thy peril, then!  
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth  
Look to thyself!

*Tim.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Let me not fight. [*Kneels.*]

*Leuc.* Up, up again, Timantus! [*TIM. rises.*]  
There is no way but this, believe me. Now, if—

[*As LEUCIPPUS turns aside, TIMANTUS runs at him*<sup>b</sup>.]

Fie, fie, Timantus! is there no usage can  
Recover thee from baseness? Wert thou longer

<sup>a</sup> *therefore,*  
[*A nobler trial, &c.*] "Seward reads [and is followed by the Editors of 1778],  
————— 'therefore take  
A nobler trial,' &c.

But there is no occasion for this addition, if we substitute a comma for a colon [which the two preceding editions have] after the words '*at all,*' as Mason directs, and place the parentheses as in the text." WEBER. This gives a sense to the passage; but, as the play is corrupt throughout, the loss of a word may be suspected here.

<sup>b</sup> *As Leucippus turns aside, Timantus runs at him*] In this stage-direction (which I have slightly altered) the words "*turns aside*" are probably to be understood of the prince resuming his position for the fight. The stage-directions which the modern editors have added to this scene are altogether wrong: they were not aware that here (as often elsewhere) the stage-directions of the old eds. are placed much too early,—being merely notices to the performers,—to warn them to be in readiness.



*Ura.* Feth, for love :

I would not let you know till I was dying ;

For you could not love me, my mother was so naught. [*Dies.*

*Leuc.* I will love thee, or any thing ! what, wilt thou  
Leave me as soon as I know thee ? speak one word to me !—  
Alas, she's past it ! she will ne'er speak more.—  
What noise is that ? it is no matter who  
Comes on me now.

*Enter ISMENUS, DORIALUS, AGENOR, and NISUS, bringing in BACHA.*

What worse than mad are you

That seek out sorrows ? if you love delights,

Begone from hence !

*Ism.* Sir, for you we come,

As soldiers, to revenge the wrongs you have suffer'd

Under this naughty creature : what shall be done with her ?

Say ; I am ready.

*Leuc.* Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin<sup>d</sup> ;  
They shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em :  
My hand shall never be stain'd with such base blood.—  
Live, wicked mother ! that reverend title be  
Your pardon ! for I will use no extremity  
Against you, but leave you to Heaven.

*Bacha.* Hell take you all ! or, if there be a place  
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither !  
And, till the devils have you, may your lives  
Be one continued plague, and such a one  
That knows no friends nor ending ! may all ages  
That shall succeed curse you, as I do ! and,

<sup>d</sup> *Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin, &c.*] With this speech (which is no doubt somewhat corrupted) Seward took his usual liberties, inserting "And" at the beginning of the second line, and throwing out "for" in the fifth. The following arrangement would hardly be an improvement ;

"Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin : they shall tell her  
How she has sinn'd against 'em ; my hand shall never  
Be stain'd with such base blood.—Live, wicked mother !  
That reverend title be your pardon ! for  
I will use no extremity against you,  
But leave you to Heaven."

If it be possible, I ask it Heaven,  
 That your base issues may be ever monsters,  
 That must, for shame of nature and succession,  
 Be drown'd like dogs ! Would I had breath to poison<sup>e</sup>  
 you !

*Leuc.* Would you had love within you and such grief  
 As might become a mother ! Look you there !  
 Know you that face ? that was Urania ;  
 These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers  
 That labour with such horrid births as you do :  
 If you can weep, there's cause ; poor innocent,  
 Your wickedness has kill'd her ; I'll weep for you.

*Ism.* Monstrous woman ! Mars would weep at this,  
 And yet she cannot.

*Leuc.* Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand :  
 I will not say you are the cause ; yet certain,  
 I know you were to blame : the gods forgive you !

*Ism.* See, she stands as if she were inventing  
 Some new destruction for the world.

*Leuc.* Ismenus,  
 Thou art welcome yet to my sad company.

*Ism.* I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir.

*Leuc.* You cannot ; I am at the height already.

*Ism.* Your father's dead.

*Leuc.* I thought so ; Heaven be with him !—  
 Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never ! thou  
 Hast made more sorrows than we have eyes to utter.

*Bacha.* Now let heaven fall ! I am at the worst of evils ;  
 A thing so miserably wretched<sup>f</sup>, that every thing,  
 The last of human comforts, hath left me !  
 I will not be so base and cold to live,

<sup>e</sup> *poison*] So 4to 1635. Other eds. "please" ; which Seward gave.

<sup>f</sup> *A thing so miserably wretched, &c.*] Seward printed,—

" *A thing so miserably wretched, that  
 Every thing, even the last of human comforts,*" &c.

The passage is corrupted. The sense seems to require something like this,—

" *A thing so miserably wretched, that even hope,*" &c.

And wait the mercies of these men I hate :  
 No, 'tis just I die, since Fortune hath left me.  
 My steep<sup>s</sup> descent attends me. Hand, strike thou home !  
 I have soul enough to guide : and let all know,  
 As I stood<sup>h</sup> a queen, the same I will fall,  
 And one with me ! [Stabs LEUCIPPUS, and then herself.]

*Leuc.* Oh !

*Ism.* How do you, sir ?

*Leuc.* Nearer my health than I think any here :  
 My tongue begins to falter. What is man !  
 Or who would be one, when he sees a poor  
 Weak woman can in an instant make him none !

*Dor.* She is dead already.

*Ism.* Let her be damn'd already, as she is !  
 Post all for surgeons !

*Leuc.* Let not a man stir ; for I am but dead.  
 I have some few words which I would have you hear,  
 And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em.  
 First to you, my lords : you know Ismenus is  
 Undoubtedly<sup>i</sup> heir of Lycia ; I do beseech you all,  
 When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

*Dor.*

*Age.* } We vow to do't.

*Nisus.* }

*Leuc.* I thank you.—Next to you,  
 Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke :  
 I pray you, let the broken image[s]  
 Of Cupid be re-edified ; I know  
 All this is done by him.

*Ism.* It shall be so.

*Leuc.* Last, I beseech you that my mother-in-law  
 May have a burial according to——

[Dies.]

*Ism.* To what, sir ?

*Dor.* There is a full point !

<sup>s</sup> *steep*] Theobald's and Sympson's correction. Old eds., "step."

<sup>h</sup> *As I stood*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*As I have stood.*"

<sup>i</sup> *Undoubtedly*] The modern editors print "Undoubted,"—and so perhaps the author wrote.

*Ism.* I will interpret for him : she shall have  
Burial according to her own deserts,  
With dogs.

*Dor.* I would your majesty would haste  
For settling of the people.

*Ism.* I am ready.—  
Agenor, go, and let <sup>i</sup> the trumpets sound  
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body  
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,  
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave ;  
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie  
Accurs'd whilst woman <sup>j</sup> has a memory !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>i</sup> *Ism.* *I am ready.*—

*Agenor, go, and let, &c.*] So the first 4to. Other eds. make "*Agenor*" the prefix to "Go, and let," &c. ; and so the modern editors,—who, though they had not seen the first 4to, ought certainly to have perceived that this speech did not belong to Agenor.

<sup>j</sup> *woman*] The correction of Heath, *MS. Notes*. Old eds., "one man" ; and so the modern editors.





THE MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

*The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne : Grayes Inne and the Inner Temple, presented before his Maicstie, the Queenes Maicstie, the Prince, Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their Highnesses, in the Banqueting house at White-hall on Saturday the twentieth day of Februarie, 1612. At London, Imprinted by F. K. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his shoppe neere Temple-bar. 4to. n. d.*

*The Maske of the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, and the Inner-Temple, Performed before the King in the Banqueting-house at White-hall, at the marriage of the Illustrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Princee and Princeesse Palatine of the Rhene. Written by Francis Beaumont Gentleman, in the folios of 1647, 1679.*

Also in Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, 8vo.

In all eds., except the 4to., the Masque is curtailed of the Dedication and descriptive portions.

THIS masque was the unassisted production of Beaumont.

“ The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I., was celebrated on Valentine’s Day, in the year 1613 [1612-13]. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray’s Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendour and magnificence, and at a great expense to both those Societies. In Dugdale’s *Origines Juridiciales*, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each Society: ‘*Gray’s Inn*. In the 10th of King James, the Gentlemen of this house were (together with those of the other Innes of Court) Actors in that great Mask at White-hall, at the marriage of the Kings eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhene: the charge in apparell for the Actors in which mask was supported by the Society; the Readers being each man assessed at 4*l.*, the Ancients, and such as at that time were to be called Ancients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a piece, the Barristers at 2*l.* a man, and the Students at 20*s.*; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

‘ Which being performed, there was an Order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the Gentlemen who were Actors in that Mask should bring in all their Masking Apparell, so provided at the charge of the House.’ ” REED.

“ In Winwood’s *Memorials*, (Vol. III. p. 435,) Mr. John Chamberlaine, after giving an account of the successful representation of the masque provided by the Middle-Temple and Lincoln’s Inn, proceeds in the following words respecting that of Beaumont:—‘ But the next day our Gray’s Inn men and the Inner-Temple had not the same fortune, though they deserved no less; for, striving to vary from their competitors, (and their device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine,) they made choice to go by water from Winchester-house in Southwark, with their boats and barges exceedingly trimmed, and furnished with store of lights that made a glorious shew, and three peale of

ordinance at their taking water, at their passing by the Temple, and at their landing ; which passage by water cost them better then 300*l*. But when they were landed at the court, by what mischance I know not, they were feign to return as they went without doing any thing ; the reason whereof some say was, because the hall was so full that it could not be avoided, nor room made for them, and most of the principall ladyes that were in the galleries to see them land excluded. But the most probable is, that the king was so satiated and overwearièd with watching, that he could hold out no longer, and so was driven to put it off till Saturday ; when it was very well performed in the new Bankquetting-house, which, for a kind of amends, was granted to them, though with much repining and contradiction of their emulators. The next day the king made them all a solemn supper in the new Marriage-room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both parties away well pleased with this great solemnity.' " WEBER.

See also an account of the present masque (differing but little from the descriptive portions of our text) in Howes's continuation of Stow's *Annales*, p. 917. ed. 1615 ; and a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton in Nichols's *Prog. of King James*, ii. 589.

TO THE WORTHY SIR FRANCIS BACON,

HIS MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL, AND THE GRAVE AND LEARNED BENCH OF THE  
ANCIENTLY-ALLIED HOUSES OF GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE,  
THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

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YE that spared no time nor travail in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour in this kind which these two societies have offered to his majesty,) will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work; for that, whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: and you, Sir Francis Bacon<sup>a</sup>, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

<sup>a</sup> *Sir Francis Bacon*] In the letter, referred to in the preceding page, from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, Sir Francis Bacon is called "the chief contriver" of this masque.



# THE MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN, GRAY'S INN  
AND THE INNER-TEMPLE,

PRESENTED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY, ETC.

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THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before, at which time the masquers, with their attendants, and divers others, gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: the gentlemen-masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights, placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud music, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord-chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies

and other noble persons were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen-masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let<sup>a</sup> as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the Right Honourable the Earl of Northampton, Lord-Privy Seal.

<sup>a</sup> *let*] i. e. hindrance.



## THE MASQUE, ETC.

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### THE DEVICE OR ARGUMENT OF THE MASQUE.

*JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque<sup>b</sup> all of spirits or dicine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore), but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: and, preserving the propriety of the device,—for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath or showers from above,—he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds to dance. Hereupon Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: but Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four Statuas<sup>c</sup> of gold and silver to dance with the Nymphs and Stars: in which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the Statuas*

<sup>b</sup> *an anti-masque*] “Is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies . . . it should be added, that the antimasques were, for the most part, performed by actors hired from the theatres.” Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vii. 251.

<sup>c</sup> *Statuas*] This Latin form of the word is common in our early writers.

having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying device, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate,—for that the mouths of flowers are likewise the mouths of sweet showers and rainbows,—to bring in a May-dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vying one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses<sup>d</sup>.

*At the entrance of the King,*

The first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill four delicate fountains, running with water and bordered with sedges and water-flowers.

Iris first appeared; and, presently after, Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoloured<sup>e</sup> taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth:—

<sup>d</sup> traverses] i. e. curtains.

<sup>e</sup> discoloured] i. e. various-coloured.

*Merc.* Stay, stay <sup>f</sup>!

Stay, light-foot Iris ! for thou striv'st in vain ;  
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

*Iris.* Away,

Dissembling Mercury ! my messages  
Ask honest haste ; not like those wanton ones  
Your thundering father sends.

*Merc.* Stay, foolish maid !

Or I will take my rise upon a hill,  
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud  
In all the painted glory that thou hast,  
And never cease to clap my willing wings,  
Till I catch hold of thy discolour'd bow,  
And shiver it beyond the angry power  
Of your curst <sup>g</sup> mistress to make up again.

*Iris.* Hermes, forbear ; Juno will chide and strike.

Is great Jove jealous that I am employ'd  
On her love-errands ? she did never yet  
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,  
As he hath often done : I only come  
To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials  
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd,  
Betwixt two goodly rivers, that <sup>h</sup> have mix'd  
Their gentle-rising <sup>i</sup> waves, and are to grow  
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves ;  
I need not name them, for the sound is loud  
In heaven and earth ; and I am sent from her,  
The queen of marriage, that was present here,  
And smil'd to see them join, and hath not chid  
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go.

*Merc.* Nay, you must stay ; Jove's message is the same ;  
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,  
Whose breath is any wind he will ; who knows  
How to be first in earth as well as heaven.

<sup>f</sup> *Stay, stay*] These words are found only in the 4to. In other eds. this speech is preceded by a stage-direction, "*Enter Iris running, Mercury following and catching hold of her.*"

<sup>g</sup> *curst*] "i. e. cross." *Ed.* 1778. So the 4to. Other eds. "mad" ; and so Seward.

<sup>h</sup> *that*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to, "which."

<sup>i</sup> *rising*] So the 4to. Other eds., "winding" ; and so Seward.

*Iris.* But what hath he to do with nuptial-rites?  
 Let him keep state upon his starry throne,  
 And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,  
 Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes.

*Merc.* Alas, when ever offered he to abridge  
 Your lady's power, but only now in these,  
 Whose match concerns the<sup>c</sup> general government!  
 Hath not each god a part in these high joys?  
 And shall not he, the king of gods, presume  
 Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,  
 That, when enamour'd Jove first gave her power  
 To link soft hearts in undissolving bands<sup>f</sup>,  
 He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd,  
 The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand  
 Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,  
 Will summon up with my all-charming rod  
 The Nymphs of fountains, from whose watery locks  
 (Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)  
 The greedy rivers take their nourishment.—  
 Ye Nymphs, who, bathing in your lovèd springs,  
 Beheld these rivers in their infancy,  
 And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads  
 Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground with flowers;  
 Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet  
 Perform that office to this happy pair,  
 Which in these plains you to Alphæus did,  
 When passing hence, through many seas, unmix'd,  
 He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

*Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise gently out of their several fountains, and present themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal, intermixt with powdering of silver, resembling drops of water, bluish tresses, on their heads garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a measure<sup>g</sup>, dance a little, then make a stand.*

*Iris.* Is Hermes grown a lover? by what power,  
 Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?

<sup>c</sup> *the*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to, "his."

<sup>f</sup> *undissolving bands*] The 4to has "undissolved bonds."

<sup>g</sup> *measure*] See note, vol. i. 166.

*Merc.* Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,  
 Till thou forgott'st thy lady's messages,  
 And rann'st back crying to her. Thou shalt know  
 My power is more ; only my breath and this  
 Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament  
 To yield the Hyades, who govern showers  
 And dewy clouds, in whose dispersèd drops  
 Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.—  
 Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times  
 Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,  
 Descend and pour your blessing on these streams,  
 Which rolling down from heaven-aspiring hills,  
 And now united in the fruitful vales,  
 Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,  
 And swell in glory, till they know no bounds !

*Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament to the middle part of the hill, appavelled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head ; from thence descend to the stage ; at whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.*

*Iris.* Great wit and power hath Hermes. to contrive  
 A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists !

*Merc.* Alas, poor Iris ! Venus hath in store  
 A secret ambush of her wingèd boys,  
 Who, lurking long within these pleasant groves,  
 First struck these lovers with their equal darts ;  
 Those Cupids shall come forth and join with these,  
 To honour that which they themselves began.

*Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscaje, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold, chaplets of flowers on their heads, hood-winked with tiffiny scarfs ; who join with the Nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, MERCURY<sup>h</sup> speaks.*

*Merc.* Behold the Statuas<sup>i</sup>, which wise Vulcan plac'd

<sup>h</sup> *Mercury*] The 4to here, and in the prefix to the speech which follows, has "Iris." The other eds. also have the wrong prefix.

<sup>i</sup> *Statuas*] See note, p. 459. So the 4to. Other eds. "statues" ; and so the modern editors.

Under the altar of Olympian Jove,  
 And gave to them an artificial life,  
 Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials<sup>j</sup> :  
 See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,  
 Like the wild trees which follow'd Orpheus' harp !

*The Statuas enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call.*

*These Statuas were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their body, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair, as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal : at their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c., and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the Statuas placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first anti-masque.*

*Merc.* And what will Juno's Iris do for her ?

*Iris.* Just match this show, or my invention fails :

Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd  
 The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,  
 And all my kindred meteors of the air,  
 To have excell'd it ; but I now must strive  
 To imitate confusion :—therefore, thou,  
 Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st  
 Increase of sweetness in those blooming plants  
 On which the horns of my fair bow decline,  
 Send hither all the rural company  
 Which deck the May-games with their clownish<sup>k</sup> sports !  
 Juno will have it so.

<sup>j</sup> *And gave to them an artificial life,*

*Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials*] These lines are transposed by mistake in the 4to. The second line is omitted in other eds. ; and by Seward.

<sup>k</sup> *clownish*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to, "country."

*The second Anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of a Pedant,<sup>k</sup> May-Lord, May-Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in.*

*All these persons appavelled to the life, the men issuing out of one side of the bosage, and the women from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music.*

*The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then passed on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque; but one of the Statuas by that time was undressed.*

*Merc. Iris, we strive,*

Like winds at liberty, who should do worst<sup>l</sup>

Ere we return. If Juno be the queen

Of marriage,<sup>m</sup> let her give happy way

To what is done in honour of the state

She governs.

*Iris. Hermes, so it may be done*

<sup>k</sup> *a Pedant, May-Lord, May-Lady, &c.]* “The persons enumerated here as characters in the May-games, were no doubt selected by the imagination of the poet, as most of them do not appear to have been usual at these country festivities. The Pedant evidently appears in the same character as Gerrold in *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*” WEBER.

<sup>l</sup> *worst]* “The sense seems to require us to read *most* for *worst*; unless it means, which should *worst* the other.” Ed. 1778. “As the text cannot possibly bear this meaning, and hardly bears any at all, the amendment has been adopted.” WEBER. Nichols, who reprinted the present masque in his *Prog. of King James*, retained the old reading, and observed that “we are told in the introduction [Argument] Mercury and Iris were striving which should *do worst* in producing what was *outré* and ridiculous.” ii. 598. The words of the Argument are at least to that effect; and “*worst*” is doubtless the right reading.

<sup>m</sup> *marriage]* So the 4to,—the word being used here as a trisyllable. Other eds. “*marriages*”; and so the modern editors.

Merely in honour of the state, and these  
 That now have prov'd it ; not to satisfy  
 The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks  
 More than his Juno ; if thy snaky rod  
 Have power to search the heavens, or sound the sea,  
 Or call together all the ends of earth,  
 To bring in any thing that may do grace  
 To us and these ; do it, we shall be pleas'd.

*Merc.* Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himself,  
 Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,  
 I took a message, and I bare it through  
 A thousand yielding clouds, and never stay'd  
 Till his high will was done : the Olympian games,  
 Which long had<sup>n</sup> slept, at these wish'd nuptials  
 He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his knights  
 Are gather'd hither, who within their tents  
 Rest on this hill ; upon whose rising head,  
 Behold, Jove's altar, and his blessèd priests  
 Moving about it !—Come, you holy men,  
 And with your voices draw these youths along,  
 That, till Jove's music call them to their games,  
 Their active sports may give a blest content  
 To those, for whom they are again begun.

*The main Masque.*—*The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent of the mountain is discovered ; wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavilions, open in the front of them : the pavilions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls ; and behind the tents there were represented in prospective the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavilions were placed fifteen Olympian Knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a croisant<sup>o</sup> ; and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffiny, gathered, and falling a large compass*

<sup>n</sup> had] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to, "have."

<sup>o</sup> croisant] Altered to "crescent" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber, who were not aware that early English authors frequently wrote *croisant* after the French.



about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar, gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four Statuas, two of gold and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's Priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the King, the veils of the Knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

*The Knights' attire.*—Arming doublets of carnation satin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses<sup>p</sup> suitable; pumps of carnation satin embroidered as the doublets; hats of the same stuff and embroidery, cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives; white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff, and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

*The Priests' habits.*—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the High-Priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramid, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every Priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

*The Priests descend, and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.*

#### THE FIRST SONG.

Shake off your heavy trance,  
 And leap into a dance,  
 Such as no mortals use to tread,  
 Fit only for Apollo  
 To play to, for the moon to lead,  
 And all the stars to follow !

<sup>p</sup> roses] See note, p. 371.

*The Knights by this time are all descended and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.*

THE SECOND SONG.

On, blessed youths ! for Jove doth pause,  
Laying aside his graver laws  
For this device ;  
And at the wedding such a pair,  
Each dance is taken for a prayer,  
Each song a sacrifice.

*The Knights dance their second measure.*

THE THIRD SONG.

SINGLE.

More pleasing were these sweet delights,  
If ladies mov'd as well as knights :  
Run every one of you, and catch  
A nymph, in honour of this match ;  
And whisper boldly in her ear,—  
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear.

ALL.

And this day's sins he doth resolve  
That we his priests should all absolve<sup>q</sup>.

*The Knights take their Ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantoes<sup>r</sup>, &c., and lead them to their places ; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.*

<sup>q</sup> *And this day's sins he doth resolve*

*That we his priests should all absolve.*] “From the debaucheries committed at court-masques, the necessity of such an absolution of sins may be inferred.”

WEBER. See note p. 479, and *A Wife for a Month*, act ii. sc. 4.

<sup>r</sup> *galliards, durets, corantoes.*] Sir John Davies describes the galliard thus ;

“But for more diuers and more pleasing show,  
A swift and wandring daunce she did inuent,  
With passages vncertaine to and fro,  
Yet with a certaine answeere and consent  
To the quicke musicke of the instrument.

\* \* \* \* \*

A gallant daunce, that liuely doth bewray  
A spirit and a vertue masculine,

\* \* \* \* \*

With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre.”

*Orchestra*, st. 67, 68.

## THE FOURTH SONG.

Ye should stay longer, if we durst :  
 Away ! Alas, that he that first  
 Gave Time wild wings to fly away,  
 Hath now no power to make him stay !  
 And though these games must needs be play'd,  
 I would this pair, when they are laid,  
     And not a creature nigh 'em,  
 Could catch his scythe, as he doth pass,  
 And clip<sup>s</sup> his wings, and break his glass,  
     And keep him ever by 'em.

*The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend, put on their  
 swords and belts ; during which time the Priests sing*

## THE FIFTH AND LAST SONG.

Peace and silence be the guide  
 To the man, and to the bride !  
 If there be a joy yet new  
 In marriage, let it fall on you,  
     That all the world may wonder !  
 If we should stay, we should do worse,  
 And turn our blessing to a curse,  
     By keeping you asunder.

Of the coranto he says ;

“ What shall I name those currant trauases  
 That on a triple dactile foot doe runne  
 Close by the ground with sliding passages,  
 Wherein that dauncer greatest praise hath wonne  
 Which with best order can all orders shunne ;  
 For every where he wantonly must range,  
 And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change ?” St. 69.

Concerning “ durets” I know nothing.

<sup>s</sup> clip] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to, “cut.”



FOUR PLAYS,  
OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,  
IN ONE.

*Four Playes, or Morall Representations, in one.*

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

AT what date these *Four Plays in One* were originally produced, it is impossible to ascertain.

From internal evidence Weber concludes that Beaumont furnished the Induction and the two first Triumphs, and that Fletcher was the writer of the other two: there is at least every reason to believe that both poets were concerned in the composition of this medley.

Entertainments of a similar description had been exhibited on the English stage anterior to the appearance of the present piece. In the Revels' Account for 1584-5, we find, "An Invention called *Fyve Playes in one*, presented and enacted before her Ma.<sup>tie</sup> on Twelwe daie at night in the hall at Grenewiche by her highnes servants."———"An Invention of *three playes in one* prepared to have ben shewed before her highnes on Shrove sondaie at night, and to have ben presented by her Ma.<sup>ty</sup> servants at Somerset Place." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 409; in Henslowe's memoranda, "*iii playes in one*, the 6 of marche 1591"—"7 of aprill, 1597, at *v playes in one*." *Id.* iii. 298, 307; and the second title of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, attributed to Shakespeare, and first printed in 1603, runs as follows,—*All's One, or, One of the foure Plaies in one, called a Yorkshire tragedy, &c.*<sup>a</sup>

Weber conjectures that the *Trionfi* of Petrarch suggested to Beaumont and Fletcher the idea of introducing the Triumphs of Honour, Love, Death, and Time.

"*The Triumph of Honour*," says Langbaine, "is founded on Boccace his *Novels*, Day 10. Nov. 5." (*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209), which Weber epitomizes nearly as follows. "Dianora, the wife of Gilberto, in order to get rid of the importunities of her lover Ansaldo,

<sup>a</sup> "The same design," says Weber, "was afterwards adopted by Sir William Davenant in his *Playhouse to be Let*, and by Moutoux in *The Novelty, or Every Act a Play*. One of Calderon's plays, *Los tres mayores prodigios*, is formed on a similar plan, every one of the three *journaladas*, or acts, forming a separate play. The subjects are the adventures of Jason, Hercules, and Theseus. They are not, however, connected together as the present drama.

promised to gratify his desires, if he would present her with a garden bearing flowers and fruit in the month of January. Ansaldo realised her wish by the assistance of a magician, who, to the astonishment of the whole city of Udine, produced the desired miracle. Dianora, having confessed to her husband the bargain which she had made with Ansaldo, was enjoined by the former to use every endeavour to procure a release from her engagement, but, if she found that impossible, to fulfil the pledge. When the lover beheld the sorrow of Dianora, and learned the generosity of Gilberto, he released the lady from her promise."

*The Triumph of Love*, observes Langbaine, is founded "on the same Author, Day 5. Nov. 7<sup>b</sup>;" and Weber proceeds with an abstract, which I have altered into the following shape. "In the reign of William, King of Sicily, Amerigo, a rich and noble gentleman, dwelt at Trapani; and one day a Genoese vessel coming to port with slaves, who had been captured in a Turkish galley, he purchased a youth, supposed to be a Turk, whom he caused to be baptized Pietro. When he grew up, a strong attachment took place between him and Violante, the daughter of Amerigo. As the family were once returning from their country-house, a thunder-storm forced them to make all possible haste homewards. The young slave and Violante out-stripped the rest in speed, and being forced into an old ruinous cottage by a shower of hail, they took the opportunity to consummate their wishes. The effect of this soon became apparent, and Pietro would have avoided the impending danger by flight; but Violante promising not to betray him as the author of her shame, and threatening to kill herself if he left her, he consented to remain. When the time of parturition arrived, she feigned a tale to her mother, who in order to conceal her condition from Amerigo, removed her to their country-house. There, however, just as Violante had been delivered of an infant, Amerigo unexpectedly arrived; and his wife was obliged to acquaint him with what had happened. He rushed into his daughter's apartment, and putting his sword to her breast, extorted from her the whole truth. Pietro, having been apprehended, confessed his guilt; and was sentenced by Currado, the governor of Trapani, to be whipped, and afterwards to be hanged. Amerigo then gave a phial of poison and a dagger to a servant, bidding him carry them to his daughter, that she might choose one of the two deaths, and threatening to burn her alive in case of refusal: the infant he ordered to be killed, and its carcase to be thrown to the dogs. When Pietro, having been

<sup>b</sup> Langbaine by mistake has written "8."



whipped, was conducted to the gallows, a crimson spot upon his breast led to his recognition by Fineo (then on an embassy from the king of Armenia to Rome) as his son Teodoro, who, fifteen years before, had been carried off by pirates. Fineo immediately made the circumstance known to Currado, who sent for Amerigo. In all haste Amerigo despatched a messenger to his country-house, to prevent the execution of his former orders, who fortunately arrived there before the servant had compelled Violante to make choice of dying by the poison or the sword. The marriage of the lovers followed of course."

"*The Triumph of Death*," continues Langbaine, "[is founded] on a Novel in *The Fortunate, Deceiv'd, and Unfortunate Lovers*, part 3. Nov. 3. See besides *Palace of Pleasure*, Nov. 40. Belleforest, &c.;" and Weber adds, "The original, however, is the first novel of Bandello, which seems to have been founded on fact. Buondelmonte, of one of the principal families in Florence, is betrothed to one of the Amadei. A widow of the family of the Donati, ambitious to match her daughter to him, puts her in his way, and he is immediately so struck with her beauty, as to forget his pre-contract, and to marry her; in consequence of which he is murdered by the two great families, the Uberti and Amadei."

With respect to *The Triumph of Time*, Langbaine is forced to confess, that, as far as he can discover, it "is wholly the Author's Invention."



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>EMANUEL, king of Portugal.</p> <p>ISABELLA, his queen, daughter to the king of Castile.</p>		<p>FRIGOSO.</p> <p>RINALDO.</p> <p>Poet, Lords, Attendants, Spectators.</p>
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SCENE, *Lisbon.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

DIANA.

<p>MARTIUS, a Roman general.</p> <p>VALERIUS, his brother.</p> <p>SOPHOCLES, duke of Athens.</p> <p>NICODEMUS, a corporal.</p> <p>CORNELIUS, a sutler.</p>		<p>Gentlemen of Athens, Captains, Soldiers.</p> <p>DORIGEN, wife to SOPHOCLES.</p> <p>FLORENCE, wife to CORNELIUS.</p> <p>Ladies.</p>
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SCENE, *Athens and its neighbourhood.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CUPID.

<p>RINALDO, duke of Milan.</p> <p>GERRARD, whose real name is</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">ALPHONSO,</p> <p>FERDINAND, whose real name is</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">ASCANIO,</p> <p>BENVOGLIO</p> <p>RANDULPHO</p> <p>States, Friar, Secretary, Guard, Executioner, Attendants.</p>	} his sons.	<p>CORNELIA, the disguised duchess of Milan.</p> <p>ANGELINA, wife to BENVOGLIO.</p> <p>VIOLANTE, her daughter.</p> <p>DOROTHEA, attendant on VIOLANTE.</p> <p>NURSE.</p>
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SCENE, *Milan.*

## THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

DUKE of Anjou.	GABRIELLA, wife to LAVALL.
LAVALL, his nephew.	HELENA, daughter to MARINE.
MARINE.	CASTA, daughter to GENTILE.
GENTILE.	MARIA, attendant on Gabriella.
PEROLOT, his son.	Ladies.
Two Courtiers.	A Spirit.
SHALLOON, servant to LAVALL.	
States, Longaville, Lords, Attendants.	

SCENE, *Angiers.*

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## THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

JUPITER.	BOUNTY.
MERCURY.	POVERTY.
PLUTUS.	HONESTY.
TIME.	SIMPLICITY.
ANTHROPOS.	HUMILITY.
DESIRE.	FAME.
VAIN-DELIGHT.	INDUSTRY.
PLEASURE.	LABOUR.
CRAFT.	THE ARTS.
LUCRE.	Indians.
VANITY.	

# FOUR PLAYS,

OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

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## INDUCTION.

*A Hall in the Palace. Scaffolds, crowded with Spectators.*

*Enter FRIGOSO. Noise within.*

*Fri.* Away with those bald-pated rascals there! their wits are bound up in vellum; they are not current here. Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.<sup>c</sup> out with those [cuckolds], I say, and in with their wives at the back-door<sup>d</sup>!—Worship

<sup>c</sup> *Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.*] “I do not know what the &c. here alludes to. Perhaps it was left to the actor to add similar exclamations according to his own discretion. [In all probability so: “&c.” is not uncommon in our early dramas.] ‘Cuckolds,’ in the next line [inserted by the Editors of 1778] is not to be found in the old folio[s], but a bar only indicates the omission of the word. So again Frigoso’s answer farther on is thus exhibited:—‘No, by my — do I not.’ To such an extent was the delicacy of the licensers carried; and so ludicrous was the contrast betwixt the gross improprieties they were compelled to retain, and the harmless expletives they thought themselves compelled to expunge!” WEBER.

<sup>d</sup> *in with their wives at the back-door.*] “This was the common practice at the court-masques in King James’s time, and of course led to the most gross debaucheries. See *A Wife for a Month*, act ii. sc. 4. In Sir Edward Peyton’s *Divine Catastrophe of the Stuarts*, he thus reprehends the disgraceful consequences produced by these practices: ‘These bawdy transactions, [as] in a prospective glass, may bring nearer to our memories the fashion of Charles his reign, how sin was hatched from an egg to a dragon, to devour holiness of life; insomuch that the masks and playes at Whitehal were used onely for incentives

and place, I am weary of ye ; ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold on an ass's back. A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel.—How now ! what's the matter ?

*Enter RINALDO.*

Who are you, sir ?

*Rin.* Who am I, sir ! why, do you not know me ?

*Fri.* No, by my [faith], do I not. ?

*Rin.* I am sure we dined together to-day.

*Fri.* That's all one : as I dined with you in the city, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding<sup>e</sup> to you ; but as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

*Rin.* Nay, but look you, sir—

*Fri.* Pardon me : if you had been my bedfellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles ; this very talking with you is an ill example.

*Rin.* Pish, you are too punctual a courtier, sir ! Why, I am a courtier too ; yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

*Fri.* And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

*Rin.* But hark you, signor Frigoso ; you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

*Fri.* Hum—that's a good motive.

*Rin.* Nor to borrow money of you.

*Fri.* That's an excellent motive.

to lust : therefore, the courtiers invited the citizens wives to those shews on purpose to defile them in such sort. There is not a lobby nor chamber (if it could speak) but would verify this.' [p. 47. ed. 1652.] From the present and other old plays, it is however evident that the origin of the custom was not to be charged to King Charles's court, as it was equally prevalent in that of King James." WEBER. [qy. SIR W. SCOTT?]

<sup>e</sup> *beholding*] See note, p. 181.

*Rin.* No, my sweet don, nor to ask what you owe me.

*Fri.* Why, that is the very motive of motives why I ought and will know thee ; and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the arrantest or most foundered Castilian that followed our new queen's carriages a-foot.

*Rin.* Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

*Fri.* That shall I, signor Rinaldo. But would you had come sooner ! you see how full the scaffolds are ; there is scant room for a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen, sit close, for shame ! has none of ye a little corner for this gentleman ? —I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day ? you saw the solemnity of the marriage.

*Rin.* Why, like a fit husband for so gracious and excellent a princess, as his worthy mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter, doth, in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour, assure herself to be. And I protest, my dear don, seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns and happy occasions<sup>f</sup> to this sacred union of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely and mutually conjoined two such virtuous and beautiful princes as these are ; and, in all opinion, like to multiply to their very last minute.

*Fri.* The king is entering : signor, hover hereabout, and as soon as the train is set, clap in to me ; we'll stand near the state<sup>g</sup>. If you have any creditors here, they shall renew bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight : but to touch the pommel of the king's chair, in the sight of a citizen, is better security for a thousand double ducats than three of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor, we will censure,<sup>h</sup> not only the king in the play here, that reigns his two hours, but the king himself, that is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel. I have one word to say to this noble assembly, and I am for you.

<sup>f</sup> *occasions*] i. e. circumstances, occurrences.

<sup>g</sup> *the state*] i. e. the raised chair, or throne.

*censure*] See note, p. 355.

*Rin.* Your method shall govern me.

*Fri.* *Prologues are huishers bare<sup>h</sup> before the wise ;*

*Why may not, then, an huisher prologueise ?*

*Here's a fair sight ; and were ye oftener seen*

*Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.*

*Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all*

*To Lisbon and the court of Portugal ;*

*Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights*

*Than preparations made for kings' delights.*

*We wish to men content, the manliest treasure ;*

*And to the women their own wish'd-for pleasure !* [Flourish.

*Enter EMANUEL and ISABELLA, who seat themselves ; Lords and Attendants.*

*Eman.* Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams  
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,  
Never contention rise in either's breast,  
But contestation whose love shall be best !

*Isab.* Majestic ocean, that with plenty feeds  
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet ;  
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams  
Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams ;  
Curs'd be my birth-hour and my ending day,  
When back your love-floods I forget to pay !  
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,  
Ever take other form in, other look  
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace  
A strange reflection, or another's face,  
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none  
But you, nor hold a story but your own ;  
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,  
Frozen to all, only dissolv'd to you !

*Eman.* Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love  
To future times, and not be thought to lie ?  
I look through this hour like a perspective<sup>i</sup>,

<sup>h</sup> *huishers bare* ] i. e. ushers bare-headed.

<sup>i</sup> *perspective.*] Scot gives a minute account of the "Strange things to be doone by perspective glasses," part of which is as follows :— " But the woonderous



And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,  
 That our reciprocal affection breeds.  
 Thus, my white<sup>j</sup> rib, close in my breast with me,  
 Which nought shall tear hence but mortality.

*Lords.* Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them !

[*Flourish.*

*Fri.* Whist, signor ! my strong imagination shews me  
 Love, methinks, bathing in milk and wine in her cheeks. Oh,  
 how she clips him, like a plant of ivy !

*Rin.* Ay ; could not you be content to be an owl in such an  
 ivy-bush, or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt ?

*Fri.* Equivocal don, though I like the clipping well, I could  
 not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the city.  
 [*Flourish.*] The play begins.

*Enter Poet, as Prologue-speaker, with a garland<sup>k</sup>.*

*Poet.* Low at your sacred feet our poor Muse lays  
 Her and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.  
 Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,  
 Of Honour, Love, Death<sup>l</sup>, and Time, do rise  
 From our approaching subject ; which we move  
 Towards you with fear, since that a sweeter love,  
 A brighter honour, purer chastity,  
 March in your breasts this day triumphantly  
 Than our weak scenes can shew : then how dare we  
 Present, like apes and zanies<sup>m</sup>, things that be  
 Exemplified in you, but that we know  
 We u'er crav'd grace which you did not bestow ? [Exit.]

deuises and miraeulous sights and conceipts made and contened in glasse, do farre exceed all other ; whereto the art perspectiue is verie necessarie. For it sheweth the illusions of them, whose experiments be seene in diuerse sorts of glasses . . . for you may haue glasses so made, as what image or fauour soeuer you print in your imagination, you shall thiuke you see the same therein. Others are so framed, as therein one may see what others doo in places far distant," &c.  
 —*The Discou. of Witchcraft*, B. xiii. c. 19, p. 316, ed. 1584.

<sup>j</sup> *white*] "Was a very general epithet of endearment." WEBER. See note, p. 156.

<sup>k</sup> *a garland*] See note, vol. i. v.

<sup>l</sup> *Death*] Seward, for the metre, printed "and *Death*."

<sup>m</sup> *zanies*] i. e. buffoons, mimics.

## THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

SCENE I.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

*Enter in triumph, with drums, trumpets, and colours, MARTIUS, VALERIUS, SOPHOCLES bound, NICODEMUS, CORNELIUS, Captains, and Soldiers.*

*Mar.* What means proud Sophocles ?

*Soph.* To go even with Martius,  
And not to follow him like his officer :  
I never waited yet on any man.

*Mar.* Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my<sup>m</sup> slave ;  
My blows have conquer'd thee.

*Soph.* Thy slave, proud Martius !  
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,  
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)  
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,  
Making himself his own anatomy :  
But look thee, Martius ; not a vein runs here,  
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam,  
And, like a spring-garden<sup>n</sup>, shoot his scornful blood

<sup>m</sup> *art my*] Weber printed " martyr " !

<sup>n</sup> *Like a spring-garden, &c.*] " The last editors [of 1778], not comprehending the meaning of this passage, propose to amend it by reading *spring-gun* instead of *spring-garden* ; but they entirely mistake the allusion. It was the fashion formerly in improvements, where there was a command of water, to convey it in pipes in such a manner, that, when you trod on a particular spot, the water played upon you, and wet you severely : these were called *spring-gardens*. And I remember to have seen one of them at Chatsworth, about five-and-twenty years ago, which has probably given place by this time to more modern and elegant decorations ; such practical jokes being no longer in fashion. Spring-garden, which formerly made part of St. James's Park, was probably a garden

Into their eyes durst come to tread on him.  
 As for thy blows, they did not conquer me ;  
 Seven battles have I met thee face to face,  
 And given thee blow for blow and wound for wound,  
 And, till thou taught'st me °, knew not to retire :  
 Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong ;  
 Thy blows, then, Martius, cannot conquer me.

*Val.* What is it, then ?

*Soph.* Fortune.

*Val.* Why, yet in that

Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

*Soph.* Young sir, you err : if Fortune could be call'd  
 Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,  
 For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth ;  
 But she but jests with man, and in mischance  
 Abhors all constancy, flouting him still  
 With some small touch of good, or seeming good,  
 Midst of his mischief ; which vicissitude  
 Makes him straight doff his armour and his fence,  
 He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes :  
 So from the very zenith of her wheel,  
 When she has dandled some choice favourite,  
 Given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,  
 And all the various delicies<sup>p</sup> of earth,  
 That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,  
 She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

*Mar.* Art sure we have taken him ? is this Sophocles ?

of this kind. It is to this that Sophocles alludes : spring-guns would be a strange anachronism, and destroy both metre [according to the old arrangement] and sense. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, in his description of Nonsuch, the villa of Henry VIII., says, 'There is, besides, another pyramid of marble, full of concealed pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their reach' [p. 84, ed. 1757]." MASON. "Such fopperies are still to be seen in continental gardens." WEBER. "Such a garden," says Nares, "is still [1822] to be seen at Enstone, in Oxfordshire." *Gloss.* in v.

° *thou taught'st me*] "The context seems to require FATE *taught me*, or words to that effect." *Ed.* 1778. "This is a most needless alteration. Sophocles says simply, 'I never knew how to retire till I learnt it by thy example.'" WEBER,—who borrowed this note from Mason.

<sup>p</sup> *delicies*] Generally written *delices*,—i. e. delights.—So the first fol. The modern editors give, with the sec. folio, "delicacies."

His fetter'd arms say, no ; his free soul, ay<sup>p</sup> :  
This Athens nurseth arts as well as arms.

*Soph.* Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine ;  
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow :  
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee ?  
She never yet could make the better man,  
The better chance she has : the man that's best  
She still contends with, and doth favour least.

*Mar.* Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies'  
Breaks from his lips : I am amaz'd to hear ;  
And Athens' words, more than her swords, do fear.—[*Aside.*  
Slave Sophocles—

*Soph.* Martius, couldst thou acquire<sup>q</sup>,  
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers  
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit,  
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars  
Thy predecessors, and what is to come,  
And by their influence fling it on thee now,  
Thou couldst not make my mind go less<sup>r</sup>, not<sup>s</sup> pare  
With all their swords one virtue from my soul :  
How am I vassall'd, then ? Make such thy slaves  
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.  
Know, general, we two are chances on

<sup>v</sup> *His fetter'd arms say, no ; his free soul, ay*] “Mason says we should transpose the affirmative and the negative in this line, because the question asked by Martius is, Whether he is a captive or not ? But the text is capable of receiving the following very poetical explanation, furnished by a friend, [Qy. Sir Walter Scott ?], which proves the propriety of it at once : ‘Is this Sophocles ? the illustrious Sophocles ? this ! the enslaved being before me !—Regarding his fetters only, I should say—No. But when I regard his ‘free soul,’ I hear it proclaim—Ay ! he, whose great soul looks down upon chains and captivity, is indeed Sophocles.’” WEBER (whose note I have somewhat shortened towards the end.)

<sup>1</sup> *Slave Sophocles—*

*Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire, &c.*] Old eds.,

“*Soph. Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou acquire,*” &c.

The necessary alteration now given was made by Seward, who also very unnecessarily changed “*acquire*” into “*aspire*.” Mason offers some unhappy conjectures on the passage.

<sup>r</sup> *go less*] “i. e. become less, be valued at less.” WEBER. A wrong explanation : *go less* means properly—adventure a smaller sum (see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, III., 246), and here it seems to be equivalent to—shrink, quail.

<sup>s</sup> *not*] Seward printed “*nor*”—rightly perhaps.

The die of Fate ; now thrown, thy six is up,  
 And my poor one beneath thee ; next, the throw<sup>t</sup>  
 May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

*Mar.* Yet will I try thee more ; calamity  
 Is man's true touchstone. [*Aside.*]—Listen, insolent prince,  
 That dar'st contemn the master of thy life,  
 Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls  
 With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife  
 To see it, and then after send her——

*Soph.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Mar.* And then demolish Athens to the ground,  
 Depopulate her, fright away her fame,  
 And leave succession neither stone nor name.

*Soph.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Mar.* Dost thou deride me ?

*Val.* Kneel, ask Martius

For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still !

*Soph.* Kneel, and ask mercy ! Roman, art a god ?  
 I never kneel'd or begg'd of any else.  
 Thou art a fool ; and I will lose no more  
 Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears  
 Are foolish, like thy tongue. [*Solemn music.*]

*Enter* DORIGEN, and Ladies bearing a sword and wreath.

My Dorigen !

Oh, must she see me bound ?

*First Capt.* There's the first sigh  
 He breath'd since he was born, I think.

*Sec. Capt.* Forbear,  
 All but the lady his wife !

*Soph.* How my heart chides  
 The manacles of my hands, that let them not  
 Embrace my Dorigen !

*Val.* Turn but thy face,  
 And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,  
 With thy fair wife, shalt live ; Athens shall stand,  
 And all her privileges augmented be.

<sup>t</sup> *next, the throw*] So the sec. folio. Weber gave, with the first folio, “*next*  
*thy throw.*” Seward, following his own devices, printed, “and *next throw.*”

*Soph.* 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife,—  
Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one,—  
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,  
Commit profane idolatry, by giving  
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown<sup>s</sup> man!

*Mar.* Rough, stubborn cynic!

*Soph.* Thou art rougher far,  
And of a coarser wale<sup>t</sup>, fuller of pride,  
Less temperate to bear prosperity.  
Thou seest my mere neglect hath rais'd in thee  
A storm more boisterous than the ocean's;  
My virtue, patience, makes thee vicious. [DORIGEN kneels.

*Mar.* Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel?

*Dor.* Great general,  
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid  
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks  
Thus humbly that he may not. Listen, Roman;  
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman  
To every nation, and whose deeds assure't;  
Behold a princess, whose declining head,  
Like to a drooping lily after storms,  
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,  
To keep her husband's greatness unabated:  
All which doth make thy conquest greater; for,  
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,  
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize;  
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,  
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.  
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself  
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!  
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

*Mar.* Valerius, here is harmony would have brought  
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove  
Did first incense him with rebellion.  
Athens doth make women philosophers;  
And, sure, their children chat the talk of gods.

<sup>s</sup> *blown*] i. e. swelled with pride, insolent.

<sup>t</sup> *wale*] i. e. texture, (properly,—the ridge of threads in the cloth.)

*Val.* Rise, beauteous Dorigen.

*Dor.* Not until I know

The general's resolution.

*Val.* One soft word

From Sophocles would calm him into tears,  
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.

*Dor.* To buy the world, he will not give a word,  
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,  
And the divine composure<sup>u</sup> of his mind :  
All which I therefore do ; and here present  
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,  
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,  
And be appeas'd ! let Sophocles still live !

*Mar.* He would not live.

*Dor.* He would not beg to live :

When he shall so forget, then I begin  
To command, Martius ; and when he kneels,  
Dorigen stands ; when he lets fall a tear,  
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

*Mar.* Scorn him now, then,

Here in the face of Athens and thy friends.—  
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die, [DORIGEN rises.  
And by that sword thy lady honour'd me,  
With which herself shall follow.—Romans, friends,  
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me  
Half Athens and my half of victory.

*Captains.* By [heaven], not we !

*Nic.* } We two will do it, sir.  
*Corn.* }

*Soph.* Away, ye fish-fac'd rascals !

*Val.* Martius,

To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame<sup>v</sup>,  
Valerius thy brother shall for once  
Turn executioner : give me the sword.—

<sup>u</sup> *composure*] i. e. composition, frame.

<sup>v</sup> *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame, &c.*] “ i. e. to dispel this great eclipse, which obscures thy fame [makes thy fame labour, like the moon in an eclipse], I, your brother, will act the part of executioner.”  
MASON.

Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly  
As thou dar'st die.

*Soph.* Thou canst not: and, Valerius,  
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me  
Than bid me kneel to Martius; 'tis to murder  
The fame of living men, which great ones do;  
Their studies strangle; poison makes away<sup>w</sup>,  
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

*Val.* Art thou prepar'd?

*Soph.* Yes.

*Val.* Bid thy wife farewell.

*Soph.* No; I will take no leave.—My Dorigen,  
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,  
My spirit shall hover for thee; prithee, haste!

*Dor.* Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight;

[*SOPH.* puts a scarf over her eyes.]

<sup>w</sup>

'tis to murder

*The fame of living men, which great ones do;*

*Their studies strangle; poison makes away, &c.]* "By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following sense may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them; it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame, and fetters and strangles their *studies*, i. e. the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul; and the wretched despicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next speech upon death." SEWARD.

"Probably we should point,

————— *which great ones do*  
*Their studies strangle.*

The sense is, 'You will dishonour me less by killing me, than bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themselves to murder the fame of the living; which is greater cruelty than poison or hanging, which but concludes our misery.' Ed. 1778 (where this pointing is given in the text).

"I should read,

'tis to murder

*The fame of living men, when great ones do*  
*Their studies strangle, &c.*

and the meaning may possibly be this: that when great men, by their power, force others to depart from the principles they have formed, from their studies, they destroy their fame." MASON.

Weber adopted the alteration proposed by Mason. Amid so much uncertainty, I prefer following the old eds.



Let not soft nature so transformèd be,  
 And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity,  
 To make me see my lord bleed!—So; 'tis well:  
 Never one object underneath the sun  
 Will I behold before my Sophocles.  
 Farewell! now teach the Romans how to die.

*Mar.* Dost know what 'tis to die?

*Soph.* Thou dost not, Martius,  
 And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die  
 Is to begin to live; it is to end  
 An old stale weary work, and to commence  
 A newer and a better; 'tis to leave  
 Deceitful knaves for the society  
 Of gods and goodness: thou thyself must part  
 At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,  
 And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.

*Val.* But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?

*Soph.* Why should I grieve or vex for being sent  
 To them I ever lov'd best? Now I'll kneel;  
 But with my back toward thee: 'tis the last duty  
 This trunk can do the gods.

[*Kneels.*]

*Mar.* Strike, strike, Valerius,  
 Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!—  
 This is a man! a woman!—Kiss thy lord,  
 And live with all the freedom you were wont.—

[*SOPH. rises, takes the scarf off DORIGEN's eyes, and kisses her.*  
 Oh, Love, thou doubly hast afflicted me,  
 With virtue and with beauty! Treacherous heart,  
 My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,  
 Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

*Val.* What ails my brother?

*Soph.* Martius, oh, Martius,  
 Thou now hast found a way to conquer me!

*Dor.* Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak  
 Fit words to follow such a deed as this!

*Mar.* Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen!

*Val.* You are observ'd.

*Mar.* This admirable duke, Valerius,

With his disdain of fortune and of death,  
 Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me ;  
 And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,  
 His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul :  
 By Romulus, he is all soul, I think !  
 He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be giv'd :  
 Then we have vanquish'd nothing ; he is free,  
 And Martius walks now in captivity.

*Soph.* How fares the noble Roman ?

*Mar.* Why ?

*Dor.* Your blood

Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes  
 Have lost their splendour.

*Mar.* Baser fires go out

When the sun shines on 'em. I am not well ;  
 An apoplectic<sup>x</sup> fit I use to have,  
 After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.

*Soph.* Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,  
 Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman,  
 See Sophocles do that for thee he could not  
 Do for himself, weep ! Martius, by the [gods],  
 It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer  
 Under the body's weak infirmity.—  
 Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,  
 And let thy care be tender.

*Dor.* Kingly sir,

I am your nurse and servant.

*Mar.* Oh, dear lady,

My mistress, nay, my deity !—Guide me, Heaven !—  
 Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,  
 To change a Martius for a Sophocles.—  
 Can't not be done, Valerius, with this boot<sup>y</sup> ?—  
 Inseparable affection ever thus  
 Colleague with Athens Rome !

*Dor.* Beat warlike tunes,

<sup>x</sup> *apoplectic*] Was altered to "epileptic" by Seward, who says, "to make a man accustomed to apoplectic fits, seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal." !

<sup>y</sup> *boot*] "i. e. advantage." ED. 1778.

Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow  
With one victorious wreath more !

*Soph.* And Sophocles

Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,  
Which ne'er be drawn but cut out victory !

*Captains.* For ever be it thus !

[*Exeunt all except NICODEMUS and CORNELIUS.*]

*Corn.* Corporal Nicodemus, a word with you.

*Nic.* My worthy sutler Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus the Roman officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank ; the affairs of the empire are to be occupied.

*Corn.* Let the affairs of the empire lie a while unoccupied, sweet Nicodemus : I do require the money at thy hands which thou dost owe me ; and if fair means cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish.

[*Draws.*]

*Nic.* Put up, and live.

*Corn.* I have put up too much already, thou corporal of concupiscence ! for I suspect thou hast dishonoured my flock-bed, and with thy foolish eloquence and that bewitching face of thine drawn my wife, the young harlotry baggage, to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw, therefore ; for thou shalt find thyself a mortal corporal.

*Nic.* Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear ! I will rather descend from my honour, and argue these contumelies with thee, than clutch thee, poor fly, in these eaglet [talons<sup>z</sup>] of mine, or draw my sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio<sup>a</sup>, a cocoloch<sup>b</sup>,

<sup>z</sup> [*talons*] Seward printed "claws ;" and so his successors. The context would seem to shew that the omitted word must have been a harmless one ; and yet the mark of omission (a dash thus —) is the same here as in passages of the play which were undoubtedly mutilated by the licenser.

<sup>a</sup> *besognio*] i. e. beggar, needy fellow.

<sup>b</sup> *cocoloch*] Gifford says that "a couple of *cockloches*" in Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, act ii. sc. 2, "appears to mean a couple of silly coxcombs ; but the word is of rare occurrence in our old writers. It is pure French,—*Coqueluche*, a sort of spoiled child." Note on *Works*, 1. 307. In a tract entitled *Bartholomew Faire*, 1641, 4to, I find : "on the other side, Hoecus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbin in's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of *cockloaches*." p. 4,—where the term is evidently equivalent to—simpletons.

as thou art. Thou shalt first understand, this foolish eloquence and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are merely natural) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent bawdy sonnet nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheep's eye to thy betrothed Florence.

*Corn.* Thou liest.

*Nic.* Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born  
To bear these braveries from a poor provant<sup>c</sup>?  
Yet, when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,  
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.

*Corn.* A [pox] o' your poetical vein! this versifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-head, no more standing on your punctilios and punkettos of honour, they are not worth a louse: the truth is, thou art the general's by-gamy<sup>d</sup>, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knapsack, and thy ending will be halter-sack<sup>e</sup>.

*Nic.* Methinks I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou art Martius the mad.

*Corn.* No more of your tricks, good corporal Leather-chops. I say, thou hast dishonoured me; and since honour now-a-days is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps long friends.

*Nic.* Let us continue friends, then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

*Corn.* Flow forth, my tears! Thou hast deflowered her, Tarquin! the garden of my delight, hedged about, in which there was but one bowling-alley for mine own private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leaped the hedge,

<sup>c</sup> *provant*] Means properly, provender, provisions, and is here applied contemptuously to Cornelius, because he is a sutler.

<sup>d</sup> *the general's by-gamy*] i. e. one who affords *by-game* to the general,—as seems to be proved by what immediately follows,—“that is, his fool.” Yet the Editors of 1778 and Weber print “bigamy”!

<sup>e</sup> *thy ending will be halter-sack*] i. e. thy ending will be hanging: see note, p. 149.

entered my alley, and, without my privity, played thine own rubbers.

*Nic.* How long shall patience thus securely snore?  
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,  
This budding chin, or rosy-colour'd cheek,  
This comely body, and this waxen<sup>f</sup> leg,  
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?  
By Cupid's [godhead] I do swear (no other<sup>g</sup>),  
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;  
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash<sup>h</sup> it;  
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it,—  
For well thou wott'st, though now my heart's commandress,  
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.

*Corn.* Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part about her  
but smelt of soap-suds; like a Dryad<sup>i</sup> out of a wash-bowl.  
Pray, or pay!

*Nic.* Hold!

*Corn.* Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths small?  
was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy  
stoop<sup>j</sup> filled like a tide? was not thy bed soft, and thy bacon  
fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir.

*Nic.* Mars, then, inspire me with the fencing skill  
Of our tragedian actors!—Honour pricks;—  
And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks!  
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavolta-fall<sup>k</sup>;  
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all!

[*They fight.*]

*Enter FLORENCE.*

*Flor.* Oh, that ever I was born!—Why, gentlemen—

<sup>f</sup> *waxen*] i. e. well made, as if it had been modelled in wax.

<sup>g</sup> *By Cupid's [godhead] I do swear (no other)*] Seward chose to print,

“By Cupid's bow (I do swear by no other).”

The word “*godhead*” was inserted by the Editors of 1778, who, Weber says,  
“filled up the hiatus properly”: decently, at any rate.

<sup>h</sup> *dash*] i. e. splash, bespatter.

<sup>i</sup> *Dryad*] “Was probably a designed mistake for ‘Naiad,’ &c.” SEWARD.  
Of course, it was.

<sup>j</sup> *stoop*] See note, p. 221.

<sup>k</sup> *lavolta-fall*] See note, p. 196. Old eds. “*Cavalto fall.*”

*Corn.* Messaline of Rome! away, disloyal concubine! I will be deafer to thee than thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachmas he owes me, thou arrant whore!

*Flor.* I know he is an hundred drachmas o' the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius! Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fallen thorow the bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus, if either of ye miskill one another, what will become of poor Florence? pacify yourselves, I pray!

*Corn.* Go to, my heart is not stone; I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence.—The scurvy ape's-face knows my blind side well enough [*Aside*].—Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste thy nether lip [*Nic. kisses her*]; which, in sign of amity, I thus take off again [*kissing her*]. Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.

*Nic.* Lily of concord! [*Exit FLORENCE.*].—And now, honest sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature as of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfy thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand, I am shortly to be knighted.

*Corn.* The devil thou art!

*Nic.* Renounce me else! For the sustenance of which worship (which worship many times wants sustenance), I have here the general's grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

*Corn.* You jest, you jest.

*Nic.* Refuse me else to the pit!

*Corn.* Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself? by your swearing, you should be knighted already.

*Nic.* Damn me, sir, here's his hand; read it. [*Offers a paper.*]

*Corn.* Alas, I cannot!

*Nic.* I know that. [*Aside.*].—It has pleased the general to look upon my service. Now, sir, shall you join with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

*Corn.* No more, dear corporal; Sir Nicodemus that shall

be, I cry your worship's<sup>1</sup> mercy ! I am your servant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables ; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

*Nic.* A figment is a candid lie<sup>m</sup>.: this is an old pass. Mark what follows. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A rocky place near the city.*

*Enter MARTIUS and two Captains.*

*Mar.* Pray, leave me : you are Romans, honest men ;  
Keep me not company ; I am turn'd knave,  
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exeunt Captains.*  
Athens, Athens,

This Dorigen is thy Palladium !  
He that will sack thee must betray her first,  
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword ;  
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,  
And here they keep her only to that end.  
Oh, subtle devil, what a golden ball  
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way !  
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field  
Thy lady, that thou mightst have overcome ?  
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths  
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,  
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,  
(For that she knew he durst,) and not 'gainst Fate  
Or deities ; what mortal conquers them ?  
Insatiate Julius, when his victories  
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,  
There he had stopt the legend of his deeds,

<sup>1</sup> *worship's*] Old eds. "wishes." The alteration was made by Seward, who observes, "he calls him afterwards before Martius, 'his *worship* Sir Nicodemus'": and see a preceding speech of Nicodemus in the present scene, "For the sustenance of which *worship*," &c.

<sup>m</sup> *a candid lie*] i. e. a white lie. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*a candied lie*"!

Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,  
 And let her vanquish th' other half; and fame  
 Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.  
 Shall I thus fall? I will not: no; my tears,  
 Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:  
 He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

*Enter DORIGEN with Ladies.*

*Dor.* Great sir, my lord commands me visit you:  
 And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds  
 From some distaste of worthless entertainment.  
 Will't please you take your chamber? how d'ye do, sir?

*Mar.* Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood  
 Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore  
 Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane,  
 That the least breath from her turns every way. [*Aside.*

*Dor.* What says my lord?

*Mar.* Dismiss your women, pray,  
 And I'll reveal my grief.

*Dor.* Leave me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

*Mar.* Long tales of love (whilst love itself  
 Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.  
 There is a secret strange lies in my breast,  
 I will partake wi' you, which much concerns  
 Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!

*Dor.* Strange secrets, sir,  
 Should not be made so cheap to strangers; yet,  
 If your strange secret do no lower lie  
 Than in your breast, discover it.

*Mar.* I will.

Oh! can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?

*Dor.* Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?

*Mar.* Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks: Alcides,  
 That master'd monsters, was by beauty tam'd;  
 Omphale smil'd his club out of his hand,  
 And made him spin her smocks. Oh, sweet, I love you!  
 And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;  
 And yet I would not injure him.



*Dor.* Let go !

You hurt me, sir. Farewell.—Stay ; is this Martius ?  
 I will not tell my lord : he'll swear I lie ;  
 Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.  
 How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee  
 Thus violate friendship, hospitality,  
 And all the bonds<sup>n</sup> of sacred piety ?  
 Sure, thou but triest me, out of love to him,  
 And wouldst reject me, if I did consent.  
 Oh, Martius, Martius ! wouldst thou in one minute  
 Blast all thy laurels, which so many years  
 Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat ?  
 Hath Dorigen never been written, read,  
 Without the epithet of *chaste, chaste* Dorigen,  
 And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,  
 Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out ?  
 When men shall read the records of thy valour,  
 Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach  
 (Highly content yet) to this foul assault  
 Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,  
 They shall throw down the book, and read no more,  
 Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude  
 That ravell'd the whole story<sup>o</sup>, whose sound heart  
 (Which should have been) prov'd the most leprous part.

*Mar.* Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy words  
 Do fall like rods upon me ! but they have  
 Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I  
 Am faster snar'd : my love has ta'en such hold,  
 That, like two wrestlers, though thou stronger be,  
 And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after ;  
 I must, or perish.

*Dor.* Perish, Martius, then !

<sup>n</sup> *bonds*] Old eds. "bounds."

<sup>o</sup> *That ravell'd the whole story*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "Thou'st ravell'd the whole story." Mason proposed to read, "*That ravell'd thy whole story*",—an alteration which Weber adopted. The text may be corrupted: but passages which can hardly be reconciled to grammar occur elsewhere in these plays.

For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,  
 These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be remov'd,  
 Made champion<sup>p</sup> field, ere I so impious prove,  
 To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love !

*Enter VALERIUS.*

*Val.* The gods protect fair Dorigen !

*Dor.* Amen,

From all you wolvish Romans !

[*Exit.*

*Val.* Ha ! what's this ?—

Still, brother, in your moods ?—Oh, then, my doubts  
 Are truths. Have at it ! I must try a way  
 To be resolv'd<sup>q</sup>.

[*Aside.*

*Mar.* How strangely dost thou look !

What ail'st thou ?

*Val.* What ail'st thou ?

*Mar.* Why, I am mad.

*Val.* Why, I am madder. Martius, draw thy sword,  
 And lop a villain from the earth ; for, if  
 Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place  
 I'll hang myself : Valerius shall not live  
 To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,  
 And branded with ingratitude to all times.

*Mar.* For what can all this be ?

*Val.* I am in love.

*Mar.* Why, so am I. With whom ? ha !

*Val.* Dorigen.

*Mar.* With Dorigen ! how dost thou love her ? speak.

*Val.* Even to the height of lust ; and I must have her,  
 Or else I die.

*Mar.* Thou shalt, thou daring traitor !  
 On all the confines I have rid my horse,  
 Was there no other woman for thy choice  
 But Dorigen ? Why, villain, she is mine :

<sup>p</sup> *champion*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "champain." They were not aware that the other form of the word is very common in our early writers.

<sup>q</sup> *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool ;  
 'Tis I must have her, or I die.

*Val.* Oh, all ye gods,  
 With mercy look on this declining rock  
 Of valour and of virtue ! breed not up  
 From infaney, in honour, to full man,  
 As you have done him, to destroy !—Here, strike !  
 For I have only search'd thy wound ; despatch !  
 Far, far be such love from Valerius !  
 So far, he scorns to live to be call'd brother  
 By him that <sup>r</sup> dares own such folly and such vice.

*Mar.* 'Tis truth thou speak'st ; but I do hate it : peace !  
 If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,  
 And put a rattle in it, what can I do ?  
 He that is destin'd to be odious  
 In his old age, must undergo his fate.

*Enter CORNELIUS and NICODEMUS.*

*Corn.* If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

*Nic.* I warrant you.

*Corn.* Hum, hum——sir, my lord, my lord——

*Mar.* Ha ! what's the matter ?

*Corn.* Hum——concerning the odd fifty, my lord, an't  
 please your generality, his worship Sir Nicodemus——

*Mar.* What's here ? a pass ? you would for Rome ? you  
 lubbers !

Doth one day's laziness make ye covet home ?

Away, ye boarish rogues ! ye dogs, away ! [*Strikes them.*]

*Enter FLORENCE.*

*Corn.* Oh, oh, oh <sup>s</sup> !

*Flor.* How now, man ? are you satisfied ?

*Corn.* Ay, ay, ay ; a [pox] o' your corporal ! I am paid  
 soundly ; I was never better paid in all my life.

*Flor.* Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's heart !—  
 You have done a charitable deed, sir ; many more such may

<sup>r</sup> *that*] Omitted by Seward,—rightly perhaps.

<sup>s</sup> *Oh, oh, oh*] Given in the old eds. to "*Wife.*" This obviously necessary correction was made by Seward.

you live to do, sir! the gods keep you, sir, the gods protect you!

[*Exit with CORNELIUS and NICODEMUS.*]

*Mar.* These peasants mock me, sure.—Valerius,  
 Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,  
 And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now  
 Left me with this harsh vow,—sooner these rocks  
 Should be remov'd than she would yield,) that I  
 Was yet so loving, on her gift to die.

*Val.* Oh, Jupiter forbid it, sir, and grant  
 This my device may certify thy mind!  
 You are my brother, nor must perish thus:  
 Be comforted. Think you fair Dorigen  
 Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks  
 By skill could be removèd, or by fallacy  
 She made believe so?

*Mar.* Why, she could not choose;  
 The Athenians are religious in their vows  
 Above all nations.

*Val.* Soft; down yonder hill  
 The lady comes this way: once more to try her;  
 If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,  
 Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,  
 Who train'd me in the mathematics, I will  
 So dazzle and delude her sight, that she  
 Shall think this great impossibility  
 Effected by some supernatural means.  
 Be confident; this engine shall at least,  
 Till the gods better order, still this breast.

*Mar.* Oh, my best brother, go! and for reward  
 Choose any part o' the world, I'll give it thee. [*Exit VALERIUS.*]  
 Oh, little Love<sup>s</sup>, men say thou art a god!  
 Thou mightst have got a fitter fool than I.

*Re-enter DORIGEN.*

*Dor.* Art thou there, basilisk? remove thine eyes;  
 For I am sick to death with thy infection.

<sup>s</sup> *Love*] Old eds., "Rome."—The alteration was made by Seward, who observes that the error perhaps arose from the compositor's eye having been caught by the words "all Rome" in the fifth line after.

*Mar.* Yet, yet have mercy on me ! save him, lady,  
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy  
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life !

*Dor.* To spoil  
Our fame and honours ? No ; my vow is fix'd,  
And stands, as constant as these stones do, still.

*Mar.* Then, pity me, ye gods ! you only may  
Move her by tearing these firm stones away.

[*Solemn music. A mist arises ; the rocks seem to remove.*

*Re-enter VALERIUS, habited like MERCURY.*

*Val.* [*sings.*] Martius, rejoice ! Jove sends me from above,  
His messenger, to cure thy desperate love :  
To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,  
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be !  
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield ! lest, for contempt,  
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt †.

[*Exit.*

*Dor.* What strange delusion's this ? what sorcery  
Affrights me with these apparitions ?  
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.—  
Hence, lewd magician ! dar'st thou make the gods  
Bawds to thy lust ? will they do miracles  
To further evil ? or do they love it now ?  
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,  
And will no longer serve 'em.—Jupiter,  
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,  
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,  
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone  
For being good, and blush when thou hast done !

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter VALERIUS.*

*Mar.* Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do !  
Unless I could so draw mine honesty  
Down to the lees to be a ravisher :  
She calls me witch and villain.

† *They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.*] “i. e. they fix you a rock in this place, from whence the other rocks are taken away ; for that is the meaning of the word *exempt*, from the Latin *eximere*.” MASON.

*Val.* Patience, sir :  
 The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,  
 And ruminatè on this strange sight.—Time decays  
 The strongest, fairest buildings we can find :  
 But still, Diana, fortify her mind ! [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of Sophocles.*

*Enter SOPHOCLES and DORIGEN.*

*Soph.* Weep not, bright Dorigen ; for thou hast stood  
 Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,  
 When rocks and mountains were remov'd.—These wonders  
 Do stupify my senses. Martius,  
 This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust ?  
 Yet, were this truth, why weeps she ? Jealous soul,  
 What dost thou thus suggest ? Vows, magic, rocks !—  
 Fine tales !—and tears !—she ne'er complain'd before :  
 I bade her visit him ; she often did,  
 Had many opportunities—hum—'tis naught : oh !  
 No way but this. [*Aside.*]—Come, weep no more ; I have  
 ponder'd

This miracle, the anger of the gods,  
 Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius :  
 He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,  
 Lest worse fates follow us. Go, keep thy oath ;  
 For *chaste* and *whore* are words of equal length :  
 But let not Martius know that I consent.—

Oh, I am pull'd in pieces ! [*Aside.*]

*Dor.* Ay, say you so ?

I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men,  
 With all your valour and your learning, bubbles !— [*Aside.*  
 [*Kneels.*]

Forgive me, Sophocles !—yet why kneel I  
 For pardon, having been but over-diligent,

Like an obedient servant, antedating  
My lord's command ?

[ *Rises.*

Sir, I have often and already given  
This bosom up to his embraces, and  
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it ;  
Whose gentle honourable mind I see  
Participates even all, his wife and all,  
Unto his friend. You are sad, sir ! Martius loves me,  
And I love Martius, with such ardeney  
As never married couple could : I must  
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need  
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me ;  
Till then, make use of your philosophy.

[ *Exit.*

*Soph.* Stay, Dorigen !—Oh, me, inquisitive fool !—  
Thou that didst order this congested heap,  
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms  
Forming it to this vast rotundity,  
Dissolve it now ; shuffle the elements,  
That no one proper by itself may stand !  
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant  
The sun drink up the sea ! Day, ne'er come down,  
To light me to those deeds that must be done !

[ *Exit.*

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SCENE IV.—*The Roman Camp before the city.*

*Enter MARTIUS, VALERIUS, Captains and Soldiers, with drums and colours, on one side ; and DORIGEN with Ladies on the other.*

*Dor.* Hail, general of Rome ! from Sophocles,  
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents  
Herself to be dishonour'd. Do thy will ;  
For Sophocles commands me to obey :  
Come, violate all rules of holiness,  
And rend the consecrated knot of love.

*Mar.* Never, Valerius, was I blest till now :  
Behold the end of all my weary steps,

The prize of all my battles ! Leave us, all ;  
 Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin !  
 In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.

*Val.* Can Martius be so vile ? or Dorigen ?

*Dor.* Stay, stay !—and, monster, keep thou further off !  
 I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd  
 To have gone on still on such terms as this.  
 See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust  
 Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,  
 Whilst my chaste name lives to posterity.

[*Offers to stab herself.*]

*Mar.* [*kneeling.*] Live, live,—thou angel of thysex, forgive !—  
 Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd  
 Alive to heaven ; for thy corruption's  
 So little that it cannot suffer death !  
 Was ever such a woman ? Oh, my mirror,  
 How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,  
 Which now I hate ! and when I next attempt thee,  
 Let all the fires in the zodiac  
 Drop on this cursèd head !

*All.* Oh, blest event !

*Dor.* Rise, like the sun again in all his glory  
 After a dark eclipse !

*Mar.* Never, without  
 A pardon.

*Enter SOPHOCLES and two or three Gentlemen of Athens.*

*Dor.* Sir, you have forgiven yourself.

*Soph.* Behold their impudence ! are my words just ?—  
 Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome  
 Thy natural mother ! have I warm'd thee here  
 To corrode even my heart ? Martius, prepare  
 To kill me, or be kill'd.

*Mar.* Why, Sophocles,  
 Then, prithee, kill me ; I deserve it highly ;  
 For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods ;  
 But am repentant now, and in best case  
 To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh ;



Which, though (gods witness) ne'er was actually  
 Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas  
 Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now :  
 But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,  
 Or else forgive it !

*Val.* By the gods of Athens,  
 These words are true, and all direct again !

*Soph.* Pardon me, Dorigen !

*Mar.* Forgive me, Sophocles,  
 And Dorigen too, and every one that's good !

*Dor.* Rise, noble Roman.—Beloved Sophocles,

[*MARTIUS rises.*

Take to thy breast thy friend !

*Mar.* And to thy heart  
 Thy matchless wife ! Heaven has not stuff enough  
 To make another such ; for, if it could,  
 Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,  
 Oh, thou infinity of excellence !  
 Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not take  
 The wall of Athens as to-fore ; but when  
 In their fair honours we to speak do come,  
 We'll say, 'twas so in Athens and in Rome. [*Exeunt in pomp.*

DIANA descends.

*Diana.* Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring

*My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen :*

*Let her[e] triumph with her her lord and friend<sup>u</sup>,*

*Who though misled, still honour was their end.* [*Flourish.*

*Enter the Show of Honour's Triumph : a great flourish of trumpets  
 and drums within ; then enter a noise of trumpets<sup>v</sup> sounding cheer-  
 fully ; then follows an armed Knight bearing a crimson banneret  
 in hand, with the inscription Valour ; by his side a Lady bearing*

<sup>u</sup> *Let her[e] triumph with her her lord and friend* ] Seward printed,

“ *Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,*”

and so his successors. They seem not to have perceived that the “ *friend* ” means Martius.

<sup>v</sup> *a noise of trumpets* ] i. e. a company, band of trumpeters.

a watchet<sup>w</sup> banneret, the inscription Clemency; next, MARTIUS and SOPHOCLES with coronets; next, two Ladies, one bearing a white banneret, the inscription Chastity, the other a black, the inscription Constancy; then DORIGEN crowned; last, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a person crowned, with a sceptre, on the top, in an antic scutcheon, is written Honour. As they pass over, DIANA ascends.

*Rin.* How like you it?

*Fri.* Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again! How many of our wives now-a-days would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?

*Rin.* That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches.

*Fri.* That they do, by the mass; but not all neither; many of them are content with carts. But, signor, I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.

*Rin.* What was't?

*Fri.* The Prologue, presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs<sup>x</sup> to the king: a three-legged Prologue! 'twas monstrous.

*Rin.* 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legged one. Peace! the king speaks.

*Eman.* Here was a woman, Isabel!

*Isab.* Ay, my lord,  
But that she told a lie to vex her husband;  
Therein she fail'd.

*Eman.* She serv'd him well enough;  
He that was so much man, yet would be cast  
To jealousy for her integrity.  
This teacheth us, the passion of love  
Can fight with soldiers and with scholars too.

*Isab.* In Martius clemency and valour shewn,  
In the other courage and humanity;

<sup>w</sup> watchet] i. e. pale blue.

<sup>x</sup> legs] "i. e. bows." Ed. 1778.

And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd  
By Clemency and Valour.

*Eman.* Rightly observ'd ;  
As she by Chastity and Constancy.  
What hurt's now in a play, 'gainst which some rail  
So vehemently<sup>y</sup>? thou and I, my love,  
Make excellent use, methinks : I learn to be  
A lawful lover void of jealousy,  
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's  
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may  
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away :  
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will ;  
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still.

[*Flourish.*

CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. *Stay, clouds ! ye rack<sup>z</sup> too fast. Bright Phœbus, see,  
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity !  
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew  
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow :  
Produce the sweet example of your youth,  
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.*

[*Flourish.*

[*Ascends.*

<sup>y</sup> 'gainst which some rail

*So vehemently.*] “ In allusion to the puritans, who preached and wrote in the most venomous and inflammatory terms against the wickedness of stage-playing.” WEBER. In the next line, “ use ” is a term borrowed from the puritans, who employed it in the sense of—practical application of doctrines.

<sup>z</sup> *rack*] i. e. move like vapour, or smoke : see note, p. 120.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

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SCENE I.—*A room in BENVOGLIO's house.*

*Enter VIOLANTE and GERRARD.*

*Vio.* Why does my Gerrard grieve ?

*Ger.* Oh, my sweet mistress !

It is not life (which, by our Milan law,  
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive ;  
That I would lose to save the little finger  
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,  
Because your blood is in't : but since your love  
Made poor incompatible me the parent,  
Being we are not married, your dear blood  
Falls under the same cruel penalty ;  
And can Heaven think fit you die for me ?  
For Heaven's sake, say I ravish'd you ! I'll swear it,  
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd.

*Vio.* Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,  
(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own,)  
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries !  
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death ?  
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment ?  
It was so far from rape, that, Heaven doth know,  
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,  
Knew simply in the state of innocence,  
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush.

*Ger.* Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when  
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,  
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim  
At<sup>a</sup> my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms

<sup>a</sup> *At*] Old eds. "That." The correction is Mason's.

Hath nurs'd, since Milan by the duke of Mantua,  
 Who now usurps it, was surpris'd ! that time  
 My father and my mother were both slain,  
 With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states  
 Despoil'd and seiz'd ; 'tis past my memory,  
 But thus she told me : only this I know,  
 Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle  
 Hath given me all the liberal education  
 That his own son might look for, had he one ;  
 Now will he say, " Dost thou requite me thus ?"  
 Oh, the thought kills me !

*Vio.* Gentle, gentle Gerrard,  
 Be cheer'd, and hope the best. My mother, father,  
 And uncle, love me most indulgently,  
 Being the only branch of all their stocks :  
 But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve  
 With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear  
 Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,  
 Gerrard to be the father of his own ;  
 I'll rather silent die, that thou mayst live  
 To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

*Enter DOROTHEA.*

*Dor.* Mistress, away ! your lord and father seeks you,—  
 I'll convey Gerrard out at the back-door,—  
 He has found a husband for you, and insults  
 In his invention, little thinking you  
 Have made your own choice, and possess'd him too.

*Vio.* A husband ! 't must be Gerrard, or my death.  
 Farewell ! be only true unto thyself,  
 And know, Heaven's goodness shall prevented be,  
 Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.

*Ger.* Farewell, my life and soul !—Aunt, to your counsel  
 I flee for aid.—Oh, unexpressible love, thou art  
 An undigested heap of mix'd extremes,  
 Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter* BENVOLGIO, ANGELINA, and FERDINAND.

*Benv.* My Angelina, never didst thou yet  
So please me as in this consent; and yet  
Thou hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench, ha, ha!—  
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy;  
Ask thy good lady else.

*Ferd.* Whom shall I have, sir?

*Benv.* Whom d'ye think, i' faith?

*Ang.* Guess.

*Ferd.* Noble madam,

I may hope (prompted by<sup>z</sup> shallow merit),  
Through your profound grace, for your chambermaid.

*Benv.* How's that? how's that?

*Ferd.* Her chambermaid, my lord.

*Benv.* Her chamber-pot, my lord! You modest ass!  
Thou never shew'd'st thyself an ass till now:  
'Fore Heaven, I am angry with thee! sirrah, sirrah,  
This whitemeat-spirit's not yours legitimate:  
Advance your hope, an't please you; guess again.

*Ang.* And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,  
Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white<sup>a</sup>.

*Ferd.* If I may be so bold, then, my good lord,  
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire  
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.

*Benv.* Where?

Where would you catch her?

Do you know my daughter Violante, sir?

*Ang.* Well said; no more about the bush.

*Ferd.* My good lord,  
I have gaz'd on Violante, and<sup>b</sup> the stars,  
Whose heavenly influence I admir'd, not knew;

<sup>z</sup> *by*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*by my*"; and so Weber.

<sup>a</sup> *you have the fairest white.*] A punning allusion to *the white* in archery,—the central part of the mark.

<sup>b</sup> *and*] Qy. "as"?

Nor ever was so sinful to believe  
I might attain 't.

*Benv.* Now you are an ass again ;  
For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only 'long  
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.  
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,  
My brother's too, Randulpho's ; her descent  
Not behind any of the Millanois.  
And, Ferdinand, although thy parentage  
Be unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up  
From five years old ; and (do not blush to hear it)  
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success,  
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter  
To call thee master than thou me thy lord :  
Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood ;  
Thy mind shines thorough thee, like the radiant sun,  
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.  
Come, seriously this is no flattery ;  
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood  
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't.  
Sir, I can speak in earnest : virtuous service,  
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,  
Yet bashful still and silent, should extract  
A fuller price than impudence exact ;  
And this is now the wages it must have,—  
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

*Ferd.* Good madam, pinch ! I sleep ! does my lord mock,  
And you assist ? Custom 's inverted quite ;  
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

*Benv.* Fetch Violante.—As I intend this [*Exit ANGELINA.*  
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain !

*Ferd.* My honour'd lord and master, if I hold  
That worth could merit such felicity,  
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it ;  
It is your own, and what productions  
In all my faculties my soul begets,  
Your very mark is on ; you need not add  
Rewards to him that is in debt to you.

You sav'd my life, sir, in the massacre ;  
 There you begot me new, since foster'd me :  
 Oh, can I serve too much, or pray for you ?  
 Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty !  
 Your daughter is a paradise, and I  
 Unworthy to be set there : you may choose  
 The royal'st seeds of Milan.

*Benv.* Prithee, peace ;

Thy goodness makes me weep ; I am resolv'd :  
 I am no lord o' the time, to tie my blood  
 To sordid muck ; I have enough ; my name,  
 My state, and honours, I will store in thee,  
 Whose wisdom will rule well, keep, and increase :  
 A knave or fool, that could confer the like,  
 Would bate each hour, diminish every day.  
 Thou art her prize-lot, then, drawn out by fate :  
 An honest wise man is a prince's mate.

*Ferd.* Sir, Heaven and you have over-charg'd my breast  
 With grace beyond my continence ; I shall burst :  
 The blessing you have given me, witness saints,  
 I would not change for Milan ! But, my lord,  
 Is she prepar'd ?

*Benv.* What needs preparative,  
 Where such a cordial is prescrib'd as thou ?  
 Thy person and thy virtues, in one scale,  
 Shall poise hers with her beauty and her wealth ;  
 If not, I add my will unto thy weight :  
 Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys ;  
 And let thy<sup>b</sup> preparation for this marriage,  
 This welcome marriage, long determin'd here,  
 Be quick and gorgeous.—Gerrard !

*Enter GERRARD.*

*Ger.* My good lord,  
 My lord your brother craves your conference  
 Instantly, on affairs of high import.

<sup>b</sup> *thy*] So the modern editors. Old eds. "this." Compare, p. 517, "my wedding-preparation."



*Ben.* Why, what news?

*Ger.* The tyrant, my good lord,  
Is sick to death of his old apoplexy ;  
Whereon the states advise that letters missive  
Be straight despatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,  
And schedules too divulg'd on every post,  
To enquire the lost duke forth : their purpose is  
To re-instate him.

*Ben.* 'Tis a pious deed.—

Ferdinand, to my daughter : this delay,  
Though to so good a purpose, angers me ;  
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son :

Go, woo with truth and expedition.

[*Exit.*

*Ferd.* Oh, my unsounded joy !—How fares my Gerrard,  
My noble twin-friend? Fie, thy look is heavy,  
Sullen, and sour ! blanch it : didst thou know  
My cause of joy, thou'dst never sorrow more,  
I know thou lov'st me so. How dost thou ?

*Ger.* Well ;

Too well : my fraught of health my sickness is ;  
In life I am dead ; by living, dying still.

*Ferd.* What sublunary mischief can predominate  
A wise man thus ? or doth thy friendship play  
In this antipathous extreme with mine,  
Lest gladness suffocate me ? I, I, I do feel  
My spirit 's turn'd to fire, my blood to air,  
And I am like a purifièd essence  
Tried from all drossy parts !

*Ger.* Were 't but my life,  
The loss were sacrific'd<sup>c</sup> ; but virtue must  
For me be slain, and innocence made dust.

*Ferd.* Farewell, good Gerrard.

*Ger.* Dearest friend, stay !

*Ferd.* Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,  
Much less sad words : thy bosom binds some secret,

<sup>c</sup> *sacrific'd*] Altered by Seward to "sacrifice" ; and so his successors. But little is gained by the alteration.

Which do not trust me with ; for mine retains  
Another, which I must conceal from thee.

*Ger.* I would reveal it ; 'tis a heavy tale :  
Canst thou be true and secret still ?

*Ferd.* Why, friend,  
If you continue true unto yourself,  
I have no means of falsehood. Lock this door ;  
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.

*Ger.* Stay, Ferdinand !

*Ferd.* What is this trouble ? love ?  
Why, thou art capable of any woman.  
Doth want oppress thee ? I will lighten thee.  
Hast thou offended law ? my lord and thine,  
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude  
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it ?  
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee  
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more ?

*Ger.* Lend me the means. How can this be ?

*Ferd.* First, let  
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust :  
Yet, for the form of satisfaction,  
Take this my oath to boot ; by my presum'd  
Gentry, and sacred known Christianity,  
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust !

*Ger.* Then hear it :

Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is  
My betroth'd wife, goes great with child by me ;  
And by this deed both made a prey to law.  
How may I save her life ? advise me, friend.

*Ferd.* What did he say ? Gerrard, whose voice was  
that ?

Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my soul !  
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich man's store ;  
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare  
But juggling dishes, my fat hope despair.

*Ger.* Is this so odious ? where's your mirth ?

*Ferd.* Why, thou  
Hast robb'd me of it. Gerrard, draw thy sword ;

And if thou lov'st my mistress' chastity,  
 Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,  
 Thy thievish heart that stale it, and restore 't;  
 Do miracles to gain her !

*Ger.* Was she thine ?

*Ferd.* Never, but in my wish, and her father's vow,  
 Which now he left with me ; on such sure terms,  
 He call'd me son, and will'd me to provide  
 My wedding-preparation.

*Ger.* Strange !

*Ferd.* Come, let 's  
 Kill one another quickly !

*Ger.* Ferdinand,  
 My love is old to her, thine new begot :  
 I have not wrong'd thee ; think upon thine oath.

*Ferd.* It manacles me, Gerrard ; else this hand  
 Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever !  
 Since friendship is so fatal, never more  
 Will I have friend. Thou hast put so sure a plea,  
 That all my weal 's litigious made by thee.

*Ger.* I did no crime to you. [Exit FERDINAND.]

His love transports him.

And yet I mourn that cruel destiny  
 Should make us two thus one another's cross.  
 We have lov'd since boys ; for the same time cast him  
 On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I  
 Were succour'd by Randulpho : men have call'd us  
 The parallels of Milan ; and some said  
 We were not much unlike. Oh, Heaven divert  
 That we should ever since that time be breeding  
 Mutual destruction !

*Enter DOROTHEA.*

*Dor.* Oh, where are you ? you have made a fair hand ! By  
 [heaven], yonder is your aunt with my lady : she came in just  
 as she was wooing your mistress for another ; and what did  
 me she but out with her purse, and shewed all the naked  
 truth, i'faith. Fie upon you ! you should never trust an old

woman with a secret ; they cannot hold, they cannot hold so well as we, an you'd hang 'em. First, there was swearing and staring ; then there was howling and weeping, and " Oh, my daughter " ! and " Oh, my mother ! "

*Ger.* The effect, the effect ?

*Dor.* Marry, no way but one with you.

*Ger.* Why, welcome ! Shall she scape ?

*Dor.* Nay, she has made her scape already.

*Ger.* Why, is she gone ?

*Dor.* The scape of her virginity, I mean. You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing ; you think it is enough to beget.

*Ger.* Ay ;

But surely, Dorothea, that scap'd not ;  
Her maidenhead suffer'd.

*Dor.* And you were the executioner.

*Ger.* But what's the event ? Lord, how thou starv'st me,  
Doll !

*Dor.* " Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll ! " By [heaven], I would fain see you cry a little. Do you stand now, as if you could get a child ? Come, I'll rack you no more ; this is the heart of the business—always provided, signor, that, if it please the Fates to make you a lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid Doll, who was partly accessory to the incision of this Holofernian maidenhead.

*Ger.* I will forget my name first. Speak.

*Dor.* Then thus. My lady knows all ; her sorrow is reasonably well digested ; has vowed to conceal it from my lord, till delay ripen things better ; wills you to attend her this evening at the back-gate,—I'll let you in,—where her own confessor shall put you together lawfully, ere the child be born ; which birth is very near, I can assure you. All your charge is your vigilance ; and to bring with you some trusty nurse, to convey the infant out of the house.

*Ger.* Oh, beam of comfort ! Take. [Gives money.

Go, tell my lady

I pray for her as I walk. My joys so flow,  
That what I speak or do, I do not know ! [Exeunt severally.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter VIOLANTE on one side, weeping, supported by CORNELIA and a Friar; on the other, ANGELINA weeping, attended by DOROTHEA. VIOLANTE kneels down for pardon. ANGELINA, shewing remorse<sup>d</sup>, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth CORNELIA. ANGELINA sends DOROTHEA for GERRARD. Enter GERRARD with DOROTHEA. ANGELINA and CORNELIA seem to chide him, shewing VIOLANTE'S heavy plight. VIOLANTE rejoiceth in him. He makes signs of sorrow, entreating pardon. ANGELINA brings GERRARD and VIOLANTE to the Friar: he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from GERRARD, puts it on VIOLANTE'S finger, blesseth them; GERRARD kisseth her; the Friar takes his leave. VIOLANTE makes show of great pain, is instantly convey'd in by the women: GERRARD is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Re-enter DOROTHEA, whispers him, sends him out. Re-enter GERRARD, with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them re-enter ANGELINA and CORNELIA with an infant; they present it to GERRARD, he kisseth and blesseth it, puts it into the Nurse's arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.*

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SCENE III.—*A room in BENVOLGIO'S house, with a curtain in the back-ground.*

*Enter BENVOLGIO and RANDULPHO.*

*Benv.* He's dead, you say, then?

*Rand.* Certainly; and to hear

The people now dissect him, now he's gone,  
 Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: such libels,  
 Such elegies, and epigrams, they have made,  
 More odious than he was. Brother, great men  
 Had need to live by love, meting their deeds  
 With virtue's rule; sound with the weight of judgment  
 Their privat'st action: for though, while they live,  
 Their power and policy mask their villanies,  
 Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,

<sup>d</sup> remorse] i. e. pity.

And make a many slaves to worship 'em,  
That are their flatterers and their bawds in these ;  
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,  
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

*Ben.* 'Fore heaven, 'tis true. But is Rinaldo, brother,  
Our good duke, heard of living ?

*Rand.* Living, sir,  
And will be shortly with the senate ; has  
Been close conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd ;  
But what 's become of his, no tidings yet :  
But, brother, till our good duke shall arrive,  
Carry this news here. Where 's your Ferdinand ?

*Ben.* Oh, busy, sir, about this marriage ;  
And yet my girl o' the sudden is faln sick :  
You'll see her ere you go ?

*Rand.* Yes. Well I love her ;  
And yet I wish I had another daughter  
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by [heaven],  
Is all the glory of my family,  
But has too much worth to live so obscure :  
I'll have him secretary of estate  
Upon the duke's return ; for, credit me,  
The value of that gentleman's not known ;  
His strong abilities are fit to guide  
The whole republic ; he hath learning, youth,  
Valour, discretion, honesty of a saint.  
His aunt is wondrous good too.

*Ben.* You have spoke  
The very character of Ferdinand :  
One is the other's mirror.

*The curtain is drawn<sup>e</sup>, and VIOLANTE is discovered in a bed,  
ANGELINA and DOROTHEA sitting by her.*

How now, daughter ?

*Rand.* How fares my niece ?

<sup>e</sup> *The curtain is drawn, &c.*] This stage-direction is Weber's ; and perhaps it is preferable to any other. The old eds. have "*Enter Violanta in a bed,*" &c., which means—that here a bed, with Violante lying on it, was thrust upon

*Vio.* A little better, uncle, than I was,  
I thank you.

*Rand.* Brother, a mere cold.

*Ang.* It was  
A cold and heat, I think; but, heaven be thank'd,  
We have broken that away.

*Benv.* And yet, Violante,  
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.

*Dor.* Sure, sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow.

[*Aside.*

*Rand.* What, has her colic left her in her belly?

*Dor.* 'T has left her, but she has had a sore fit.

*Rand.* Ay, that same colic and stone's inherent to us  
O' the woman's side; our mothers had them both.

*Dor.* So has she had, sir.—How these old fornicators talk!  
she had more need of mace-ale and Rhenish-wine caudles,  
Heaven knows, than your aged discipline.

[*Aside.*

*Benv.* Say.

*Ang.* She will have the man; and, on recovery,  
Will wholly be dispos'd by you.

*Benv.* That's my wench!

*Enter FERDINAND in mourning.*

How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdinand,  
Are these your robes of joy should be indued<sup>f</sup>?  
Doth Hymen wear black? I did send for you  
To have my honourable brother witness  
The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.  
Put off all doubt; she loves you: what d'ye say?

*Rand.* Speak, man: why look you so distractedly?

*Ferd.* There are your keys, sir: I'll no contracts, I.—  
Divinest Violante, I will serve you

the stage, the audience having now to suppose that the scene was changed, and that they beheld Violante's bed-chamber. Seward gave the stage-direction of the old eds.; the Editors of 1778 "*Violante discovered in a bed,*" &c.

<sup>f</sup> *should be indued*] "That is, with which you should be *indued*, that is, *endowed* or furnished," says Weber,—whose note (occupying half a page) only shews how strangely he contrived to mistake the very plain meaning of "*indued*," viz. put on.

Thus on my knees, and pray for you.

*Juno Lucina, fer opem!*

My inequality ascends no higher :

I dare not marry you.

*Benv.* How 's this ?

*Ferd.* Good night.

I have a friend has almost made me mad :

I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh ;

Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly

Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these, are they not ?

And wherefore all this ? shall I tell you ? no :

Thorough mine ears my heart a plague hath caught ;

And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew

My grief to any, for it has no cure.—

On, wandering steps, to some remote place move !

I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my love. [*Exit.*

*Benv.* 'Fore Heaven, distracted for her ! Fare you well :

I'll watch his steps ; for I no joy shall find,

Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind. [*Exit.*

*Rand.* He 's overcome with joy.

*Ang.* 'Tis very strange.

*Rand.* Well, sister, I must leave you ; the time 's busy.—

Violante, cheer you up : and I pray Heaven

Restore each to their love and health again ! [*Exit.*

*Vio.* Amen, great uncle !—Mother, what a chance

Unluckily is added to my woe,

In this young gentleman !

*Ang.* True, Violante ;

It grieves me much.—Doll, go you instantly,

And find out Gerrard : tell him his friend's hap,

And let him use best means to comfort him ;

But, as his life, preserve this secret still.

*Vio.* Mother,—I'd not offend you,—might not Gerrard  
Steal in, and see me in the evening ?

*Ang.* Well ;

Bid him do so.

*Vio.* Heaven's blessing o' your heart ! [*Exit* DOROTHEA.

Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother ?



*Ang.* Yes.

*Vio.* It well may be : the bare-foot traveller,  
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,  
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones  
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.

Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me !  
And yet how disobedient have I been !

*Ang.* Peace, Violante ; thou hast always been  
Gentle and good.

*Vio.* Gerrard is better, mother :  
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency  
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your prayers !  
I see no reason but my father might  
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand  
To woo himself ; and Gerrard ever was  
His full comparative : my uncle loves him,  
As he loves Ferdinand.

*Ang.* No, not for the world,  
Since his intent is cross'd ; lov'd Ferdinand  
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,  
His madness would pursue ye both to death.

*Vio.* As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,  
Even in the land of ease ; I'll sleep.

*Ang.* Draw in  
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest  
Tie all thy cares up !

[*Scene closes* <sup>g</sup>.

<sup>g</sup> *Scene closes.*] “Violante's prattle is so very pretty and so natural in her situation, that I could not resist giving it a place. Juno Lucina was never invoked with more elegance. Pope has been praised for giving dignity to a game at cards. It required at least as much address to ennoble a lying-in.”  
LAMB (*Spec. of Dram. Poets*, p. 346).

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

*Enter FERDINAND, and BENVOLGIO behind.*

*Ferd.* Oh, blessèd solitude ! here my griefs may speak ;  
 And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.  
 Nothing will keep me company : the flowers  
 Die at my moan ; the gliding silver streams  
 Hasten to flee my lamentations ;  
 The air rolls from 'em ; and the golden sun  
 Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs :  
 Only the earth is kind, that stays ; then, Earth,  
 To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens  
 Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy<sup>h</sup> ?  
 Before fruition was impossible,  
 I did not thirst it. Gerrard, she is thine,  
 Seal'd and deliver'd ; but 'twas ill to stain  
 Her virgin-state, ere ye were married.  
 Poor infant, what 's become of thee ? thou know'st not  
 The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,  
 Bury this close in thy sterility ;  
 Be barren to this seed, let it not grow ;  
 For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,  
 Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,  
 Unsavoury and hurtful.

*Benv.* [*advancing.*] Ferdinand,  
 Thy steel hath digg'd the earth, thy words my heart.

*Ferd.* Oh, I have violated faith, betray'd  
 My friend and innocency !

*Benv.* Desperate youth,  
 Violate not thy soul too ! I have showers  
 For thee, young man ;—but, Gerrard, flames for thee !  
 Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honour,

<sup>h</sup> *Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, omitted "upon" as an interpolation. The editors of 1778 retained it, and asserted (in spite of Seward's note, where "love" is explained *to love*) that their predecessors had printed "love" as a substantive. Weber removed "enjoy" from the end of this line to the beginning of the next.

And prostitute my daughter? bastard, whore?—  
 Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,  
 Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see  
 Daughter or wife, or branded family.  
 By [heaven<sup>i</sup>], both die! and, for amends,  
 Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother;  
 First tell him all; then to the duke for justice;  
 This morning he's receiv'd<sup>j</sup>. Mountains nor seas  
 Shall bar my flight to vengeance: the foul stain,  
 Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again. [Exit.

*Ferd.* I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly  
 Rais'd mine own curses from posterity.  
 I'll follow, to redress in what I may;  
 If not, your heir can die as well as they. [Exit.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter duke RINALDO with attendants, on one side; States, RANDULPHO, and GERRARD, on the other: they kneel to the duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up; they prefer GERRARD to the duke, who entertains him; they seat the duke in state. Enter BENVOGLIO and FERDINAND: BENVOGLIO kneels for justice; FERDINAND seems to restrain him. BENVOGLIO gives the duke a paper; duke reads, frowns on GERRARD, shews the paper to the States; they seem sorry, consult, cause the Guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then RANDULPHO and BENVOGLIO seem to crave justice; duke rows it, and exit with his attendants. RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, and FERDINAND confer. Enter to them CORNELIA, with two servants; she seems to expostulate; RANDULPHO in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit RANDULPHO. BENVOGLIO beckons FERDINAND to him with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his foot. Enter DOROTHEA, with a cup, weeping; she delivers it to FERDINAND, who with discontent exit; and exeunt BENVOGLIO and DOROTHEA.*

<sup>i</sup> [heaven] Was first inserted by the Editors of 1778; but the metre requires something more,—*qy.* “heaven and hell”?

<sup>j</sup> *receiv'd.*] “Mr. Sympson would read ‘*arriv'd*’; but surely ‘*receiv'd*’ is infinitely more expressive, as it not only speaks his arrival, but his being recognized by all his subjects as duke of Milan.” SEWARD.

SCENE V.—*A room in BENVOLIO'S house.**Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?  
 What adverse star rul'd my nativity?  
 The time to-night hath been as dilatory  
 As languishing consumptions. But till now  
 I never durst say my Gerrard was unkind.  
 Heaven grant all things go well! and nothing does,  
 If he be ill, which I much fear. My dreams  
 Have been portentous: I did think I saw  
 My love array'd for battle with a beast,  
 A hideous monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,  
 Grinning and venomous, that sought to make  
 Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood  
*Law*; and his forehead I did plainly see  
 Held characters that spell'd *Authority*.  
 This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul  
 Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast,  
 To find a port to escape. Good faith, I am cold;  
 But Gerrard's love is colder: here I'll sit,  
 And think myself away.

*Enter FERDINAND, with a cup and a letter.*

*Ferd.* The peace of love  
 Attend the sweet Violante! Read;  
 For the sad news I bring I do not know;  
 Only, I am sworn to give you that and this.

*Vio.* Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,  
 How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd!  
 In troth, he never wrong'd you in his life,  
 Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you;  
 Knew not my father's meaning till of late;  
 Could never have known it soon enough: for, sir,  
 Gerrard's and my affection began

In infancy ; my uncle brought him oft  
 In long coats hither,—you were such another ;  
 The little boy would kiss me being a child,  
 And say he lov'd me, give me all his toys,  
 Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles :  
 I then would stand and stare upon his eyes,  
 Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too,  
 For, sure, methought, he was a little Love ;  
 He woo'd so prettily in innocence,  
 That then he warm'd my fancy ; for I felt  
 A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,  
 Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.

*Ferd.* Oh, gentle innocent ! methinks it talks  
 Like a child still, whose white simplicity  
 Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, lady !  
 I have destroy'd Gerrard and thee ; rebell'd  
 Against Heaven's ordinance ; dis-pair'd two doves,  
 Made 'em sit mourning ; slaughter'd love, and cleft  
 The heart of all integrity. This breast  
 Was trusted with the secret of your vow  
 By Gerrard, and reveal'd it to your father.

*Vio.* Ha !

*Ferd.* Read, and curse me !

*Vio.* Neither ; I will never  
 Nor write nor read again.

*Ferd.* My penance be it !

[*Reads*] *Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaim'd.*

*Vio.* Lust ! hum—

My mother, sure, felt none when I was got.

*Ferd.* [*reads.*] *I and the law implacably offended ;  
 Gerrard's imprison'd, and to die.*

*Vio.* Oh, Heaven !

*Ferd.* [*reads.*] *And you to suffer, with reproach and scoffs,  
 A public execution. I have sent you  
 An antidote 'gainst shame, poison, by him  
 You have most wrong'd : give him your penitent tears.*

*Vio.* Hum—'tis not truth.

*Ferd.* [*reads.*] *Drink, and farewell for ever !*

*And, though thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,  
Prevent the hangman's stroke, and die like mine.*

*Vio.* Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought  
Confusion on the noblest gentleman  
That ever truly lov'd. But we shall meet  
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy  
A more refin'd affection than here:  
No law nor father hinders marriage there  
'Twixt souls divinely affied, as, sure, ours were;  
There we will multiply and generate joys,  
Like fruitful parents.—Luckless Ferdinand,  
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my husband's aunt?

*Ferd.* Thrust from you [r] uncle to all poverty.

*Vio.* Alas, the pity! Reach me, sir, the cup:  
I'll say my prayers, and take my father's physie.

*Ferd.* Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot  
To spill the rest, and am unable now  
To stir to hinder her!

[*Aside.*

*Vio.* What ail you, sir?

*Ferd.* Your father is a monster, I a villain,  
This tongue has kill'd you. Pardon, Violante!  
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice  
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:  
I have drunk up the poison.

*Vio.* Thou art not so  
Uncharitable! a better fellow far,  
Thou'st left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,  
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.  
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!  
Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!  
Aye me, that love should breed true lovers' end!

[*Drinks.*

*Ferd.* Stay, madam, stay!—Help, ho! for Heaven's sake,  
help!—  
Improvident man! that good I did intend  
For satisfaction, saving of her life,  
My equal<sup>k</sup> cruel stars made me forget.

<sup>k</sup> *equal*] “I understand *equal* adverbially.” SEWARD.

*Enter ANGELINA, with two Servants.*

*Ang.* What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!

*Vio.* My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave  
Father, and friends, and life, to follow love.  
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.  
Fie, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!  
Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep  
He seizes me. Your blessing! last, I crave  
That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave. [*Falls*

*Ferd.* There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I  
Have caus'd all this, and therefore justly die!  
That key will open all. [*Gives letter, and falls*

*Ang.* Oh, viperous father!—  
For Heaven's sake, bear 'em in! run for physicians  
And medicines quickly!—Heaven, thou shalt not have her  
Yet; 'tis too soon: alas, I have no more;  
And, taking her away, thou robb'st the poor!  
[*Exeunt, carrying out VIOLANTE and FERDINAND.*

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SCENE VI.—*An open place in the city.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* RINALDO, States, RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO,  
GERRARD, Secretary, Executioner, Guard, and Attendants.

*Rin.* The law, as greedy as your red desire,  
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'tis pity  
So many excellent parts are swallow'd up  
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?  
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let  
The body grow still.

*Benv.* Sir, she will be here,  
Alive or dead, I am sure.

*Ger.* How cheerfully my countenance comments death!  
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear  
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!  
Might my life only satisfy the law,

How jocundly my soul would enter heaven !  
 Why, shouldst thou die, thou<sup>i</sup> wither'st in thy bud,  
 As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown.— [ *Aside.*  
 I do beseech your grace, the statute may,  
 In this case made, be read ; not that I hope  
 To extenuate my offence or penalty,  
 But to see whether it lay hold on her :  
 And since my death is more exemplary  
 Than just, this public reading will advise  
 Caution to others.

*Rin.* Read it.

*Rand.* Brother, does not  
 Your soul groan under this severity ?

*Sec.* [reads.] *A statute provided in case of unequal matches, marriages against parents' consent, stealing of heirs, rapes, prostitutions, and such like : That if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own parentage, which implies as much, shall, with a foul intent, unlawfully solicit the daughter of any peer of the dukedom, he shall for the same offence forfeit his right hand ; but if he further prostitute her to his lust, he shall first have his right hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common executioner : after whom, the lady so offending shall likewise the next day, in the same manner, die for the fact.*

*Ger.* This statute has more cruelty than sense :  
 I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady  
 Suffer death too ? suppose she were infore'd,  
 By some confederates borne away, and ravish'd ;  
 Is she not guiltless ?

*Rin.* Yes, if it be prov'd.

*Ger.* This case is so : I ravish'd Violante.

*State.* Who ever knew a rape produce a child ?

*Benw.* Pish, these are idle. Will your grace command  
 The executioner proceed ?

*Rin.* Your office !

*Ger.* Farewell to thy enticing vanity,  
 Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye !

<sup>i</sup> *Why, shouldst thou die, thou,* &c.] The modern editors point, with folio 1679, "*Why shouldst thou die? thou,*" &c.



The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,  
 The treasure thou includ'st is dust and smoke :  
 Even thus, I cast thee by.—My lords, the law  
 Is but the great man's mule ; he rides on it,  
 And tramples poorer men under his feet :  
 Yet, when they come to knock at yond bright gate,  
 One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state.  
 Peace to ye all !—Here, sirrah, strike ! this hand  
 Hath Violante kiss'd a thousand times ;  
 It smells sweet ever since : this was the hand  
 Plighted my faith to her ; do not think thou canst  
 Cut that in sunder with my hand.—My lord,  
 As free from speck as this arm is, my heart  
 Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here  
 As full of truth.—Why does thy hand shake so ?  
 'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm,  
 For it was ever constant.

*Enter CORNELIA veiled.*

*Cor.* Hold ! your sentence  
 Unjustly is pronounc'd, my lord. This blow  
 Cuts your hand off ; for his is none of yours,  
 But Violante's, given in holy marriage  
 Before she was deliver'd, consummated,  
 With the free will of her mother, by her confessor,  
 In lord Benvoglio's house.

*Ger.* Alas, good aunt,  
 That helps us nothing ! else I had reveal'd it.

*Rin.* What woman's this ?

*Benr.* A base confederate  
 In this proceeding, kept of alms long time  
 By him ; who now, expos'd to misery,  
 Talks thus distractedly.—Attach her, guard !

*Rand.* Your cruelty, brother, will have end.

*Cor.* You'd best  
 Let them attach my tongue.

*Rin.* Good woman, peace ;

For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew :  
The law's infring'd by their disparity ;  
That forfeits both their lives.

*Cor.* Sir, with your pardon,  
Had your grace ever children ?

*Rin.* Thou hast put  
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart.  
I had two little sons, twins, who were both,  
With my good duchess, slain, as I did hear,  
At that time when my dukedom was surpris'd.

*Cor.* I have heard many say, my gracious lord,  
That I was wondrous like her.

[ *Unveils.*

*All.* Ha !

*Rin.* By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,  
My dearest wife !

*Cor.* To ratify me her,  
Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,  
And take thy father's blessing ! thou hast broke  
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's.  
Ascanio is the other, nam'd Fernando,  
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio  
I got preferr'd ; and in poor habits clad,  
(You fled, and the innovation<sup>k</sup> laid again)  
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service,  
With my eldest boy ; yet never durst reveal  
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,  
Until the tyrant's death.

*Rin.* My joy has fill'd me  
Like a full-winded sail ; I cannot speak.

*Ger.* Fetch Violante and my brother.

*Benv.* Run,

Run like a spout, you rogue ! [ *Exit Attendant.*

A [pox] o' poison !

That little whore I trusted will betray me. [ *Aside.*

<sup>k</sup> *innovation*] Mason in a note on *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2., says that "innovation" means there, as also in Shirley's *Coronation*, act v. sc. 1., and in the present passage—change of government.

Stay, hangman ! I have work for you : there's gold ;  
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently !

*Soft music. Enter ANGELINA, with the bodies of FERDINAND and VIOLANTE on a bier ; DOROTHEA carrying the cup and letter, which she gives to RINALDO ; he reads, seems sorrowful ; shews it to CORNELIA and GERRARD, they lament over the bier. RANDULPHO and BENVOLGIO seem fearful, and seem to report to ANGELINA and DOROTHEA what hath passed before.*

*Rand.* This is your rashness, brother !

*Rin.* Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last !

This was a cruel turning to our hopes !

Unnatural father ! poor Ascanio !

*Ger.* Oh, mother, let me be Gerrard again,  
And follow Violante !

*Cor.* Oh, my son !

*Rin.* Your lives yet, bloody men, shall answer this.

*Dor.* I must not see 'em longer grieve [*Aside*].—My lord,  
Be comforted ; let sadness generally  
Forsake each eye and bosom ; they both live :  
For poison, I infus'd mere opium,  
Holding compulsive perjury less sin  
Than such a loathèd murder would have bin<sup>1</sup>.

*All.* Oh, blessèd maiden !

*Dor.* Music, gently creep  
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep !

[*Music.*

*Morpheus, command thy servant Sleep,  
In leaden chains no longer keep  
This prince and lady. Rise, wake, rise,  
And round about convey your eyes !  
Rise, prince ; go, greet thy father and thy mother !  
Rise thou, to embrace thy husband and thy brother !*

*Rin.* Son !

*Cor.* Daughter !

<sup>1</sup> *bin*] Altered by the modern editors to "been,"—improperly, as a rhyme is intended.

*Ferd.* Father, mother, brother !

*Ger.* Wife<sup>m</sup> !

*Vio.* Are we not all in heaven ?

*Ger.* Faith, very near it.

*Ferd.* How can this be ?

*Rin.* Hear it.

*Dor.* If I had serv'd you right, I should have seen  
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.

*Benv.* Oh, wench,  
Oh, honest wench ! if my wife die, I'll marry thee ;  
There's my reward<sup>n</sup>.

*Rin*<sup>o</sup>. 'Tis true.

*Ferd.* 'Tis very strange.

*Ger.* Why kneel you, honest master ?

*Ferd.* My good lord !

*Ger.* Dear mother !

*Rin.* Rise, rise ; all are friends. I owe ye  
For all their boards : and, wench, take thou the man  
Whose life thou saved'st ; less cannot pay thy merit.

<sup>m</sup> *Ferd.* *Father, mother, brother !*

*Ger. Wife !*] "According to this reading, Ferdinand, whose senses were but just recovered, knows perfectly all that has passed whilst he was asleep, although he afterwards asks how can this be. I first thought a note of interrogation might solve it, by supposing Cornelia to have informed him in a whisper, and then he might ask the question,

*Father ? mother ? brother ?*

But putting the whole into Gerrard's mouth takes away the difficulty much more easily." SEWARD.

"We think the old reading best, and don't understand the objection." *Ed.* 1778.

"Seward's objection is not so frivolous as the last editors seem to suppose ; but I presume the poets are to be charged with inadvertence, forgetting that Ferdinand was as yet unacquainted with his relationship to Rinaldo, Cornelia, and Gerrard. His asking 'How can this be?' without any intermediate explanation to him, countenances this charge of inadvertence, and proves the impropriety of Seward's variation." WEBER.

<sup>n</sup> *my reward*] i. e. the reward which I give you. Altered by Seward to "thy reward."

<sup>o</sup> *Rin.*] The old eds. have "*Ferd.*" and prefix to the next speech "Duke." The transposition was made by Seward, and rightly, as appears from what precedes.

How shall I part my kiss? I cannot: let  
 One generally therefore join our cheeks.  
 A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,  
 To keep this story to eternity,  
 And a Promethean wit!—Oh, sacred Love,  
 Nor chance nor death can thy firm truth remove!

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

*Eman.* Now, Isabella!

*Isab.* This can true love do.

I joy they all so happily are pleas'd:  
 The lady<sup>p</sup> and the brothers must triumph.

*Eman.* They do;

For Cupid scorns but to have his Triumph too. [*Flourish.*]

*The Triumph.* Enter divers Musicians; then certain Singers, bearing bannerets, inscribed Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; next, GERRARD and FERDINAND with garlands of roses; then VIOLANTE; last, a chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.

*Flourish.* Enter Poet, as Prologue-speaker.

Poet. Love and the strength of fair affection,  
 Most royal sir, what<sup>a</sup> long seem'd lost, have won  
 Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts  
 With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,  
 Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.  
 Now turn we round the scene: and, great sir, lend  
 A sad and serious eye to this of Death;  
 This black and dismal Triumph, where man's breath,  
 Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;  
 And view the tyrant ruin'd in his rage. [*Exit. Flourish.*]

<sup>p</sup> lady] Old eds. "ladies" (a misprint for "ladie"); and so the modern editors. Violante, of course, is meant: the other females have no part in "the Triumph."

<sup>a</sup> what] Mason, unnecessarily, would read, "that" or "which."

## THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

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SCENE I.—*An apartment in the house of GABRIELLA.*

*Enter LAVALL, GABRIELLA, and MARIA.*

*Gab.* No, good my lord, I am not now to find  
Your long neglect of me : all those affections  
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,  
Lusty and full of life ; all those desires  
That, like the painted spring, bloom'd round about you,  
Giving the happy promise of an harvest,  
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten !  
With the least lustre of another's beauty,  
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted !  
Was I so easily won ? or did this body  
Yield to your false embraces, with less labour  
Than if you had carried some strong town ?

*Lav.* Good Gabriella—

*Gab.* Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me,  
The vows you shook me with, the tears you drown'd me,  
Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage ?  
Oh, fie, my lord !

*Lav.* Prithee, good Gabriella—

*Gab.* Would I had never known you, nor your honours !  
They are stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy women,  
That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,  
Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,  
Make one another happy in their blushes,  
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,  
To which I am a slave ! and that blest sacrament  
That daily makes millions of happy mothers,  
Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there left me :

I dare not say I am his wife,—'tis dangerous ;  
His love, I cannot say,—alas, how many——

*Lav.* You grow too warm : pray you, be content ; you  
best know

The time's necessity, and how our marriage.  
Being so much unequal to mine honour,  
While the duke lives, I standing high in favour,  
(And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the dukedom,)  
Must not be known, without my utter ruin.  
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,  
The glory of a duchess.—How she tires me !  
How dull and leaden is my appetite  
To that stale beauty now ! Oh, I could curse  
And crucify myself for childish doting  
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures  
Every fresh hour ! she is now a surfeit to me.— [ *Aside.*

*Enter GENTILLE.*

Who's that ? Gentille ?—I charge ye, no acquaintance.

[ *Aside to GABRIELLA.*

You nor your maid, with him. nor no discourse,  
Till times are riper.

*Gent.* Fie, my noble lord,  
Can you be now a stranger to the court,  
When your most virtuous bride, the beauteous Helena,  
Stands ready, like a star, to gild your happiness ?  
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting,  
And all the flower of Anjou——

*Lav.* Some few trifles,  
For matter of adornment, have a little  
Made me so slow, Gentille ; which now in readiness,  
I am for court immediately.

*Gent.* Take heed, sir :  
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady  
To be now entertain'd with toys ; 'twill cost you——

*Lav.* You're an old cock, Gentille.

*Gent.* By your lordship's favour——

*Lav.* Prithee, away ! 'twill lose time.

*Gent.* Oh, my lord,  
Pardon me that, by all means !

*Lav.* We have business  
A-foot, man, of more moment.

*Gent.* Than my manners ?  
I know none, nor I seek none.

*Lav.* Take to-morrow.

*Gent.* Even now, by your lordship's leave.—Excellent  
beauty,  
My service here I ever dedicate,  
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,  
To you, his living virtue ; and wish heartily,  
That firm affection that made us two happy  
May take as deep undying root, and flourish  
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,  
Who shall be still your servant.

*Gab.* I much thank you.

*Lav.* [Pox] o' this dreaming puppy ! [*Aside*].—Will you  
go, sir ?

*Gent.* A little more, good lord.

*Lav.* Not now, by [heaven] !  
Come, I must use you.

*Gent.* Goodness dwell still with you !

[*Exeunt* LAVALL and GENTILLE.]

*Gab.* The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,  
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture  
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,  
That died at Orleans.

*Maria.* You have felt both fortunes,  
And in extremes, poor lady ! for young Perolot,  
Being every way unable to maintain you,  
Durst not make known his love to friend or father ;  
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,  
Will not acknowledge you.

*Gab.* No more ; let's in, wench :  
There let my lute speak my laments ; they have tir'd me.

[*Exeunt*.]



SCENE II.— *Before the Palace.*

*Enter two Courtiers.*

*First Court.* I grant, the duke is wondrous provident  
In his now planting for succession ;  
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,  
Marine's fair virtuous daughter : but what's all this ?  
To what end excellent arrives this travel,  
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten ?

*Sec. Court.* You have hit it now, indeed ; for, if fame lie not,  
He is untemperate.

*First Court.* You express him poorly,  
Too gentle sir ; the most deboist <sup>a</sup> and barbarous,  
Believe it, the most void of all humanity,  
Howe'er his cunning cloak it to his uncle,  
And those his pride depends upon.

*Sec. Court.* I have heard too,  
Given excessively to drink.

*First Court.* Most certain,  
And in that drink most dangerous : I speak these things  
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.

*Sec. Court.* You may speak on.

*First Court.* Uncertain as the sea, sir,  
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master ;  
His appetite to women (for there he carries  
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable <sup>r</sup>,  
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,  
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.

*Sec. Court.* I am sorry for young Gabriella, then,  
A maid reputed ever of fair carriage ;  
For he has been noted visiting.

*First Court.* She is gone, then ;

<sup>a</sup> *deboist*] i. e. debauched. This form of the word is not uncommon ; see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Debauch*. Seward printed "deboisht," his successors "debosh'd."

<sup>r</sup> *abominable*] Old eds. "abominably."

Or any else, that promises or power,  
 Gifts or his guileful vows, can work upon :  
 But these are but poor parcels.

*Sec. Court.* 'Tis great pity.

*First Court.* Nor want these sins a chief saint to befriend 'em :  
 The devil follows him ; and, for a truth, sir,  
 Appears in visible figure often to him ;  
 At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances,  
 Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,  
 Tormented strangely, as they say.

*Sec. Court.* Heaven turn him !

This marriage-day mayst thou well curse, fair Helen.—  
 But let's go view the ceremony.

*First Court.* I'll walk with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A street before the house of GABRIELLA.*

GABRIELLA and MARIA at a window. *Music.*

*Maria.* I hear 'em come.

*Gab.* Would I might never hear more !

*Enter in solemn procession, LAVALL, HELENA, the DUKE, MARINE, LONGAVILLE, Ladies and Gentlemen : they pass over the stage, and exeunt.*

*Maria.* I told you still ; but you were so incredulous—  
 See, there they kiss !

*Gab.* Adders be your embraces !  
 The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Helen,  
 Blast thee as I have been ! Just such a flattery,  
 With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,—  
 Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously !—  
 That master-smile caught me.

*Maria.* There's the old duke,  
 And Marine her father.

*Gab.* Oh !

*Maria.* There Longaville ;

The ladies now.

*Gab.* Oh, I am murder'd, Mary !—

Beast, most inconstant beast !

*Maria.* There——

*Gab.* There I am not !

No more—I am not there !—Hear me, oh, Heaven !

And, all you powers of justice, bow down to me !

But you, of pity, die. I am abus'd ;

She that depended on your providence,

She is abus'd ; your honour is abus'd ;

That noble piece ye made, and call'd it man,

Is turn'd to devil ; all the world's abus'd :

Give me a woman's will provok'd to mischief,

A two-edg'd heart ; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,

And my embraces to a timeless grave turn !

*Maria.* Here I'll step in ; for 'tis an act of merit.

*Gab.* I am too big to utter more.

*Maria.* Take time, then.

[*Exeunt above.*]

*Enter GENTILE and CASTA.*

*Gent.* This solitary life at home undoes thee ;

Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee,

Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years

Must not arrive at yet,—they choke thy sweetness.

Follow the time, my girl ; and it will bring thee

Even to the fellowship of the noblest women :

Helen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,

And under whom this poor and private carriage

(Which I am only able yet to reach at,)

Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,

Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.

*Casta.* Good sir, be not so cruel as to seek

To kill that sweet content you've bred me to.

Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for,—

The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery :

The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours  
 To make me sweet to others ; the pure fire,  
 Not smother'd up, and chok'd with lustful incense  
 To make my blood sweat, but, burning clear and high,  
 Tells me my mind must flame up so to heaven ?  
 What should I do at court ? wear rich apparel ?  
 Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state, sir,  
 Wealthy enough : is it, you would have me proud,  
 And, like a pageant, stuck up for amazements ?  
 Teach not your child to tread that path ; for fear, sir,  
 Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave  
 The miseries that follow.

*Gent.* Excellent Casta !

*Casta.* When shall I pray again, a courtier ?<sup>r</sup>  
 Or, when I do, to what god ? what new body  
 And new face must I make me, with new manners,—  
 For I must be no more myself ? whose mistress  
 Must I be first ? with whose sin-offering season'd ?  
 And when I am grown so great and glorious  
 With prostitution of my burning beauties,  
 That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,  
 Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentleman's,  
 Or know you for my father ?

*Gent.* My best Casta !

Oh, my most virtuous child, Heaven reigns within thee !  
 Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still.

*Re-enter LAVALL.*

The lord Lavall : stand by, wench.

*Lav.* Gabriella—

She cannot nor she dares not make it known ;  
 My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers :  
 Why should I fear her, then ?

*Gent.* Come, let's pass on, wench.

*Lav.* Gentile, come hither. Who's that gentlewoman ?

*Gent.* A child of mine, sir, who, observing custom,  
 Is going to the monastery to her prayers.

*Lav.* A fair one, a most sweet one ! fitter far

<sup>r</sup> a courtier] "i. e. if I commence courtier." MASON.

To beautify a court than make a votarist.—  
 Go on, fair beauty, and in your orisons  
 Remember me: will you, fair sweet?

*Casta.* Most humbly. [Exit with GENTILLE.

*Lav.* An admirable beauty! how it fires me!  
 But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.—

*Enter Spirit.*

I feel my wonted fit: defend me, goodness!  
 Oh, it grows colder still and stiffer on me;  
 My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink!  
 Help me, good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell within me!  
 Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;  
 Haunt me no more, I charge thee!

*Spirit.* Yes, Lavall;  
 Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:  
 I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure:  
 Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;  
 Set thy desires a-fire, and never quench 'em  
 Till thou enjoy'st her; make her all thy heaven,  
 And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.  
 Thou art powerful; use command; if that prevail not,  
 Force her: I'll be thy friend.

*Lav.* Oh, help me, help me!

*Spirit.* Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [Exit.

*Re-enter GENTILLE and CASTA.*

*Gent.* He's here still.—How is't, noble lord? methinks, sir,  
 You look a little wildly.—Is it that way?  
 Is't her you stare on so? I have spied your fire, sir,  
 But dare not stay the flaming [*Aside*].—Come.

*Lav.* Sweet creature,  
 Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness  
 To be your humblest<sup>s</sup> servant. Oh, fair eyes!  
 Oh, blessèd, blessèd sweetness, divine virgin!

*Casta.* Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour!  
 You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd at helm

<sup>s</sup> *humblest*] Weber chose to print "humble."

To govern others from mischances : from example  
 Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,  
 We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.  
 I know you're full of worth ; a school of virtue,  
 Daily instructing us that live below you,  
 I make no doubt, dwells there.

*Lav.* I cannot answer ;

She has struck me dumb with wonder.

[*Aside.*

*Casta.* Goodness guide you !

[*Exit with GENTILLE.*

*Lav.* She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me  
 Dark as my black desires. Oh, devil lust,  
 How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,  
 There is no day again, no time, no living,  
 Without this lusty beauty break upon me !  
 Let me collect myself ; I strive like billows  
 Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.  
 I must enjoy her, and I will : from this hour  
 My thoughts and all my business shall be nothing,  
 My eating and my sleeping, but her beauty,  
 And how to work it.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Maria.* Health to my lord Lavall !

Nay, good sir, do not turn with such displeasure ;  
 I come not to afflict your new-born pleasures.  
 My honour'd mistress—neither let that vex you,  
 For nothing is intended but safe to you.

*Lav.* What of your mistress ? I am full of business.

*Maria.* I will be short, my lord. She, loving lady,  
 Considering the unequal tie between ye,  
 And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,  
 As also the most noble match now made,  
 By me sends back all links of marriage,  
 All holy vows, and rites of ceremony,  
 All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns  
 You left in hostage ; only her love she cannot,  
 For that still follows you, but not to hurt you ;  
 And still beholds you, sir, but not to shame you :  
 In recompense of which, this is her suit, sir,

Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,  
 When weary nights have cloy'd you up with kisses,  
 (As such must come,) the honour of a mistress,  
 The honour but to let her see those eyes,  
 (Those eyes she dotes on more than gods do goodness,)\*  
 And but to kiss you only ; with this prayer,  
 (A prayer only to awake your pity,)  
 And on her knees she made it, that this night  
 You'd bless her with your company at supper.

*Lav.* I like this well ; and, now I think on't better,  
 I'll make a present use from this occasion— [ *Aside.*

*Maria.* Nay, good my lord, be not so cruel to her,  
 Because she has been yours.

*Lav.* And to mine own end  
 A rare way I will work. [ *Aside.*

*Maria.* Can love for ever,  
 The love of her, my lord, so perish in you ?  
 As you desire in your desires to prosper !  
 What gallant under heaven but Anjou's heir, then,  
 Can brag so fair a wife, and sweet a mistress ?  
 Good, noble lord !

*Lav.* You misapply me, Mary ;  
 Nor do I want true pity to your lady :  
 Pity and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her  
 To dare to see her more ; yet if her sweetness  
 Can entertain a mediation,  
 (And it must be a great one that can cure me,)  
 My love again, as far as honour bids me,  
 My service, and myself——

*Maria.* That's nobly spoken !

*Lav.* Shall hourly see her ; want shall never know her ;  
 Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.

*Maria.* Now whither drives he ? [ *Aside.*

*Lav.* I have heard, Maria,  
 That no two women in the world more lov'd  
 Than thy good mistress and Gentille's fair daughter.

*Maria.* What may this mean ? [ *Aside.* ]—You have heard  
 a truth, my lord ;

\* *gods do goodness*] Seward and his successors print "*gods on goodness.*"

But since the secret love betwixt you two,  
My mistress durst not entertain such friendship :  
Casta is quick and of a piercing judgment,  
And quickly will find out a flaw.

*Lav.* Hold, Mary ; [ Gives money.  
Shrink not ; 'tis good gold, wench : prepare a banquet,  
And get that Casta thither ; for she's a creature  
So full of forcible divine persuasion,  
And so unwearied ever with good office,  
That<sup>s</sup> she shall cure my ill cause to my mistress,  
And make all errors up.

*Maria.* I'll do my best, sir :  
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,  
To leave her father's house so late ; and bashful  
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, sir,  
'Twill prove impossible.

*Lav.* There's more gold, Mary ; [ Gives money.  
And feign thy mistress wondrous sick, to death, wench.

*Maria.* I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you. [ Aside.

*Lav.* She cannot choose but come ; 'tis charity,  
The chief of her profession : undertake this,  
And I am there at night ; if not, I leave you.

*Maria.* I will not lose this offer, though it fall out  
Clean cross to that we east<sup>t</sup> [ Aside].—I'll undertake it ;  
I will, my lord ; she shall be there.

*Lav.* By [heaven] ?

*Maria.* By [heaven], she shall.

*Lav.* Let it be something late, then,  
For<sup>u</sup> being seen.—Now force or favour wins her.  
My spirits are grown dull : strong wine, and store,  
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit  
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at. [ Aside, and exit.

*Maria.* Go thy ways, false lord ! if thou hold'st, thou pay'st  
The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there,  
Thou modest maid, if I have any working,

<sup>s</sup> *That*] Old eds., " And." In this line " my " should most probably be " thy."

<sup>t</sup> *east*] i. e. contrive, project.

<sup>u</sup> *For*] i. e., according to the usual explanation of the word in such passages,—for fear of ; but see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.



And yet thy honour safe ; for which this thief,  
I know, has set this meeting ; but I'll watch him.

*Enter* PEROLOT.

*Per.* Maria !

*Maria.* Are mine eyes mine own ? or—bless me !—  
Am I deluded with a flying shadow ?

*Per.* Why do you start so from me ?

*Maria.* It speaks sensibly,  
And shews a living body ; yet I am fearful.

*Per.* Give me your hand, good Maria.

*Maria.* He feels warm too.

*Per.* And next, your lips.

*Maria.* He kisses perfectly :  
Nay, an the devil be no worse—you are Perolot !

*Per.* I was, and sure I should be : can a small distance,  
And ten short months, take from your memory  
The figure of your friend, that you stand wondering ?  
Be not amaz'd : I am the self-same Perolot,  
Living and well, son to Gentile, and brother  
To virtuous Casta ; to your beauteous mistress  
The long-since poor betroth'd and still-vow'd servant.

*Maria.* Nay, sure he lives.— My lord Lavall, your master,  
Brought news long since to your much-mourning mistress,  
You died at Orleans ; bound her with an oath too,  
To keep it secret from your agèd father,  
Lest it should rack his heart.

*Per.* A pretty secret,  
To try my mistress' love, and make my welcome  
From travel of more worth ; from whence, Heaven thank'd,  
My business for the duke despatch'd to the purpose,  
And all my money spent, I am come home, wench.  
How does my mistress ? for I have not yet seen  
Any, nor will I, till I do her service.

*Maria.* But did the lord Lavall know of your love, sir,  
Before you ' went ? ' 1

\* *you*] The first folio has "ye" (the word being often printed so, because the transcribers had adopted that form for the sake of shortness). The second folio has "he" ; and so the modern editors !

*Per.* Yes ; by much force he got it.  
 But none else knew ; upon his promise too,  
 And honour, to conceal it faithfully  
 Till my return : to further which, he told me,  
 My business being ended, from the duke  
 He would procure a pension for my service,  
 Able to make my mistress a fit husband.

*Maria.* But are you sure of this ?

*Per.* Sure as my sight, wench.

*Maria.* Then is your lord a base dissembling villain,  
 A devil-lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness,  
 And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress,  
 My poor sweet mistress,—oh, that lecher-lord !—  
 Who, poor soul, since was married !

*Per.* To whom, *Maria* ?

*Maria.* To that unlucky lord,—a [pox] upon him !—  
 Whose hot horse-appetite being allay'd once  
 With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd,  
 The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen  
 Lighted about the bed, the songs yet sounding)  
 Marine's young noble daughter Helena,  
 Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that recreant !

*Per.* Oh, villain ! oh, most unmanly falsehood !  
 Nay, then, I see my letters were betray'd too.  
 Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,  
 Loaden and burst ! Come, lead me to my lady.

*Maria.* I cannot, sir ; Lavall keeps her conceal'd :  
 Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.

*Per.* I must and will go to her ; I will see her :  
 There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest.

[*Puts his hand on his sword.*]

*Maria.* Hold, and I'll help you ! but first you shall swear  
 to me,

As you are true and gentle, as you hate  
 This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you,  
 (Which shall be within sight,) till I discharge you,  
 Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.

*Per.* I do, by [heaven] !

*Maria.* Stay here about the house, then,  
Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:  
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.

*Per.* Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain! [Exit.

*Maria.* How cross this falls, and from all expectation!  
And what the end shall be, Heaven only yet knows:  
Only I wish and hope. But I forget still;  
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A street before the house of LAVALL.*

*Enter GENTILLE with a torch.*

*Gent.* Holla, Shalloon!

*Shal.* [*appearing at a window.*] Who's there?

*Gent.* A word from the duke, sir.

*Shal.* Your pleasure?

*Gent.* Tell your lord he must to court straight.

*Shal.* He is ill at ease, and prays he may be pardon'd  
The occasions of this night.

*Gent.* Belike he is drunk, then.

He must away; the duke and his fair lady,  
The beauteous Helena, are now at cent<sup>v</sup>;  
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,  
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears  
He will not go to bed, till by Lavall  
The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him;  
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.

*Shal.* Having so strict command, sir, to the contrary,  
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon.

*Gent.* Are you sure he is there?

*Shal.* Yes.

*Gent.* And asleep?

*Shal.* I think so.

<sup>v</sup> cent] A game at cards, which seems to have resembled picquet. It was called cent because 100 was the game.

*Gent.* And are you sure you will not tell him, Shalloon?

*Shal.* Yes, very sure.

*Gent.* Then, I am sure, I will.

Open, or I must force —

*Shal.* Pray you, stay; he is not,

Nor will not be this night: you may excuse it.

*Gent.* I knew he was gone about some woman's labour:  
As good a neighbour, though I say it, and as comfortable!  
Many such more we need, Shalloon.—Alas, poor lady,  
Thou art like to lie cross-legg'd to-night.—Good monsieur,  
I will excuse your master for this once, sir,  
Because sometimes I have lov'd a wench myself too.

*Shal.* 'Tis a good hearing, sir.

*Gent.* But for your lie, Shalloon,

If I had you here, it should be no good hearing;

For your pate I would pummel.

*Shal.* A fair good-night, sir.

[*Exit above.*]

*Gent.* Good-night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus<sup>w</sup>!—

My heart is cold o' the sudden, and a strange dulness

Possesses all my body: thy will be done, Heaven! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A room in the house of GABRIELLA, with a gallery.*

*Enter GABRIELLA, CASTA, and MARIA with a taper.*

*Casta.* Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,  
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness:  
But from my grave (so truly I love you)  
I think your name would raise me. You look ill,  
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in colour;  
Yet, I thank Heaven, I find no such great danger  
As your maid frighted me withal. Take courage,  
And give your sickness course: some grief you have got,  
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,

<sup>w</sup> *Sir Pandarus.*] "See [Shakespeare's] *Troilus and Cressida.*" REED.

And, wanting open way to vent itself,  
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your sweetness.

*Gab.* It was my maid's fault, worthy friend, to trouble you,  
So late, upon so light a cause; yet, since I have you,  
Oh, my dear Casta—

*Casta.* Out with it, [i'] God's name!

*Gab.* The closet of my heart I will lock here<sup>x</sup>, wench,  
And things shall make you tremble.—Who's that knocks  
there? [Knocking within.]

*Maria.* 'Tis Lavall.

*Gab.* Sit you still.—Let him in.— [Exit MARIA.]  
I am resolv'd; and, all you wrong'd women,  
You noble spirits that, as I, have suffer'd  
Under this glorious beast, insulting man,  
Lend me your causes, then your cruelties,  
For I must put on madness above women!

*Casta.* Why do you look so ghastly?

*Gab.* Peace; no harm, dear.

*Enter LAVALL with MARIA.*

*Lav.* There, take my cloak and sword. Where is this  
banquet?

*Maria.* In the next room.

*Casta.* How came he here? Heaven bless me!

*Lav.* Give me some wine, wench; fill it full and sprightly—

*Gab.* Sit still, and be not fearful.

*Lav.* Till my veins swell,  
And my strong sinews stretch, like that brave Centaur  
That at the table snatch'd the bride away  
In spite of Hercules.

*Casta.* I am betray'd!

*Lav.* Nay, start not, lady; 'tis for you that I come,  
And for your beauty: 'tis for you, Lavall  
Honours this night; to you, the sacred shrine,  
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;  
To you I live.

<sup>x</sup> *The closet of my heart I will lock here.*] The meaning, as Seward rightly explains it, is—I will lock up my secrets in your breast.

*Gab.* [*To MARIA.*] In with the powder quickly!—  
So; that and the wine will rock you. [*Aside.*]

*Lav.* Here, to the health  
Of the most beauteous and divine fair Casta,  
The star of sweetness! [*Drinks.*]

*Gab.* Fear him not; I'll die first.—  
And who shall pledge you?

*Lav.* Thou shalt, thou tann'd gipsy!  
And worship to that brightness give, cold Tartar!—  
By [heaven], you shall not stir! you are my mistress,  
The glory of my love, the great adventure,  
The mistress of my heart, and she my whore!

*Gab.* Thou liest, base, beastly lord, drunker than anger!  
Thou sous'd lord, got by a surfeit, thou liest basely!  
Nay, stir not; I dare tell thee so.—Sit you still.—  
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,  
That art so absolute and full a villain,  
No sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.  
How often hast thou woo'd in those flatteries,  
Almost those very words, my constancy?  
What goddess have I not been, or what goodness?  
What star, that is of any name in heaven  
Or <sup>x</sup> brightness? which of all the virtues  
(But drunkenness and drabbing, thy two morals)  
Have not I reach'd to? what spring was ever sweeter?  
What Scythian snow so white? what crystal chaster?  
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,  
Base bigamist, thou honour of ill women <sup>y</sup>!

*Casta.* How's this? Oh, Heaven defend me!

*Gab.* Thou salt-itch,  
For whom no cure but ever-burning-brimstone  
Can be imagin'd!

*Lav.* Ha, ha, ha!

<sup>x</sup> Or] Qy. "Or any"?

<sup>y</sup> *thou honour of ill women*] Altered by Seward to "*thou horror of all women.*"—"Seward's alteration, which Mr. Mason wishes [is "rather inclined"] to restore, is very tame, and what is more, incorrect, for Lavall is far from being detested by *all women.*" WEBER.

*Gab.* Dost thou laugh, thou breaker  
Of all law, all religion ; of all faith  
Thou foul contemner ?

*Lav.* Peace, thou paltry woman !—  
And sit by me, sweet.

*Gab.* By the devil ?

*Lav.* Come,  
And lull me with delights.

*Gab.* It works amain now.

| *Aside.*

*Lav.* Give me such kisses as the queen of shadows  
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on Latmus ;  
Lock round about, in snaky wreaths close-folded,  
Those rosy arms about my neck, oh Venus !

*Gab.* Fear not, I say.

*Lav.* Thou admirable sweetness,  
Distil thy blessings like those silver drops,  
That, falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses ;  
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,  
And through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em ;  
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently  
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by love's power  
Turn 'em to Cupids all, and fling 'em on thee.  
How high she looks and heavenly !— More wine for me !

*Gab.* Give him more wine ;—and, good friend, be not fearful.

*Lav.* Here on my knee, thou goddess of delights,  
This lusty grape I offer to thy beauties :  
See, how it leaps to view that perfect redness  
That dwells upon thy lips ! now, how it blushes  
To be out-blush'd ! Oh, let me feed my fancy,  
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,  
Dancing about the brim and proudly swelling,  
Deck'd in the pride of nature, young and blowing,  
So let me take fair Semele in the other,  
And sing the loves of gods, then drink ! their nectar 's  
Not yet desir'd.

*Casta.* Oh !

*Lav.* Then, like lusty Tarquin,  
Turn'd into flames with Luerece' coy denials,

His blood and spirit equally ambitious,  
I force thee for mine own.

*Casta.* Oh, help me, justice !

Help me, my chastity !

*Lav.* Now I am bravely quarried<sup>z</sup>.

*Enter PEROLOT, above.*

*Per.* 'Tis my sister ! [*Aside.*

*Gab.* No, bawdy slave, no, traitor<sup>a</sup>, she is not carried.

[*Exit CASTA.*

*Per.* She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still.

[*Aside.*

*Maria.* Now it works bravely. Stand ; he cannot hurt  
you.

*Lav.* Oh, my sweet love, my life ! [*Falls.*

*Maria.* He sinks.

*Lav.* My blessing ! [*Sleeps.*

*Maria.* So ; now he is safe a while.

*Gab.* Lock all the doors, wench ;

Then for my wrongs !

*Per.* Now I'll appear to know all. [*Aside.*

*Gab.* Be quick, quick, good Maria, sure and sudden.

*Per.* Stay ; I must in first.

[*Comes down from the gallery into the room.*

*Gab.* Oh, my conscience,

It is young Perolot ! oh, my stung conscience,

It is my first and noblest love !

*Maria.* Leave wondering,

And recollect yourself : the man is living ;

Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.

*Per.* 'Tis most true, lady ; your unhappy fortune

I grieve for as mine own ; your fault forgive too,

If it be one : this is no time for kisses.

I have heard all and known all, which mine ears

Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart perish'd :

I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,

<sup>z</sup> *quarried*] i. e. provided with prey (the *quarry* being the game or prey pursued by dogs, hawks, &c.)

<sup>a</sup> *traitor*] i. e. traitor.



And am a-fire till I have found his heart out.

What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.

*Gab.* To make his death more horrid,—for he shall die—

*Per.* He must, he must.

*Gab.* We'll watch him till he wakes,  
Then bind him, and then torture him.

*Per.* 'Tis nothing :

No; take him dead-drunk<sup>b</sup> now, without repentance,  
His lechery in-seam'd<sup>c</sup> upon him.

*Gab.* Excellent!

*Per.* I'll do it myself; and, when 'tis done, provide you;  
For we'll away for Italy this night.

*Gab.* We'll follow thorough all hazards.

*Per.* Oh, false lord,  
Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse thee!  
But that but blasts thy fame: have at thy heart, fool!  
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.

*Lav.* Oh! does the devil ride me?

*Per.* Nay, then!

[*Stabs him.*]

*Lav.* Murder!

Nay, then, take my share too.

[*Stabs PERELOT.*]

*Per.* Help! oh, he has slain me!  
Bloody intentions must have blood.

*Lav.* Ha!

*Per.* Heaven——

[*Dies.*]

*Gab.* He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks! Oh, fortune!  
Oh, sorrow, how like seas thou flow'st upon me!  
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,  
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest!

<sup>b</sup> *take him dead-drunk now, &c.*] “This horrid sentiment seems to have been adopted from a similar one in *Hamlet*, where that prince, debating on the purposed death of the king, says,

“When he is *drunk*, asleep, or in his rage,  
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed, &c.”—REED.

The sentiment occurs in many other old plays.” WEBER.

<sup>c</sup> *in-seam'd*] Steevens, in his note on the line of *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.,—

“In the rank sweat of an *in-seamed* bed,”—

says that “*in-seam'd*” in our text has the same meaning, viz. greased. Richardson, again, (*Dict.* in v. *In-seam*) refers the present passage to the usual signification of the word.

*Enter Spirit.*

*Lav.* What have I done ?

*Spirit.* That that has mark'd thy soul, man.

*Lav.* And art thou come again, thou dismal spirit ?

*Spirit.* Yes, to devour thy last.

*Lav.* Mercy upon me !

*Spirit.* Thy hour is come ; succession, honour, pleasure,  
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,  
Must here have end : summon thy sins before thee.

*Lav.* Oh, my affrighted soul !

*Spirit.* There lies a black one,—  
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain ;  
Thy drunkenness procur'd it,—there 's another ;  
Think of fair Gabriella,—there she weeps,  
And such tears are not lost.

*Lav.* Oh, miserable !

*Spirit.* Thy foul intention to the virtuous Casta.

*Lav.* No more, no more, thou wildfire !

*Spirit.* Last, thy last wife,  
Think on the wrong she suffers.

*Lav.* Oh, my misery !  
Oh, whither shall I fly ?

*Spirit.* Thou hast no faith, fool.  
Hark to thy knell !

[*Sings, and exit.*]

*Lav.* Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now ;  
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths : oh, horror,  
In what a stormy form of death thou rid'st now !  
Methinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,  
Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but despair dwells,  
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em ;  
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,  
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh !  
Oh, my afflicted soul ! I cannot pray ;  
And the least child, that has but goodness in him,  
May strike my head off, so stupid are my powers :  
I'll lift mine eyes up though.

*Maria.* Cease these laments ;  
They are too poor for vengeance : Lavall lives yet.

*Gab.* Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes ;  
Fury and rage possess 'em now !—Damn'd devil !

*Lav.* Ha !

*Gab.* This for young Perolot ! [Stabs him.

*Lav.* Oh, mercy, mercy !

*Gab.* This for my wrongs ! [Stabs him.

*Lav.* But one short hour to cure me !

Oh, be not cruel ! Oh ! oh ! [Knocking within.

*Maria.* Hark, they knock !

Make haste, for Heaven's sake, mistress !

*Gab.* This for Casta ! [Stabs him.

*Lav.* Oh, oh, oh, oh ! [Dies.

*Maria.* He's dead ; come, quickly let's away with him,  
• 'Twill be too late else.

*Gab.* Help, help, up to the chamber !

[*Exeunt with LAVALL's body.*

*Enter the DUKE, HELENA, GENTILE, CASTA, Lords, and Attendants  
with lights.*

*Duke.* What frights are these ?

*Gent.* I am sure here 's one past frightening,—  
Bring the lights nearer,—I have enough already.  
Out, out, mine eyes !—Look, Casta !

*First Lord.* 'Tis young Perolot !

*Duke.* When came he over ?—Hold the gentlewoman ;  
She sinks ; and bear her off.

*Casta.* Oh, my dear brother !

[*Exit with First Lord and Attendants.*

*Gent.* There is a time for all ; for me, I hope, too,  
And very shortly. Murder'd !

*Enter above GABRIELLA and MARIA, with LAVALL's body.*

*Duke.* Who 's above there ?

*Gab.* Look up, and see.

*Duke.* What may this mean ?

*Gab.* Behold it ;

Behold the drunken<sup>a</sup> murderer

<sup>a</sup> *drunken*] Another epithet ("lecherous" perhaps) appears to have dropped out.

Of that young gentleman ; behold the rankest,  
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd !

*Duke.* Who kill'd him ?

*Gab.* I ; and there's the cause I did it :

Read, if your eyes will give you leave.

[ *Throws down a paper.*

*Hel.* Oh, monstrous !

*Gab.* Nay, out it shall : there, take this false heart to ye,

[ *Throws down his heart.*

The base dishonour of a thousand women !

Keep it in gold, duke ; 'tis a precious jewel.

Now to myself ; for I have liv'd a fair age,

Longer by some months than I had a mind to.

*Duke.* Hold !

*Gab.* Here, young Perolot, my first-contracted !

True love shall never go alone.

[ *Stabs herself.*

*Duke.* Hold, Gabriella !

I do forgive all.

*Gab.* I shall die the better.

Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me. [ *Dies.*

*Maria.* Nor shalt thou go alone, my noble mistress :

Why should I live, and thou dead ?

[ *Stabs herself.*

*Sec. Lord.* Save the wench there !

*Maria.* She is, I hope ; and all my sins here written. [ *Dies.*

*Duke.* This was a fatal night.

*Gent.* Heaven has his working,

Which we cannot contend against.

*Duke.* Alas !

*Gent.* Your grace has your alas too.

*Duke.* Would 'twere equal !

For thou hast lost an honest noble child.

*Gent.* 'Tis heir enough h'as left<sup>b</sup>, a good remembrance.

*Duke.* See all their bodies buried decently,

*Re-enter* First Lord.

Though some deserv'd it not.—How do you, lady ?

*Hel.* Even, with your grace's leave, ripe for a monastery ;

<sup>b</sup> *left*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "lost."

There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,  
And never know what man is more.

*Duke.* Your pleasure.—

How does the maid within ?

*First Lord.* She is gone before, sir,  
The same course that my <sup>c</sup> lady takes.

*Gent.* And my course  
Shall be my beads at home, so please your grace  
To give me leave to leave the court.

*Duke.* In peace, sir ;  
And take my love along.

*Gent.* I shall pray for you.

*Duke.* Now to ourselves retire we, and begin  
By this example to correct each sin !     [*Exeunt.*   *Flourish.*]

*Eman.* By this we plainly view the two imposthumes  
That choke a kingdom's welfare,—ease and wantonness ;  
In both of which Lavall was capital :  
For, first, ease stole away his mind from honour,  
That active noble thoughts had kept still working ;  
And then delivered him to drink and women,  
Lust and outrageous riot ; and what their ends are,  
How infamous and foul, we see example.  
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,  
And gain his merit out of virtue's schools,  
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.     [*Flourish.*]

*The Triumph.*   *Enter Musicians ; next them.* PEROLOT, with the  
wound he died of ; then GABRIELLA and MARIA, with their  
wounds ; after them, four Furies with bannerets, inscribed  
Revenge, Murder, Lust, and Drunkenness, singing ; next them,  
LAVALL wounded ; then a chariot with Death, drawn by the  
*Destinies.*     [*Flourish.*]

<sup>c</sup> *my*] Altered by the Editors of 1773 to "her;" and so Weber (who wrongly attributes the "correction" to Seward). But to make Helena "the lady" of Casta contradicts an earlier scene, pp. 541—2, where, after Casta has expressed her utter dislike of being "preferred to Helen" and becoming "a courtier," her father says,

"Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still."

*Enter Poet as Prologue-speaker.*

Poet. *From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,  
And see old Time helping triumphantly,  
Helping his master, Man : view here his vanities ;  
And see his false friends, like those glutted flies,  
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade  
From all remembrance of him, like a shade ;  
And last, view who relieves him : and, that gone,  
We hope your favour ; and our play is done.* [Flourish.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

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SCENE I.—*A City.*

*Enter* ANTHROPOS, DESIRE, VAIN-DELIGHT, *and* BOUNTY.

*Anth.* What hast thou done, Desire, and how employ'd  
The charge I gave thee about levying wealth  
For our supplies ?

*Desire.* I have done all, yet nothing ;  
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried :  
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,  
Thou son of Earth, colder than that thou art made of.  
I came to Craft ; found all his hooks about him  
And all his nets, baited and set <sup>d</sup> ; his sly self

<sup>d</sup> ——— all his hooks about him

*And all his nets, baited and set.*] “Mr. Sympson says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *hooks* and *nets* change places ; but *nets* are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray-fish, grigs, &c. so that the change is not necessary.”—SEWARD. The later editors have reprinted this preposterous note without any comment, evidently thinking it quite satisfactory. What can be plainer than that the epithet “*baited*” belongs to “*hooks*”, and “*set*” to “*nets*” ?

And greedy Lucre at a serious conference,  
 Which way to tie the world within their statutes ;  
 Business of all sides <sup>b</sup> and of all sorts swarming,  
 Like bees broke loose in summer : I declar'd  
 Your will and want together, both inforcing,  
 With all the power and pains I had, to reach him ;  
 Yet all fell short.

*Anth.* His answer ?

*Desire.* This he gave me.

Your wants are never ending ; and those supplies  
 That came <sup>c</sup> to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,  
 Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,  
 Gewgaws, and gilded puppets : Vain-Delight,  
 He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all,  
 That comes in for support, on clothes and coaches,  
 Perfumes and powder'd pates ; and that your mistress,  
 The lady Pleasure, like a sea, devours  
 At length both you and him too : if you have houses,  
 Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,  
 And will be ready to supply occasions ;  
 If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.  
 From him I went to Vanity, whom I found  
 Attended by an endless troop of tailors,  
 Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers <sup>d</sup>,  
 All occupations opening like a mart,  
 That serve to rig the body out with bravery <sup>e</sup> ;  
 And through the room new fashions flew, like flies,  
 In thousand gaudy shapes ; Pride waiting on her,  
 And busily surveying all the breaches  
 Time and decaying <sup>f</sup> Nature had wrought in her,  
 Which still with art she piec'd again and strengthen'd :

<sup>b</sup> *of all sides*] “Is the same in old language as ‘on all sides.’ The explanation is only given because former editors have conceived alterations to be requisite.” WEBER,—who borrowed this remark from Mason,—having himself elsewhere made the very “alterations” which he now censures.

<sup>c</sup> *came*] Qy. “come” ?

<sup>d</sup> *fumers*] “i. e. perfumers.” WEBER.

<sup>e</sup> *bravery*] i. e. finery.

<sup>f</sup> *decaying*] Old eds. “delaying.”

I told your wants ; she shew'd me gowns and head-tires,  
 Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seam'd thorough with cut-  
 works<sup>d</sup>,  
 Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,  
 Dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me  
 The way her money went. From her to Pleasure  
 I took my journey.

*Anth.* And what says our best mistress ?

*Desire.* She danc'd me out this answer presently :  
 Revels and masques had drawn her dry already.  
 I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,  
 Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.

*Anth.* A cold *quietus* ! Miserable creatures,  
 Born to support and beautify your master,  
 The godlike Man, set here to do me service,  
 The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,  
 Created to my use alone, disgrace me ?  
 Beasts have more courtesy ; they live about me,  
 Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand  
 To clothe me with, their bodies to my labours ;  
 Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,  
 And proudly press with garlands to the altars,  
 To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,  
 Striking their downy sails to do me service,  
 Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,  
 And to my rest their plummy softs they send me.  
 Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,  
 But mine own cursèd kind, obey their ruler ;  
 Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,  
 Into whose stony hearts neglect of duty,  
 Squint-ey'd Deceit, and Self-love, are crept closely !  
 None feel my wants ? not one friend with me<sup>e</sup> ?

*Desire.* None, sir.

<sup>d</sup> *cut-works*,] i. e. "open works in linen, stamped or cut by hand." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. Or wrought with the needle : see Holme's *Ac. of Arm.* B. iii. 98.

<sup>e</sup> *friend with me*] Old eds. "mend *with me*." I give, as Weber did, a conjectural emendation of Seward, who, however, printed in the text "befriend *me*," which the Editors of 1778 also preferred



*Anth.* Thou hast forgot, Desire, thy <sup>f</sup> best friend Flattery;  
He cannot fail me.

*Vain-Del.* Fail! he will sell himself,  
And all within his power, close to his skin, first.

*Desire.* I thought so too, and made him my first venture;  
But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,  
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul  
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,  
Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him,  
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto him;  
His answer still was, "By the Lord, sweet lord,"  
And, "By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!"  
Nothing could stave him off: he has heard your flood's gone,  
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, sir.

*Anth.* Then here I break up state, and free my followers,  
Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice:  
Go, seek new masters now; for Anthropos,  
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.  
Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,  
Where thou mayst live at full bent of thy wishes.  
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,  
With light Fantastickness be thou in favour.  
To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,  
Troubles me more than mine own misery;  
But we must part: go, plant thyself, my best friend,  
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,  
And there live ever like thyself, a virtue;  
But leave this place, and seek the country;  
For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.  
Now none but Poverty must follow me,  
Despis'd, patch'd Poverty; and we two, married,  
Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,  
And live with them in exile.

*Enter* POVERTY.

How uncall'd on  
My true friend comes!

[*thy*] Seward and his successors print, unnecessarily, "my."

*Pov.* Here, hold thee, Anthropos ;  
 Thou art almost arriv'd<sup>f</sup> at rest ; put this on,  
 A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures :  
 Off with that vanity !

*Anth.* Here, Vain-Delight, [Gives his rich cloak to  
 VAIN-DELIGHT, and puts on the penitential robe.

And, with this, all my part to thee again  
 Of thee I freely render.

*Pov.* Take this staff now,  
 And be more constant to your steps hereafter :  
 The staff is Staidness of Affections.—  
 Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer  
 Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms !  
 When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,  
 Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows !

[*Exeunt* DESIRE and VAIN-DELIGHT.

Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,  
 To Rest and Peace : no Vanity dwells there,  
 Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more ;  
 No Flattery's smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.

*Anth.* Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd  
 Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice  
 Thou and thy fair-ey'd Juno smil'd upon ;  
 If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,  
 Where all thy statuas<sup>g</sup> sweat<sup>h</sup> with wine and incense,  
 Have by the son of Earth been celebrated ;  
 Hear me, the child of Shame now, hear, thou helper,  
 And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice,  
 Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,  
 Against his master done, against thy order ;  
 And raise again, thou father of all honour,  
 The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature !  
 Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,  
 That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>f</sup> *arriv'd*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "arm'd," (the original compositor having mistaken *iu* for *m*.)

<sup>g</sup> *statuas*] The modern editors print "statues." See note, p. 459.

<sup>h</sup> *sweat*] Weber gave, with the sec. folio, "sweet" !

SCENE II.—*Olympus.*

JUPITER and MERCURY descend severally to soft music.

*Jup.* Ho, Mercury, my wingèd son !

*Merc.* Your servant.

*Jup.* Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd our ears,

Arm'd in such spells of pity<sup>i</sup> now ?

*Merc.* The sad petitions

Of the scorn'd son of Earth, the god-like Anthropos ;  
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,  
And pil'd upon your altars thousand heifers ;  
He that, beguil'd by Vanity and Pleasure,  
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy,  
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to Poverty.

*Jup.* It must not be ; he was not rais'd for ruin ;  
Nor shall those hands heav'd at mine altars perish :  
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time ;  
And charge him presently release the bands  
Of Poverty and Want this suitor sinks in ;  
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,  
That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,  
He<sup>j</sup> shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,  
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people  
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries ;  
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,  
And presently to live with Anthropos.  
It is our will. Away !

*Merc.* I do obey it.

[*Ascend severally to soft music.*

<sup>i</sup> *spells of pity.*] “i. e., spells fitted to move compassion ; and is a more natural and poetical expression than *spells of piety*, which Seward proposes to read [prints].” MASON.

<sup>j</sup> *He*] Old eds. “*She*” ; and so Seward !

SCENE III.—*A wild Indian region.*

*Enter PLUTUS, with a troop of Indians singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him ; which ended, enter TIME.*

*Time.* Rise, and away ! 'tis Jove's command.

*Plutus.* I will not :

You have some fool to furnish now ; some Midas,  
That to no purpose I must choke with riches.  
Who must I go to ?

*Time.* To the son of Earth ;  
He wants the god of wealth.

*Plutus.* Let him want still.

I was too lately with him, almost torn  
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers :  
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity  
Were filing off my fingers ; not eat, for fear  
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,  
And there surprise my heart.

*Time.* These have forsaken him :  
Make haste, then ; thou must with me. Be not angry,  
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.

*Plutus.* I do obey, then ; but change <sup>k</sup> my figure ;  
For when I willingly befriend a creature,  
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him ;  
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepit,  
I halt, and hang upon my staff.—Farewell, friends ;  
I will not be long from ye ; all my servants  
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.

*[Exeunt Indians, with a dance.*

Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness !  
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.  
Away ! I'll follow thee : but not too fast, Time ! *[Exeunt.*

\* *but change*] Seward and his successors print " *but will change.*"

SCENE IV.—*A rocky country.*

*Enter* ANTHROPOS, HONESTY, SIMPLICITY, HUMILITY,  
and POVERTY.

*Hum.* Man, be not sad ; nor<sup>1</sup> let this divorce  
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,  
Afflict thy spirits ; which, consider'd rightly  
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

*Pov.* For now what danger or deceit can reach thee ?  
What matter left for Craft or Covetise  
To plot against thee ? what Desire to burn thee ?

*Hon.* Oh, son of Earth, let Honesty possess thee !  
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker ;  
See thorough those gaudy shadows, that, like dreams,  
Have dwelt upon thee long ; call up thy goodness,  
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwreck'd ;  
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,  
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,  
And ill-digested, all these vanities  
Will shew, let Reason tell thee.

*Simpl.* Crown thy mind  
With that above the world's wealth, joyful suffering,  
And truly be the master of thyself,  
Which is the noblest empire ; and there stand  
The thing thou wert ordain'd and set to govern.

*Pov.* Come, let us sing the world's shame : hear us,  
Anthropos.

*Song :* after which, enter TIME and PLUTUS.

*Hon.* Away ! we are betray'd.

[*Exit with* SIMPLICITY and HUMILITY.

*Time.* Get thou too after,  
Thou needy, bare companion ! go for ever,  
For ever, I conjure thee ! make no answer. [*Exit* POVERTY.

*Anth.* What mak'st thou here, Time ? thou that to this  
minute  
Never stood'st still by me.

<sup>1</sup> *nor*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "neither."

*Time.* I have brought thee succour ;  
 And now catch hold, I am thine. The god of riches,  
 Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,  
 The ever-just and wakeful Jove, at length  
 Is come unto thee ; use him as thine own,  
 For 'tis the doom of Heaven ; he must obey thee.

*Anth.* Have I found pity, then ?

*Time.* Thou hast, and justice  
 Against those false seducers of thine honour.—

Come, give him present helps.

[*Exit.*

*Plutus.* Come, Industry,

[*INDUSTRY and the ARTS discovered.*

Thou friend of life ! and, next to thee, rise, Labour !

[*PLUTUS stamps, and LABOUR rises.*

Rise presently : and now to your employments !

But first conduct this mortal to the rock.

[*They carry ANTHROPOS to a rock, and fall a-digging.*

*PLUTUS strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*

What see'st thou now ?

*Anth.* A glorious mine of metal.—

Oh, Jupiter, my thanks !

*Plutus.* To me a little.

*Anth.* And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice !

*Plutus.* Nay, then, I am rewarded. Take heed, now, son,  
 You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you.

*Anth.* Never betray me more !

*Plutus.* I must to India,

From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,

And these must with me. Take that hook<sup>m</sup> and mattock,

And by those know to live again.

*Anth.* I shall do.

[*Exeunt PLUTUS, INDUSTRY, LABOUR, &c.*

<sup>m</sup> *hook, &c.*] Old eds. "book," &c. "Mr. Sympson would read 'hook and mattock,' as the two emblems of industry ; but knowledge and virtue being as necessary to Anthropos as industry, I understand *book* as an emblem of them." SEWARD,—whose successors, satisfied with this note, also retained the misprint of the old eds. Knowledge and virtue, however *necessary* they might be to Anthropos, were certainly not the gifts of Plutus : what had he to do with *books* ?

*Enter FAME, sounding.*

*Fame.* Thorough all the world the fortune of great Anthrosos  
Be known, and wonder'd at ; his riches envied  
As far as sun or time is ; his power fear'd too ! [*Exit.*

*Enter VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, &c.*  
*dancing, and masked, towards the rock, offering service to*  
*ANTHROSOS. MERCURY from above. Music heard. One half*  
*of a cloud drawn, Singers are discovered ; then the other half*  
*drawn, JUPITER seen in glory.*

*Merc.* Take heed, weak man ! those are the sins that sunk  
thee ;

Trust 'em no more ; kneel and give thanks to Jupiter.

*Anth.* Oh, mighty power !

*Jup.* Unmask, ye gilded poisons !—

[*VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, &c. unmask.*

Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em ;

Now see the faces of thy evil angels :

Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph ;

Their memories be here forgot for ever !

*Anth.* Oh, just, great god ! how many lives of service,  
What ages only given to thine honour,  
What infinites of vows and holy prayers  
Can pay my thanks ?

*Jup.* Rise up : and, to assure thee  
That never more thou shalt feel want,— strike, Mercury,  
Strike him ; and by that stroke he shall for ever  
Live in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it :  
Be't done, I say ! Now sing in honour of him.

*Song.*

*Enter the Triumph*<sup>n</sup>. *First, the Musicians: then VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, and other of the Vices: then a chariot with the person of TIME sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing.* [Exeunt. Flourish.

*Eman.* By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes  
 A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,  
 And often to be master'd by abuses ;  
 Our natures here describ'd too, and what humours  
 Prevail above our reasons to undo us ;  
 But this the last and best,—when no friend stands,  
 The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>n</sup> *Enter the Triumph, &c.*] This stage-direction of the old eds. is hardly correct. It appears from a preceding speech of Jupiter that, after Time has entered, Anthropol leads up to him Vain-Delight, Pleasure, &c.



## EPILOGUE.

Now, as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,  
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,  
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full  
His long'd-for harvest to the reaper's pull,  
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground  
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)  
The harvest of our labours ; for we know  
You are our spring, and when you smile, we grow :  
Nor charge ° nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,  
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures.

° *charge*] Weber prints "change" !

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