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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Apus and Virginia

*Date of only Known Edition, 1575*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908*





# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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[Vol. 1.]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Apus and Virginia

1575

*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

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## Apus and Virginia

*Again to "the Irish find of 1906" is due the unearthing of a second copy of the original edition of this play. Until then the example in the British Museum (Pressmark C. 34, b. 2) was the only copy known to be extant. Like many other unique examples of early English plays now in national custody it came from the Garrick collection.*

*Since the Irish copy was sold, another from the Mostyn Library came into the market in June 1907.*

*The identity of R. B. has not been definitely ascertained—the initials apply to several writers of the time—but it is commonly attributed to Richard Bower, of whom, however, "The Dictionary of National Biography" takes no note.*

*The date of composition is probably 1563; there are several references pointing to the plague of that year.*

*It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1567 by Rycharde Jonnes.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, has little to criticise after comparing this facsimile with the original copy:—*

- (1) Title-page, there is no smudge under the "ra" of  
"Tragicall" in the original.

- (2) **A.** *ii.* recto, line 14 from top of page, original has a white mark, a piece of paper having apparently stuck to it, but the word is quite legible as “puissant.”
- (3) **C.** *iv.* recto, this page is a trifle too faint.
- (4) **D.** *iii.* verso, last line, initial letter is slightly clearer in original. It is evidently “**R.**”
- (5) **E.** *ii.* verso, last line, “**To the**” is clearer in original.
- (6) **E.** *iii.* recto, last line at end, clearer in original: “**stryf**” [e], and catchword “**f**” [ame], below.

JOHN S. FARMER.







A new Tragickall Comedie  
of *Apius and Virginia*,

Wherem is lively expressed a rare  
example of the vertue of Chastitie,  
by Virginias constancy, in wishing  
rather to be slaine at her owne Fa-  
thers hands, then to be deflow-  
red of the wicked Iudge  
Apius.

By R. B.

The Players names.

Virginias.	Conscience.
Mater.	Iustice.
Virginia.	Claudius.
Haphazard.	Rumour.
Manlipulus.	Comfoite.
Manlipula.	Rewarde.
Subseruus.	Doctrina.
Apius.	Memorie.

Imprinted at London, by Wil-  
liam How, for Richard Ihones.

1575.







## The Prologue.

*Qui cupis æthereas & summas scindere sedes  
 Vm simul ac fraudem discute chare tibi.  
 Fraus hic nulla iuuat, nō fortia facta iuuabūt,  
 Sola Dei tua te trahat, terse fides.  
 Qui placet in terris intactæ pallidis instar,  
 Viuere Virgini in nitore virgo sequi,  
 Quos tulit & luctus, discas gaudia magna  
 Viræ, dum paræ scinder fila parent.  
 Huc ades ò virgo, parere moritura sepulchro,  
 Sic ait, & faciem pallida morte mutat.*

**W**ho doth desire the trump of fame, to sound vnto the Skie  
 Who eke who seekes the holy place, where mighty loue hid  
 He must not by deceitfull mind, nor yet by pu' int strength,  
 But by the faith and sacred lyfe, he must it win at length,  
 And what she be that virgins lyfe, on earth wold gladly leade,  
 The suds that Virginia did fall, I with her reade,  
 Her doller and hir dolefull losse, and yet her ioyes at death,  
 Come Virgins pure to graue with mee, quoth she with latest by  
 You Loydys all that present be, this Tragicke to heare,  
 Note well what zeale and loue, heerein doth well appeare,  
 And Ladies you that linked are, in wedlocke bandes for euer,  
 Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish neuer,  
 But Virgins you, oh Ladies faire, for honour of your name.  
 Do lead the life apparent here, to win immortall fame,  
 Let not the blinded God of Loue, as Poets tearme him so,  
 Nor Venus with her beuery, nor Lechers cause of wo  
 Your Virgins name to spot or file: deare dames obserue the like,  
 That faire Verginia did obserue, who rather with the knife,  
 Of fathers hand hir life to ende, then spot her chastety:  
 As she did waile, waile you her want you maids of courtesse.  
 If any by example heere, would shun that great anoy,  
 Our Authour would reioyce in hart, and we would leape for ioy,  
 Would Gods that our indueuer may, as well to please your eares,  
 As is our Auctors meaning here, then were we voyde of feares:  
 But patiently wee wish you beare with this our first attempt.  
 Which surely will to vs our best, then yeild vs no contempt,  
 And as you please in pacient wise, our first for to receiue,  
 Ere long a better shall you win, if god

## Enter Virginius.

**B**Efoze the time that fortunes lot, dyd shew ech fate his dome,  
Bye, or Beast, or fish, or foule, or Earth had taken Rome  
The Gods they did decree to frame, the thing is ended now,  
The Heauens, and the Planets eke, and moost from ayre to bow.  
Then framed they y man of mould & clay, & gaue him time to raig  
As seemed best their sacred minds, to runne and turne againe :  
They framed also after this, out of his tender side,  
A piece of much sozmositie, with him for to abide :  
An infancie to lusty you, and so to raigne awhile,  
As well to liue, tyl Ecas he vntwares, do him begyle.  
I wish to see these gistes of them, on grounded caue to be,  
And faintly to deck them vp, which after they may reu :  
Therefore I thank the Gods about, that yeld to me such fate,  
Since to me so iust a spouse, and eke so louing mate.  
Her I haue a virgin pure, an ympe of heauenly race,  
Whom I sober, make, and modest too, and vertuous in lyke case :  
To Temple will I wend therefore, to yeld the Gods their praise,  
For that they haue thus luckely, anered with my dates.  
But stay, behold the p'erelesse sparks wherof my tongue dyd talke,  
Approch in presence of my sight, to church I deeme they walk,  
But stay I wyll, and shoud me secretly a while,  
To see what witte or counsell graue, procedeth from their stile.

### ¶ Heere entreteth Mater and Virginia.

The perle and pricking prime of youth, ought chastiment to haue,  
But thou deare daughter nadedst not, thy self doth shew the graue :  
To see how Phoebus with his beames, hath youth so much infected,  
It doth me woe to see them craue the thing should be detested.  
I wold to graue, and naught can leaue of thee to be desired,  
As much as duty to thy deare, as reason hath required :  
Thy sufferent Le:rd and frindly feare, Virginius father thine,  
To nurse as doth become a childe, when beanes are buried mine,  
Virginius,

Resel your minde of mourning plaints, deare mother rest your minde







of Apius and Virginia.

For though that duty dainty were, Dame nature will me binde,  
So much to do, and further force, of Gods that rule the Skies,  
The Glope and eke the Element, they would me els disples.

Mater.

Then if the Gods haue graunted thee, such grace to loue thy speer,  
When time shall chose thee out a make be constant I requier:  
Loue, liue, and lyke him well, befoze you graunt him grace or faith,  
So shall your loue continue long, experience thus he faith,

Virginia.

I graunt deare Dame I doe agree,  
When time shall so prouide:  
But tender youth and infansie,  
Doth rather with me bide,  
What should I lose Dianas gifte,  
And eke the spring to shun:  
By which Acteon fateally,  
His finall race did run:  
Should I as abiect be esteemed,  
Throughout Parnassus hill,  
Or should my Virgins name be filde,  
It were to great a skyll:  
But yet it is vnspotted loe,  
Right well I doe conceaue,  
When wedlocke doth require the same,  
With parents loue and leaue:  
Yet obstinate I wyl not be,  
But willing will me yeeld:  
When you commaund and not befoze  
Then duty shall me sheeld,

Virginus.

Oh Gods that rule and raine, in heauens, in seas, in fiods and lands,  
Two couple such I surely deeme, you neuer made with hands,  
A Gods why doe ye not compel eche Dame the lyke to sholue?  
And euery Impe of her againe, her duty thus to know,  
I cannot stay my toung from talke, I needes must call my deare,  
Oh spouse wel met & Daughter to, what newes how do you cheare?

Mater

A new Tragicall Comedie

Mater

O deare virginius Joy to me, oh pearcellesse spouse and mate,  
In health I praise the Gods I am and isfull for thy state,

Virginius.

Virginia my daughter deare  
How standeth all with thee ?

Virginia.

Like happie state as mother tolde,  
Like ioyfull sight to mee.

Virginius.

By the Gods wife I ioy me, that haue such a treasure,  
Such Charitie and such Juell, surmounting all measure :  
Such a happy spouse, such a fortunat dame,  
That no blot or taine, can impayre her fame,  
Against such an Inipe, and graffe of my tree,  
As cleare doth surmount all others that bee.

Mater.

Pay rather deare spouse how much is my case,  
To be now aduanced by such happy grace :  
Doth dayly distill, my husband so louing,  
Graunting and geuing to all thing behouing,  
Ioying in me, and in the fruite of my wombe.  
Who would not requit it, the Gods payde their dome  
And if it be I, the Gods do destroy mee,  
Rather then sinne, so soze should annoy me.

Virginius.

Oh wife reuell thy wishing for wo,  
By selle thy faute rightwell do know :  
And rather I wish my selfe to be slaine,  
Then thou or thy daughter ought wo should sustaine.

Virginia.

Oh father my comfort, oh Mother my ioy,  
Oh Deare, and O sufferaigne, do cease to employ  
Such dolorous talking, where dangers are none,  
Where Ioyes are attendant, what needeth this mone.





of Apius and Virginia.

You matron, you spouse, you Nurse, and you wife,  
You comfort, you only the some of his lyfe :  
You housband, you harte, you ioye, and you pleasure,  
You King, and you keyser, to her only treasure,  
You Father, you Mother, my lyfe doth sustaine,  
I babe and I blisse, your health am againe,  
Forbeare then your dolor, let mirth be frequented  
Let sorow departe, and be not attempted.

Virginus.

Oh wife, oh spouse, I am contente.

Mater.

Oh Husband.

Virginiz.

Oh father wee doe consent.

Sing heere.

All singe this.

The trustiest treasure in earth earth as wee see,  
Is man, wife and children in one to agree,  
Then friendly, and kindly, let measure be mixed  
With reason, in season, where friendship is fixed.

Virginus.

When nature nursed first of all, pong Alexander learned,  
Of who the Poets mention make, in iudgement so deserved,  
Oh what did want that loue procured his vital end well neare,  
This is the hope where parents loue, their children do not feare.

All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as wee see,  
Is man wife and children &c.

Mater.

When time King Nisus would not let, his daughter to be taught,  
Of any one correcting hand to nurtue to be brought :  
She void of duty cut his lockes, and golden tresses cleare,  
Whereby his realme was ouerrun, and she was payd her hier.

A new Tragicall Comedie

All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see,  
Is man wife and childzen. &c

Virginia.

When Dedalus from Creete did flie,  
With Icarus his ioy:

He naught regarding fathers words,  
Did seeke his owne anoy:

He mounted by into the skies,  
Wherat the Gods did frowne,  
And Phoebus soze his winges did frie,  
And hedlonge flins him downe.

All singe this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see,  
Is man wife and childzen &c.

Virginus.

Then sith that perqualitie, doth partly discozde mour,  
And hatred often times doth creepe where ouermuch wee loue:  
And if we loue no whit at all, the fanning trump will sound,  
Come wife, come spouse, come daughter deare, let measure beare. §  
(ground.

All singe this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see  
Is man wife and childzen in one to agree,  
Then friendly, and kindly, let measure be mired,  
With reason, in reason, where frindship is sired.

¶ Here entreth Haphazard the Vice.

VERY well sir, very well sir, it shalbe done,

As fast as euer I can prepare,

Who dippes with the Diuel, he had neede haue a long sponne,

Or els full smale will be his fare:

Yet a proper Gentleman I am of truste

¶ Hea that may yee see by my long side. gowne.

¶ Hea







of Apius and Virginia.

Be a but what am I, a Scholer, or a scholemaster, or els some youth,  
 A Lawier, a student or els a countrie clowne  
 A Husbandman, a Basket maker, or a Baker of Pies,  
 A flesh or a Fishmonger, or a sower of lies:  
 A Louse or a louser, a Locke or a Larke:  
 A Dreamer a Dromicell, a fire or a sparke:  
 A Caitife, a Catthrote, a creper in corners,  
 A herbzaine, a hangman, or a grafter of hozners:  
 By the Gods, I know not how best to deuise,  
 My name or my property, well to disguise:  
 A Marchaunte, a May poole, a man or a mackrell:  
 A Crab or a Creuise, a Crane or a cockerell:  
 Most of all these my nature doth inioy,  
 Sometime I aduaunce the m. sometime I destroy,  
 A mayde or a Muffell Wote, a wise or a wilde ducke,  
 As bolde as blinde bayerd, as wise as a wood cocke,  
 As fine as phippence, as proude as a Decocke,  
 As stout as a Stockefish, as meeke as a mecocke,  
 As bigge as a begger, as fat as a sole,  
 As true as a Tinker, as riche as an Owle,  
 With hey tricke, how trowle, trey trip, and trey trace,  
 Trowle hazard in a vengeance I besh:ew his knaues face  
 For tro, and trowle hazard, kepe such a range  
 That poe haphazard, was neuer so strange,  
 But yet Haphazard, be of god chere,  
 Soc play and repast the man, be mery to yeere:  
 Though bittaille be dainty and hard for to get.  
 Yet perhaps a number will die of the swet,  
 Though it be in hazard, yet happely I may,  
 Though mony be lacking, yet one day go gay.

Enter Manipulus.

When Paud, with a pestelence, what makst thou no hatt:  
 Of Baybery infence belike thou wouldest tatt,  
 By the Gods I haue stayed a full great while,  
 My lorde he is neare hand by this at the Church stile,  
 And al for Paud mumble turde, that mampadding madge  
 By the Gods if she his noble geue her my badge.

The Tragical Comedie

Manipula.

What dzake nosed dziuell, begin you to floute.  
He frie you in a fagot sticke, by cocke goodman loute  
You boaster you bzagger, you bzawling knaue :  
He pay thee thy forty pence, thou bzawling slaue:  
My Ladies great busines belike is at ende,  
When you goodman dawcocke, lust for to wend,  
You, codshed you crackerope, you chattering pye,  
Haue with ye, haue at ye, your manhode to try.

Haphazard.

What holde your hands masters. what? fie for shame fie,  
What culling: what lulling: what stir haue wee here?  
What tugging: what lugging: what pugging by the care,  
What part and be freinds, and ende all this strife,

Manipulus.

May rather I wishe hir, the end of my knife :

Manipula.

Dzawe it, geue me it, I will it receaue,  
So that for to place it, I might haue good leane,  
By the Gods: but for losing my land, lyfe, and liuing,  
It should be so placed, he should haue all thziuinge:

Manipulus.

By the Gods how vngraciously the vicksen she chatteth,

Manipula.

And he euen as knauihtly, my answer he patteth,

Haphazard.

Here is naught els, but railing of words out of reason,  
Now tugging, now tatling, now mustling in season,  
For shame be contented and leaue of this bzawling,

Manipulus.

Content, for I shall repent it, for this my tonge wjalling:

Manipula.

Thou knaue, but for thee, ere this time of day,  
My Ladies faire Pue, had ben strawed full gay:  
With Primroses, Coustips, and Tiolets sweete:  
With Spints, and with Parigolds, and Pargerum meete,

Which





of Apus and Virginia.

Which now lyeth vncleanly and all long of thee,  
That a shame recompence thee, for hindring mee,  
Mansipulus.

Ah pretie p[er]uick p[er]nel, the Coulten and Booke,  
Whereon he shoulde reade and kneele, are present her e looke:  
My Lo[rd]e when he seeth mee, he will cast such an eye,  
As pinch wyll my hart neare ready to die:  
And thus wise, and thus wise, his hand wyll be walking  
With thou p[re]cious knaue, alway get thee packing  
¶ Here let hym fight.

Haphazard.

Say then by the masse, its time to be knocking,  
No words at all but to me he is poynting:  
Say haue at you againe, you shall haue your annoynting,  
Mansipula.

Body of me, hold yf ye can,  
What will you kill such a proper man?  
Haphazard.

Say sure I haue done when women do speake,  
Why would the knaue my patience so b[re]ake?  
Mansipulus.

Well I must begon, there is no remedy  
For feare my taylor makes buttons, by mine honesty.  
Haphazard.

For reuerence on your face, your nose and your chin:  
By the Gods haue ye hard such an vnmannerly billin.  
Mansipula.

I neuer heard one so rancke of rudnesse,  
Mansipulus.

In faith it is but for lacke of lewdnesse:  
But here I burne day light, while thus I am talking  
A way come Mansipula, let vs be walking,  
Mansipula

Contented Mansipulus, haue with thee with spade,  
Haphazard.

Say stay yet my frendes I am not agreede.

B. y.

Mansipulus

The Tragicall Comedie

Manipula,

Wee dare not tary, by God wee sweare,

Haphazard,

May tarry take comfort with you for to beare,

It is but in hazard and if you be mist,

And so it may happen you seele not his fist:

Perhaps he is stayde by talke with some friend

It is but in hazarde, then singe or you wend

Let hope be your helper, your care to defend.

Manipulus,

By hap or by hazard, we singe or we crie,

Then singe let vs say so, let forow go by.

Manipula: *They all singe a song.*

We can be but beaten that is the worst,

¶ Enter Subseruus.

What how Manipulus, thou knaue art thou curst?

My lord standeth talking and I gape for thee,

Come away with a wannion, runne hast and hie,

Manipulus: *They all singe a song.*

May herken Supseruus, stay I pray thee,

Let vs haue a song and then haue with thee:

Subseruus,

Content if thou hie thee.

¶ Sing here all.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of thretninge,

The worst that can hap so, in end is but beating.

Manipulus.

What if my Lordinge, doo chaunce for to misse me,

The worst that can happen, is Cudgell will kisse mee;

In such kinde of sweetnes, I sweare by Gods mother,

It will please me better, it were on some other,

With thwicke thywack, with thump thump,

with booying and bann,

Our syde saddle shoulders shal weilde that doth come.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.

Man,







of Apius and Virginia.

Manipula.

**I**f case that my Lady, do threaten my case,  
No cause to contrary, but beare hir a space,  
Untill she draw home so, to where so she will vse me,  
As Doctors doth doubt it, how I should excuse me,  
With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,  
With bobbing and bum,  
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheilde that doth come:  
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Subseruus.

**W**hat if your company cause me haue woo,  
I minde not companions so soone to forgo:  
Let hope holde the Helmet, till burnt it be past,  
For bloes are but buffits and words but a blast,  
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,  
With bobbing and bum,  
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheild that doth come,  
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Haphazard.

**T**hen let vs be mery, it is but by hap,  
A hazardly chaunce may harbor a clap,  
Beside ye, be mery, be glad and be ioying,  
For bloes are but buffits and sinale time annoyng,  
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,  
With bobbing and bum,  
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheild that doth come.  
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

**T**he end of the song.

All speaketh this.

Haphazard farewell, the Gods do thanke thee.

Exiunt.

Haphazard.

Farewell my friends, farewell goe prauche ye:  
By the Gods Haphazard, these men haue tried ye.

A new Tragicall Comedie

Who sayd thou wast no man, sure he belied th<sup>e</sup>,  
 By Ioue master Merchant by sea oꝛ by land,  
 Would get but smale argent, if I did not stand,  
 His very good master, I may say to you,  
 When he hazards in hope, what hap will insue:  
 In court I am no man, by cocke sir ye lie,  
 A Plowman perhaps oꝛ ere that he die,  
 May hap be a Gentleman, a Courtier oꝛ Captaine,  
 And hap may so hazard, he may goe a begging:  
 Perhaps that a Gentleman, heyre to great land,  
 Which selleth his liuing, for mony in hand,  
 In hazard it is the bying of moze,  
 Perhaps he may ride when spent is the stoze:  
 Hap may so hazard the Hone may so chaunge.  
 That men may be masters, and wines will not raunge :  
 But in hazard it is in many a grange.  
 Lest wines were the Codspeece, and maydens coy strange:  
 As Pecoockes sit perking, by chaunce in the plumtree,  
 So maides would be masters, by the guile of this countrey  
 Hazard eche state full well that he markes,  
 If hap the skie fall, we hap may haue Larkes :  
 Well, fare ye well now, for better oꝛ worse, Exit  
 Put hands to your pockets, haue minde to your purse.

Enter Judge Apius.

The sorowd face of Fortunes force, my pinching paine doth moue  
 I settled ruler of my realme inforced am to loue:  
 Judge Apius I the princeldest Judge, that raigneth vnder sonne,  
 And haue bene so esteemed long, but now my force is done:  
 I rule no moze, but ruled am, I do not Judge, but am Judged,  
 By beuty of Virginia, my wisdom all is trudged,  
 Oh perleesse Dame, Oh passing p<sup>er</sup>ce, oh face of such a fature.  
 What neuer or it with beuty such, matched was by nature:  
 Oh fond Apelles prating foole, why boastest thou so much?  
 The samost worke thou madst in Greece, whose liments were such  
 Why didst thou deceued man, for beuty of thy worke?





of Apius and Virginia .

In such a fozt with fond desire, where no kinde lyfe dyd lurke,  
With raging sits thou sole ran mad, oh fond Pigmalion,  
Pet sure if that thou sawest my deare, the like y couldest make none,  
Then what may I, oh Gods aboute, bend downe to heare my crie,  
As once he did to Salmasis, in Pond hard Lyzia by:  
Oh that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmasis,  
And in Hermafroditus streede, my selfe might seeke my blisse,  
Oh Gods, would I vnfolde her armes, complecting of my necke ?  
Or would I hurt her mistle hand, or yelde her such a checke ?  
Would I gainesay his tender skinne, to baath where I do washe ?  
Or els refuse hir soft swete lippes, to touch my naked fleshe ?  
Pay, oh the Gods do know my minde, I rather would requier,  
To sue, to serue, to crouch, to kneele, to craue for my desier.  
But out ye Gods, ye bende your bzowes, and frowne to see me fare,  
Ye do not force my sickle fate, ye do not way my care,  
Unrighteous, and vnequall Gods, vniust, and eke vnshure,  
Woe worth the time ye made me liue, to see this haplesse houre :  
Dyd Iphis hang himselfe for loue, of Lady not so faire ?  
Or els did Ioue the cloudie mistes, bend downe from lightsome ayre:  
Or as the Poets mencion make, of Inachs daughter macke,  
For loue dyd he to make a Cowe, whom Inach long dyd seeke :  
Is loue so great, to cause the quicke, to enter into Hell,  
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell ?  
Then what is it that loue cannot? why loue dyd pearce the skies :  
Why Pheb. and famous Mercury, with loue had blinded eyes ?  
But I a Iudge of grounded yeeres, shall reape to me such name,  
As shall resounde dishonour great, with Trump of carelesse fame :  
Oh that my yeeres were youthfull yet, or that I were vnwedded.

¶ Here entreth Haphazard.

Why cease sir Knight, for why perhaps, of you she shalbe bedded:  
For solow my counsell, so may you me please,  
That of carefull resurging, your hart shall haue ease.

Apius.

Oh thundring Gods that threaten ye,  
and Plague for eche offence :

A new Tragical Comedie

Your selues I deeme would counsell craue,  
in this so fit pretence:  
And eke your nimble stretched armes,  
with great rewards would sic,  
To purchase faire Virginia,  
so deare a wight to me:  
And friend, I sweare by Iubiter,  
and eke by Iunos seate:  
And eke by all the miseries,  
where on thou caust intreate:  
Thou shalt possesse and haue,  
I will thee graunt and geue,  
The greatest part of all my Realme,  
so; aye thee to releue.

Haphazard.

Well then, this is my counsell, thus standeth the case,  
Perhaps such a fetch, as may please your grace:  
There is no moze wayes, but hap or hap not,  
Either hap, or els haple be, to knit by the knot:  
And if you will hazard, to venter what falles,  
Perhaps, that Haphazard, will end al your th;alles.

Apus.

I meane so, I will so, if thou do perswade me,  
To hap or to hazard, what thing shall enuade me:  
I King, and I Keyser, I rule and ouerwealine:  
I do what it please me, with in this my realme:  
Wherefore in thy iudgement, see that thou do enter,  
Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter.

Haphazard.

Then this, and in this so;te, standeth the matter,  
What naue many wordes, bulesse I should flatter,  
Full many there be, will hazarde their life,  
Happely to ease your grace of all your strife,  
Of this kinde of conspiracie now let vs common,  
Some man, Virginius, before you must summon,  
And say that Virginia is none of his Da;ghter.







But that Virginus by night away raught her :  
 Then charge you the father his Daughter to bringe,  
 Then do you detayne hir, till proued be the thing:  
 Which well you may win his, the present in house,  
 It is but Haphazar be, a man or a mouse

Appius.

I finde it, I minde it, I weare that I will,  
 Though shame, or defame, do happen ne skill,  
 But out I am wounded, how am I denided:  
 Two states of my life, from me are now glided,  
 For Conscience he pricketh me contempned,  
 And Justice saith, Judgement wold haue me condemned:  
 Conscience saith crueltye sure will detest me:  
 And Justice saith, death in thende will molest me,  
 And both in one sedden me thinks they do crie,  
 That fier eternal, my soule shall destruy.

Haphazard.

Why these are but thoughts man: why fie for shame fie  
 For Conscience was carelesse, and sayling by seas,  
 Was drownded in a basket and had a disease,  
 Soze moued for pitie, when he would graunt none,  
 For beyng hard harted, was turned to a stone:  
 And sayling by Sandwiche he sunke for his sin,  
 Then care not for conscience, the woorth of a pin:  
 And Judgement iudge Justice to haue a reward,  
 For iudging still iustly, but all is now marde,  
 For giftes they are geuen, wher Judgement is none,  
 Thus Judgement and Justice awronge way hath gone:  
 Then care not for Conscience the woorth of a fable,  
 Justice is no man, no; nought to do able.

Appius.

And saiest thou to my sured frende, then hap as hap shall hit,  
 Let Conscience grope, & iudgement craue, I wil not shrink one whit  
 I well perseuer in my thought, I will bestow hir youth,  
 I will not sure reuerted be, my hart will haue no ruth,  
 Come on your way and wayte on me, I will hap woe or wealth,

Here let him  
 make as though  
 he went out  
 and let Con-  
 science and Ju-  
 stice come out  
 of him, and let  
 Conscience hold  
 in his hande a  
 Lamp burning  
 and let Justice  
 haue a sword  
 and hold it be-  
 fore Appius  
 breast.

Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death, though Haphazard be of  
Haphazard. (health)

At hand (quoth picke purse) here redy am I,  
See well to the Cut Purse, be ruled by me.

Conscience.

Exit. Go out here.

O cleare vnspotted gifts of loue,  
How haps thou art refused?  
Oh Conscience cleare, what cruell minde  
Thy truth hath thus misused?  
I spotted am by wilfull will,  
By lawles loue and luste  
By deadly danger of the life.  
By faith that is vnjust.

Iustice.

Oh gift of loue, ah ffortunes face,  
Oh state of stiddy life:  
I Iustice am and Prince of paires,  
The end of Lawes and strife:  
A guider of the common weale,  
A gwerdon to the poore:  
And yet hath filthy lust suppress,  
By vertues in one houre,  
Well well this is the most to trust,  
In ende we shall espire:  
To see the end of these our faces  
With sword and eke with fire.

Conscience.

Oh help ye Gods, we members require.

Exit.

Enter Haphazard.

When gayne is no granter,  
And gaudes naught set by:  
For puddings, nor Pie meate,  
Poore knaues will come nie:  
Then hap and Haphazard,  
Shall haue a new cote:  
And so it may happen.





of Apius and Virginia.

To cut couetousnesse throte:  
Pea then shall Iudge Apius,  
Virginia obtayne:  
And Oese shall cracke Muffels,  
Perhaps in the rayne:  
Lerkes shall be Leuerets,  
And skip to and fro:  
And chourles shall be codheads,  
Perhaps and also:  
But peace for mans body,  
Haphazard be mum,  
Fie prattling nobby,  
Iudge Apius is come.

Here entreth Iudge Apius  
and Claudius.

The furies sell of Lybbo Lake.  
my Princely daies doo thote:  
All downe in deadly woes I lue,  
that once dyd ioy in sport,  
I lue and languish in my lyfe,  
as doth the wounded Deare:  
I thirst, I craue, I call and crie,  
and yet am naught the neare:  
And yet I haue that me so match,  
within the Realme of mine:  
But Tantalus amts my care,  
I hunger serue and pine:  
As Sisyfus I roule the stone,  
in vaine to top of Hill:  
That euermore vncertainly,  
reuoluing stideth still:  
Oh, as if to her it were to me,  
what labours would I flie?  
What raging seas would I not plow,  
to her commoditie?

Out alas I doubt it soze,  
 lest dꝛously Morpheus:  
 His slumby kingdomes graunted hath,  
 With Dewes and beluious:  
 Oh Gods about that rule the Skies,  
 ye Babes that bragge in blisse:  
 Ye Goddesses, ye Graces you,  
 what burning bzunt is this:  
 Bend downe your Ire, destroy me quicke:  
 or els to graunt me grace,  
 No moze but that my burning bzeste,  
 Virginia may imbace:  
 If case your eares be dead and deafe,  
 the fꝛende and sprites below:  
 You carlesse carls of Limbo Lake,  
 your forced mightes do sho.  
 Thou Caitife Kinge of darksome den,  
 thou Pluto plagued knane:  
 Send forth thy sacred vengeaunce straight,  
 consume them to the graue:  
 That will not aide my case,  
 Claudius.  
 Content and if it like your grace,  
 I will attempt the dede:  
 I sommon will Virginius,  
 befoze your seat with spꝛede,  
 Haphazard.  
 Do so, my Lorde be you not afrayde,  
 And so you may happen to Hazard the mayde:  
 It is but in Hazard, and may come by hap,  
 Win her, or lose her, trie you the trap.  
 Apins.  
 By the Gods I consent to the Claudius now  
 Prepare the in haste Virginius vnto,  
 Charge him, compele him, vpon his allegiance







of Apius and Virginia.

With all kinde of speede, to yelde his obeyfance,  
Besore my seate in my consulary  
Subpene of lande, life and treasure.

Here let Claudius go out with Haphazard.

So let, no stay, noz ought perturbance,  
Shall cause me to omit the furtheraunce,  
Of this my waighthy charge:

Exit.

Apus.

Well now I range at large my will for to expresse,  
For looke how Torquin, Lucreis faire, by force did once oppresse,  
Even so will I Virginia vse:

Here let Conscience speake within.

Judge Apus prince, oh stay refuse,  
Be ruled by thy friende:  
What bloody death with open shame,  
Did Torquin gaine in ende?

Apus.

Whence doth this pinching sounde defende?

Conscience.

From contrit Conscience pycked on,  
By member of thy lyfe,  
Enforced for to cry and call,  
And all to end our strife.

Apus.

What art thou thou declare be hysse:

Conscience.

Not flesh noz filthy lust I am:  
But secret conscience I,  
Compeld to crie with trimbling soules,  
At point nere hard to die.

Apus.

Why no disease hath me appoche, no griefe doth make me grudge,  
But want of faire Virginia, whose beauty is my Indge:  
By hir I live, by hir I die, for hir I toy oz wee,

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A new Tragicall Comedie

For hir my soule doth sinke or swimme, for hir I sweere I goe.  
Conscience.

Ah Gods, what wittes doth raine, and yet to you vnknowen:  
I die the death, and soule doth sinke, this filthy flesh hath sownen.

Apius.

I force it not, I wyll attempt, I stay for Claudius heare,  
Yet wyll I goe to meete with him, to know what newes and cheare.

¶ Here entreteth Haphazard.

Hast for a hangman, in hazard of hemye  
Runne for a ridducke, there is no such impe:  
Claudius is knocking, with hammer and stone,  
At Vuginus gate, as hard as he can: lay one:  
By the Gods my maisters, Haphazard is hardy,  
For he will run rashly, be they neuer so many,  
Pea he wyll singe so woflowt, and sknap with the best,  
But peace, who comes yonder, what Joly god gelle

¶ Here enter in with a songe.

When men will some misdoubtfully,  
Without an why, to call and cry,  
And fearing with temerety, its icopardy, of libertie,  
Woe with him take to chere his hart, Haphazard,  
Boulde blinde bayarde,  
A fygge for his vncourtesie,  
That seekes to shun god company.

Manipulus.

What if ease that cruelty, should bussell me, and insell mee,  
And Holywand should tickle me, for keeping of god companie:  
He folow by my honestie, hap Haphazard, bould blinde bayard,  
A figge for his vncourtesie, that seekes to shun god companie.

All singe this.

When men wyll some misdoubtfully,  
Without an why, to call and crie. &c.

Manip.





of Apius and Virginia.

Manipula.

Peuer was that mistieris, so furious no: curious,  
No: yet her bloes so boisterous, no: roisterous, no: dolozous,  
But iure I would venterous, hap Haphazard, bould blinde bayard  
I sigge for his vncourtesie, that sakes to shun god compaign.

All singe this.

When men wyll seeme misdoubtfully,

Without an why, to call and crye &c.

Haphazard.

Then wend ye on and folow me, Manipula, Manipula.  
Let cropping cares be cast away, come folow me, come folow me,  
Subferus is a wply loute, b:ace Haphazard bould blinde bayarde,  
I sigge for his vncourtesie, that sakes to shun god compaign.

All singe this.

When men will seeme misdoubtfully,

Without an why, to call and crye &c.

The end of the song.

Heere Haphazard speaketh.

I by the Gods my maysters, I tould you plaine,  
Who compaignes with me, will desire me agayne:  
But how dyd ye speede I pray ye shew me,  
Was all well agreed, did no body blow ye.

Manipulus.

Wasse sye, hap dyd so happen, that my Lorde and maister,  
Stared in beholding and viewing the Pasture.  
Which when I perceiued, what excuse did I make?  
I came in the crosse way, on the ner side the fozlake,  
Hard by Hodges halfe aker, at gassers Millers stile.  
The next way round about, by the space of a mile,  
And at Wytkins side ridge, my Lord stode talking,  
And angerly to me (quoth he) wher hast thou ben walking  
Without any staggering, I had ready my lye,

A new Tragicall Comedie

Out at Bridgenedow, and at Benols lease (quoth I)  
Pour fattings are feeding well Sir, the Gods be praised,  
A goodly lounie of beef on them is all redy raised,  
The outsteps on Francis Fabulator that was neuer my friende,  
You past you Carriers hay racks, at long medow ende  
There might one (quoth he) within this few dayes,  
With a cart not had geuen .iiii. knaues great assaies:  
Under the hedge with a payre of new Cardes both rip and sledge,  
Is it true quoth my Lozde, will this geare neuer be leste,  
This causes swearing, and staring, proling and theste:  
Well (quoth my Lozde) take hede least I finde it,  
And so past his way, and did no more minde it.

Haphazard.

By the Gods that was sport, ye and sport alone,  
Manipula.

Pea, but I was in worse case by Saint Ihon,  
My Lady in Church was set full douout,  
And hearing my comming she tourned aboute:  
But as soone as I heard hir snappishly sounde,  
In this sorte I crouched me downe to the grounde,  
And mannerly Maude, as though I were sad.  
As soone as she saw then toward I had,  
She gave me a withke, and frostardly frostme,  
Wherby I be wate; she woulde cougell my gowne:  
Then I dyd deuise, a pretty fine pranke,  
A meane wheroby to picke me a thanke:  
Of Margery Wilson the matre of the Pilke house,  
And Kather the stetter the quid of the staze house,  
Then was my Ladies anger well gone,  
And wilke so well, and the truthe be not knowne.

Haphazard.

Wer Lady, barefoote this bakes truely,  
Subseruus.

Ray but I escaped more finely,  
I under this hed, and out under a bar,  
Then in this bushe, then in that bar:







of Apius and Virginia.

Then slip I behind them among all the rest,  
And seemed to common to, of things with the best,  
But so it did happen, that all things were well,  
But hazard it is, least time will truth tell.

Haphazard.

Tut, tut, that was but by hap, and if it be so,  
Well sith it was in hazard then let it go.

Subseruus.

Content by my honestie, then farewell all wo.

Manipulus.

Come out dogge, ye speake happely of truth if it be so,

All speake.

Now master Haphazard, fare you well for a season,

Haphazard,

Let my counsell at no time with you be geason.

All speaketh.

So by the Gods, be sure not so,

Haphazard.

Well sith here is no company haue with ye to Xerico. Exit.

Enter Virginias.

What so the Gods they haue decreed to worke and do by me?  
I meruaile why Judge Apius he, such gretings lets me see:  
I serued haue his seate, and state, I haue maintaind his weale,  
I haue suppress the rebels skoute, I beare to him such zeale,  
And now he sends to me such charge, vpon my life and lands,  
Without demur, or further pause, or ere ought things be scand,  
That I in hast, with posting spede, to Court I do reaire,  
To answer that aleaged is, befoze his Judgement Chaire,  
Some Viskozies they do expresse, when such mishaps do fall,  
They should haue tokens many a one, I haue not one but all:  
My Iuels somtime pprecious, do vade and beare no hewe,  
My sences they do shun there course, my lights do burne as blewe:  
My willing wights are wared now, that once were swifte in spede  
My hart it throbs in wonderous sozt, my nose doth often blede.

## The Tragical Comedie

My dreadfull dreames do draw my woe and hatefull hazard hale,  
These tokens be of euell hap, this is the old wines tale:  
But yet O thou Virginus, whose hoary heares are olde,  
Didst treason neuer yet commit, of this thou maist be bould:  
In Mars his games, in marshall seates, thou wast his only aide,  
The huge Carrebd his hazards thou, for him was ofte assaide:  
Was Silas force by thee oft shunde, or yet Advice lande,  
Laceface childe that Minnotaur, did cause thee euer stande:  
To pleasure him, to serue thy leach, to keepe all things vpright,  
Thou God above, then what is it, that yeldeth me this spight:  
Sith nothing neede misdoubted be, where grounded cause is none,  
I enter will Iudge Apius gate, reiecting care and mone:  
But stay Virginus, loe, thy Prince both enter into place;  
Oh sufferant Lord, and rightfull Iudge, the Gods do saue thy grace,

### Here entreteth Iudge Apius and Claudius.

With tender hart Virginus, thou welcome art to me,  
I soze am to vtter out, the things I here of thee:  
For Claudius a subiecte here, a man of mickle fame,  
Appealeth thee befoze my Courte, in dexde of open shame:  
And though in dexde I loue thee so, as thy deserts deserue,  
Yet not so but I must Iudgement geue, as Justice doth require.

Virginus,

My Lord and reason god it is, your seruaunt doth request,  
No parcial hand to aide his cause, no parcial minde or brest:  
If ought I haue offended you, your Courte, or eke your Crowne,  
From lefty top of Turret hie, persupetate me downe:  
If treason none by me be done, or any fault committed,  
Let my accusers beare the blame, and let me be remitted.

Apus.

God reason to Virginus, come Claudius shew thy minde,  
Let Justice here, if Iudgment may, Virginus guilty finde  
Claudius.

Thou sufferant Lord, and rightfull Iudge, this standeth now y case,





of Apius and Virginia.

In tender youth not long agoe, nere sixtene yeares of space,  
Virginius a thzall of mine, a childe and infant ponge,  
From me did take by subtell meane, and kapes by arme full strong  
And here before your grace I craue, that Justice be extended,  
That I may haue my thzall agayne, and faultes may be amended  
Virginius.

Oh Gods that guide the globe about what forged tales I here,  
Oh Iudge Apius, bend your cares, while this my crime I clear:  
She is my childe, and of my wife her tender corpes did springe,  
Let all the countrey where I dwell, beare witness of the thing.

Apius and Claudius go forth, but Apius speaketh this.

By the Gods not so my friend, I do not so decree,  
I charge thee here in paine of death, thou bring the maide to mee:  
In chamber close, in prison sound, she secret shall abide,  
And no kinde of wight shall talke with her, vntill the truth be tride:  
This do I charge, this I commaund, in paine of death let see,  
Without any let, that she be brought, as prisoner vnto me: Exit.

Here let virginius go about the scaffold

Oh sickle faule, vnahppy dome, oh most vncertaine rate,  
That euer chance so churlishly, that neuer staide in state: (finde:  
What Iudge is this: what cruell wretch: what faith doth Claudius  
The Gods do recompence with shame, his false and faithles minde:  
Well home I must, no remedy, where shall my soking teares,  
Augment my woes, decrease my ioyes, while death do rid my feares

Here entreteth Rumour.

Come ventus come, blow forth thy blast,  
Prince Eol listen well,  
The filthiest facte that euer was,  
I Rumour now shall tell:  
You gods bend downe to here my crie,

The Tragicall Comedie

reuengemente duly shoue,  
Thy Kumoꝝ craues did Claudius lay,  
and being Judge Apius loe?  
That wicked man, that fleshly Judge,  
hath hiered Claudius,  
To claime a childe, the only heyre,  
of olde Virginius.  
A virgin pure, a Quene in life,  
whose state may be deplozed,  
For why the Quene of chaste life,  
is like to be deflored:  
By falsse Judge Apius cruell wretche,  
who straightly hath commaunded,  
That she to keeping his be brought,  
Prince Pluto this demaunded:  
To shies I lie to blase abrode,  
the trompe of depe defame,  
Reuenge you Gods this Kumoꝝ craues,  
this bloud and bloody shame:  
Haue through the ayre, geue place you ayres,  
this is my dutye done,  
The Gods confound such lecherers,  
loe Kumoꝝ this I run.

Virginius.

A man, A mould, oh mucke, A clay, A Hell, A hellish hounde,  
A faulse Judge Apius wꝛablinge wꝛetch, is this thy treason found:  
Woe worth the man that gaue the saxe, wherby I first didst spring  
Woe worth the wombe I bare the babe, to meane this bluddy thing:  
Woe worth the paps that gaue I sucke, woe worth the fosters che  
Woe worth all such as euer did, thy health or liking seeke:  
Oh that the graued yeares of mine, were couered in the clay

Here entresth Virginia.

Let patience deare father mine, your rigor something stay,  
Why do you waile in such a sorte: why do you weepe and mone?

Virgi.







of Apius and Virginia.

Virginus

Oh daughter deare and only heyre, my life is neare forgoone,  
And all for loue of thee

Virginia.

A Gods how may this be?

Deare father do withdraw your dread, and let me know the cause,  
My selfe will ayde with lyfe or death, without demur or pause:  
Then tender your childe, that craueth this bound.

Virginus

Oh harken deare daughter attend thou my sounde :  
Iudge Apius prickt forth with filthy desire:  
Thy person as Lemmon, doth greatly require:  
And no kinde of intreatie, no feare nor shame,  
Will he heare alodge, defending the same:  
And straight without staying in paine of my death,  
I must bying thee thither, wherfore stop my breath,  
O Sisters, I searce, I sake, and I craue,  
No more at your handes, but death for to haue,  
Rather then see my Daughter desflourde,  
Or els in ill sorte, so vildely deuourde.

Virginia.

Oh father, oh friendship, oh fatherly fauour,  
Whose dulcet words, so sweetly do sauour,  
On knees I beseeche thee to graunt my request,  
In all things a ccoording, as lyketh thee best :  
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted,  
My name and my kindred, then forth wilbe blotted:  
And if thou my father, should die for my cause,  
The world would accompt me as guilty in cause :  
Then rather deare father, if it be thy pleasure,  
Graunt me the death, then keepe I my treasure:  
My Lampe, my light, my life vndesiled,  
And so may Iudge Apius, of flesh be begiled:  
This vpon my knees with humble beseeche,  
Graunt me O father my instant requests.

D. iiij.

A new Tragical Comedie

Virginius

Then rife by my daughter, my aunfwere doo note,  
From mouth of thy father, whole eyes do now fote:  
O daughter, oh deare, O darling, oh dame,  
Dispatch me I pray thee, regard not my name:  
But yet, as thou faleft fith remedy none,  
But Remmon thou muft be, if I were gone,  
And better it is to dye with good fame,  
Then longer to liue to reape vs but shame:  
But if thou do dye, no doubt is at all,  
But presently after my felfe folow fhall,  
Then end without shame fo let vs perfeuer,  
With trompe of god fame fo dye fhall we neuer.

Virginia here kneeleth.

Then tender armes complet the neck, doo by thy fathers teares,  
You nimble handes fo; wo whercof, my louing hart it weares:  
Oh father mine, refraine no whit, your sharped knife to take,  
From gittles sheath, my shame to ende, and body dead to make:  
Let not the shameles blouddy iudge, defile my virgins life,  
Doe take my head and fend it him, vpon your bloody knife:  
Bid him imb;ue his bloody handes, in gittles blood of me:  
I virgin dye, he leacher liues, he was my ende you fee:  
No moze delayes, lo kiffe me firft, then stretch your ftrongeft arme.  
Do ryd my woe, increafe my ioy, do ease your childe of harne.

Virginius.

O weary wittes of wo, or wealth, oh feble aged man,  
How can thy arme gene fuch a blow, thy death I wifhe thee than:  
But fith that shame with endles trompe, wil founde if ease thou ioy,  
By meanes of falfe iudge Apius he, my felfe will thee deftroy:  
Fozgeue me babe this blouddy deede, and mækely take thy ende,

Here let him profer a blowe,

The Gods fozgeue thee father deare, farcwell, thy blow do bend:  
Yet ftaya whyle, o father deare, fo; fleath to death is fraile,  
Let firft my wimple bun my eyes, and then thy blow ad aile.  
Father worke thy will on me, that life I may inioy.

Here





of Apius and Virginia.

¶ Here tye a handcarcher aboute hir eyes, and then  
strike of hir heade.

Now stretch thy hand Virginia, that loth would flesh destroy.  
O cruell handes, o blouddy knife, o man what hast thou done,  
Thy daughter deare, and onely heyre, hir vitall ende hath wone:  
Come fatall blade make lyke dispatche, come Atropos, come ende,  
Strike home thou careles arme with spæde, of death he not afrayde.

Here entreteth Comfort:

O noble knight virginus, do stay, be not dismayde.

I curing Comfort present am, your deller to ayde:

Virginus.

Sith ioy is gone, sith life is deade:

What comfort can there be?

Nomore there is but deepe dispaire,  
And deadly death to me:

Comfort:

Nomore Sir knight, but take the head, and twende a while with me,  
It shalbe sent to court, so that Iudge Apius may it se,  
In recompence of leachors lust, this present let him haue,  
And stay your corps for certaine space, in coping from the graue:  
So shall you see the end of him, and all his whole consent.  
This wilbe comfort to your harte, virginus be content.

Virginus.

O of truth euen so, for Comfort els, I know, right well is none,  
Wherefore I doe consent with you, come on let vs be gone:  
But messenger my selfe wyll bee, my self will geue the gifte,  
Come on good Comfort, wend we then, there is no other thifte

¶ Here entreteth Iudge Apius.

Exit.

Well hap as can hap, or no,

In hazard it is but let that goe,

I wyll what so happen per sue on still,

Why none there is liuing, can let me my wyll:

I will haue Virginia, I will hir desoure,

Els rigorous sword, hir hart shall deuoure.

A new Tragi call Comedie

Heere entreteth Haphazard.

I came from Caleco euen the same houre,  
And Hap was hyzed to hackney in hempstred,  
In hazard he was of riding on beamestred,  
Then crow crop on træ top hoist by the sayle,  
Then groned their neckes, by the weight of their tayle,  
Then dyd Carnifex, put these thæ together,  
Wayd them their pasporte for clustring thither.

Apius.

Why how now Haphazard, of what doest thou speake?  
He thinks in mad sort, thy talke thou doest breake,  
Those thæ words chopt all in one,  
As Carnifex that signifieth a Hangman:  
Peace no such words befoze me do vtter,

Haphazard.

May I lye as still as a Cat in a gutter.  
Go to Iudge Apius, go forwarde good Prince,  
Perhaps ye may haue that, the which wyl not blince.

Apius.

What is the man that liueth now so neare to dooze of death?  
As I for lust of Lady faire, whose lacke will stop my bzyeth:  
But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her comming here,  
Oh lucky light, lo present here hir father doth appeare,  
Oh how I toy, yet bragge thou not. Dame beuty bides behinde,  
Virginus, where is the maide? how haps thou bzyakes my minde?

Heere entreteth Virginus.

Oh wicked Iudge the Virgin chaste,  
Hath sent her beutious face,  
In recompence of Lechour gaine,  
To thee so void of grace:  
She bids thee in bzyue thy bloudy handes,  
And filthy Lechrous minde:

With







of Apius and Virginia.

With Venus Damfells boyde of shame,  
Where such thou haps to finde:  
But thou as with Dianas ympes,  
Salt neuer be acquainted.  
They rather wishe the naked knife,  
Then Virgins life attainted:  
In ende iust ppose whereof,  
Beholde Virginias heade:  
She sought hir fame, thou soughts hir shame,  
This arme hath smit her dead.

Apius.

Oh curst and cruell cankerd churle, oh earll unnaturall,  
Which hast the soede of thine owne lym, thrust forth to funerall:  
Ye Gods bend downe your eye, do plague him for his dede,  
You sprites below, you hellish houndes, do geue him gaule for mæd:  
My selfe will se his latter end, I Iudge him to the death,  
Like death that faire Virginia toke, the lyke shall stop his bzeath:  
Then flasky fænds of Lymbo lake, his ghost do so toz moyle.  
That he haue nede of Carons helpe, for all his filthy toyle:  
Come Justice then, come on Rewarde, come ayde me in my nede,  
Thou wicked knight shal slaughter be, w self same knife with speed.

Virginias.

Sith she a virgine pure and chaste, in heauen leades hir life,  
Content I am to dye with her, and dye vpon her knife.

Apius.

Come Justice then, come on reward, when Judgment now doth cal.

**Checre entreteth Justice and Reward.**

And they both speake this.

We both are ready here at hande, to woike thy fatall fall.

Justice.

Oh gorgan Iudge. what lawles life hast thou most wicked lea:  
Thy seeking sinne hath souke thy soule, thy vertues all are fled:  
Thou chaste and vnderfited life didest sake for to haue spotted.  
And thy Rewarde is ready here, by Justice now allotted.

The Tragicall Comedie

Rewarde.

Thy iust Reward, is deadly death, wherfoze come wend away,  
To death I straight will do thy corps, then iust shall haue his pray:  
Virgius thou wofull knight, come neare and take thy foe,  
In prison thou make him fast, no moze let him do so:  
Let Claudius for tirrany be hanged on a tree.

Virgius.

Oh right Reward, the Gods be blis,  
This day I chaunce to see.

Haphazard.

Why how now my lord Apius, what chere?  
Why where is my Reward for this geare?  
Why dyd I ride run and reuell,  
And for all my iaunting now am made a Jauell?  
Why run sir knaue call me Claudius?  
Then run with a vengeaunce watch Virgius,  
Then ride sirra, is Virginia at Church,  
Then gallope to see where her father doth lurche,  
Then by sirra, now what counsell?  
Of Dame bewty what newes canst thou tell?  
Thus in hurly burly from pillar to post,  
Poore Haphazard daily was toste,  
And now with Virgius he goes sadly walking,  
And nothing at all will listen my talking,  
But shall I be so vsed at his hands,  
As leue I were neare in Limbo bands,  
That Dronel, that drowsy Dakenosed d:uill,  
He neuer learned his manners in Diuill:  
A Judge may cause a gentleman, a gentleman may a iack hearinge  
As honest as he that carries his hose on his neck for feare of wering  
A Caitife, a Cutthrote, a churle wo:thy blame,  
I wyl serue him no longer the Deuill geue him shame:  
Yet by the Hounse foote, I am not content,  
I will haue a reward sure els will I repent,  
To master reward I straight waies will go,





of Apius and Virginia.

The worst that can hap is but a noo :  
But sure I know his honesty is such,  
That he will recompence me, with litle or much :  
And well this prouerb commeth in my head,  
Wirlady halfe a loafe is better then nere a whit of bread,  
Therefore hap, and be happely, hap that hap may,  
I will put it in hazard, I geue it assay:  
Alhaye, maister Reward and righteous Justice,  
I beseech you let me be recompenced to, according to my seruice,  
For why all this long time I haue liued in hope,  
Reward.

Then for thy reward, then here is a rope.

Haphazard.

Maye softe my maisters by sainte Thomas of trunions,  
I am not disposed to by of your onions:  
A rope (quoth you) away with that showing,  
It would greue a man hauing two plowes goyng,  
Maye stay I pray you, and let the Cat winke,  
It is naught in dry sommer, for letting my drynke.

Iustice.

Let or let not there is no remedy, hanging shall be thy reward verely

Haphazard.

Is there nothing but hanging to my lot doth fall,  
Then take you my rewarde much god doo it you withall.  
I am not so hasty although I be clayming,  
But that I can afoyd you, the most of my gayning:  
I will set, let, graunt, yelde, permit and promise,  
All the reueneues to you of my seruice :  
I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you faire,  
You shall be my ful executor, and heyre.

Reward.

Now make you ready first to dye by the roode,  
Then we will dispose it as we think it good:  
When those that with you to this dyd consent,  
A lyke reward shall cause them repent.

The Tragical Comedie

Iustice

May stay a while Virginius is coming,  
May soft Haphazard you are not so cunning,  
Thus to escape without punishment,  
Rewarde.

prece to go  
foorth.

No certis it is not so expe dient,

¶ Here entreteth Virginius.

Oh noble Iustice duty done, behold I come againe,  
To shew you that Apius he him selfe hath lewdly slaine,  
As sone as he in prison was enclosed out of sight.  
He desperate for bluddy deede, did slea him selfe out right,  
And Claudius doth mercy craue who did the deede for feare,  
Cloutchsafe oh Judge to saue his life, though countrie he forbeare.  
Iustice.

We graunt him grace at thy request, but bannish him the lande.  
And see that death be done out right on him that here doth stand.  
Haphazard.

¶ Day 9. virginius take him by the hande  
I craue not for seruice the thing worth ought,  
Hanging quoth you, it is the last end of my thought  
I fe for shame fe, stay by my fathers soule,  
Why this is like to Tom turners doule.  
Hang one man, and saue all the rest,  
Take part one with another, plaine dealing is best.  
Rewarde.

This is our dealing, thus deale we with thee,  
Take him hence Virginius goe trusse him to a tree.  
Haphazard.

¶ He shall in a ropes name, whether away with me.  
Virginius.

Come wend thou in halfe, thy death for to take,  
To the hangman I will leade thee, a quicke dispatch to make.







of Aplus and Virginie.

Haphazard.

Must I needes hange, by the gods it doth spight me,  
To thinke how crabbedly this silke lase will bite me:  
Then come cofin cutpurs, come runne haste and folow me,  
Haphazard, must hange, come folow the lyuerie.

Exit.

Iustice.

Well wende we now the finall ende of fleshy lust we see.  
Reward.

Content Rewarde is ready bent with Iustice to agree.

¶ Here entreteth Fame.

Oh stay, you noble Iustice stay, Reward do make no haste,  
The Ladies thre haue brought y Coyle in earth that must be plasse.

Doctrina and Memorie and Virginie  
bring a tome.

We haue brought backe virginie, the funerall to see,  
I graunt him that the learned pen shall haue the ayde of mee:  
To wright in learned verse the honoy of hir name.

Fame.

And eke it shall resound by trompe of me Dame Fame.

¶ Here let Memorie wright  
on the tome.

I Memorie will minde hir life, hir death shall euer raine.  
Within the mouth and minde of man, from age to age againe.

Iustice.

For Iustice sure will ayde all those that immitate hir lye:  
Reward.

Rewarde will punnish these that moue such dames to lye.

Exit.

A new Tragicall Comedie.

Fame.

Then sing we round about the Tome in honour of his name,

Reward.

Content we are with willing minde to sing with sound of Fame.

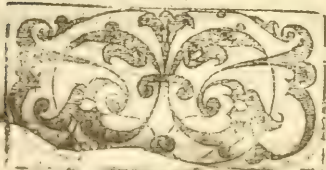
¶ The Epilogue.

As earthly life is granted none so euermore to raigne,  
But denting death wil cause them al to grant this world as vaine,  
Right worshipfull sith sure it is that mortall life must vade,  
Do practise then to winne his loue that all in all hath made:  
And by this Poets faining here example do you take,  
Of Virginias life, of chastitie, of duty to thy make,  
Of loue to wife, of loue to spouse, of loue to husband deare,  
Of bringing by of tender youth, all these are noted heare:  
I doubt it not right worshipful, but well you do conceiue,  
The matter that is ended now, and thus I take my leaue:  
Beseeching God as dutie is, our gracious Quene to saue,  
The Nobles, and the commons eke, with prosperous life I craue.

FINIS.

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Apus and Virginia  
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