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[13.]

THE
BROKEN
HEART.

A Tragedy.

ACTED
By the KING'S Majesties Seruants
at the priuate House in the
BLACK-FRIERS.

Fide Honor.

Ford, John



LONDON:

Printed by T. B. for HUGH BEESTON, and are to
be sold at his Shop, neere the Castle in
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TO
THE MOST VVOR-
THY DESERVER OF THE
noblest Titles in Honour, VVIL-
LIAM, Lord CRAVEN, Baron
of Hamstead-Marshall:

MY LORD:



HE glory of a *great name*, acqui-
red by a greater glory of *Actions*,
hath in all ages liu'd the truest
chronicle to his owne Memory.
In the practise of which Argu-
ment, *your growth* to perfection
(even in youth) hath appear'd so
sincere, so vn-flattering a *Penne-*
man; that Posterity cannot with
more delight read the merit of *Noble endeauours*, then *noble*
endeauours merit thanks from Posterity to be read with de-
light. Many Nations, many eyes, have beene witnesses of
your *Deserts*, and lou'd Them: Be pleas'd then, with the
freedome of your own Nature, to admit *ONE* amongst All,
particularly into the list of such as honour a faire Example

A 2

of

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The Epistle Dedicatorie.

of Nobilitie. There is a kinde of humble *Ambition*, not commendable, when the silence of study breakes forth in Discourse, coveting rather encouragement then Applause; yet herein *Censure* commonly is too severe an Auditor, without the moderation of an able *Patronage*. I have ever beene slow in courtship of greatnesse, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to *Opinion*: but the Iustice of your Inclination to *Industry*, emboldens my weaknesse, of confidence, to relish an experience of your *Mercy*, as many brave Dangers have tasted of your *Courage*. Your Lordship stroue to be knowne to the world (when the world knew you least) by voluntary but excellent *Attempts*: Like Allowance I plead of being knowne to your Lordship (in this low presumption) by tendring to a favourable entertainment, a *Devotion* offered from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever professè the owner in my best, my readiest services, A Lover of your naturall Love to Vertue,

John Ford.

The Sceane, SPARTA.

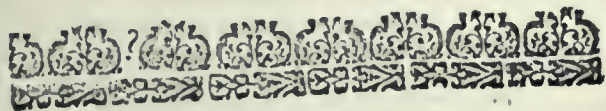
The Speakers names, fitted to their Qualities.

AMYCLAS,		Common to the Kings of Laconia.
ITHOCLES,	Honour of loneliness,	A fauourite.
ORGILVS,	Angry,	Sonne to Crotonon.
BASSANES,	Vexation,	A iecalous Nobleman.
ARMOSTES,	An appeaser,	A Counsellor of State.
CROTOLON,	Noyse,	Another Counsellor.
PROPHILVS,	Deare,	Friend to Ithocles.
NEARCHVS,	Young Prince,	Prince of Argos.
TECNICVS,	Artist,	A Philosopher.
LEMOPHIL,	Glutton,	} Two Courtiers.
GRONEAS,	Tauernhaunter,	
AMELVS,	Trusty,	Friend to Nearchus.
PHVLAS,	waschfull,	Seruant to Bassanes.
CALANTHA,	Flower of beauty,	The Kings daughter.
PENTHEA,	Complaine,	Sister to Ithocles.
EYFRANEA,	Ioy,	A Maid of Honour.
CHRISTALLA,	Chrissfall,	} Maids of Honour.
PHILEMA,	A kisse,	
GRANSIS,	Old Beklam.	ouerseer of Penthea.

Person's included.

THRASVS,	Fiercenesse,	Father of Ithocles.
APLOTES,	Simplicity,	Orgilus so disguis'd.

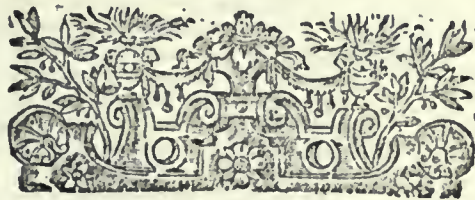
The



The Prologue.

Our Scene is Sparta. HE whose best of Art
 Hath drawne this Peece, calls it the Broken Heart;
 The Title lends no expectation here
 Of aish laughter, or of some lame Teere
 As place or persons; no pretended clause
 Of iust's fit for a brotbell Courts' applause
 From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
 Tun'd to vnsfast cares, suit not modest tongues.
 The Virgine Sisters then deseru'd fresh bayes
 When Innocence and Sweetnesse crown'd their layes;
 Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole Commerce
 Was whip'd to Exile by vnblushing verse.
 This law we keepe in our Presentment now,
 Not to take freedome more then we allow;
 What may be here thought a fiction, when Times youth
 Wanted some riper yeares, was knowne A Truth:
 In which, if words haue cloath'd the sublett right,
 You may partake, a Pitty, with Delight.

THE



THE BROKEN HEART:

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Croseton and Orgilus.

Cro. **A**lly not further, I will know the reason
 That speeds thee to this journey.
Org. Reason? good Sir,
 I can yeeld many.

Cro. Giue me one; a good one;
 Such I expect, and e're we part must haue;
Athen'd pray why to **Athen**? you intend not
 To kicke against the world, turne Cynicke, Stoicke,
 Or read the Logicke Lecture, or become
 An **Areopagite**; and Iudge in causes
 Touching the Common-wealth? for as I take it,
 The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
 So grave an honour. **Org.** All this I acknowledge.

Cro. You doe: then (Sonne) if books and loue of knowledge
 Enflame you to this trauell, here in **Sparta**
 You may as freely study. **Org.** 'Tis not that Sir.
Cro. Not, that Sir? As a father I command thee
 To acquaint me with the truth. **Org.** Thus I obey 'ee:

B

After

The Broken HEART.

After so many quarrels, as dissention,
 Fury, and Rage had brauch't in blood, and sometimes
 With death to such confederates, as sided
 With now dead *Thrasus*, and your selfe my Lord,
 Our present King *Amielas* reconcil'd
 Your eager swords, and Seal'd a gentle peace:
 Friends you profess your selues, which to confirme,
 A resolution for a lasting league
 Betwixt your Families was entertain'd,
 By ioyning in a *Hymenean* bond,
 Me, and the faire *Pembra*, onely daughter
 To *Thrasus*. *Cros.* What of this? *Org.* Much, much (deere fir)
 A freedom of converse, an exchange
 Of holy, and chaste love, so fixt our soules
 In a firme growth of holy union, that no Time
 Can eat into the pledge; we had enjoy'd
 The sweetest our voices expected, had not cruelly
 Prevented all those triumphs we prepar'd for,
 By *Thrasus* his vntimely death. *Cros.* Most certaine:

Org. From this time sprouted vp that poisonous stalk
 Of *Acoute*, whose ripened fruit hath ravish't
 All health, all comfort of a happy life:
 For *Istebles* her brother, proud of youth,
 And prouder in his power, nourish't closely
 The memory of former discontents.
 To glory in reuenge, by cunning partly,
 Partly by threats, a wooced at once, and forces
 His virtuous suster to admit a marriage
 With *Basanes*, a Noble-man, in honour
 And riches, I confesse beyond my fortunes.

Cros. All this is no sound reason to importune
 My leave for thy departure. *Org.* Now it follows;
 Brauteous *Pembra* wedded to this torture
 By an insulting brother, being secretly
 Compeld to yeeld her virgine freedom vp
 To him, who neuer can vsurpe her heart
 Before contracted mine, is now so yock'd

The Broken HEART.

To a most barbarous thraldome, misery,
 Affliction, that he fauours not humanity.
 Whose sorrow melts not into more then pitty,
 In hearing but her name. *Cros.* As how pray? *Org.* *Basanes*
 The man that calls her wife; considers truly
 What Heaven of perfectiuns he is Lord of,
 By thinking faire *Pembra* his: This thought
 Beggers a kinde of Monster-Love, which Love
 Is nurse vnto a feare so strong, and seruile,
 As brands all dotage with a Tealouie.
 A-Leyes who gaze upon that striue of beauty;
 He doth reuolve, doe homage to the miracle;
 Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then
 (If opportunity but fort) preuaile:
 So much out of a selfe-vnworthinesse
 His feares transport him, nor that he findes cause
 In her obedience, but his owne distrust.

Cros. You spin out your discourse. *Org.* My griefs are violent
 For knowing how the Maid was nere before
 Courted by me, his tealouies grow wild
 That I should steale againe into her fauours;
 And vndermine her vertues: which the gods
 Know I nor dare, nor dreame of: hence, from hence;
 I vndertake a voluntary exile.
 First, by my absence to take off the cares
 Of tealous *Basanes*, but chiefly (Sir)
 To free *Pembra* from a hell on earth:
 Lastly, to lose the memory of sometimg,
 Her presence makes to liue in me afresh.

Cros. Enough (my *Orgilus*) enough: To Absent
 I giue a full content: — Alas good Lady —
 Wee shall heare from thee often? *Org.* Often. *Cros.* See
 Thy Sister comes to giue a farewell.

Enter Emprania.

Empr. Bro. her.
Org. *Emprania*, thus vpon thy cheekes I print
 A brothers kisse, more carefull of thine honour,

The Broken HEART.

Thy health, and thy well-doing, then my life;
 Below we part, in presence of our father,
 I must preferre a suit to 'ee. *Euphr.* You may stile it;
 My brother, a command. *Org.* That you will promise
 To please neuer to any man, how euer worthy,
 Your faith, till with our Fathers leaue
 I gree a free consent. *Cros.* An eake motion,
 I'll promise for her, *Orgilus.* *Org.* Your pardon;
Euphrasia's oath must yeeld me satisfaction.
Euphr. By *Vesta's* sacred fires I sweare. *Cros.* And I
 By great *Apollo's* beames ioyne in the vow;
 Not without thy allowance, to bestow her
 On any living. *Org.* Deere *Euphrasia*
 Mistake me not; faire, faire 'tis from my thought,
 As faire from any wish of mine, to hinder
 Preferment to an honourable bed,
 Or sitting Fortune: thou art young, and handsome;
 And 'twere iniustice; more, a tyrannie
 Not to aduance thy merit. Trust me Sister,
 It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
 As may become thy choyce, and our contents:
 I haue your oath. *Euphr.* You haue: but meane you brother
 To leaue us as you say? *Cros.* I, I, *Euphrasia:*
 He has iust grounds direct him: I will prone
 A father and a brother to thee. *Euphr.* Heauen
 Does looke into the secrets of all hearts:
 Gods you haue mercy with 'ee, else— *Cros.* Doubt nothing:
 Thy brother will returne in safety to vs.
Org. Soules sunke in sorowes, never are without 'em;
 They change freckle aytes, but beare their griefes about 'em;

Flourish. Scene 2.

Enter *Amycias* the King, *Armoyses*, *Prophilius*,
 and attendants.

Amg. The Spartan gods are gracious, our humility
 Shall bend before their Altars, and presume

This

The Broken HEART.

Their Temples with abundant sacrifice.
 See Lords, *Amycias* your old King is entering
 Into his youth againe. I shall shake off
 This siluer badge of age, and change this snow
 For haire as gay as are *Apollo's* lockes;
 Our heart leaps in new vigour. *Armo.* May old time
 Run backe to double your long life (great Sir)
Amg. It will, it must *Armoyses*, thy bold Nephew,
 Death-braving *Ithacles*, brings to our gates
 Triumphant and peace vpon his conquering sword.
Laeonis is a monarchy at length;
 Ha. h in this latter warre trod vnderfoot
Alessens pride; *Alessens* bowes het necke
 To *Lacedaemon* royalty: & 'twas
 A glorious victory, and doth deserue
 More then a Chronicle; a Temple Lords,
 A Temple, to the name of *Ithacles*.
 Where didst thou leaue him *Prophilius*? *Proph.* At *Pepbon*.
 Most gracious Soueraigne; twenty of the noblest
 Of the *Alessians*, there attend your pleasure
 For such conditions as you shall propose,
 In settling peace, and liberty of life.
Amg. When comes your friend the Generall? *Pro.* He promis'd
 To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter *Crosolon*, *Calantha*, *Chrystalla*,
Philama and *Euphrasia*.

Amg. Our daughter— Deere *Calantha*, the happy newes,
 The conquest of *Messene*, hath already
 Enrich'd thy knowledge. *Calan.* With the circumstance
 And manner of the fight, related faithfully
 By *Prophilius* himselfe; but pray Sir, tell me,
 How doth the youthfull Generall demean
 His actions in these fortunes? *Proph.* Excellent Princeesse,
 Your owne faire eyes may soone report a truth
 Vnto your judgement, with what moderation
 Calmnesse of nature, measure, bounds and limits
 Of thankfulness, and ioy, 'a doth digest

B 2.

Shes

The Broken HEART.

Such amplitude of his success, as would
 In others, moulded of a spirit lesse cleare,
 Advance 'em to comparison with heaven.
Ithocles. — *Cal.* Your friend. — *Propb.* His is so Madam,
 In which the period of my Fate consists:
 He in this Firmament of honour, stands
 Like a Starre fixt, not mov'd with any thunde
 Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
 Of selfe-opinion: He hath serv'd his Country,
 And thinks 'twas but his duty. *Crot.* You describe
 A miracle of man. *Amy.* Such *Crotolen*,
 On forfeit of a Kings word thou wilt finde him:
 Hatke, warning of his coming, all attend him;

Flourish.

*Enter Ithocles, Hemophil, and Groncus: the rest of
 the Lords offering him in.*

Amy. Returne into these armes, thy home, thy sanctuary,
 Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosome,
 Mine owne, owne *Ithocles.* *Itho.* Your humblest subiect.
Amy. Proud of the blood I cleime an Interest in;
 As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee
 Right noble Nephew. *Itho.* Sir, your love's too partiall:
Crot. Our Country speaks by me, who by thy valour,
 Wisdome and service, shares in this great action;
 Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
 A generall welcom. *Itho.* You exceed in bounty.
Calan. *Chrystalla*, *Philena*, the Chaplet. — *Ithocles*
 Upon the wings of Fame, the singular
 And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
 Is borne so past the view of common sight,
 That I my selfe, with mine owne hands, have wrought
 To crowne thy Temples, this provinciall garland;
 Accept, weare, and enjoy it, as our gift
 Deserv'd, not purchas'd. *Itho.* Y'are a royall mayd.
Amy. Shee is in all our daughter: *Itho.* Let me blush;
 Acknow;

The Broken HEART.

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
 What nothings I have done, compar'd with th' honours
 Heav'd on the issue of a willing minde;
 In that lay mine ability, that onely.
 For who is he so sluggish from his birth?
 So little worthy of a name, or country,
 That owes not out of gratitude for life,
 A debt of Service, in what kinde soever
 Safety or Countaile of the Common-wealth
 Requites for paine? *Cal.* A speaks truth. *Itho.* Whom heaven
 Is pleas'd to stile victorious, there, to such,
 Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
 In *Bacchu* sacrifices without Reason;
 Voycing the Leader on a Demi-god:
 When as indeed, each common souldiers blood
 Drops downe as current coyne in that hard purchase;
 As his, whose much more delicate condition
 Hath suckt the milke of ease. Judgement commands;
 But Resolution executes: I vsenet
 Before this royall presence, these fit sleights,
 As a contempt of such as can direct:
 My spech hath other end; not to attribute
 All praise to one mans fortune, which is strengthened
 By many hands. — For instance, here is *Prophilus*
 A Gentleman (I canno: flatter truth)
 Of much desert; and, though in other ranke,
 Both *Hemophil* and *Groncus* were not missing
 To wish their Countries peace; for in a word,
 All these did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.
Amy. Courtiers turne souldiers? — we vouchsafe our hand;
 Observe your great example. *Hemo.* With all diligence,
Gron. Obsequiously and hourly. *Amy.* Some repose
 After these toyles are needfull; we must thinke on
 Conditions for the Conquered; they expect 'em.
 On, — come my *Ithocles.* *Euphr.* Sir with your favour,
 I need not a supporter. *Propb.* Fate instructs me.

*Exunt. Mauret Hemophil, Groncus, Chrystalla et Philena.
 Hemophil*

The Broken HEART:

Himophill *Prayes*, *Chrissalla*, *Gronas*, *Philema*.

Chr. With me? *Phil.* Indeed I dare not stay. *Hem.* Sweet Lady
Souldiers are blunt, — your lip. *Chriss.* Eye, this is rudenesse;
You went not hence such creatures. *Gron.* Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature. *Phil.* It appears so:

Pray in earnest, how many men apeece
Have you twobeen the death of? *Gron.* Faith not many;
We were compos'd of mercy. *Hem.* For our daring
You heard the Generals approbation
Before the King. *Chriss.* You wish'd your Countreys peace;
That shew'd your charity; where are your spoyles,
Such as the Souldier fights for? *Phil.* They are coming.

Chr. By the next Carriage, are they not? *Gron.* Sweet *Philema*,
When I was in the thicke of mine enemies,
Slashing off one mans head, anothers nose,
Anothers armes and legs. *Phil.* And altogether.

Gron. Then would I with a sigh remember thee;
And cry deare *Philema*, 'tis for thy sake

I doe these deeds of wonder: — dost not leue me
With all thy heart now? *Phil.* Now as heretofore.
I haue not put my loue to vse, the principall
Will hardily yeeld an Interest. *Gron.* By *Mars*

I'll marry thee. *Phil.* By *Uleauy*'s are forsworne,
Except my mind doe alter strangely. *Gron.* One word.

Chriss. You'ye beyond all modesty, — forbear me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a City, 'tis
Mine owne by conquest. *Chriss.* By petition; sue for't
In *Forma pauperis*: — City? *Kennell.* Gallants
Off with your Fathers, put on aprons, Gallants;
Learne to reule; shamm, or trim a Ladies dog,
And be good quiet soules of peace Hobgoblins.

Hem. *Chrissalla*? *Chriss.* Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the Acorns. Souldiers? Corn-cutters;
But not so valiant: they oftentimes draw blood,
Which you durst neuer doe. When you haue practis'd
More wit, or more civility, we'll ranke 'ee
J th list of men: till then, braue things at armes

The Broken HEART:

Dare not to speake to vs, — most potent *Gronas*.

Phil. And *Himophill* the hardy, — at your seruices:

Gron. They scorne vs as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang 'em, let vs scorne them, and be reueng'd.

Exeunt *Chriss.* of *Philema*.

Gron. Shall we? *Hem.* We will; and when we sleight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow vs.

It is a womans nature. *Gron.* 'Tis a scurvy one. *Exeunt omnes*.

Scene 3.

Enter *Tecnicus* a Philosopher, and *Orgilus* disguised
like a Scholler of his.

Tec. Tempt not the Stars (young man) thou canst not pley
With the severity of Fate: this change
Of habit, and disguise in outward view,
Hides not the secrets of thy soule within thee,
From their quicke-piercing eyes, which diue at all times
Downe to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger. *Org.* Giue me leaue
(Graue *Tecnicus*) without fore-dooming destiny,
Vnder thy roofo to ease my silent grieues,
By applying to my hidden wounds, the balm
Of thy Oraculous Lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way, as to wrest
My steps to raine, yet thy learned precepts

Shall call me backe, and set my footings straight;
I will not contere the world. *Tec.* Ah *Orgilus*,
Neglects in young men of delights, and life,
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harmes to others, who contemne their owne.

Org. But I (most learned Artift) am not so much
At odds with Nature, that I grutch the thrist
Of any true deseruer: nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so checke them with despaire,
As that I yeild to thought of more affliction

C

Then

The Broken HEART.

Then what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impure not this reured course of liuing
Some little time, to any other cause
Then what I iustly render: the information
Of an vnsettled minde, as the effect
Must clearly witness. *Teu.* Spirit of truth inspire thee.
On these condicions I conceale thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an Auditor.
I'll to my study. *Org.* I to contemplations:
In thic delightfull walkes — thus metamorphiz'd,
I may without suspition hearken alter
Pembra v'sage, and *Euphrania* faith:
Loue! thou art full of mystery: the Deities
Themselves are not secure, in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which hidden wast
A breast, made tributary to the Lawes
Of beauty; Physicke yet hath neuer found:
A remedy, to cure a Louers wound.

Ha? who are thoe that crosse you priuate walke
Into the shadowing groue, in amorous foldings?
Propheta passes ouer, supporting
Euphrania, and whispering.

My Sister; o my Sister? tis *Euphrania*
With *Propheta*, supported too; I would
It were an Apparition; *Propheta*
Is *Ithacles* his friend: It strangely puzzles me:
Again? helpe me my booke; this Schollers habit
Must stand my priuilege: my mind is busie,
Mine eyes, and eares are open.

walkes by reading.

Enter againe Propheta and Euphrania,
Proph. Doe not wast
The span of this stolne time (lent by the gods
For precious vse) in nicenesse! Bright *Euphrania*,
Should I repeat old vowes, or study new,
For purchase of belecte to my desire —
Org. Desires? *Proph.* My seruice, my integrity —
Org. That's better. *Proph.* I should but repeat a lesson.

Or:

The Broken HEART.

Ofte connd without a prompter; but thine eyes,
My Loue is honourable — *Org.* So was mine
To my *Pembra*: chastly honourable.

Proph. Nor wants there more addition to my will
Of happinesse, then hauing thee a wife,
Already sure of *Ithacles* friend,
Firme, and vn-alterable. *Org.* But a brother
More cruell then the graue. *Euphr.* What can you looke for
In answer to your noble proceitations,
From an vnskillfull mayd, but language suited
To s diuided minde? *Org.* Hold oue *Euphrania*

Euphr. Know *Propheta*, I neuer vnder-ualued
(From the first time you mentioned worthy loue)
Your merit, meanes, or person: It had bene
A fault of iudgement in me, and a dulnesse
In my affections, not to weigh and thanke
My better Starres, that offered me the grace
Of so much blisfulnesse. For to speake truth,
The law of my desires kept equall pace
With yours, nor haue I letic that resolution;
But onely in a word, what-euer choyce
Liues nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent both from my father, and my brother,

E're he can owne me his: *Org.* She is forthworne else:
Proph. Leau me that taske. *Euphr.* My brother e're he parted
To *Abens*, had my oath. *Org.* Yes, yes, 'a had sure.

Proph. I doubt not wth the meane the Court suppliers,
But to preuaile at pleasure. *Org.* Very likely.

Proph. Meane time, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant suffrance
In any opposition. *Euphr.* Death shall sooner
Diuorce life, and the ioyes I haue in liuing,
Then my chast vowes from truth. *Proph.* On thy faire hand
I sca'e the like. *Org.* There is no faith in woman —
Passion? o be contain'd: my very heart strings
Are on the Tenters. *Euphr.* Sir, we are over-heard;
Cupid protect vs: 'twas a stirring (Sir)

C 3

Of

The Broken HEART.

Of some one neere. *Proph.* Your feares are needlesse, Lady;
None haue access into these private pleasures,
Except some neere in Court, or bosome Student
From *Tecnicus* his Oratory; granted
By speciall fauour lately from the King
Vnto the graue Philosopher. *Enphr.* Me thinkes
I heare one talking to himselfe: I see him.
Proph. 'Tis a poore Scholler, as I told you Lady.
Org. I am discouered — Say it is it possible
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason (— I come t'ee Sir)
To turne, or to appeale the raging Sea?
Answer to that, — your Art? what Art to catch
And hold fast in a net the Sunnes small Atomes?
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; ye may as easily
Out-run a Cloud, driuen by a Northerne blast,
As fiddle saddle so. Peace, or speake sense.
Enphr. Call you this thing a Scheller? 'las hee's lunaticke.
Proph. Obserue him (sweet) 'tis but his recreation.
Org. But will you heare a little I you are so teachy,
You keepe no rule in argument; Philosophy
Workes not vpon impossibilitie,
But naturall conclusions. — Mew? — absurd;
The metaphisicks are but speculations
Of the celestiaall bodies, or such accidents
As not mixt perfectly, in the Ayre ingendred,
Appeare to vs vnnaturall; that's all.
Proue it; — yet with a reuerence to your grauity,
I'le bauke illiterate sawiness, subinicting
My sole opinion to the touch of writera.
Proph. Now let vs fall in with him. *Org.* Ha ha ha;
These Apish boyes, when they but tast the Grammates,
And principals of Theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors. *Proph.* By your leave Sir.
Enphr. Are you a Schoiler (friend?) *Org.* I am (gay creature)
With pardon of your Deities, a mushroome

On

The Broken HEART.

Oa whom the dew of heauen drops now and then:
The Sunne shines on me too, I thanke his beames,
Sometime I feele their warmth; and eat, and sleepe.
Proph. Does *Tecnicus* read to thee? *Org.* Yes forsooth,
He is my master surely, yonder dore
Opens vpon his Study. *Proph.* Happy creatures;
Such people toyle not (sweet) in heats of State,
Nor sinke in thawes of greatnesse: Their affections
Keepe order with the limits of their modesty:
Their loue is lone of vertue. — What's thy name?
Org. *Aplous* (Inimptuous master) a poore wretch.
Enphr. Dost thou want any thing? *Org.* Books (*Venus*) books:
Proph. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most auailable for both our comforts.
Enphr. My Lord. — *Proph.* Whiles I endeavour to deserue
Your fathers blessing to our loues, this Scholler
May daily at some certaine houres attend,
What notice I can write of my successe,
Here in this groue, and giue it to your hands:
The like from you to me; so can we neuer,
Barr'd of our mutuall speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts my talke when our tongues cannot.
Enphr. Occasion is most fauourable, v'se it.
Proph. *Aplous*, wilt thou wait vs twice a day;
At nine i'th morning, and at foure at night,
Here in this Bower, to conuey such letters
As each shall send to other? Doe it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy Study, or what else thou canst desire.
Org. I'ne make me thankfull, thankfull, I beseech thee
Propitious Ioue; I will proue sure and true.
You will not faile me bookes. *Proph.* Nor ought besides
Thy heart can wish. This Ladies name's *Enphrance*,
Mine *Proph'us*. *Org.* I haue a pretty memory,
It must prou. my best friend. — I will not misse
One minute of the houres appointed. *Proph.* Write
The bookes thou wouldst haue bought thee in a note,

C 3

Or

The Broken HEART.

Or take thy selfe some money. *Org.* No, no money a

Money to Schollers is a spirit inuincible,

We dar: not finger it; or bookes, or nothing.

Preph. Bookes of what sort thou wilt: I doe not forget

Our names. *Org.* I warrant 'ee, I warrant 'ee.

Preph. Smile *Hymen* on the growth of our desires,

We'll feed thy torches with eternall fires. *Exeunt, manis Org.*

Org. Put out thy torches *Hymen*, or their light

Shall meet a darkeness of eternall night.

Inspire me *Mercury* with swift deccits;

Ingenious Fate has lepe into mine armes,

Beyond the compasse of my braine. — Mortality

Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach

The riddles, which are purpos'd by the gods.

Great Arts best write themselves in their owne stories,

They dye too baldly, who out-hue their glories.

Exit.

Actus Secundus: Scena prima.

Enter Bassanus and Poulus.

Bass. I'll haue that window next the street dam'd vp;
It giues too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a Gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats, and trauels,
Plots, wales, contriues, till the deformed bear-whelpe
Adultery be lick'd into the act,
The very act; that light shall be dam'd vp;
Doe heare Sir? *Phul.* I doe heare my Lord; a Mason
Shall be provided suddenly. *Bass.* Some Rogue,
Some Rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets) to conuey close packets
From this spruce springall, and the tother youngster;
That gawdy Eare-wrig, or my Lord, your Patron,
Whose pensioner you are. — I'll teate thy throat out

Sonne

The Broken HEART.

Sonne of a Cat, ill-lonking Hound-head; rip vp

Thy vterous maw, if I but scant a paper,

A scroll, but halfe as big as what can couer

A wart vpon thy noie, a spot, a pimple,

Directed to my Lady: it may proue

A mysticall preparatiue to lewdnesse.

Phul. Care shall be had. — I will turne euery thread

About me to an eye. — here's a sweet life.

Bass. The City housewives, cunning in the traffique

Of Chamber-merchandise, set all at price

By whole-sale, yet they wipe their mouths, and simper,

Chill, kisse, and cry Sweet-hair, and stroake the head

Which they haue branch'd, and all is well againe:

Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feele the rubs

Stucke on the fore-heads? *Phul.* 'Tis a villanous world,

One cannot hold his owne in't. *Bass.* Dames at Court

Who flaunt in riots, runne another byas:

Their pleasure heaues the patient Ass that suffers

Vpon the stilts of Office, titles, Incomes;

Promotion iustifies the shame, and fires for't:

Poore Honour I thou art stab'd, and bleed'st to death

By such vnlawfull hire. The Country mistresse

Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides

What euer trespasse draws her troth to guilt;

But all are false. On this truth I am bold,

No woman but can fall, and doth, or would. —

Now for the newest newes about the Citie;

What blab the voyces sirra? *Phul.* O my Lord,

The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling newes.

That euer — *Bass.* Hey da, vp and ride me Rascall,

What is't? *Phul.* Forsooth (they say) the King has mew'd

All his gray beard, in stead of which is budded

Another of a pure Carnation colour,

Speckled with Greene and Ruffet. *Bass.* Ignorant blocke.

Phul. Yes truly, and 'tis talk about the streets,

That since Lord *Isobelus* came home, the Lyons

Neuer left roaring, at which noyse the Beares

Plaus.

The Broken HEART.

Have danc'd their very hearts out. *Bass.* Dance out thine too.

Phul. Besides, Lord *Orgilus* is fled to *Athens*

Vpon a fiery Dragon, and 'tis thought

A'newer can returne. *Bass.* Grant it *Apollo*.

Phul. Morouer, please your Lordship, 'tis reported

For certaine, that who euer is found iealous

Without apparant prooffe that's wife is wanton,

Shall be diaoic'd: but this is but she-newes,

I had it from a mid-wite: I haue more yet.

Bass. Anticke, no more; Ideots and stupid fooles

Grate my calamities. Why to be faire

Should yeeld presumption of a faulty toule?

Looke to the doores. *Phul.* The norne of plenty crest him:

Exit Phul.

Bass. Swormes of confusion huddle in my thoughta

In rare distemper. Beauty? O it is

An vnmatcht blessing, or a horrid curse.

Enter Penibia, and Granis an old Lady.

Shee comes, she comes, to shoot the morning forth,

Spangled with pearles of transparent dew;

The way to pouerty is to be rich;

As I in her am wealthy, but for her

In all contents a Bankrupt: ——— Lou'd *Penibia*,

How fares my hearts beitt ioy? *Gran.* In sooth not well,

She is so ouer-sad. *Bass.* Leave chartering Mag-pye. —

Thy brother is retren'd (sweet) safe, and honour'd

With a Triumphant victory: thou shalt visit him;

We will to Court, where, if it be thy pleasure,

Thou shalt appeare in such a ravishing lustre

Of Jewels aboue value, that the Dames

Who braue it there, in rage to be out-shin'd,

Shall hide them in their Closets, and unseene

Fret in their teares; whiles euery wondring eye

Shall craue none other brightnesse but thy presence.

Choose thine owne recreations, be a Queene

Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,

What place, what times, doe any thing, doe all things

Youth

The Broken HEART.

Youth can command; so thou wilt chase these clouds

From the pure firmament of thy faire looker,

Gran. Now 'tis well said my Lord, what Lady? laugh,

Be merry, time is precious. *Bass.* Furies whip thee.

Pen. Alas my Lord, this language to your Hand-maid

Sounds as would musicke to the deafe: I need

No braueries nor cost of Art, so draw

The whitnesse of my name into offence;

Let such (if any such there are) who couet

A euriosity of admiration,

By laying out their plenty to full view,

Appeare in gawdy out-sides; my attires

Shall suit the inward fashion of my minde;

From which, if your opinion nobly plac'd,

Change not the Liuory your words bestow,

My Fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This hause me thinkes stands somewhat too much inward;

It is too melancholy, wee'll remoue

Nearer the Court; or what thinkes my *Penibia*

Of the delightfull Island we command?

Rule me as thou canst wish. *Pen.* I am no Mirresse;

Whither you please, I must attend; all wayes

Are alike pleasant to me. *Gran.* Island? prison:

A prison is as gay some: wee'll no Islands;

Marry out vpon 'em, whom shall we see there?

Sea-gulls, and Porpiceis, and water-rats,

And Crabs, and Mewes, and Dogfish? goodly geere

For a young Ladies dealing, or an old one:

On no termes Islands, I'll be stew'd first. *Bass.* *Granis*,

You are a Iugling Bawd. — This sadnesse (sweetest)

Becomes not youthfull blood, — (I'll haue you pounded)

For my sake pnt on a more chearefull mirth,

Thou't marre thy cheekes, and make me old in griefes.

— (Damnable Bitch-foxe.) *Gran.* I am thicke of hearing

Still when the wind blowes Southerly. What think'st 'ee,

If your fresh Lady breed young bones (my Lord?)

Wood not a chopping boy d'ee good at heart?

D

But

The Broken HEART.

But as you said. *Bass*, I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops. *Gran*. Pray speake louder,
I Sure, sure, the wind blows South Hill. *Pen*. Thou prat' & madly?
Bass. 'Tis very true; I sweate xrcremely. — Now.

Enter Pholus.

Phol. A heard of Lords, Sir. *Bass*. Ha? *Phol*. A flock of Ladies:
Bass. Where? *Phol*. Shoalds of horses. *Bass*. Peasant, how? *Phol*.
In drifcs — th' one enter, th' other stand without, sir. (*Caroches*)
And now I vanish. *Exit Pholus.*

*Exit Prophitus, Hemophil, Greneas, Christalla
and Pholus.*

Propk. Noble *Enganes*.

Bass. Most welcome *Prophtus*, Ladies, Gentlemen,
To all, my heart is open, you all honour me.
(A tympany swe'is in my head a ready)
Honour me beautifullly. — (How they flutter,
Wagratles and layes together?) *Propk*. From your brocher,
By virtue of your loue to him, I requite
Your instant presence fairest. *Pen*. He is well Sir.

Propk. The gods preserue him euer; yet (deare beauty)
I finde some alteration in him lately,
Since his returne to *Sparta*. My good Lord,
I pray vsf no delay. *Bass*. We had not needed
An imputation, if his sisters health
Had not fallen into question. — Hast *Panshea*,
Slacke not a minute; lead the way good *Prophtus*,
I'll follow step by step. *Propk*. Your urme faire Madam.

Exeunt unmesfed Bass, & Gran.

Bass. One word with your old Bawdship: th' hadst bin better
Raild at the sine sthou worshipst, then haue th' wanted
My will. I'll vsf thee cursedly. *Gran*. You doe,
You are beside your selfe. A Politician
In icalousie? No, y' are too grosse, too vulgar.
Pish, teach not me my trade, I know my cue:
My crossing you, sinks me into her trust;
By which I shall know all: my trade's a sure one.
B. ff. Porgiue me, *Gran*; I was consideration

The Broken HEART.

I reslist not, but haue a care now. *Gran*. Feare not;
I am no new-come-too't. *Bass*. Thy life's vpon it,
And so is mine. My Agonies are infinite. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene 2.

Enter Ithobolus alone.

Itho. Ambition? 'tis of vipers breed, it knawes
A passage through the wombe that gane it motion.
Ambition? like a seeled Doue, mounts vpward,
Higher and higher still to perech on clouds,
But tumbles headlong downe with heauier ruine:
So squibs and crackers flye into the ayre,
Then onely breaking with a noyse, they vanish
In stench and smoke: Morality appli'd
To timely practice, keeps the soule in tune,
At whose sweet musicke all our actions dance;
But this is forme of books, and schoole-tradition,
It physicks not the sicknesse of a minde
Broken with grieles: strong Feauers are not eas'd
With counsell, but with best receipts, and meanes:
Meanes, speedy meanes, and certaine; that's the cure.

Enter Armoster ana Crostolon.

Armo. You sticke (Lord *Crostolon*) vpon a point
Too nice, and too vaneet flary. *Prophtus*
Iscuery way desertfull. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your sonnes tutillage. *Cros*. Yet not so ripe
(My Lord *Armoster*) that it dares to dore
Vpon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith. *Itho*. Not yett
Resol'd (my Lord!) why if your sonnes consent
Be so auailable, wee'll write to *Aibens*
For his repaire to *Sparta*. The Kings hand
Will ioyne with our desires, be has beene mou'd too't.

Armo. Yes, and the King himselfe importun'd *Crostolon*
For a dispatch. *Cros*. Kings may command, their wils

The Broken HEART:

Are Lawes not to be questioned. *Ibo.* By this marriage
You knit an union so deuout, so hearty,
Betweene your loues to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine owne blood had an interest in it;
For *Prophilus* is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My Lord, my Lord. *Ibo.* What, good Sir? speak your thoght.

Crot. Had this sincerity beene reall once,
My *Orgulus* had not beene now vn-wind,
Nor your lost Sister buried in a Bride-bed.
Your Vnckle here, *Armofer* knows this truth,
For had your father *Thrasus* liu'd, but peace
Dwell in his graue: I haue done. *Armo.* Y' are bold and bitter.

Ibo. 'A presses home the iniury, it smarts;
No reprehensions Vncle, I deserue 'em.
Yet gentle Sir, consider what the heat
Of an vnsteady youth a giddy braine,
Greene indiscretion, flattery of greatnesse,
Rauennesse of iudgement, wilfulnesse in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as vncertaine,
Might lead a boy in yeeres too; 'twas a fault,
A Capitall faule, for then I could not diue

Into the secrets of commanding Loue:
Since when, experience by the extremities (in others)
Hath forc'd me to collect. And trust me *Crotolon*,
I will redeme thole wrongs with any seruice
Your satisfaction can require for currant.

Armo. Thy acknowledgement is satisfaction.
What would you more? *Crot.* I'm conquer'd; if *Euphrasia*
Her selfe admit the motion, let it be so.
I doubt not my sonne liking. *Ibo.* Vse my fortunes,
Life, power, sword, and heart, all are your owne.

*Enter Bassanes, Prophilus, Calamba, Penibea, Euphrasia,
Chrystalla, Philoma, and Granse.*

Armo. The Princeesse with your sister. *Calan.* I present 'ee
A stranger here in Court (my Lord,) for did not
Desire of seeing you, draw her abroad,
We had not beene made happy in her company.

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The Broken HEART:

Ibo. You are a gracious Princeesse. — Sister, wedlocke
Holds too seuer a passion in your nature,
Which can engrosse all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so deare a mistresse.
'Tis not my brothers pleasure, I presume,
T'immure her in a chamber. *Bass.* 'Tis her will,
Shee gouernes her owne houres; (noble *Iboctes*)
We thanke the gods for your successe, and wellfare.
Our Lady has of late beene indispos'd,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ibo. How does *Penibea* now? *Pen.* You best know brother,
From whom my health and comforts are deriu'd.

Bass. I like the answer well; 'tis sad, and modest;
These may betricks, yet, tricks. — Haue an eye *Granse*.

Calan. Now *Crotolon*, the suit we ioy'd in must not
Fall by too long demurre. *Crot.* 'Tis granted, Princeesse,
For my part. *Armo.* With condition, that his sonne
Fauour the Contract. *Calan.* Such delay is easie.

The ioyes of marriage make thee, *Prophilus*,
A proud deseruer of *Euphrasia*'s loue,
And her of thy desert. *Proph.* Most sweetly gracious.

Bass. The ioyes of marriage are the heauen on earth,
Life's paradise (great Princeesse) the soules quiet,
Sinewes of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratiua
Like to a constant woman. — (but where is she?)
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster. — I can speake by proofe;
For I rest in *Elixium*, 'tis my happinesse.

Crot. *Euphrasia* how are you resolu'd, (speake freely)
In your affections to this Gentleman?

Euphr. Nor more, nor lesse then as his loue assures me,
Which (if your liking with my brothers wantants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so, I know your answer. *Ibo.* 'I had bin pittie
To sander hearts so equally contented.

Enter Hemphib.

D 3

Mem.

The Broken HEART.

Him, The King (Lord Iobocles) commands your presence; And (fairest Princess) yours. Calan. We will attend him.

Enter Gronas.

Gron. Where are the Lords? all must vnto the King Without delay; the Prince of Argos— Calan. Well Sir,

Gron. Is comming to the Court, sweet Lady. Calan. How! The Prince of Argos? Gron. 'Twas my fortune, Madam, To enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Lib. Penbea! Pen. Brother! Lib. Let me an howre hence Meet you alone, within the Palace grove, I haue some secret with you.— Picthe friend Conduct her thither, and haue speciall care The walks be clear'd of any to disturbe vs.

Preph. I shall. Bass. How's that? Lib. Alone, pray be alone. I am your creature, princesse.— on my Lords. Exit.

Bassances.

Bass. Alone, alone? what meanes that word alone? Why might not I be there? — hum! — hee's her brother; Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood, And this same whorson Court case is temptation To a rebellion in the veines: — Besides, His sime friend Prophilus must be her guardian. Why may not he dispatch a business trobly Before the other come? — or — pandring, pandring, For one another? bee't to sister, mother, Wife, Couzen, any thing, amongst youths of mettall, Is in request: It is so — stubborn Fate: But if I be a Cuckold, and can know it, I will be fell, and fell.

Enter Gronas.

Gron. My Lord, y'are call'd for. Bass. Most hartily I thanke ye, where's my wife pray?

Gron. Retir'd amongst the Ladies. Bass. Still I thanke 'er There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

Gron. She sits i'th presence Lobby last asleepe Sir.

Bass. Asleepe? sleepe Sir! Gron. Is your Lordship troubled? You wd not to the King? Bass. Your humblest Vassalle,

Gron.

The Broken HEART.

Gron. Your seruice my good Lord. Bass. I wait your footstep.

Exit.

Scene the third.

Prophilus, Penbea.

Preph. In this walke (Lady) will your brother find you: And with your fauour, giue me leaue a little To worke a preparation, in his fashion I haue obseru'd of late, some kind of slacknesse To such alacrity as Nature And custome tooke delight in: Sadnesse growes Vpon his recreations, which he woulds In such a willing silence, that to question The grounds will argue skill in friendship, And lesse good manners. Pen. Sir, I'me not inquisitiue Of secrecies without an invitation.

Preph. With pardon, Lady, not a syllable Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift.—

Enter Orgilus.

Preph. Doe thy best To make this Lady merry for an houre.

Exit.

Org. Your will shall be a law, Sir Pen. Prethe leaue me, I haue some private thoughts I would account with: Vse thou thine owne. Org. Speake on, faire nimph, our soules Can dance as well to musicke of the Spheares As any's who haue feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your Schoole terms are too trouble some. Org. What heauen Resiaes mortality from drosse of earth, But such as vncompounded beauty hallowes With glorified perfection. Pen. Set thy wits In a lesse wild proportion: Org. Time can neuer On the white table of vnguiltly faith Write counterleit dishonour; turne those eyes (The arrowes of pure loue) vpon that fire Which once rose to a flame, perfume'd with vowes As sweetly scented as the Incense smoking The holiest Artars, Virgin reares (like

On

The Broken HEART.

○ *Asa's* odours) sprinkled dewes to feed 'em,
And to increas their seruour. *Pen.* Be not franticke.

Org. All pleasures are but meeke imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steame,
And sight of banquer, whilst the body pines,
Nor relishing the reall tast of food,
Such is the leanness of a heart diuided
From entercourse of troth-contracted Iones;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Scal'd with the liuely stampe of equall soules.

Pen. Away, some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue;
The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all suffrance. — Thing of talke be gone,
Be gone without reply. *Org.* Be iust, *Penbea*,
In thy commands: when thou send'st forth a doome
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights;
Thus I take off the shrowd, in which my cares
Are folded vp from view of common eyes;
What is thy sentence next? *Pen.* Rish man, thou sayest
A blemish on mine honour with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life: yet I professe,
By all the Lawes of ceremonious wedlocke,
I haue not giuen admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforc'd
Diuorce betwixt my body and my heart:
Why would you fall from goodnesse thus? *Org.* O rather
Examine me how I could liue to say
I haue bin much, much wrong'd; 'tis for thy sake
I put on this Imposture; deare *Penbea*,
If thy soft bosome he not turn'd to marble,
Thou't pity our calamities; my Interest
Confirms me thou art mine still. *Pen.* Lead your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kisse it,
Thus kneele before ye. *Org.* You instruct my duty.
Pen. We may stand vp: Haue you ought else to urge
Of new demand? as for the old forget it,

'Tis

The Broken HEART.

'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be euer; what more would ye?
Org. I would possesse my wife, the equity
Of very reason bids me. *Pen.* Ist hat all?
Org. Why 'tis the all of me my selfe. *Pen.* Remoue
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrowed shape. *Org.* You are obey'd, 'tis donet

Pen. How (*Orgilus*) by promise I was thine,
The Leucens doe witnesse; they can witnesse too
A rape done on my truth: how I doe loue thee
Yet *Orgilus*, and yet, must best appeare
Intending thy freedome; for I find
The constant preseruation of thy merit,
By thy not dauing to attempt my fame
With iniury of any loose conceit,
Which might giue deeper wounds to discontents;
Continue this faire race, then though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine owne ruine. — Liue, liue happy,
Happy in thy next choyce, that thou maist people
This barren age with vertues in thy issue:
And ô, when thou art married, thinke on me
With mercy, not contempt: I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorne my fall:
Now let vs part. *Org.* Part I yet advise thee better;
Penbea is the wife to *Orgilus*,
And eaer shall be. *Pen.* Neuer shall nor will.
Org. How! *Pen.* Heare me, in a word I'll tell thee why
The Virgin dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ransh'd by another: my true loue
Abhorres to thinke, that *Orgilus* desert'd
No better fauours then a second bed.
Org. I must not take this reason. *Pen.* To confirme it,
Should I outliue my bondage, let me meet
Another worse then this, and lesse desir'd

E

1f

The Broken HEART.

If of all the men alieue thou shouldst but touch
My lip, or hand againe. *Org. Penhea*, now
I tell thee you grow wanton in my suffrance;
Come sweet, th'art mine. *Pen. Vnciuill Sir*, forbeare,
Or I can turne affection into vengeance;
Your reputation (if you value any)
Lyes bleeding at my feet. Vaworthy man,
If euer henceforth thou appeare in language,
Message, or letter to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my Starres for forfeit of my judgement.
Goe thou, sit onely for disguise and walke,
To hide thy shame: this once I spare thy life;
I laugh at mine owne confidence; my sorrowes
By thee are made inferiour to my fortunes.
If euer thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may neuer see thee more. — Goe from me.

Org. I'eteare my vaile of politicke French off,
And stand vp like a man resolu'd to doe
Action, not words shall shew me. *O Penhea.*

Exit Orgilus.

Pen. 'A sigh'd my name sure as he parted from me,
I feare I was too rough; Alas poore Gentleman,
'A look'd not like the ruines of his youth,
But like the ruines of those ruines: Honour,
How much we fight with weaknesse to preferue thee.

Enter Bassanes and Granfir.

Bass. Fye on thee, damb thee, rotten magot, damb thee,
Sleepe? sleepe at Court? and now? Aches, convulsions,
Impossunities, rhemes, gouts, palfies clog thy bones
A dozen yeeres more yet. *Gran.* Now y'are in humors.

Bass. Shee's by her selfe, there's hope of that; shee's sad too,
Shee's in strong contemplation: yes, and fixt,
The signes are whole some. *Gran.* Very wholesome truly.

Bass. Hold your chops night mare. — Lady, come your brother
Is carried to his lofet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my Lord? *Bass.* A sudden fit, 'twill off;

Some

The Broken HEART.

Some surfeit or disorder. — How doest deereft?

Pen. Your newes is none o'th best.

Enter Prophilus.

Proph. The chiefe of men,
The excellentest *Ishocks*, desires
Your presence Madam. *Bass.* We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vaine we labour in this course of life
To piece our iourney out at length, or craue
Respite of breath, our home is in the graue.

Bass. Perfect Philotophy: then let vs care
To liue so that our reckonings may fall enea
When w' are to make account. *Proph.* He cannot feare
Who builds on noble grounds: sicknesse or paine
Is the deserviers exercise, and such
Your vertuous brother to the world is knowne.
Speake comfort to him Lady, be all gentle;
Starres fall but in the grossnesse of our sight,
A good man dying, th' Earth doth lose a light.

Exiunt omnes.

Actus Tertius: Scena prima.

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus in his owne shape.

Tecm. **B**E well advis'd, let not a resolution
Of gliddy rashnesse choake the breath of reason.

Org. It shall nor, most sage Master. *Tecm.* I am icalous;
For if the borrowed shape so late put on,
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent designe of sudden nature
Hath shooke that shadow off, to flye vpon
A new-hatch'd execution: *Orgilus*,
Take heed thou hast not (vnder our integrity)
Shrowded vnlawfull plots: our mortall eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your hearts, the gods
Are onely privie to them. *Org.* Learned *Tecnicus*,

E 3

Suck

The Broken HEART.

Each doubts are causelesse, and to cleere the truth
From misconceit, the present State commands me.
The Prince of *Argos* comes himselfe in person
In queſt of great *Calantha* for his Bride,
Our kingdomes heire; besides, mine only sister
Euphrasia is dispos'd to *Prophilus*.
Lately, the King is sending letters for me
To *Athen*, for my quicke repaire to Court.
Please to accept these Reasons. *Tecu*. Iust ones, *Orgilus*,
Not to be contradi&ed: yet beware
Of an vnſure foundation; no faire colours
Can fortifie a building faintly ioynted.
I haue obseru'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and (looke too't)
I might adde certaine — *Org*. My aspect? could Art
Runne through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sist
An inclination there, more then what suited
With iustice of mine honour. *Tecu*. I beleue it.
But know then *Orgilus* what honour is:
Honour consistz not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content;
Ere in appearance, 'cause we thinke it brave:
Such honour comes by accident, not nature
Proceeding from the vices of our passion
Which makes our reason drunke. But reall Honour
Is the reward of vertue, and acquir'd
By iustice or by valour, which for Bases
Hath iusticia to vphold it. He then failes
In honour, who for lucre of Renenge
Commits thefts, murders, Treasons and Adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on iust Lawes,
Whose sou'raignty is best prefer'd by iustice.
Thus as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion: For opinion
Relyes on probability and Accident,
But knowledge on Necessity and Truth:
I leave thee to the fit consideration

OF

The Broken HEART:

Of what becomes the grace of reall Honour,
Wishing successe to all thy vertuous meanings.
Org. The gods increase thy wisdom (reuerend Oracle)
And in thy precepts make me euer chriſty. *Earl Org*.
Tecu. I thanke thy wish. — Much mystery of Fate
Lyes hid in that mans fortunes; Curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts;
But let the gods be moderators still,
No humane power can prevent their will.
Enter Armoſtes.
From whence came 'ce? *Armo*. From King *Amysias*; (pardon
My interruption of your Studies) — Here
In this seal'd box he sends a treasure deare
To him as his Crowne, 'a prayses your grauity
You would examine, ponder, sift and bolt
The pith and circumstance of enery tittle
The scroll within containes. *Tecu*. What is't *Armoſtes*?
Armo. It is the health of Sparta, the Kings life,
Sinewes and safety of the Common-wealth,
The summe of what the Oracle deliuer'd,
When last he visited the propheticke Temple
At *Delphos*; what his reasons are for which
After so long a silence he requires
You counsaile now (grace man) his maiesty
Will soone himselfe acquaint you with. *Tecu*. *Apollo*
Inspire my Intellect. — The Prince of *Argos*
Is entertain'd. *Armo*. He is, and has demanded
Our Princess for his wife; which I conceive
One speciall cause the King importunes you
For resolution of the Oracle.
Tecu. My duty to the King, good peace to Sparta;
And faire day to *Armoſtes*. *Armo*. Like to *Tecnicus*.

FINIS.

11

101

The Broken HEART.

Soft Musicke. A Song.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes rousing
From a dyals point by moving?
Can you graspe a sigh? or lastly,
Rob a Virgins honour chastly?

No, o no; yet you may
Sooner doe both that and this;
This and that, and neuer misse;
Then by any praise display
Beauties beauty, such a glory
As beyond all Fate, all Story,
All armes, all arts,
All loues, all hearts,
Greater then those, or they,
Doe, shall, and must obey.

During which time, Enters Prophilus, Bassanes, Penbea, Gran-
sis, passing euer the stage; Bassanes and Gran-
sis enter againe
Iosly, stealing to severall places, and listen.

Bass. All silent, calme, secure. — Gran-
sis, no creaking?
No noyse; dost heare nothing? Gran-
sis. Not a moule,
Or whisper of the winde. Bass. The floore is matted,
The bed-polls sure are Steele or marble. — Souldiers
Should not aff. Et (me thinkes) straines so effeminate;
Sounds of such delicacy are but sawnings
Vpon the stoch of Luxury: they heigh-
ten Cinders of covert lust vp to a flame.

Gran-
sis. What doe you meane (my Lord) speak low; that gabbling
Of yours will but vndoe vs. Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not hard. Pro. A wakes Bass. What's that? lib. Who's there
Sister? all quit the roome else. Bass. 'Tis consented.

Enter

The Broken HEART.

Enter Prophilus.

Proph. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be priuate,
We must forbear; his sleepe hath newly left him.
Please 'ee withdraw I Bass. By any meanes, 'tis fit.

Proph. Pray Gentlewoman walke too. Gran. Yes, I will Sir.

Exit omnes.

Ishacles discovered in a Chayre, and Penbea.

Ish. Sit nearer sister to me, nearer yet;
We had one Father, in one wombe tooke life,
Were brought vp twins together, yet hane liu'd
At distance like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow whercon I was cradell'd,
Had prou'd to me a graue. Pen. You had beene happy:
Then had you neuer knowne that sinne of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being. Ish. Sad Penbea,
Thou canst not be too cruell; my rash spleene
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosome
A louer-blest heart, to grind it into dust,
For which mine's now a breaking. Pen. Not yet, heauen
I doe beseech thee: first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it; may the heat be cherisht
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible.

Ish. Wrong'd soule, thy prayers are heard. Pen. Here lo I breathe
A miserable creature led to ruine
By an vnaturall brother. Ish. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass,
Yet cannot dye. Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The vntroubled of Country toyle, drinks streames
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambes;
And so allayes her thirst secure, whiles I
Quench my hot sighes with steerings of my teares.
Ish. The labourer doth eat his courtest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lyca him downe to sleepe;
Which euery bit I touch turnes in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penbea's curse.

Exit

The Broken HEART.

Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee mercifull. *Pen.* Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband,
Then we will joyne in friendship, be againe
Brother and sister. — Kill me pray: nay, will 'ee?

Ibo. How does thy Lord esteeme thee? *Pen.* Such an one
As onely you haue made me; a faith-breake,
A spotted whore, forgine me; I am one
In art, not in desires, the gods must witnesse.

Ibo. Thou dost belye thy friend. *Pen.* I doe not *libertes*;
For she that's wise to *Oregisus*, and liues
In knowne Adultery with *Bassanes*,
Is at the best a whore. Will kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will asseme
Some dreadfull figure, and appeare to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that haue betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reprochfull match.

Ibo. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despaire; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: thou shalt stand
A Deity (my sister) and be worship'd,
For thy resour'd martyrdom: wrong'd maids,
And married wiues shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure Turtles crown'd with mire, if thy pittie
Vnto a yeelding brothers pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it. *Pen.* O no more.

Ibo. Death waits to waite me to the Stygian bankes,
And free me from this Chaos of my bondage,
And till then wilt forgine, I must indure.

Pen. Who is the Saint you serue? *Ibo.* Friendship, or
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Haue mou'd that question as a secret, Sister:
I dare not murmur to my selfe. *Pen.* Let me,
By your new protestations I conuince 'ee,
Partake her name. *Ibo.* Her name, — 'tis, — 'tis, I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forg'd. *Ibo.* They are not. — Peace
Calaniba

The Broken HEART.

Calaniba is the Princess, the Kings daughter,
Sole heire of *Spuria* — Me most miserable,
Doe I now loue thee? for my iniuries
Reuenge thy selfe with brauery, and gossip
My treasons to the Kings eares. Doe; *Calaniba*
Knowes it not yet, nor *Propbilus* my neatest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split ouen your very soule to see her father
Snatch her out of your armes against her will,
And force her on the Prince of *Argos*? *Ibo.* Trouble not
The fountaines of mine eyes with thine owne story,
I sweat in blood for 'e. *Pen.* We are reconcil'd a
'Alas, Sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stocke, 'tis not fit we should diuide:
Haue comfort, you may find it. *Ibo.* Yes in thee;
Onely in thee *Penibea* mine. *Pen.* If sorrowes
Haue not too much dull'd my infected braine,
Ile cheere inuention for an active straine.

Ibo. Mad man! why haue I wrong'd a maid so excellent?
Enter Bassanes with a ponyard, Propbilus, Gromes,
Hemophil and Granis.

Bass. I can forbear no longer: more, I will not;
Keepe off, our hands, or fall vpon my point
Patience is tyr'd, for like a slow-pac'd Ass
Ye ride my easie nature, and proclaime
My sloth to vengeance, a reproach and property.

Ibo. The meaning of this rudenesse. *Propb.* Hee's distracted.
Pen. O my grieu'd Lord, *Granis.* Sweet Lady come not neere him;
He holds bis perillous weapon in his hand
To pricke 'a cares not whom, nor where, — see, see, see.

Bass. My birth is noble, though the popular bla
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name vp to bestride a cloud,
Or progresse in the Chariot of the Sunne;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Not like your slaue of expectation wait
The baudy hinges of your dores, or whitte

The Broken HEART.

For mysticall conueyance to your bed-sports.

Gron. Fine humors, they become him. *Hem.* How 'a stares,

Struts, puffs, and sweats: most admirable lunacy?

Isto. But that I may conceiue the spirit of wine

Has tooke possession of your soberer custome,

I'de say you were vnmannerly. *Pen.* Deare brother,

Bass. Vnmannerly — Mew Kiting — smooch formality

Is vther to the ranknesse of the blood,

But Impudence beares vp the traine: Indeed, sir,

Your fiery mettall, or your springall blaze

Of huge renowne, is no sufficient Royalty

To print vpon my forehead the scorn *Cockold.*

Isto. His Icalousie has rob'd him of his wits,

'A talkes 'a knowes not what. *Bass.* Yes, and 'a knowes

To whom 'a talkes; to one that fraaks his lust

To Swine-security of bestfall incest.

Ist. Hal deuill. *Bass.* I will hallo'e, though I blush more

To name the filthinesse, than thou to act it.

Ist. Murther! *Proph.* Sir by our friendship. *Pen.* By our bloods;

Will you gaité both vndoe vs; Brother? *Gron.* Out on him,

These are his megrims, fits and melancholies.

Hem. Well said, old Touch-hole. *Gron.* Kick him out at doores;

Pen. With fauour let me speake. — My Lord? what slacknesse

In my obedience hath deseru'd this rage?

Except humility and sinler duty

Have drawne on your vniquit, my simplicity

Ne're studied your vexation. *Bass.* Light of beauty;

Neale not vrgently wth a desperate wound!

No breach of reason dares make warre with her

Whose lookes are soueraignty, whose breath is balme

O that I could present thee in fruition

As in deuotion! *Pen.* Sir, may euer euill

Lock'd in *Pandora's* box, shewre (in your presence)

On my vnhappy head, if since you made me

A partner in your bed, I haue bene faulty

In one vnseemly thought against your honour.

Ist. Purge not his crimes. *Pen.* Bass. Yes, say on,

Excellent

The Broken HEART.

Excellent creature — Good be not a hinderance

To peace, and praise of vertue. — O my senses

Are char'd with sound scalestial. — O, deare, on;

I neuer gant you one ill word; say did I?

Indeed I did not. *Pen.* Mer, by *Juno's* forehead,

Was Ye're guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddesse, let me kneele. *Gron.* Alas kind Animal!

Isto. No, but for pinnance. *Bass.* Noble sir, what is it?

With glad esse, I embrace it; yet pray let not

My rashnesse teach you 'ibe too vnmercittull.

Isto. When you shall shew good proofe that many wisdoms,

Not euer way'd by passion, or opinion,

Knowes how to lead iudgement; then this Lady

Your wife, my sister, shall returne in safety

Home to be guided by you, but till first

I can, out of cleare euidence approue it,

Sliee shall be my care. *Bass.* Rip my bosome vp,

I'll stand the execution with a constancy:

This torture is vn'sufferable. *Isto.* Well Sir,

I dare not trust her to your fury. *Bass.* But

Pen. she says not so. *Pen.* She needs no tongue

To plead excuse, who neuer purpos'd wrong.

Hem. Virgin of reuerence and antiquity

Stay you behind. *Gron.* The Court wants not your diligence.

Exeunt omnes, sed Bass. & Gron.

Gron. What will you doe my Lord? my Lady's gone,

I am deny'd to follow. *Bass.* I may see her,

Or speake to her once more. *Gron.* And seele her too, man,

Be of good cheare, she's your owne flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;

She swore she has bene trae: *Gron.* True on my modesty;

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her vowes;

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;

Rumor will voyce me the contempt of manhood,

Should I run on thus. Some way I must try

To out-doe Art, and cry a Icalousie.

Exeunt omnes.

Flourish.

F 2

The Broken HEART!

Flourish.

Enter Amyclas, Nearchus leading Calantha, Ar-
mostes, Croton, Euphranea, Christalla, Philema,
and Amelus.

Ans. Cozen of Argos, what the heavens haue pleas'd
In their vuchanging Counsels to conclude
For both our kingdomes weale, we must submit to;
Nor can we be vnthankfull to their bounties,
Who when we were euen creeping to our graues,
Sent vs a daughter; in whose birth, our hope
Continues of successiō: As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our Aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's loue; since we haue euer vow'd
Not to inforce affection by our will,
But by her owne choyce to confirme it gladly.
Near. You speake the nature of a right iust father:
I come not hither roughly to demand
My Cozens thraldome, but to free mine owne:
Report of great Calantha's beauty, vertue,
Sweetness; and singlar perfections, courted
All eares to credit what I finde was publish'd
By constant truth: from which if any seruice
Of my desert can purchase faire construction,
This Lady must command it. Calan. Princely Sir,
So well you know how to profess obseruance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
Ie study to be chiefe. Near. Chiefe, glorious Virgins,
In my deuotions, as in all mens wonder.
Amy. Excellent Cozen, we deny no libertie;
Vse thine owne opportunities. — Armostes,
We must confult with the Philosophers,
The businesse is of weight. Armost. Sir, at your pleasure.
Amy. You told me, Croton, your sonne's return'd
From Athens? wherefore comes he not to Court.

The Broken HEART!

As we commanded? Cro. He shall soone attend
Your royall will, great Sir. Amy. The marriage
Betweene young Propbilus and Euphranea,
Tasts of too much delay: Cro. My Lord. Amy. Some pleasures
At celebrat'ion of it would giue life
To th' entertainment of the Prince our kinsman:
Our Court weares grauity more then we relish.
Armo. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a Cloud. Cro. So may the gods protect vs.
Calan. A Prince, a subiect? Near. Yes, to beauties scepter;
As all hearts kneele so mine. Calan. You are too Courtly.

To them,

Ithocles, Orgilus, Propbilus

Itho. Your safe returne to Sparta is most welcome,
I toy to meet you here, and as occasion
Shall grant vs priuacy, will yeeld you reasons
Why I should couet to deserue the title
Of your respected friend: for without Complement
Beleeue it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your Lordship may command me your poore seruant!

Itho. So amorously close close? — so soone? — my heart!

Propb. What sudden change is next? Itho. Life to the King.

To whom I here present this Noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; Royall Sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in fauour of his merit.

Cro. My sonne prefer'd by Ithocles! Amy. Our bounties:
Shall open to thee Orgilus; for instance,
Harke in thine care; if out of those inuentions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there ingross:
Some rarity of wit to grace the Nuptials
Of thy faire sister, and renewe our Court
In th' eyes of this young Prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit, thinke on't. Org. Your Highnesse honors me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins. Calan. A noble birth
Becomming such a father. — worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for. Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred Princesse.

The Broken HEART!

Isto. Euphranes's brother, sir, a Gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge. *Near.* We embrace him!
Proud of so deare acquaintance. *Amy.* All prepare
For Rencels and disport: the ioyes of *Wynen,*
Like *Phabus* in his lullre, puts to flight
All mists of dulleffe; crowne the houres with gladnesse;
No sounds but musicke, no discourse but mirth.
Calan. Thine arme I prethe *Ishocles.* — Nay, good
My Lord keepe on your way, I am prouided.
Near. I dare not disobey. *Isto.* Most beaucntly Lady. *Exunt.*

Enter Croton, Orgilus.

Crot. The King hath spoke his mind. *Org.* His will he hath;
But were it lawfull to hold plea against
The power of greatnesse, not the reason, haply
Such vnder-shinns as lubicets, sometimes might
Borrow of Nature, Iustice, to informe
That licence soueraignty holds without checke
Ours a meeke obedience. *Crot.* How resolute you
Touching your sisters marriage? *Propilus*
Is a desferuing, and a hopefull youth.

Org. I enny not his merit, but applaud it:
Could with him thrive in all his best desires,
And with a willingnesse inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship:
He neuer touch'd on any wrong that malic'd
The honour of our house, nor stir'd our peace;
Yet, with your fauour, let me not forget
Vnder whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort;
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must liue so.

Crot. Sonne, sonne, I find in thee a harsh condition;
No carterise can winne it; 'tis too ranckorous.

Org. Good Sir be not seare in your construction;
I am no stranger to such easie calmes
As sit in tender bosomes: Lordly *Ishocles*
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleene which wrought the rage

On

The Broken HEART!

On grieu'd *Penthea's* purity; his scorn
Of my vntoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Vnto a Courtship, almost to a fawning;
I'll kisse his foot, since you will haue it so.

Crot. Since I will haue it so? Friend I will haue it so
Without our ruine by your politike plots,
Or Wolfe of hatred snarling in your breast;
You haue a spirit, Sir, haue ye? a familiar
That posts i'th ayre for your intelligence?
Some such *Hobgoblin* hurried you from *Ashent*;
For yet you come vntent for. *Org.* It vnwelcome;
I might haue soand a graue there. *Crot.* Sure your businesse
Was soone dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, Sir, of my health, cut short my iourney;
For there, a generall infection
Threatens a desolation. *Crot.* And I feare
Thou hast brought backe a worse infection with thee;
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou sayst,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it our deare Genius, I will rather
Be made a Sacrifice on *Tbrazus* monument,
Or kneele to *Ishocles* his sonne in dust,
Then woee a fathers curse: My sisters marriage
With *Propilus*, is from my heart confirm'd:
May I liue hated, may I dye de'pis'd,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concerne me. *Crot.* I haue beene too rough;
My duty to my King made me so earnest;
Excuse it *Orgilus.* *Org.* Deare Sir.

Enter to them,

Propilus, Euphranes, Ishocles, Croton, Hemophilus.

Crot. Here comes
Euphranes, with *Propilus* and *Ishocles*.
Org. Most honored — cuer famous. *Isto.* Your true friend,
On earth not any truer. — With smoothe eyes
Looke on this worthy couple, your couesent
Can onely make them one. *Org.* They haue it. — Sister,

Thou

The Broken HEART.

Thou pawn'dst to me an oath, of which ingagement
I neuer will releate thee, if thou aym'st
At any other choyce then this. *Emphr.* Deare brother,
At him or none. *Cros.* To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which till a greater ceremony perfect,
Emphr. a lend thy hand; here take her *Prophilm,*
Liu'e 'ong a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a Bridall song I clofe my wishes:

Comforts lasting, Loues increasing,

Like soft houres neuer ceasing;

Plenties pleasure, peace complying

Without iarres, or tongues enuying;

Hearts by holy Vnion wedded

More then bribs, by custome bedded;

Fruitfull issues; life so graced,

Not by age to be defaced;

Edding, as the year eulish,

Euery spring another youth:

All what thoughts can adde beside,

Crowne this Bridegroom and this Bride.

Proph. You haue seal'd ioy close to my soule; *Emphr.* a,

Now I may call thee mine. *Iho.* I but exchange

One good friend for another. *Org.* If these Gallants

Will please to grace a poore inuention,

By ioyning with me in some slight deuse,

I'll venture on a straine, my younger dayes

Haue studied for delight *Hem.* With thankfull willingnesse

I offer my attendance. *Cros.* No en'cuour

Of mine shall faile to shew it selfe. *Iho.* We will

All ioyne to wait on thy directions, *Orgilm.*

Org. O my good Lord, your fauours flow towards

A too vnworthy worme; but as you please,

I am what you will shape me. *Iho.* A fast friend:

Cros. I thanke thee sonne for this acknowledgement;

It is a sight of gladnesse. *Org.* But my duty,

Exeunt omnes

Exit

The Broken HEART.

Enter Calantha, Penbea, Christalla, Philena.

Calan. Who e're would speake with vs, deny his entrance;
Be carefull of our charge. *Chri.* We shall madam.

Calan. Except the King himselfe, giue none admittance,
Not any. *Phil.* Madam it shall be our care.

Exeunt

Calantha, Penbea.

Calan. Being alone, *Penbea,* you haue granted
The oportunity you longht, and might
At all times haue commanded. *Pen.* 'Tis a benefite
Which I shall owe your goodnesse euen in death for;
My glasse of life (sweet Princesse hath few minntes
Remaining to runne downe; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feele

The summons of departure short and certaine:

Calan. You feed too much your melancholly. *Pen.* *Glorie!*

Of humane greatnesse are but pleasing dreames,

And shadowes soone decaying: on the stage

Of my mortality, my youth hath acted

Some scenes of vanity, drawne out at length

By varied pleasures, sweetned in the mixture,

But Tragically in issue; Beauty, pompe,

With euery sensuality our gidelinesse

Doth frame an Idoll, are vnconstant friends

When any troubled passion makes assault

On the vnguarded Castle of the mind.

Calan. Contemne not your condition, for the prooffe

Of bare opinion onely: to what end

Reach all these Morall texts? *Pen.* To place before 'ee

A perfect mirrow, wherein you may see

How weary I am of a lingering life,

Who count the best a misery. *Calan.* Indeed

You haue no little cause; yet none so great

As to distrust a remedy. *Pen.* That remedy

Must be a winding sheet, a sold of lead,

And some vtrod-on corner in the earth!

Not to detain your expectation, Princess;

I haue an humble suit. *Calan.* Speake, I enioy it!

G.

Ym

The Broken HEART.

Vouchsafe then to be my *Executrix*,
And take that trouble on 'ce, to dispose
Such Legacies, as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to giue, the paines are easie,
Heauen will reward your piety, and thanke it
When I am dead; for sure I must not liue,
I hope I cannot. *Calan*. Now bestrew thy sadnesse;
Thou turn'st me too much woman. *Pen*. Her false eyes
Melt into passion; Then I haue assurance
Encouraging my boldnesse. — In this paper
My Will was Character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine owne mouth. *Calan*. Talke on, prethe;
It is a pretty earnest. *Pen*. I haue left me
But three poore Jewels to bequeath; The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefes,
In yeeres I am a child. *Calan*. To whom that?

Pen. To Virgin-wiues, such as abuse not wedlocke
By freedom of desires, but eouet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for eyes of loue,
Rather than ranguing of their blood; And next
To married maids, such as preferre the number
Of honorable issue in their vertues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage,
May those be euer young. *Calan*. A second Jewell
You meane to part with. *Pen*. 'Tis my Fame, I trust;
By scandall yet vnouch'd; this I bequeath
To memory, and Times old daughter Truth:
If euer my vnhappy name find mention
'When I am saine to dust, may it deserue
Besteming charity without dishonour.

Calan. How handsomely thou playst with harmlesse sport
Of meere imagination; speake the last,
I strangely like ehy will. *Pen*. This Jewell, Madam,
Is dearely precious to me; you must vse
The best of your discretion to imploy
This gift as I intend it. *Calan*. Doe not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long agoe since first I lost my heart,

The Broken HEART.

Long I haue liu'd without it, else for certaine
I should haue giuen that too; but in stead
Of it, to great *Calantha*, *Sparta's* heire,
By seruice bound, and by affection vow'd,
I doe bequeath in holiest rites of loue
Mine only brother *Isboles*. *Calan*. What sayd'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heauen-blest Lady, to ambition,
'A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a deuoted suppliant can indow it:
Looke on him, Princesse, with an eye of pittie;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
A' moues before you. *Calan*. Shall I answer here;
Or lend my rare too grossely? *Pen*. First, his heart
Shall fall in Cynders, scorch'd by your disdain,
E're he will dare, poore man, to open an eye
On these diuine lockes, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
A' dares not vtter any but of seruice:
Yet this lost creature loues 'ce. — Be a Princesse
In sweetnesse as in blood; giue him his doome,
Or raise him vp to comfort. *Calan*. What new change
Appeares in my behauiour, that thou dar'st
Tempr my displeasure? *Pen*. I must leaue the world
To reuell *Elizium*, and 'tis iust
To wish my brother some aduantage here:
Yet by my best hopes, *Isboles* is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry looke, or one harsh word,
And you shall soone conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds ouer
His life and end. *Calan*. You haue forgot, *Pembea*,
How still I haue a father. *Pen*. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath bene you know vnkinde: o most vnkinde!
Calan. *Christalla*, *Philema*, where are 'ce? — Lady,
Your checke lyes in my silence.

Enter *Christalla* and *Philema*.

The Broken HEART:

Bosch. Madam, here.

Calan. I thinke 'ee sleepe, 'ee drowes; wait on Penibin
Vnto her lodging. — *Ishocles?* wrong'd Lady!

Pen. My reckonings are made euen, Death or Fate
Can now, nor strike too soone, nor force too late.

Exeunt;

Actus Quartus: Scena prima.

Enter Ishocles and Armoftea.

Ith. FORbeare your Inquisition; curiosity
Is of too subtill, and too searching nature:
In feares of loue too quicke; too fow of credit:
I am not what you doubt me. *Arm.* Nephew, be then.
As I would wish; — all is not right, — Good heauen.
Confirm your Resolutions for dependance
On worthy ends which may aduance your quiet.

Ith. I did the Noble *Orgilus* much iniury,
But grieu'd *Penibea* more: I now repene it;
Now, Vncle, now; this Now, is now too late:
So prouident is folly in sad issue,
That after-wit, like Bankrupts debts, stand tailyed
Without all possibilities of payment:
Sure he's an honest, very honest Gentleman;
A man of single meaning. *Arm.* I beleue it:
Yee Nephew, 'tis the tongue informes our eares;
Our eyes can auer pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodg'd too inward: — but I question
No truth in *Orgilus*. — The Princeesse (Sir)

Ith. The Princeesse? ha? *Arm.* With her the Prince of *Asfur*.

*Enter Nearchus leading Calantha, Amelua,
Christaba, Philema.*

Near. Great (faire one) grace your hopes with any instance
Of Liery, from the allowance of your fauour,
This little fearke. *Cal.* A Toy. *Near.* Loue feasts on Toys.

Exe.

The Broken HEART:

For *Cupid* is a child, — vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot beny'd. *Calan.* You shall not value
(Sweet Cozen) at a price what I count cheape,
So cheape, that let him take it who dares stoope for't,
And giue it at next meeting to a Mistresse,
Shee'll thanke him for't, perhaps.

Casts it to Ishocles;

Amc. The Ring, Sir, is

The Princeesse, I could haue rooke it vp.

Ith. Learn manners, prerhe. — To the blessed owner
Vpon my knees. *Near.* Yare lawey. *Cal.* This is pretty,
I am, belike, a Mistresse. — wondrous pretty:
Let the man keepe his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't. — On Cozen. *Ith.* Follow Spaniell,
He'll forco 'ee to a fawning else. *Amc.* You dare not.

Exeunt. Nearchus Ith. & Armoftea.

Arm. My Lord, you were too forward. *Ith.* Looke 'ee Vncle:
Some such there are whose liberall contents
Swarme without care in euery sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them downe
To sleepe; and they sleepe, Vncle: in which silence
Their very dreames present 'em choyce of pleasures:
Pleasures (obserue me Vncle) of rare obiect:
Here heaps of gold, there Increments of honors;
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varities of beauties, courting
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance,
Yet these are still but dreames: giue me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers;
A reall, visible, materiall happinesse:
And then too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life:
I saw it (Sir) I saw it; for it came
From her owne hand. *Arm.* The Princeesse threw it 'ee's.
Ith. True, and she said — well I remember what
Her Cozen Prince would begit. *Arm.* Yes, and parted;
In anger at your taking on't. *Ith.* Penibea!
Oh thou hast pleaded with a powerfull language!

G 3.

The Broken HEART.

I want a fee to gratifie thy myrit.

But I will doe — *Arm.* What is't you say? *Itho.* In anger,

In anger let him part; for could his breath,

Like whislewinds, tossie such feruile flames as lieke

The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,

It durst not stirre a haire of mine; It should nor,

I'de rend it vp by th' roots first. To be any thing

Calantha smiles on, is to be a b'essing

More sacred than a petty-Prince of *Argos*

Can wish to equall, or in worth or Title.

Arm. Containe your selfe, my Lord, *Lyion* ayming

To embrace *Luno*, bosom'd but a cloud,

And begat *Cencures*: 'tis an vsfull morall,

Ambition hatch'd in clouds of meere opinion;

Proues but in birth a prodigie. *Itho.* I thanke 'ee;

Yet, with your Licence, I should seeme vncharitable

To gentler i'ate, if relishing the dainties

Of a soules seled peace, I were so feeble

Not to digest it. *Arm.* He deserues small trust

Who is not priuy Counsellor to himselfe.

Enter Nearchus, Orgilus, and Amelius.

Near. Braue me? *Org.* Your Excellence mistakes his temper,

For *Itho*es in fashion of his mind

Is beautifull, soft, gentle, the cleare mirror

Of absolute perfection. *Amel.* Was't your modesty

Term'd any of the Prince his seruants Spaniell?

Your Nurse sure taught you other language. *Itho.* Language?

Near. A gallant Man at armes is here: a Doctor

In seats of Chiuallry; blunt, and rough spoken,

Vouchsafing not the fastian of ciuility,

Which rash spirits stile good manners. *Itho.* Manners?

Org. No more (Illustrious Sir) 'tis matchlesse *Itho*es.

Near. You might haue vnderstood who I am. *Itho.* Yes;

I did — else — but the presence calm'd th' affront;

You're Cozen to the Princess. *Near.* To the King too;

You're a fine Instrument that lent supportance

To your Collofficke greatnesse: — to that King too

The Broken HEART.

You might haue added. *Itho.* There is more diuinity

In beauty then in Maiesty. *Arm.* O sic, sic.

Near. This odde youths pride turnes hereticke in loyaltie;

Sirrah! How Mushrooms neuer riuall Cedars,

Exeunt Nearchus & Amelius.

Itho. Come backe: what pittifull dull thing am I

So to be tamely scoulded at? Come backe;

Let him come backe and eccho once againe

That scornefull sound of Mushrome; painted colts,

Like Herald's coats, guilt o're with Crownes and Scepters;

May bait a musted Lion. *Arm.* Cozen, Cozen,

Thy tongue is not thy friend. *Org.* In point of honour

Discretion knowes no bounds. *Ameilus* told me

'Twas all about a little Ring. *Itho.* A Ring

The Princess threw away, and I tooke vp:

Admit she threw't to me; what arme of brass

Can snatch it hence? No, could a' grind the hoope

To powder, a' might sooner reach my heart

Then steale and weare one dust on't. — *Orgilus,*

I am extremely wrong'd. *Org.* A Ladies fauour

Is not to be so slighted. *Itho.* Slighted. *Arm.* Quiet

These vaine vnruly passions, which will render ye

Into a madnesse. *Org.* Griefes will haue their vent.

Enter Tecnicus.

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season (reuerend man)

To powre the balsome of a supplying patience

Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes He here? *Tec.* The hurts are yet but mortall,

Which shortly will proue deadly: To the King,

Armesles, see in safety thou deliuer

This sear'd vp counsaile; bid him with a constancy

Peruse the secrets of the gods: — O *Sparta,*

O *Lacedemon*! double nam'd, but one

In fate: when Kingdomes reele (marke well my Saw)

Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the King

That henceforth he no more must enquire after

My aged head: *Apollo* will it so;

The Broken HEART:

I am for *Delpbos*. *Arm.* Not without some conference
With our great master. *Tecn.* Neuer more to see him,
A greater Prince commands me. — *Ithacles,*
W^hen youth wripe, and Age from iuue doth part,
The leuellesse Trunke shall wed the Broken Heart:

Jib. What's this, if vnderstood? *Tecn.* Liſt *Orgilus*;
Remember what I told thee long before,
Theſe teares ſhall be my witneſſe. *Arm.* 'Las good man!
Tecn. Let craft with curſefe a while conferre,
Revenge proues its owne Executioner.

Org. Darke ſentences are for *Apollo's* Priests:
I am not *Oedipus*. *Tecn.* My howre is come;
Cheare vp the King: farewell to all. — *O Sparta*;
O Lacedaemon. *Arm.* If propneticke fire
Haue warm'd this old mans boſome, we might conſtrue
His words to ſatall lenſe. *Ith.* Leane to the powers
Abooue vs, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lyes within me. Seruile feares
Preuent no great effects. — *Diuine Calantha.*

Arm. The gods be ſtill propitious. — *Exit, manet Org.*
Org. Something oddly
The booke-maniprated; yet a' talk'd it weeping;
Les craft with curſefe a while conferre,
Reuenge proues its owne executioner.

Conne it againe; for what? It ſhall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a witchbered braine. — *Penthea*
Forbad me not her preſence; I may ſee her,
And gaze my fill: why ſee her then I may;
When if I faint to ſpeake, I muſt be ſilent.

Enter Baſſanes, Granſi, and Phulas.
Baſſ. Pray vſe your Re creations, all the ſeruites
I will expect, is quietneſſe amongſt 'co:
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times;
And in your chatities appeaſe the gods
Whom I with my diſtractions haue offended.

Granſ. Faire bleſſings on thy heart. *Phul.* Here's a rare change!
My Lord, ſo cure the itch, is ſurely gelded;

Exit, Tecu.

Exit Org.

Thi

The Broken HEART!

The Cuckold, in conceit, hath caſt his horns;
Baſſ. Betake 'ee to your ſeueral occaſions,
And wherein I haue heretofore beene faulty,
Let your conſtructions mildly paſſe it ouer,
Henceforth I'll ſtudy reformation, — more,
I haue not for employment. *Granſ.* O ſweet man!
Thou art the very hony combe of honeſty;

Phul. The garland of good-will; — *Old Lady, hold vp*
Thy reuerend ſnout, and trot behind me ſoftly,
As it becomes a Moile of ancient carriage. — *Exit, manet Baſſ.*

Baſſ. Beaſts onely capable of lenſe, enioy
The benefit of food and eaſe with thankfulneſſe;
Such ſilly creatures, with a grudging, kicke not
Against the portion Nature hath beſtow'd;
But men endow'd with reaſon, and the viſq;
Of reaſon, to diſtinguiſh from the chaffe
Of abieſt ſcarſcity, the Quinteſſence,
Soule, and Elixar of the Earths abundance;
The treaſures of the Sea, the Ayre, nay heauen
Repining at theſe glories of creation,

Are verier beaſts than beaſts; and of thoſe beaſts
The worſt am I; I, who was made a Monarch
Of what a heart could wiſh, for a chaſt wife,
Endeuour'd what in me lay, to pull downe
That Temple built for adoration onely,
And leuel'd in the duſt of cauſeleſſe ſtandall;
But to redeeme a ſacrilege ſo impious,
Humility ſhall powre before the deities
I haue inenſt a largeneſſe of more patience
Then their diſpleaſed Altars can require:
No tempeſts of commotion ſhall diſquiet
The calmes of my compoſure.

Enter Orgilus.
Org. I haue found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors then the bulke
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of Iron,
Can cram within thy breſt: *Penthea (Baſſanes)*

H

Curſt

The Broken HEART

Curb by thy Jealousies; more, by thy dotage
Is left a prey to wor'se Bass? Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penitance;
I am resolv'd. Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry Minister of Fate hath
Depos'd the Emperesse of her soule, her reason,
From its most proper Throne; but what's the miracle
More now? I, I have seen it, and yet live.

Bass. You may delide my senses; not thy judgement;
Thy author drowns a firme resolution;
Dalliance of Mirth or Wit can ne're vnfixe it.
Practice yet further. Org. May thy death of loue to hee
Dance all thy comforts to a lalling fast
From every joy of life: Thou barren rocke,
By thee we haue bee split in ken of harbour.

Enter Ithacles, Peniboa her haire about her cares,

Pibema, Christalla.

Ith. Sister looke vp, yout Ithacles, your brother
Speakes to ee: why doe you weepe? Deere, turat not from me!
Here is a killing fight: lo, Bassahes,
A lamentable oblect. Org. Man, dost see?
Sports are more gainefome; am I yet in meritment?
Why dost not laugh? Bass. Mine, and best of Ladies,
Please to forget my out-rage? misery euer
Cannot but lodge vnder a roo so excellent:
I huse cast off that cruelty of Heilez
Which once appear'd, Impossible, and then Iugled
To cheat my sleeps of rest. Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure if we were all Sisters, we should sing pitifully;
And 'twere a comely musicke, when in parts
One sang anothers knell; eie Turtle fishes
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some lay
A' must be dead first: 'tis a fine decite
To passe away in a dreaume: indeed I've sleep
With mine eyes open a yere, while I was full hood
Equals a broken faith; there's a haire
Sticks on my head but hee, a loaden Plumme

The Broken HEART

It sinkes me to the graue: I must creepe thither,
The journey is not long. Ith. But thou, Peniboa,
Hast many yecres, I hope, to number yet
E're thou canst trauell that way. Bass. Let the Swag first
Be wrap'd vp in an euerlasting darknesse,
Before the light of nature, this Ay form'd
For the whole worlds delight, seele an Eclipse
So vniuersall. Org. Wisdome (looke (ee))
Begins to rage: art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might haue become
Mother to many pretty prattling Babes:
They would haue smil'd when I smil'd; and, for certaintie,
I should haue cry'd when they cry'd; — truly brother,
My father would haue pick'd me out a husband;
And then my little ones had beene no ballards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning flame,
And bury me in flames; sweats hot as sulphure,
Boyle carough my porps; affliction hath in store
No torture like to this. Org. Behold a patience
Lay by thy whyning gray dissimulation,
Doe something worth a Chronicle; shew Iustice
Vpon the Author of this mischiefe; dig out
The Jealousies that hatch'd this thraldome first:
With thine owne ponyard: euey anticke rapture
Can roare as thine docs. Ith. Orgillus forbear.

Bass. Disturbe him not, it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment; what a soule am I
To bawdy passion? e're I'll speake a word
I will looke on and burst. Pen. I lovd you once.

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature, in despite of malice;
For if I loue thee euer. Pen. Spare your hands;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it. Org. Raine my heart to
Compisne not though I wring it hard. The kisse it;
O 'tis a fine soft palme, hark in thine eare;
Like whom doe I looke, prethe? may, no whispering.

Good:

The Broken HEART:

Goodness! we had beene happy: too much happiness
 Will make folke proud they say: — but that is he
 And yet he paid for't home; alas, his heart
 Is crept into the cabinet of the Princess;
 We shall have points and bridelaces: Remember
 When we last gather'd Roses in the garden
 I found my wits, but traly you lost yours:
 That's He and still 'tis He. *Ith.* Poore soule, how widely
 Her fancies guide her tongue. *Bass.* Kcepe in vexation,
 And break not into clamour. *Org.* She has tutor'd me:
 Some powerfull inspiration checks my lazinesse:
 Now let me kisse your hand, gric'd beauty. *Pen.* Kisse it
 Alacke, alacke, his lips be wondrous cold;
 Deare soule, h'as lost his colour: haue 'ee scene
 A straying heart? all'crannies; euey drop
 Of blood is turn'd to an Amethist,
 Which married Bachelours hang in their eares.
Org. Peace vther her into *Elizium*:
 If this be madnesse, madnesse is an Oracle.
Ith. *Christalla*, *Philema*, when slept my sister,
 Her rauings are so wild. *Chri.* Sir, not these ten dayes.
Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
 We cannot any way pray her to eat.
Bass. Oh — misery of miseries! *Pen.* Take comfort,
 You may liue well, and dye a good old man:
 By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
 If you had toynd our hands; once in the Temple,
 'Twas since my father dy'd, for had he liu'd
 He wou'd haue don't: I must haue call'd you father:
 Oh my wrack'd honour ruin'd by those Tyrants,
 A cruel brother, and a detestable detrage!
 There is no peace left for a rauen'd wife
 Widow'd by lawlesse marriages; to all memory,
Pen's, poore *Pen's* name is trumpeted:
 But since her blood was reason'd by the forfeit
 Of noble stains, with mixtures of pollution,
 Her blood ('tis iust) be henceforth neuer helgined!

With

The Broken HEART:

With tast of sustenance. Starue; let that fulnesse
 Whose plurific hath feuer'd faith and modesty,
 Forgiue me: ô I faint. *Arm.* Be not so wilfull,
 Sweet Neece, to worke thine owne destruction. *Ith.* Nature
 Will call her daughter, monster, — what? nor eat?
 Refuse the onely ordinary meanes
 Which are ordain'd for life? be nor, my sister,
 A murthresse to thy selfe. — Hear't thou this, *Bassant*?
Bass. Fo, I am busie; for I haue not thoughts
 Enow to thinke all shall be well anon;
 'Tis tumbling in my head: there is a mastery
 In Art to fasten and keepe smooth the outside;
 Yes, and to comfort vpon the vitall spirits
 Without the helpe of food, fumes or perfumes,
 Perfumes or fumes: let her alone, I'll search out
 The tricke on't. *Pen.* Lead me gently; heauens reward ye:
 Griefes are sure friends; they leane (without controule)
 Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soule.

Exeunt the maids suppoing Pen's

Bass. I grant 'ee; and will put in practice instantly.
 What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderfull,
 'Tis super singular, not to be match'd:
 Yet when I'ue don't, I'ue don't; ye shall all: hanke mee.

Exit Bassant

Arm. The sight is full of terror. *Ith.* On my soule
 Lyes such an infinite clogge of massic dulnesse,
 As that I haue not sense enough to feele it.
 See, Vncle, th'augury thing returns againe,
 Shall's welcome him with Thunder? we are hsuated,
 And must vse exorcisme to coniure downe
 This spirit of maleuolence. *Arm.* Mildly, Nephew:

Enter Nerchus and Amelus.

Near. I come not, Sir, to chide your late disorder;
 Admitting that th' inurement to a roughnesse
 In Souldiers of your yeares and fortunes, chiefly
 So lately prosperous, hath not yet shooke of

H 2

The

THE HISTORY OF

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TO THE PRESENT TIME
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The Broken HEART.

The custome of the warre in boures of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you are to render
Account to that faire Excellence, the Princess,
Who in her private Gallery expects it
From your owne mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure. *Lib.* Excellent *Nearchus*,
Be Prince still of my seruices, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour thee.
Near. The King is on a sudden indispos'd,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, *Armostes*,
You should be nere him. *Arm.* Sir, I kisse your hands. *Exunt*

Near. *Amelus*, I perceiue *Calantha's* bosom
Is warm'd with other fires then such as can
Take strength from any fuell of the loe
I might address to her: young *Iliacles*,
Or euer I mistake, is Lord ascendant
Of her deuotions; one, to speake him truly,
In euery disposition nobly fashioned,

Amel. But can your Highness brooke to be squall'd;
Considering th'inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, *Amelus*; for affections iniur'd
By tyrannie, or rigour of compulsion,
Like Tempest-threaten'd Trees vnfirmly rooted,
Ne're spring to timely growth: obserue, for instance,
Life-spent *Ponthea*, and vnhappy *Orgilus*:

Amel. How does your grace determine? *Near.* To be icalous
In publike, of what priuately I'll further;
And though they shall not know, yet they shall finde it.

Enter Hemophil and Groneau leading Amyclus, and placing him in a Chaire, followed by Armostes, Croton, and Propilus.

Amy. Our daughter is not nere? *Arm.* She is retired, Sir,
Into her gallery. *Amy.* Where's the Prince our Cozoa?
Prop. New walk'd into the Groe (my Lord.) *Amy.* All leaue
Except *Armostes*, and you *Croton*;

We

The Broken HEART.

We would be priuate. *Prop.* Health voto your Maicesty.

Exunt Propilus, Hemophil, & Groneau.
Amy. What, *Tecnicus* is gone? *Arm.* He is to *Delphos*;
And to your Royall hands presents this box.

Amy. Vnscale it, good *Armostes*, therein lyes
The secrets of the Oracle; out with it;
Apollo liue our patron; read, *Armostes*.

Arm. The plot in which the Vine takes root,
Begins to dry, from head to foot,
The stocks soone withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape;
But from the neighboring Elme, a dew
Shall drop and feed the Plot anew.

Amy. That is the Oracle, what exposition
Makes the Philosopher? *Arm.* This briefe one, onely
The plot is sparse, the dry'd Vine the King;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reuend,
Is a nere Prince, the Elme; the rest conceal'd.

Tecnicus.
Amy. Enough; although the opening of this Riddle
As but it selfe a Riddle, yet we construe
How nere our lab'ring age draws to a rest;
But must *Calantha* quail to that young grape
Vntimely budded! I could mourne for her,
Her tenderesse hath yet deseru'd no rigor
So to be crost by Fate. *Arm.* You misapply, Sir;
With fauour let me speake it what *Apollo*
Hath clouded in hid sence: I here coniecture
Her marriage with some neighb'ring Prince, the dew
Of which befriending Elme shall euer strengthen
Your Subjects with a Soueraignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious Lord, the pith of Oracles
Is to be then digested, when th' euents
Expound their truth, not brought as soone to light
As utter'd; Truth is Child of Time, and herein
I finde no scruple; rather cause of comfort,

With

The Broken HEART.

With unity of kingdoms. *Amy.* May it prouide
For weale of this deare Nation — where is *Ishocles*?

Armaster, Crasolon; when this wicher'd Vine
Of my fraile carkasse, on the funerals Pile,
Is fir'd into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedg'd about still wih your cares and loues;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his seruice.

Let such as wait come in now. *Arm.* All attend here.

Enter *Ishocles, Calantha, Propbilus, Orgilus, Euphranea,
Hemophil, and Gronca.*

Cal. Deare Sir, King, father I *Ith.* O my royall Master!

Amy. Cleaue not my heart (Sweet Twins of my life's solace)
With your sore-iudging feares: there is no Physicke

So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of Age, or call backe youth and vigor,
As your consents in duty: I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping houres of sadnesse:
Is faire *Euphranea* married yet to *Propbilus*?

Cres. This morning, gracious Lord. *Org.* This very morning

Which wit, *Org.* Highnesse leaue you may obserue too
Our sister lookes (me thinks) mirthfull and sprightly;
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gaine in losing
Ariste; & Maids know onely that they know not;
Pish, preche blush not; tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for steight;
And so the modest maid is made a wife;
Sbrawd businesse, is't not sister? *Euph.* You are pleasane,

Amy. We thanke thee, *Orgilus*, this mirth becomes thee;
But wherefore sits the Court in such a silence?

A wedding without Reuels is not seemely.

Cal. Your late indisposition, Sir, forbade it.

Amy. Be it thy charge, *Calantha*, to set forward
The bridall sports, to which I will be present:
If not, at least consenting; mine owne *Ishocles*,
I haue done little for thee yet, *Ith.* Y'haue built me

The Broken HEART.

To the full height I stand in. *Cal.* Now or neuer
May I propose a suit. *Amy.* Demand and haue it.

Cal. Pray Sir giue me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, then he deserues in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteeme him
According to his merit. *Amy.* Still th'art my daughter,
Still grow'it vpon my heart; giue me thine hand;
Calantha take thine owne; in noble actions
Thou'it find him firme and absolute; I would not
Haue parted with thee, *Ishocles*, to any
But to a mistresse, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change (great King) most wisht for, cause the same.
Cal. Th'art mine. — Haue I now kept my word. *Ith.* Diuinely!

Org. Rich fortuness guard to fauour of a Princess,
Rocke thee (braue man) in euer crowned plenty;
Y'are minion of the time, be thankfull for it:
Ho, here's a swinge in Destiny. — Apparent,
The youth is vp on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

Amy. On to your recreations; now conuey me
Vnto my bed-chamber: none on his forehead
Were a dis tempered looke. *Omnes.* The gods preserue 'em.

Cal. Sweet be not from my sight. *Ith.* My whole felicity!

Exeunt carrying out of the King, *Orgilus* stays *Ishocles*;

Org. Shall I be bold my Lord? *Ith.* Thou canst not, *Orgilus*;
Call me thine owne, for *Propbilus* must henceforth
Be all thy sisters; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at lesse command
Then when a single freedome can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good Lord, my most great Lord,
My gracious Princely Lord, I might adde royall.

Ith. Royall, a Subiect royall? *Org.* Why not, pray Sir?
The Soeraignty of Kingdomes in their nonage
Stoop'd to desert, not birth: there's as much merit
In clearenesse of affection, as in puddle
Of generation: you haue conquer'd Loue
Euen in the loueliest, if I greatly erre not,
The Sonne of *Venus* hath bequeath'd his quince

The Broken HEART.

To *Ishacles* his manage, by whose arrowes
Calantha's brest is open'd. *Ish.* Can't be possible?

Org. I was my selfe a peece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too: so forward,
Tha. speaking truth, I may without offence (Sir)
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (harke 'ee)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firme footing (by your leaue) as any's
Now at this very instant — but. — *Ish.* 'Tis granted:
And for a league of privacy betweene vs,
Read o're my boosome, and pertake a secret;
The Princess is contracted mine. *Org.* Still: why not?
I now applaud her wisdom; when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will secure, and sealed,
I dare pronounce you will be a iust Monarch:
Greece must admire, and tremble. *Ish.* Then the sweetness
Of so imparadis'd a comfort, *Orgilus.*
It is to banquet with the gods. *Org.* The glory
Of numerous children, potency of Nobles,
Bene knces, hearts pau'd to tread on. *Ish.* With a friendsh
So deare, so fast as thine. *Org.* I am vnfitting
For Office, but for seruice. *Ish.* Wee'll distinguish
Our fortunes meerey in the Title; partners
In all respects else but the bed. *Org.* The bed?
Forefend it *Ioues* owne lealouise, till lastly
We slip downe in the common earth together;
And there our beds are equal, saue some Monument
To shew this was the King, and this the Subject.
List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones;
Ish. Sure from *Perthes*'s lodgings,
Org. Ha: ke, a voyce too;

Soft

The Broken HEART.

Soft sad musicke. A Song.

Oh no more, no more, too late
Sighes are spent; the burning Tapers
Of a life as chaste as Fate,
Pure as are vnwritten papers,
Are burnt out: no heat, no light
Now remaines, 'tis euer night.
Loue is dead, let louers eyes,
Lock'd in endlesse dreames,
Thi' extremes of all extremes;
Ope no more, for now Loue dyes,
Now Loue dyes, emptying
Loues Martyrs must be euer, euer dying.

Ish. Oh my misgiuing heart! *Org.* A horrid stillness
Succeeds this deathfull ayre, let's know the reason:
Tread softly, there is mystery in mourning.

Exeunt

Enter *Christalla* and *Philoma*, bringing in *Pantea* in a chaire vail'd
two other seruants placing two chaires, one on the one side, and
the other with an Engine on the other; she maide sit downe at
her feet mourning, the seruants goe out, meet them *Ishacles* and
Orgilus.

Seru. 'Tis done, that on her right hand. *Org.* Good, begone.
Ish. Soft peace iatich this roome. *Org.* How fares the Lady?
Phil. Dead. *Chri.* Dead! *Phil.* Staru'd. *Chri.* Staru'd!
Ish. Me miserable! *Org.* Tell vs
How parted she from life? *Phil.* She call'd for musicke,
And begg'd some gentle voyce to tune a farewell
To life and griefes: *Christalla* touch'd the Lute,
I wept the funerall song. *Chri.* Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd vp these hollow sounds,
O cruell *Ishacles*, and iniur'd *Orgilus*!
So downe she drew her vail, to dy'd. *Ish.* So dy'd:
Org. Vp; you are messengers of death, goe from vs;
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

The Broken HEART:

Away; and herke ye, till you see vs next,
No syllable that she is dead. — Away, *Exeunt Phil. & Chris.*
Keepe a smooth brow. — My Lord. *Ith.* Mine onely sister,
Another is not left me: *Org.* Take that chayne,
I'lle fast me here in this: betweene vs sits
The obi. & of our sorrowes; some few teares
Wee'it part among vs; I perhaps can mixe
One lamentable story to prepare 'em.
There, there, sit there, my Lord. *Ith.* Yes, as you please.

Ithocles sits downe, and is caught in the Engines.
What meanes this treachery? *Org.* Caught, you are caught.
Young matter: 'tis thy throne of Coronation,
Thou tooke of greatness: see, I take this vail off;
Sursey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeon her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely. *Org.* I foreknew:
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither
To sacrifice a Tyrant to a Turtle.
You dream'd of kingdoms, did'ee? how to besome
The delicacies of a youngling Princesse,
Flow with this nod to grace that subtil Courtier,
How with that frowne to make this Noble tremble,
And so forth; whiles *Penthea's* grones, and tortures,
Her agonies, her miteries, afflictions,
Ne're touche vpon your thought; as for my iniuries;
Alas they were beneath your royall pity,
But yet they liu'd, thou proud man, to confound thee:
Behold thy fate, this steele. *Ith.* Strike home; a courage
As keene as thy reuenge shall giue it welcome:
But pretne faint not; if the wound close vp,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,
As loath to leaue the vaineesse of my glories;
A stardier resolution armes my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,
With equall cryall of vnequall fortune,
By hazard of a duell, 'twere a bausery;

The Broken HEART:

Too mighty for a slane intending mutcher:
On to the Execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors. *Org.* By *Apollo's*,
Thou talk'st a goodly language; for r. quital,
I will report thee to thy mistresse richly:
And take this peace along; some few short minute s
Determin'd, my reuelous shall quickly follow
Thy wrathfull gholl; then if we tug for mastery;
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Giue me thy hand, be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality: thus, thus, I free it. *kili bim.*
Ith. Yet, yet, I come to shrink. *Org.* Keepe vp thy spirit s
I will be gentle euen in blood; to linger
Paine, which I strive to cure, were to be cruell.
Ith. Nimble in vengeance I forgieue thee; follow.
Safety, with best successe o may it prosper!
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleds:
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith;
Thoughts of ambition, or delitious banquet,
With beauty, youth, and loue, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred Altar
Of a long look'd for peace - now - moues - to heauen. *moritur.*
Org. Farewell, faire spring of manhood; henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble substance:
I'lle locke the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approu'd. — Sweet Twins shine stars for euer.
In vaine they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy Name. *Exit Orgilus.*

Aëtus Quintus: Scena prima.

Enter Bassanes alone.

Bass. **A** Thous, to Athens I haue sent, the Nurfery
Of Greece for leaarning, and the Fount of knowledg s.

The Broken HEART.

I or here in *Sparta* there's not left amongst vs
One wife man to direct, we're all turn'd madcaps:
'Tis said, *Apollo* is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knows the vertue of 'em:
To *Delphos* I have sent to; if there can be
A helpe for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter Orgilus:

Org. Honour

Attend thy counsels euer. *Bass.* I beseech thee
With all my heart let me goe from thee quietly,
I will not ought to doe with thee of all men.
The doublers of a Hare, or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch, to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose iust, and no more,
Croaking of Raucns, or the screech of Owles,
Are not to boading mischief as thy crossing
My priuate meditations: shun me, prethe;
And if I cannot loue thee hartily,
I'll loue thee as well as I can. *Org.* Noble *Bassanis*
Mistake me not. *Bass.* Phew, then we shall be troubled;
Thou wert ordain'd my plague, heauen make me thankfull,
And giue me patience too, heauen I beseech thee.

Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow by my best Genius, in a sillable,
Neuer to speake vexation; I will study
Service and friendship with a zealous sorrow
For my past inciuility towards 'ee.

Bass. Heydey! good words, good words, I must beseech 'em,
And be a Coxcombe for my labor. *Org.* Vle not
So hard a Language; your mildoubt is causelesse:
For instance; if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As Chronicle, or history ne're mentioned,
As followes not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a Theame for imitation,
The first, the *Index* pointing to a second,
I will acquaint 'ee with an vnmatch'd secret,

Whom

The Broken HEART.

Whose knowledge to your griefes shall set a period:

Bass. Thou canst not (*Orgilus*) 'tis in the power
Of the gods onely; yet for iatisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine vterance,
Vnforc'd, and naturalliy free, be resolute
The Virgin Bayes shall not withstand the lightning
With a more carelesse danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation: could it moue
Distraction in a senselesse marble statue,
It should finde me a rocke: I doe expect now
Some truth of vheard moment. *Org.* To your patience
You must adde priuacie, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd vp in *Ioues* owne bosome:
Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner prate. *Org.* Lastly, to such direction
As the seuerity of a glorious *Allion*
Deserues to lead your wildome and your iudgement;
You ought to yeeld obedience. *Bass.* With assistance
Of will and thankfulness. *Org.* With manly courage
Please then to follow me. *Bass.* Where 'e're, I feare not.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene 2.

Lowd musicke.

*Enter Cronceus and Hemophil leading Euphranes, Christalla and
Philema leading Propkilus, Nearchus supporting Calaniba;
Croslen, and Amelus; cease lowd Musicke, all make a stand.*

Cal. We misse our seruant *Isbooles* and *Orgilus*,
On whom attend they? *Cros.* My sonne, gracious *Princesse*,
Whisper'd some new deuce, to which these *Reuels*
Should be but vther: wherein I conceiue
Lord Isbooles and he himselfe are Actors.

Cal. A faire excuse for absence: as for *Bassanis*,
Delights to him are troublesome; *Armses*:
Is with the King. *Cros.* He is. *Cal.* On to the dance:
Deare Cozen, hand you the Bride, the Bridegroome must be
Intrusted to my Courtship: be not iealous.

Euphranes

The Broken HEART.

Euphrasia, I shall scarcely proue a temptresse:
Fail to our dance.

Musicks.

Nearchus dance with *Euphrasia*, *Prophilius* with *Calantha*,
Christales with *Hemphill*, *Phileza* with *Groueas*.

Dance the first change; during which, Enter *Armostes*.

Arm. The King your father's dead. ——— in *Calantha's* ears;
Cal. To the other change. *Arm.* Is't possible?

Dance againe. Enter *Bassanes*.

Bass. O Madam!

Pembea, poor *Pembea's* staru'd. *Cal.* Beshrew thee,
Lead to the neat. *Bass.* Amazement dulam y sentes.

Dance againe. Enter *Orgilus*.

Org. Braue *Isbacles* is murder'd, wuether'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull! this musicke sounds? Strike vp more sprightly;
Our footings are not actiue like our heart
Which treads the nimbler measure. *Org.* I am thunder-strooke;

Last change. Cease musicke.

Cal. So, let us breath a while: hath not this motion
Rais'd frether colour on your cheeks? *Near.* Sweet Princeesse,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white. *Cal.* We all looke cheerfully;
And *Cozen*, 'tis, me thinks, a rare presumption
In any, who prefers our lawfull pleasures
Before their owne sowre censure, to interrupt
The custome of this Ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, Lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voyce deliuer'd to me
How that the King was dead. *Arm.* The King is dead:
That fatall newes was mine; for in mine armes
He breath'd his last, and with his Crowne bequeath'd:
Your mothers wedding Ring, which here I tender.

Cros. Most strangel *Cal.* Peace crown his ashes: we are queen ther.

Near. Long liue *Calantha*, *Sparsa's* Soueraigne Queene.

Ornes. Long liue the Queene. *Cal.* What whispered *Bassanes*?

Bass. That my *Pembea*, miserable soale,

Was staru'd to death. *Cal.* Shee's happy; she hath lipish'd

The Broken HEART.

A long and painfull progresse. — A third murmure
Pierc'd mine vnwilling eares. *Org.* That *Isbacles*
Was murder'd; rather butcher'd, had not brauery
Of an vndaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last Act triumph ouer ruine.

Arm. How? murder'd? *Cal.* By whose hand? *Org.* By mine; this
Was instrument to my reuenge: the reasons
Are iust and knowne: quit him of these, and then
Neuer liu'd Gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abiliment to steere a kingdome.

Cros. Fye *Orgilus*. *Enph.* Fye brother. *Cal.* You haue done it;

Bass. How it was done let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our lawes doth conet
Rigour of Iustice; but that done it is,
Mine eyes haue beene an euidence of credit
Too sure to be conuinc'd: *Armostes*, rent not
Thine Arteries with hearing the bare circumstance
Of these calamities; thou'st lost a Nephew,
A Neece, and I a wife: continue man still,
Make me the patterne of digesting enils,
Who can out-lie my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sinke a soule
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors:

But I haue seal'd a couenant with tadnesse,
And enter'd into bonds without condition
To stand these tempests calmely; marke me, Nobles,
I doe not shed a teare, not for *Pembea*;

Excellent misery! *Cal.* We begin our reigne
With a first act of Iustice: thy confession,
Vnhappy *Orgilus*, doomes thee a sentence;
But yet thy fathers, or thy sisters presence
Shall be excus'd: giue, *Crosolen*, a blessing
To thy loit tonne: *Euphrasia*, take a farewell,
And both be gone. *Cros.* Confirme thee, noble sorrow,

In worthy resolution. *Enph.* Could my teares speake,
My griefes were sleight. *Org.* All gooddesse dwell amongst yee:
Enjoy my sister, *Prophilius*; my vengeance

The Broken HEART.

Aym'd neuer at thy preiudice. *Cal.* Now withdraw:
Exeunt Crotonolus, Propbilus, & Empranus.

Bloody relator of thy staines in blood;
For that thou hast reported him whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him;
With honourable mention; make thy choyce
Of what death likes thee best, there's all our bounty;
But to excuse delays, let me (deare Cozen)
In:reat you and these Lords see execution
Instant before 'ce part. *Neer.* Your will commands vs!

Org. One suit, iust Queene, my last; vouchsafe your clemency
That by no common hand I be diuided
From this my humble frailty. *Cal.* To their wisdomes
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now dy'd, of necessity
They must haue payd the debt they ow'd to nature,
One time or other. — Vse dispatch, my Lords,
Wee'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

Exeunt Calantha, Philena, Christad

Arm. 'Tis strange, these Tragedies should neuer touch on
Her female pity. *Bass.* She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and like a girle,
Put finger in the eye: let 'be all toughnesse,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Neer. Now *Orgilus* thy choyce. *Org.* To bleed to death.

Arm. The Executioner. *Org.* My selfe, no Surgeon.
I am well skill'd in lerting blood: bind fast
This arme, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Conuey a full streame: here's a skillfull Instrument:
Onely I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this Execution,

By lending th'other pricke to th'tother arme,
When this is bubling life out. *Bass.* I am for 'ee:
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;
Quick, filet both his armes. *Org.* Gramercy friendship:
Such custesies are reall, which flow cheerefully

With

The Broken HEART.

Without an expectation of requitall.
Reach me a staffe in this hand: if a prone nesse,
Or custome in my nature, from my cradle,
Had bene inclin'd to fierce and eger bloodshed;
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would haue betray'd fame to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadfull fatery:
But looke vpon my steddinesse, and scorne not
The sicknesse of my fortune, which since *Bassanes*
Was husband to *Penthea*, had line bed-rid:
We trifle time in words: thus I shew cunning
In opening of a veine too full, too liuely.

Arm. Desperate courage. *Org.* Honourable infamy.

Leis. I tremble at the sight. *Gron.* Would I were loose;

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new brosse;
The vessell must be found from which it issues;
Graspe hard this other stick: I'll be as nimble.
But prethe looke not pale; haue at 'ee, stretch out
Thine arme with vigor, and vnshooke vertue.

Good; ô I enuy not a Riuall stied
To conquer in extremities; this pastime
Appeares maesticall: some high tun'd poem
Hereafter shall deliuer to posterity
The writers glory, and his subiects triumph:
How is't man, droope not yet. *Org.* I feele no palties;
On a paire royall doe I wait in death;
My Soueraigne, as his Liegeman; on my Mistresse,
As a deuoted seruant; and on *Ishoalas*,
As if no braue, yet no vaworthy enemy:
Nor did I vse an engine to intrap
His life, out of a slavish feare to combat
Youth, strength, or cernaing, but for that I durst not
Ingege the goodnesse of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might haue out-fac'd my vengeance;
Th *Tecnicus*, inspir'd with *Phobus* fire,
I call to mind thy Augury, 'twas perfect;
Reuenge proues its owne Executioner.

The Broken HEART.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust 'a was first fram'd on, thus he totters.

Bass. Life's fountaine is dry'd vp. *Org.* So falls the Standarde
Of my prerogative in being a creature;

A mist hangs o're mine eyes; the Sun's bright splendor
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow:

Welcome thou yet that sit'st about my heart,
No heat can euer thaw thee. *Near.* Speech hath left him. *eyes*

Bass. A' has shooke hands with time: his funerall vrne
Shall be my charge: remove the bloodlesse bodie;

The Coronation must require attendance:
That past, my few dayes can be but one mourning. *Exeunt;*

An Altar covered with white.

*Two lights of Virgin wax, during which musick of Recorders, enter
four bearing stools on a heafe, or in a chaire, in a rich robe, and
a Crowne on his head; place him on one side of the Altar, after
him enter Calantha in a white robe, and crown'd Euphranea;
Phileas, Christallan white, Nearchus, Armostes, Croton,
Propitius, Amelius, Bassanes, Lemophil, and Gronas. Calan-
tha goes and kneels before the Altar, the rest stand off, the wo-
men kneeling behind; cease Recorders during her deuotions. Soft
musick. Calantha and the rest rise doing obeysance to the
Altar.*

Cal. Our Orisons are heard, the gods are mercifull;
Now tell me, you whose loyaltes payes tribute
To vs your lawfull Soueraigne, how vnskillfull
Your duties or obedience is, to render
Subiection to the Scepter of a Virgin,
Who haue bene euer fortunate in Princes
Of masculine and stirring composition?
A woman has enough to gouerne wisely
Her owne demeanours, passions, and diuisions.
A Nation warlike and inur'd to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brooke
A feminine authority: we therefore
Command your counsaile, how you may aduise vs
In choosing of a husband whose abilities

The Broken HEART:

Can better guide this kingdome. *Near.* Royall Lady,
Your law is in your will. *Arm.* We haue scene tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet if your highnesse settle on a choice
By your owne iudgement both allow'd and lik'd of,
Sparta may grow in power; and proceed
To an increasing height. *Cal.* Hold you the same minde,

Bass. Alas great mistris, reason is so clouded
With the thicke darkenesse of my infinites woes
That I forecast, nor dangers, hopes, or safety:

Give me some corner of the world to weare out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may heare no sounds, but sad complaints
Of Virgins who have lost contracted partners;

Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends diuided
By churlish opposition, or of fathers
Weeping upon their childrens slaughtered carcasses;
Or daughters groaning o're their fathers hearfes,
And I can dwell there, and with these keepe comfort
As musically as theirs: what can you looke for
From an old foolish peevish dotting man,
But crasinesse of age? *Cal.* Cozen of *Argos*. *Near.* Madam;

Cal. Were I presently
To choofe you for my Lord, Ile open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on
Before our marriage. *Near.* Name them vertuous Lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of *Sparta* in her owne bounds: then in *Argos*
Armostes might be Viceroy; in *Messene*
Might *Croton* beare sway, and *Bassanes*

Bass. I, Queene? alas! what I? *Cal.* Be *Sparta's* Marshall;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to priuate griefes: these Gentlemen,
Gronas and *Lemophil*, with worthy pensions
Should wait vpon your person in your Chamber:
I would bestow *Christallan* on *Amelius*,

The Broken HEART.

Shee'll proue a constant wife, and *Phlema*
Should in *o Vesta's* Temple. *Bass.* This is a Testament,
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be perform'd, *Cal.* Lastly, for *Propitium*,
He should be (to *ozen*) solemnly inuested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments
Which his deare friend, and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoy'd. *Propb.* I am vnworthy
To liue in your remembrance. *Empb.* Excellent Lady!
Near. Madam, what meanes that word neglected husband?
Cal. Forgiue me: now I turne to thee thou shadow.
Of my contracted Lord: be are witnesse all,
I put my mother wedding Ring vpon
His finger, 'twas my fathers last bequest:
Thus I new marry him whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate vs: *o* my Lords,
I but deceiu'd your eyes with Anticke gesture,
When one newes straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danc'd forward,
But it strooke home, and here, and in an instant,
Be such meere women, who with shrieks and out-cries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrowes,
Yet liue to vow new pleasures, and out-lie them:
They are the silent griefes which cut the hart-strings;
Let me dye smiling. *Near.* 'Tis a truth too ominous.
Cal. One kisse on these cold lips, my last; cracke, cracke,
Arges now's *Sparta's* King: command the voyces
Which wait at th' Altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end. *Near.* Sirs, the song.

Song

The Broken HEART,

A Song.

All. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
outward senses, when the mind
Is not vntroubled, or by peace refin'd.
1. Crownes may flourish and decay,
2. Beauties shine, but fade away.
3. Youth may reuell, yet it must
Lye downe in a bed of dust:
Earthly honors flow and wast,
Time alone doth change and last.
All. Sorrowes mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Loue onely reignes in death: though Art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

Arm. Looke to the Queene. *Bass.* Her heart is broke indeed:
O royall maid, would thou hadst mist this part;
Yet 'twas a braue one: I must weepe to see
Her smile in death. *Arm.* Wife *Tecmew*, thus said he;
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The liuelesse Trunke shall wed the broken heart:
'Tis here fulfill'd. *Near.* I am your King. *Ommes.* Long liue
Nearchus King of *Sparta*. *Near.* Her last will
Shall neuer be digrest from; wait in order
Vpon these faithfull louers as becomes vs.
The Counsels of the gods are neuer knowne;
Till men can call th' effects of them their owne;

FINIS;



The Epilogue.

Where Noble Iudgements, and cleare eyes are fix'd
To grace Endeavour, there sits Truth not mix'd
With Ignorance: those censures may command
Beliefe, which talke not, till they vnderstand.
Let some say This was flat; Some here the Sceane
Fell from its height; Another that the Meane
Will obseru'd, in such a growing passion
As it transcended either state or fashion:
Some few may cry 'twas pretty, well or so,
But, — and there shrugge in silence: yet we know
Our writers ayme, was in the whole addrest
Well to deserue of All; but please the Best.
Which granted, by th' allowance of this straine,
The Broken Heart may be piec'd up againe.

FINIS!

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