13.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A Tragedy.

ACTED
By the KINGS Majesties Seruants
at the priuate House in the
BLACK-FRIERS.

Fide Honor.

Ford, John

LONDON:
Printed by *I. B.* for HVGH BEESTON, and are to be sold at his Shop, neere the *Castle* in *Corne-hill.* 1633.

TO
THE MOST VVORTHY DESERVER OF THE noblest Titles in Honour, VVILLIAM, Lord CRAVEN, Baron of *Hamsteed*-Marshall.

MY LORD:

THE glory of a *great name*, acquired by a greater glory of *Action*, hath in all ages liu'd the truest chronicle to his owne Memory. In the practise of which Argument, *your growth* to perfection (even in youth) hath appear'd so sincere, so vn-flattering a *Penneman*; that Posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of *Noble endeauours*, then *noble endeavours* merit thankes from Posterity to be read with delight. 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

of Nobilitie. There is a kinde of humble *Ambition*, not un-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 rellish 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 entertaiment, a *Devotion* offred from a heart, that can be as truely sensible of any least respect, as ever professe the owner in my best, my readiest services, A Lover of your naturall Love to Vertue,

Iohn 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 Crotolon.
BASSANES,	*Vexation,*	A iealous Nobleman.
ARMOSTES,	*An appeasor,*	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,	*Watchfull,*	Seruant to Bassanes.
CALANTHA,	*Flower of beauty,*	The Kings daughter
PENTHEA,	*Complaint,*	Sister to Ithocles.
EVPHRANEA,	*Ioy,*	A Maid of Honor.
CHRISTALLA,	*Christall,*	Maids of Honour.
PHILEMA,	*A kisse,*	
GRANSIS	*Old Beldam.*	Ouerseer of Penthea.

Person's included.

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

The

The Prologue.

OVr Scene is Sparta. *HE whose best of Art*
Hath drawne this Peece, *cals it the* Broken Heart.
The Title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame Ieere
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of iest's fit for a brothell Courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tun'd to vnchast eares, 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 subiect right,
You may partake, a Pitty, with Delight.

THE

THE BROKEN HEART:

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Entr Cretolon and Orgilus.

Cret. DAily not further, I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this iourney.
Org. Reason? good Sir,
I can yeeld many.
Cret. Giue me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and e're we part must haue:
Athens? pray why to *Athens*? 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 Commen-wealth? for as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour. *Org.* All this I acknowledge.
Cret. You doe: then (Son) if books and loue of knowledge
Enflame you to this trauell, here in *Sparta*
You may as freely study. *Org.* 'Tis not that Sir.
Cret. Not, that Sir? As a father I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth. *Org.* Thus I obey'ee:

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 *Thrasius*, and your selfe my Lord,
Our present King *Amiclas* reconcil'd
Your eager swords, and Seal'd a gentle peace:
Friends you profest 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 *Penthea*, onely daughter
To *Thrasius*. *Cret.* What of this? *Org.* Much, much (deere Sir)
A freedome of conuerse, an enterchange
Of holy, and chast loue, so fixt our soules
In a firme growth of holy vnion, that no Time
Can eat into the pledge; we had enioy'd
The sweets our vowes expected, had not cruelty
Preuented all those triumphs we prepar'd for,
By *Thrasius* his vntimely death. *Cret.* Most certaine:
Org. From this time sprouted vp that poysonous stalke
Of *Aconite*, whose ripened fruit hath rauisht
All health, all comfort of a happy life:
For *Ithocles* her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourisht closely
The memory of former discontents.
To glory in reuenge, by cunning partly,
Partly by threats, 'a wooes at once, and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With *Bassanes*, a Noble-man, in honour
And riches, I confesse beyond my fortunes.
Cret. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure. *Org.* Now it followes,
Beauteous *Penthea* wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compeld to yeeld her virgine freedome vp
To him, who neuer can vsurpe her heart
Before contracted mine, is now so yoak'd

To a most barbarous thraldome, misery,
Affliction, that he fauers not humanity.
Whose sorrow melts not into more then pitty,
In hearing but her name. *Cret.* As how pray? *Org. Bassanes*
The man that calls her wife; considers truly
What Heaven of perfections he is Lord of,
By thinking faire *Penthea* his: This thought
Begets a kinde of Monster-Loue, which Loue
Is nurse vnto a feare so strong, and seruile,
As strands all dotage with a Iealousie.
A Eyes who gaze vpon that shrine of beauty,
He doth reflect, doe homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then
(If opportunity but sort) preuaile:
So much out of a selfe-vnworthinesse
His feares transport him, not that he findes cause
In her obedience, but his owne distrust.
Cret. You spin out your discourse. *Org.* My griefs are violent;
For knowing how the Maid was heretofore
Courted by me, his iealousies 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 Iealous *Bassanes*; but chiefly (Sir)
To free *Penthea* from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to liue in me afresh.
Cret. Enough (my *Orgilus*) enough: To *Athens*
I giue a full consent: — Alas good Lady —
Wee shall heare from thee often? *Org.* Often. *Cret.* See
Thy Sister comes to giue a farewell.

Enter Euphrania.

Euphr. Brother.
Org. *Euphrania*, thus vpon thy cheekes I print
A brothers kisse, more carefull of thine honour,

Thy health, and thy well-doing, then my life.
Before 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 passe never to any man, how euer worthy,
Your faith, till with our Fathers leaue
I giue a free consent. *Cret.* An easie motion,
I'le promise for her, *Orgilus.* *Org.* Your pardon;
Euphronia's oath must yeeld me satisfaction.
Euphr. By *Vesta's* sacred fires I sweare. *Cret.* And I
By great *Apollo's* beames ioyne in the vow;
Not without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any liuing. *Org.* Deere *Euphrania*
Mistake me not; farre, farre 'tis from my thought,
As farre from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
Or fitting 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 leave us as you say? *Cret.* I, I, *Euphrania:*
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:
God; you haue mercy with 'ee, else— *Cret.* Doubt nothing
Thy brother will returne in safety to vs.
Org. Soules sunke in sorrowes, never are without 'em;
They change fresh ayres, but beare their griefes about 'em,
Exeunt omnes.

Fleurish. *Scene 2.*

Enter Amyclas the King, Armostes, Prophilus, and attendants.

Amy. The Spartane gods are gracious, our humility
Shall bend before their Altars, and perfume

Their

Their Temples with abundant sacrifice.
See Lords, *Amyclas* your old King is entring
Into his youth againe. I shall shake off
This siluer badge of age, and change this snow
For haires 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)
Amy. It will, it must *Armostes*, thy bold Nephew,
Death-braning *Ithocles*, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace vpon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter warre trod vnderfoot
Messenes pride; *Messene* bowes her necke
To *Lacedemons* royalty: ô 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserue
More then a Chronicle; a Temple Lords,
A Temple, to the name of *Ithocles.*
Where didst thou leaue him *Prophilus*? *Proph.* At *Pephon*
Most gracious Soueraigne; twenty of the noblest
Of the *Messeniant*, there attend your pleasure
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In setling peace, and liberty of life.
Amy. When comes your friend the General? *Pro.* He promis'd
To follow with all speed conuenient.

Enter Crotolon, Calantha, Chrystalla, Philema and Euphrania.

Amy. Our daughters— 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 *Prophilus* himselfe; but pray Sir, tell me,
How doth the youthfull Generall demeane
His actions in these fortunes? *Proph.* Excellent Princesse,
Your owne faire eyes may soone report a truth
Vnto your judgement, with what moderation,
Calmenesse of nature, measure, bounds and limits
Of thankefulnesse, and ioy, 'a doth digest

such

Such amplitude of his successe, as would
In others, moulded of a spirit lesse cleare,
Advance 'em to comparison with heaven.
But *Ithocles.*— *Cal.* Your friend.— *Proph.* He 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 thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of selfe-opinion: He hath seru'd his Country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty. *Crot:* You describe
A miracle of man. *Amy.* Such *Crotolon*,
On forfeit of a Kings word thou wilt finde him:
Harke, warning of his comming, all attend him.

Floarish.

Enter Ithocles, Hemophill, and Groneas: the rest of the Lords vshering 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.
Armo. Proud of the blood I claime an Interest in;
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee
Right noble Nephew. *Itho.* Sir, your love's too partiall:
Crot. Our Country speakes by me, who by thy valour,
Wisdome and seruice, 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*
Vpon 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, haue wrought
To crowne thy Temples, this provincial garland;
Accept, weare, and enioy it, as our gift
Deseru'd, not purchas'd. *Itho.* Y'are a royall mayd.
Amy. Shee is in all our daughters: *Itho.* Let me blush,
Acknow-

Acknowledging how poorely I haue seru'd,
What nothings I haue done, compar'd with th' honours
Heap'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 Seruice, in what kinde soeuer
Safety or Comfort of the Common-wealth
Requires for paiment? *Cal.* A speaks truth. *Itho.* Whom heauen
Is pleas'd to stile victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In *Bacchus* 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. Iudgement commands,
But Resolution executes: I vse not
Before this royall presence, these fit sleights,
As in contempt of such as can direct:
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one mans fortune, which is strengthed
By many hands.— For instance, here is *Prophilus*
A Gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
Of much desert; and, though in other ranke,
Both *Hemophil* and *Groneas* were not missing
To wish their Countries peace; for in a word,
All there did striue their best, and 'twas our duty.
Amy. Courtiers turne souldiers?— we vouchsafe our hand;
Obserue your great example. *Hemo.* With all diligence,
Gron. Obsequiously and hourely. *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 fauour,
I need not a supporter. *Proph.* Fate instructs me.
Exeunt. Manent Hemophill, Groneas, Christalla et Philena.

Hemophill

Hemophill, Bayes, Chrystalla, Groneas, Philema.

Chri. With me? *Phil.* Indeed I dare not stay. *Hem.* Sweet Lady
Souldiers are blunt, — your lip. *Christ.* Fye, this is rudenesse;
You were not hence such creatures. *Gron.* Spirit of valour
Is ofe mounting nature. *Phil.* It appeares so:
Pray in earnest, how many men apeece
Haue yon two beene 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. *Christ.* You wisn'd your Countries peace;
That shew'd your charity; where are your spoyles,
Such as the Souldier fights for? *Phil.* They are comming.
Chri. By the next Carrier, are they not? *Gro.* Sweet *Philena*,
When I was in the thickest 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 *Philena*, 'tis for thy sake
I doe these deeds of wonder: — dost not loue me
With all thy heart now? *Phil.* Now as heretofore.
I haue not put my loue to vse, the principall
Will hardly yeeld an Interest. *Gron.* By *Mars*
I'le marry thee. *Phil.* By *Vulcan* y'are forswoorne,
Except my mind doe alter strangely. *Gron.* One word.
Chri. You lye beyond all modesty, — forbeare me.
Hem. I'le make thee mistresse of a City, 'tis
Mine owne by conquest. *Chri.* By petition; sue for't
In *Forma pauperis*: — City? Kennell. Gallants
Off with your Fathers, put on aprons, Gallants;
Learne to reele, thrum, or trim a Ladies dog,
And be good quiet soules of peace Hobgoblins.
Hem. Christalla? *Chri.* Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the Acorns. Souldiers? Corn-cutters;
But not so valiant: they ofe-times draw blood,
Which you durst neuer doe. When you have practis'd
More wit, or more civility, wee'll ranke 'ee
I'th list of men: till then, braue things at armes

Dare

Dare not to speake to vs, — most potent *Groneas*.
Phil. And *Hemophill* 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 Chri. et 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 scuruy one. *exeunt omnes.*

Scene 3.

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

Tecn. Tempt not the Stars (young man) thou canst not play
With the seuerity 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 dive 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 roofe to ease my silent griefes,
By applying to my hidden wounds, the balme
Of thy Oraculous Lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way, as to wrest
My steps to mine, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me backe, and set my footings streight:
I will not court the world. *Tecn.* 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 Artist) am not so much
At ods with Nature, that I grutch the thrift
Of any true deserner: nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so checke them with despaire,
As that I yeeld to thought of more affliction

Then

Then what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired 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 clearely witnesse. *Teen.* Spirit of truth inspire thee.
On these conditions I conceale thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an Auditor.
I'le to my study. *Org.* I to contemplations:
In these delightfull walkes —— thus metamorphiz'd,
I may without suspition hearken after
Pentheas vsage, and *Euphranias* faith:
Loue! thou art full of mystery: the Deities
Themselues 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 those that crosse yon priuate walke
Into the shadowing groue, in amorous foldings?

Prophilus passeth ouer, supporting Euphrania, and whispering.

My Sister; ô my Sister? 'tis *Euphrania*
With *Prophilus*, supported too; I would
It were an Apparition; *Prophilus*
Is *Ithocles* his friend: It strangely puzles me:
Againe? helpe me my booke; this Schollers habit
Must stand my priuilege: my mind is busie,
Mine eyes, and eares are open. *walke by reading.*

Enter againe Prophilus and Euphrania.

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

Oft conn'd without a prompter; but thine eyes,
My Loue is honourable —— *Org.* So was mine
To my *Pentheas*: chastly honourable.
Proph. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happinesse, then hauing thee a wife,
Already sure of *Ithocles* a 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 protestations,
From an vnskilfull mayd, but language suited
To a diuided minde? *Org.* Hold out *Euphranea*.
Euphr. Know *Prophilus*, I neuer vnder-valued
(From the first time you mentioned worthy loue)
Your merit, meanes, or person: It had beene
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 left that resolution;
But onely in a word, whatsoeuer 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 forsworne else.
Proph. Leaue me that taske. *Euphr.* My brother e're he parted
To *Athens*, had my oath. *Org.* Yes, yes, 'a had sure.
Proph. I doubt not with the meanes the Court supplies,
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 seal'e the like. *Org.* There is no faith in woman ——
Passion! ô be contain'd: my very heart strings
Are on the Tenters. *Euphr.* Sir, we are over-heard;
Cupid protect vs: 'twas a stirring (Sir)

Of some one neere. *Proph.* Your feares are needlesse, Lady;
None haue access into these priuate 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. *Euphr.* 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 coune t'ee Sir)
To turne, or to appease 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 faddle so. Peace, or speake sense.
Euphr. Call you this thing a Scholler? 'las hee's lunaticke.
Proph. Obserue him (sweet) 'tis but his recreation.
Org. But will you heare a little? you are so teatchy,
You keepe no rule in argument; Philosophy
Workes not vpon impossibilities,
But naturall conclusions. —— Mew? —— absurd;
The metaphisicks are but speculations
Of the celestiall 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 baulke illiterate sawcinesse, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.
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 leaue Sir.
Euphr. Are you a Scholler (friend?) *Org.* I am (gsy creature)
With pardon of your Deities, a mushrome

On 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 royle 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. *Aplotes* (sumptuous master) a poore wretch.
Euphr. Dost thou want any thing? *Org.* Books (*Venus*) books.
Proph. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most auaileable for both our comforts.
Euphr. My Lord. — *Proph.* Whiles I endeuoure to deserue
Your fathers blessing to our louer, 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 may talke when our tongues cannot.
Euphr. Occasion is most fauourable, vse it.
Proph. *Aplotes*, 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. *Ione* make me thankfull, thankfull, I beseech thee
Propitious *Ione*, I will proue sure and trusty.
You will not faile me bookes. *Proph.* Nor ought besides
Thy heart can wish. This Ladies name's *Euphranea*,
Mine *Prophi'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,

Or take thy selfe some money. *Org.* No, no money;
Money to Schollers is a spirit inuisible,
We dare not finger it; for bookes, or nothing.
Proph. Bookes of what sort thou wilt; doe not forget
Our names. *Org.* I warrant 'ee, I warrant 'ee.
Proph. Smile *Hymen* on the growth of our desires,
Wee'll feed thy torches with eternall fires. *Exeunt, manet Org.*
Org. Put out thy Torches *Hymen*, or their light
Shall meet a darkenesse of eternall night.
Inspire me *Mercury* with swift deceits;
Ingenious Fate has lept 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 themselues in their owne stories,
They dye too basely, who out-liue their glories. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus: Scæna prima.

Enter Bassanes and Penlas.

Bass. I'le haue that window next the street dam'd vp;
It giues too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a Gazers glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats, and trauels,
Plots, wakes, contriues, till the deformed bear-whelpe
Adultery be lick'd into the act,
The very act; that light shall be dam'd vp;
D'ee heare Sir? *Phul.* I doe heare my Lord; a Mason
Shall be prouided suddenly. *Bass.* Some Rogue,
Some Rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaues 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'le teare thy throat out

Sonne

Sonne of a Cat, ill-lonking Houndſ-head; rip vp
Thy vlterous maw, if I but scant a paper,
A scroll, but halfe as big as what can couer
A wart vpon thy nose, 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 housewiues, cunning in the traffique
Of Chamber-merchandise, set all at price
By whole-sale, yet they wipe their mouthes, and simper,
Cull, kisse, and cry Sweet-hart, 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 Asse that suffers
Vp on the stilts of Office, titles, Incomes;
Promotion iustifies the shame, and sues for't:
Poore Honour! 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 drawes 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 sirrha? *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 Russet. *Bass.* Ignorant blocke.
Phul. Yes truly, and 'tis talkt about the streets,
That since Lord *Ithocles* came home, the Lyons
Neuer left roaring, at which noyse the Beares

Plaut.

Haue 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'neuer can returne. *Bass.* Grant it *Apollo.*
Phul. Moreouer, please your Lordship, 'tis reported
For certaine, that who euer is found iealous
Without apparant proofe that's wife is wanton,
Shall be diuorc'd: but this is but she-newes,
I had it from a midwife. I haue more yet.
Bass. Antickes, no more; Ideots and stupid fooles
Grate my calamities. Why to be faire
Should yeeld presumption of a faulty soule?
Looke to the doores. *Phul.* The norne of plenty crest him.
Exit Phul.
Bass. Swormes of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper. Beauty? ô it is
An vnmatcht o'lessing, or a horrid curse.
Enter Penthea, and Grausis an old Lady.
Shee comes, she comes, so shoots 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 *Penthea*,
How fares my hearts best ioy? *Gran.* In sooth not well,
She is so ouer-sad. *Bass.* Leane chattering Mag-pye.—
Thy brother is return'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 ramishing lustre
Of Iewels 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 fancies best, what company,
What place, what times, doe any thing, doe all things

Youth

Youth can command; so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy faire lookes,
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, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence;
Let such (if any such there are) who couet
A curiosity 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 house me thinkes stands somewhat too much inward;
It is too melancholy, wee'll remoue
Nearer the Court; or what thinks my *Penthea*
Of the delightfull Island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish. *Pen.* I am no Mistresse;
Whither you please, I must attend; all wayes
Are alike pleasant to me. *Gran.* Island? prison:
A prison is as gaysome: wee'll no Islands:
Marry out vpon 'em, whom shall we see there?
Sea-guls, and Porpisels, and water-rats,
And Crabs, and Mewes, and Dogfish? goodly geere
For a young Ladies dealing, or an old ones:
On no termes Islands, I'le be stew'd first. *Bass. Grausis,*
You are a Iugling Bawd. — This sadnesse (sweetest)
Becomes not youthfull blood, — (I'le haue you pounded)
For my sake put on s 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 thinke 'ee,
If your fresh Lady breed young bones (my Lord?)
Wood not a chopping boy d'ee good at heart?

But

But as you said. *Bass.* I'le spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops. *Gran.* Pray speake louder.
Sure, sure, the wind blowes South still. *Pen.* Thou prat'st madly.
Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extreamely. — Now.

Enter Phulus.

Phul. A heard o' Lords, Sir. *Bass.* Ha? *Phul.* A flock of Ladies.
Bass. Where? *Phul.* Shoalds of horses. *Bass.* Peasant, how? *Phul.*
In drifts — th'one enter, t'a'other stand without, sir. (Carochea
And now I vanish. *Exit Phulus.*

Enter Prophilus, Hemophil, Grenea, Christalla and Philena.

Proph. Noble *Bassanes.*
Bass. Most welcome *Prophilus*, Ladies, Gentlemen,
To all, my heart is open, you all honour me.
(A tympany swels in my head a'ready)
Honour me beautifully. — (How they flutter,
Wagtailes and Hayes together?) *Proph.* From your brother,
By virtue of your loue to him, I require
Your instant presence fairest. *Pen.* He is well Sir.
Proph. 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 vse no delay. *Bass.* We had not needed
An inuitation, if his sisters health
Had not fallen into question. — Hast *Penthea*,
Slacke not a minute: lead the way good *Prophilus*,
I'le follow step by step. *Proph.* Your vrme faire Madam.

Exeunt omnes sed Bass. & Gran.

Bass. One word with your old Bawdship: th' hadst bin better
Raild at the sinnes thou worshipst, then haue thwarted
My will. I'le vse thee cursedly. *Gran.* You dote,
You are beside your selfe. A Politician
In ielousie? 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.
Bass. Forgiue me, *Grandu*, 'twas consideration

I relliſht 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 Ithocles 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 pearch 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 griefes: strong Feauers are not eas'd
With counsell, but with best receipts, and meanes:
Meanes, speedy meanes, and certaine; that's the cure.

Enter Armostor and Crotolon.

Armo. You sticke (Lord *Crotolon*) vpon a point
Too nice, and too vnnecessary. *Prophilus*
Is euery way desertfull. I am confident
Your wisdome is too ripe to need instruction
From your sonnes tuitillage. *Crot.* Yet not so ripe
(My Lord *Armostor*) that it dares to dote
Vpon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith. *Itho.* Not yet
Resolu'd (my Lord?) why if your sonnes consent
Be so auaileable, wee'll write to *Athens*
For his repaire to *Sparta.* The Kings hand
Will ioyne with our desires, he has beene mou'd too't.
Armo. Yes, and the King himselfe importun'd *Crotolon*
For a dispatch. *Crot.* Kings may command, their wils

Are Lawes not to be questioned. *Itho.* 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. *Itho.* What, good Sir? speak your thoght.
Crot. Had this sincerity beene reall once,
My *Orgilus* had not beene now vn-win'd,
Nor your lost Sister buried in a Bride-bed.
Your Vncle here, *Armostor* knowes this truth,
For had your father *Thrasus* liu'd, but peace
Dwell in his graue: I haue done. *Armo.* Y'are bold and bitter.
Itho. '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,
Rawnesse 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 fault, 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 redeeme those wrongs with any seruice
Your satisfaction can require for currant.
Armo. Thy acknowledgement is satisfaction.
What would you more? *Crot.* I'me conquer'd; if *Euphrasia*
Her selfe admit the motion, let it be so.
I doubt not my sonnes liking. *Itho.* Vse my fortunes,
Life, power, sword, and heart, all are your owne.

Enter Bassanes, Prophilus, Calantha, Penthea, Euphrania, Chrystalla, Philema, and Gransis.

Armo. The Princesse with your sister. *Calan.* I present 'em
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.

Itho. You are a gracious Princesse. — Sister, wedlocke
Holds too seuere 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 *Ithocles*)
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.
Itho. How does *Penthea* 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;
There may be tricks, yet, tricks. — Haue an eye *Gransis*.
Calan. Now *Crotolon*, the suit we ioyn'd in must not
Fall by too long demurre. *Crot.* 'Tis granted, Princesse,
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 *Euphrania'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 Princesse) the soules quiet,
Sinewes of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratiues
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 *Elizium*, 'tis my happinesse.
Crot. *Euphrania* how are you resolu'd, (speake freely)
In your affections to this Gentleman?
Euphr. Not more, nor lesse then as his loue assures me,
Which (if your liking with my brothers warrants)
I cannot but approue in all points worthy.
Crot. So, so, I know your answer. *Itho.* 'T had bin pitty
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter Hemophil.

Hem. The King (Lord *Ithocles*) commands your presence;
And (fairest Princesse) yours. *Calan.* We will attend him.

Enter Groneas.

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,
T'enioy the honour of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthe. I *Pen.* Brother! *Ith.* Let me an howre hence
Meet you alone, within the Palace grove,
I haue some secret with you.— Prethe friend
Conduct her thither, and haue speciall care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturbe vs.
Proph. I shall. *Bass.* How's that? *Ith.* Alone, pray be alone.
I am your creature, princesse.— on my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Bassanes.

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 wherson Court ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veines: — Besides,
His sine friend *Prophilus* must be her guardian.
Why may not he dispatch a businesse nimbly
Before the other come? — or — pandring, pandring,
For one another? bee't to sister, mother,
Wife, Couzen, any thing, 'mongst youths of mettall,
Is in request: It is so —— stubborne Fate:
But if I be a Cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Enter Groneas.

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 'ee:
There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?
Gron. She sits i'th presence Lobby fast asleepe Sir.
Bass. Asleepe? sleepe Sir! *Gron.* Is your Lordship troubled!
You will not to the King? *Bass.* Your humblest Vassaile.

Gron.

Gron. Your seruant my good Lord. *Bass.* I wait your footsteps. *Exeunt.*

Scene the third.

Prophilus, Penthea.

Proph. 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 hoards
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 inuitation.
Phoph. With pardon, Lady, not a syllable
Of mine implyes so rude a sense; the drift.—

Enter Orgilus.

Proph. 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 priuate 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 troublesome. *Org.* What heauen
Refines 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 vngaileg faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turne those eyes
(The arrowes of pure loue) vpon that fire
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vowes
As sweetly scented as the Incense smoking
The holiest Altars, Virgin teares (like

On

O.*Vesta's* odours) sprinkled dewes to feed 'em,
And to increase their feruour. *Pen.* Be not frantickc.
Org. All pleasures are but meere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steame,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the reall tast of food,
Such is the leanneſſe of a heart diuided
From entercourſe of troth-contracted loues;
No herror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the liuely stampe of equall soules.
Pen. Away, some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue;
The breath of ignorance that flyes from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Aboue all suffrance. —— Thing of talke be gone,
Be gone without reply. *Org.* Be iust, *Penthea*,
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.* Rash man, thou layest
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 *Penthea*,
If thy soft bosome be not tura'd to marble,
Thou't pitty our calamities; my Interest
Confirmes me thou art mine still. *Pen.* Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp e it thus, thus kisse it,
Thus kneele before ye. *Org.* You instruct my duty.
Pen. We may stand vp: Haue you ought else to vrge
Of new demand? as for the old forget it,

'Tis

'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.* Is that 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 done:
Pen. How (*Orgilus*) by promise I was thine,
The Heauens doe witnesse; they can witnesse too
A rape done on my truth: how I doe loue thee
Yet *Orgilus*, and yet, must best appeare
In tendering thy freedome; for I find
The constant preseruation of thy merit,
By thy not daring 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
Adde to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pitty 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? yet aduise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to *Orgilus*,
And euer shall be. *Pen.* Neuer shall nor will.
Org. How! *Pen.* Heare me, in a word I'le tell thee why:
The Virgin dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is rauish'd by another: my true loue
Abhorres to thinke, that *Orgilus* deserti'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

If

If of all the men aliue thou shouldst but touch
My lip, or hand againe. *Org.* *Penthea*, now
I tell'ee you grow wanton in my sufferance;
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. Vnworthy man,
If euer henceforth thou appeare in language,
Message, or letter to betray my frailty,
I'le call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my Starres for forfeit of my iudgement.
Goe thou, fit only for disguise and walkes,
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 loue,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may neuer see thee more. — Goe from me.
Org. I'e teare my vaile of politicke French off,
And stand vp like a man resolu'd to doe
Action, not words shall shew me. O *Penthea.* *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 preserue thee.

Enter Bassanes and Grensis.

Bass. Fye on thee, damb thee, rotten magot, damb thee,
Sleepe? sleepe at Court? and now? Aches, conuulsions,
Impostumes, rheumes, gouts, palsies 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 wholesome. *Gran.* Very wholsome truly.
Bass. Hold your chops night mare. — Lady, come your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.
Pen. Not well, my Lord? *Bass.* A sudden fit, 'twill off;

Some surfeit or disorder. — How doest deerest?
Pen. Your newes is none o'th best.

Enter Prophilus.

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

Actus Tertius: Scæna prima.

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus in his owne shape.

Tecn. BE well aduis'd, let not a resolution
Of giddy rashnesse choake the breath of reason.
Org. It shall not, most sage Master. *Tecn.* I am ieaious:
For if the borrowed shape so late put on,
Inferr'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 priuie to them. *Org.* Learned *Tecnicus*,

Such 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 onely sister
Euphrania is dispos'd to *Prophilus*.
Lastly, the King is sending letters for me
To *Athens*, for my quicke repaire to Court.
Please to accept these Reasons. *Tecn.* Iust ones, *Orgilus*,
Not to be contradicted: yet beware
Of an vnsure foundation; no faire colours
Can fortifie a building faintly joynted.
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 sift
An inclination there, more then what suited
With iustice of mine honour. *Tecn.* I believe it.
But know then *Orgilus* what honour is:
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content;
Braue in appearance, 'cause we thinke it braue:
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 Base
Hath Iustice to vphold it. He then failes
In honour, who for loore of Reuenge
Commits theftes, murthers, Treasons and Adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on iust Lawes,
Whose soueraignty is best preseru'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 leaue thee to the fit consideration

Of what becomes the grace of reall Honour,
Wishing successe to all thy vertuous meanings.
Org. The gods increase thy wisdome (reuerend Oracle)
And in thy precepts make me euer thrifty. *Exit Org.*
Tecn. 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 preuent their will.
Enter Armostes.
From whence cense'ce? *Arms.* From King *Amyclas*; (pardon
My interruption of your Studies) — Here
In this seal'd box he sends a treasure deare
To him as his Crowne, 'a prayes your gravity
You would examine, ponder, sift and bolt
The pith and circumstance of euery tittle
The scroll within containes. *Tecn.* What is't *Armostes*?
Arms. 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 prophetick Temple
At *Delphos*; what his reasons are for which
After so long a silence he requires
You counsaile now (graue man) his maiesty
Will soone himselfe acquaint you with. *Tecn.* *Apollo*
Inspire my Intellect. —— The Prince of *Argos*
Is entertain'd. *Arms.* He is, and has demanded
Our Princesse for his wife; which I conceive
One speciall cause the King importunes you
For resolution of the Oracle.
Tecn. My duty to the King, good peace to *Sparta*,
And faire day to *Armostes*. *Arms.* Like to *Tecnicus*.

Exeunt.

Soft Musicke. A Song.

CAn you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dyals point by moving?
Can you grasp 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 never 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, Penthea, Grausis, passing ouer the Stage; Bassanes and Grausis enter againe jostly, stealing to seuerall stands, and listen.

Bass. All silent, calme, secure.— *Grausis*, no creaking?
No noyse; dost heare nothing? *Grans.* Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the winde. *Bass.* The floore is matted,
The bed-posts sure are steele or marble. — Souldiers
Should not affect (me thinkes) straines so effeminate;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Vpon the sloth of Luxury: they heighten
Cinders of couert lust vp to a flame.
Grans. What doe you meane (my Lord) speak low; that gabling
Of yours will but vndoe vs. *Bass.* Chamber-combats
Are felt, not hard. *Pro.* A wakes. *Bas.* What's that? *Ith.* Who's there
Sister? all quit the roome else. *Bass.* 'Tis consented.

Enter

Enter Prophilus.

Proph. Lord *Bassanes*, your brother would be priuate,
We must forbeare; his sleepe hath newly left him.
Please'ee withdraw? *Bass.* By any meanes, 'tis fit.
Proph. Pray Gentlewoman walke too. *Gran.* Yes, I will Sir.

Exeunt omnes.

Ithocles discouered in a Chayre, and Penthea.

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

Put

Put me to any pennance for my tyranny,
And I will cast thee mercifull. *Pen.* Pray kill me,
Rid me from liuing with a iealous husband,
Then we will loyne in friendship, be againe
Brother and sister. — Kill me pray: nay, will 'ee?
Ithe. How does thy Lord esteeme thee? *Pen.* Such an one
As onely you haue made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore, forgiue me; I am one
In art, not in desires, the gods must witnesse.
Ithe. Thou dost belye thy friend. *Pen.* I doe not *Ithocles*;
For she that's wife to *Orgilus*, and liues
In knowne Adultery with *Bassanes*,
Is at the best a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assame
Some dreadfull figure, and appeare to charge
Thy bloody gilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachfull match.
Ithe. 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 resolued martyrdome: wrong'd maides,
And married wiues shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure Turtles crown'd with mirtle, if thy pitty
Vnto a yeelding brothers pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it. *Pen.* O no more.
Ithe. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian bankes,
And free me from this Chaos of my bondage,
And till then wilt forgiue, I must indure.
Pen. Who is the Saint you serue? *Ithe.* Friendship, or
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Haue mou'd that question as a secret, Sister:
I dare not murmure to my selfe. *Pen.* Let me,
By your new protestations I coniure 'ee,
Partake her name. *Ithe.* Her name, — 'tis, — 'tis, I dare not.
Pen. All your respects are forg'd. *Ithe.* They are not. — Peace

Calantha

Calantha is the Princesse, the Kings daughter,
Sole heire of *Sparta* —— 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; *Calantha*
Knowes it not yet, not *Prophilus* my nearest.
Penth. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split euen your very soule to see her father
Snatch her out of your armes against her will,
And force her on the Prince of *Argos*? *Ithe.* Trouble not
The fountaines of mine eyes with thine owne story,
I sweat in blood for't. *Pen.* We are reconcil'd:
Alas, Sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stocke, 'tis not fit we should diuide:
Haue comfort, you may find it. *Ithe.* Yes in thee;
Onely in thee *Penthea* mine. *Pen.* If sorrowes
Haue not too much dull'd my infected braine,
I'le cheere inuention for an actiue straine.
Ithe. Mad man! why haue I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

Enter Bassanes with a poniard, Prophilus, Groneas, Hemophill and Grantis.

Bass. I can forbeare no longer: more, I will not;
Keepe off your hands, or fall vpon my point:
Patience is tyr'd, for like a slow-pac'd Asse
Ye ride my easie nature, and proclaime
My sloth to vengeance, a reproach and property.
Ithe. The meaning of this rudenesse. *Proph.* Hee's distracted.
Pen. O my grieu'd Lord. *Grant.* Sweet Lady come not neere him;
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To pricke 'a cares not whom, nor where, —— see, see, see.
Bass. My birth is noble, though the popular blast
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 crede, to lackey pride,
Nor like your slaue of expectation wait
The baudy hinges of your doores, or whistle

For

For mysticall conueyance to your bed-sports.

Gron. Fine humors, they become him. *Hem.* How 'a stares,
Struts, puffes, and sweats: most admirable lunacy?

Itho. 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 Kitling — smooth formality
Is vsher to the rankenesse 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 scorne *Cuckold*.

Itho. His Ielousie 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 franks his lust
In Swine-security of bestiall incest.

Itb. Hah deuill. *Bass.* I will hallo't, though I blush more
To name the filthinesse, than thou to act it.

Itb. Monster! *Proph.* Sir by our friendship. *Pen.* By our bloods,
Will you quite both vndoe vs, Brother? *Gransf.* Out on him,
These are his megrims, firks and melancholies.

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

Pen. With fauour let me speake. — My Lord? what slacknesse
In my obedience hath deseru'd this rage?
Except humility and sinlent duty
Haue drawne on your vnquiet, my simplicity
Ne're studied your vexation. *Bass.* Light of beauty,
Deale not vngently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make warre with her
Whose lookes are soueraignty, whose breath is balme;
O that I could preserue thee in fruition
As in deuotion! *Pen.* Sir, may euery euill
Lock'd in *Pandora's* box, showre (in your presence)
On my vnhappy head, if since you made me
A partner in your bed, I haue beene faulty
In one vnseemely thought against your honour.

Itho. Purge not his griefes, *Penthea*. *Bass.* Yes, say on,

Excellent

Excellent creature — *Good* be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of vertue. — O my senses
Are charm'd with sounds cælestiall. — On, deare, on;
I neuer gaue you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not. *Pen.* Her, by *Iuno's* forehead,
Was Te're guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddesse, let me kneele. *Gransf.* Alas kind Animall.

Itho. No but for penance. *Bass.* Noble sir, what is it?
With gladnesse I embrace it; yet pray let not
My rashnesse teach you to be too vnmercifull.

Itho. When you shall shew good proofe that manly wisdome,
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,
Shee shall be my care. *Bass.* Rip my bosome vp,
I'le stand the execution with a constancy:
This torture is vnsufferable. *Itho.* Well Sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury. *Bass.* But
Penthea sayes not so. *Pen.* She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who neuer purpos'd wrong.

Hemo. Virgin of reuerence and antiquity
Stay you behind. *Gron.* The Court wants not your diligence.

Exeunt omnes, sed Bass. & Gransf.

Gransf. 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. *Gransf.* 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 beene true. *Gransf.* 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 Ielousie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Flourish.

Flourish.

Enter Amyclas, Nearchus leading Calantha, Armostes, Crotolon, Euphranea, Christalla, Philema, and Amelus.

Amy. Cozen of *Argos*, what the heauens haue plea'd
In their vnchanging Counsels to conclude
For both out kingdomes weale, we must submit to;
Nor can we be vnthanksfull to their bounties,
Who when we were euen creeping to our graues,
Sent vs a daughter; in whose birth, our hope
Continues of succession: As you are
In title next, being grandchilde 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,
Sweetnesse, and singular 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 professe obseruance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'le study to be chiefe. *Near.* Chiefe, glorious Virgine,
In my deuotions, as in all mens wonder.
Amy. Excellent Cozen, we deny no libertie;
Vse thine owne opportunities. —— *Armostes*,
We must consult with the Philosophers,
The businesse is of weight. *Armost.* Sir, at your pleasure.
Amy. You told me, *Crotolon*, your sonne's return'd
From *Athens*? wherefore comes a not to Court.

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

To them,

Ithocles, Orgilus, Prophilus

Itho. Your safe returne to *Sparta* is most welcome,
I ioy 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!
Proph. 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.
Crot. My sonne preferr'd by *Ithocles*! *Amy.* Our bounties
Shall open to thee *Orgilus*; for instance,
Harke in thine eare; if out of those inuentions
Which flow in *Athens*, thou hast there ingrost
Some rarity of wit to grace the Nuptials
Of thy faire sister, and renowne 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,

Ithe. *Euphranea's* brother, sir, a Gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge. *Near.* We embrace him;
Proud of so deare acquaintance. *Amy.* All prepare
For Reuels and disport: the ioyes of *Hymen*,
Like *Phœbus* in his lustre, puts to flight
All mists of dulnesse; crowne the houres with gladnesse;
No sounds but musicke, no discourse but mirth.
Calan. Thine arme I pre the *Ithocles.* —— Nay, good
My Lord keepe on your way, I am prouided.
Near. I dare not disobey. *Itho.* Most heauenly Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Crotolon, 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-shrubs as subiects, sometimes might
Borrow of Nature, Iustice, to informe
That licence soueraignty holds without checke
Ouer a meeke obedience. *Crot.* How resolue you
Touching your sisters marriage? *Prophilus*
Is a deseruing, and a hopefull youth.
Org. I enuy not his merit, but applaud it:
Could with him thrift 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 stirr'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 curtesie can winne it; 'tis too rankorous.
Org. Good Sir be not seuere in your construction;
I am no stranger to such easie calmes
As sit in tender bosomes: Lordly *Ithocles*
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleene which wrought the rape

On grieu'd *Penthea's* purity; his scorne
Of my vntoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Vnto a Courtship, almost to a fawning:
I'le 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 *Athens*,
For yet you come vnsent for. *Org.* If vnwelcome,
I might haue found a graue there. *Crot.* Sure your business
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 *Thrasus* monument,
Or kneele to *Ithocles* his sonne in dust,
Then woo a fathers curse: My sisters marriage
With *Prophilus*, is from my heart confirm'd:
May I liue hated, may I dye despis'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,
Prophilus, Euphranea, Ithocles, Greueas, Hemophil.

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with *Prophilus* and *Ithocles*.
Org. Most honored —— euer famous. *Itho.* Your true friend;
On earth not any truer. —— With smooth eyes
Looke on this worthy couple, your consent
Can onely make them one. *Org.* They haue it. —— Sister,

Thou pawn'dst to me an oath, of which ingagement
I neuer will releale thee, if thou aym'st
At any other choyce then this. *Euphr.* Deare brother,
At him or none. *Cret.* To which my blessing's added.
Org. Which till a greater ceremony perfect,
Euphranea lend thy hand; here take her *Prophilus*,
Liue long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a Bridall song I close 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 theirs, by custome bedded;
Fruitfull issues; life *so graced*,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding, as the yeare ensu'th,
Euery spring another youth:
All *what thought can adde beside*,
Crowne this Bridegroome *and this* Bride.
Proph. You haue seal'd ioy close to my soule; *Euphranea*,
Now I may call thee mine. *Itho.* 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 deuise,
I'le venture on a straine, my younger dayes
Haue studied for delight *Hem.* With thankfull willingnesse
I offer my attendance. *Gron.* No endeuour
Of mine shall faile to shew it selfe. *Itho.* We will
All ioyne to wait on thy directions, *Orgilus*.
Org. O my good Lord, your fauours flow towards
A too vnworthy worme; but as you please,
I am what you will shape me. *Itho.* A fast friend.
Cret. I thanke thee sonne for this acknowledgement,
It is a sight of gladnesse. *Org.* But my duty, *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Calantha, Penthea, Christalla, Philema.

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, Penthea.

Calan. Being alone, *Penthea*, you haue granted
The oportunity you longht, and might
At all times haue commanded. *Pen.* 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodnesse euen in death for:
My glasse of life (sweet Princesse hath few minutes
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.* Glories
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 Tragicall in issue; Beauty, pompe,
With euery sensuality our giddinesse
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 proofe
Of bare opinion onely: to what end
Reach all these Morall texts? *Pen.* To place before 'ee
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingring 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 fold of lead,
And some vntrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detaine your expectation, Princesse,
I haue an humble suit. *Calan.* Speake, I enioy it.

Pen.

Vouchsafe then to be my *Executrix*,
And take that trouble on 'ee, to dispose
Such Legacies, as I bequeath impartially:
I haue 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 beshrew thy sadnesse;
Then turn'st me too much woman. *Pen.* Her faire 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, prethee,
It is a pretty earnest. *Pen.* I haue left me
But three poore Iewels to bequeath; The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefes,
In yeares I am a child. *Calan.* To whom that?
Pen. To Virgin-wiues, such as abuse not wedlocke
By freedome of desires, but couet chiefly
The pledges of chast beds, for tyes of loue,
Rather than ranging of their bloud: 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 Iewell
You meane to part with. *Pen.* 'Tis my Fame, I trust,
By scandall yet vntouch'd; this I bequeath
To memory, and Times old daughter Truth:
If euer my vnhappy name find mention
When I am falne to dust, may it deserue
Beseeming charity without dishonour.
Calan. How handsomely thou playst with harmlesse sport
Of meere imagination; speake the last,
I strangely like thy will. *Pen.* This Iewell, Madam,
Is dearely precious to me; you must vse
The best of your discretion to imploy
This gift as I entend it. *Calan.* Doe not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my 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 onely brother *Ithocles*. *Calan.* What saydst 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 pitty;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
A' moues before you. *Calan.* Shall I answer here,
Or lend my care too grossely? *Pen.* First, his heart
Shall fall in Cynders, scorch'd by your disdaine,
E're he will dare, poore man, to ope an eye
On these diuine lookes, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
A' dares not vtter any but of seruice:
Yet this lost creature loues 'ee. — 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 behaiour, that thou dar'st
Tempt 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, *Ithocles* 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, *Penthea*,
How still I haue a father. *Pen.* But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath beene you know vnkinde: ô most vnkinde!
Calan. *Christalla*, *Philema*, where are 'ee? — Lady,
Your checke lyes in my silence.
Enter Christalla and Philema.

Both. Madam, here.
Calan. I thinke 'ee sleepe, 'ee drones; wait on *Penthea*
Vnto her lodging. — *Ithocles?* 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 Ithocles and Armostes.

Itho. FOrbeare your Inquisition; curiosity
Is of too subtill, and too searching nature:
In feares of loue too quicke; too slow of credit:
I am not what you doubt me. *Arm.* Nephew, be then
As I would wish; — all is not right, — Good heauen
Confirme your Resolutions for dependance
On worthy ends which may aduance your quiet.
Ith. I did the Noble *Orgilus* much iniury,
But grieu'd *Penthea* more: I now repent 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 beleeue it:
Yet Nephew, 'tis the tongue informes our eares;
Our eyes can neuer pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodg'd too inward: — but I question
No truth in *Orgilus.* —— The Princesse (Sir)
Ith. The Princesse? ha? *Arm.* With her the Prince of *Argos.*

Enter Nearchus leading Calantha, Amelus, Christalla, Philema.

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

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'le thanke him for't, perhaps. *Casts it to Ithocles.*
Ame. The Ring, Sir, is
The Princesses, I could haue tooke it vp.
Ith. Learne mammets, prethe. — To the blessed owner
Vpon my knees. *Near.* Y'are sawcy. *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,
I'le force 'ee to a fawning else. *Ame.* You dare not.

Exeunt. Manent Itho. & Armost.

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 object:
Here heaps of gold, there Increments of honors;
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties 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 Princesse threw it t'ee?
Itho. True, and she said — well I remember what.
Her Cozen Prince would beg it. *Arm.* Yes, and parted:
In anger at your taking on't. *Ith.* *Penthea!*
Oh thou hast pleaded with a powerfull language!

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 whirlewinds, tosse such seruile staues as licke
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 blessing
More sacred than a petty-Prince of *Argos*
Can wish to equall, or in worth or Title.
Arm. Containe your selfe, my Lord, *Ixion* aming
To embrace *Iuno*, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat *Centaures*: 'tis an vsefull 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 fate, if rellishing the dainties
Of a soules settled 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 Amelus.

Near. Braue me? *Org.* Your Excellence mistakes his temper;
For *Itholcles* 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 feats of Chiualry; blunt, and rough spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of ciuility,
Which rath spirits stile good manners. *Ith.* Manners.
Org. No more (Illustrious Sir) 'tis matchlesse *Itholcles*.
Near. You might haue vnderstood who I am. *Ith.* Yes,
I did.— else — but the presence calm'd th' affront;
Y'are Cozen to the Princesse. *Near.* To the King too;
A certaine Instrument that lent supportance
To your Collossicke greatnesse: — to that King too

You

You might haue added. *Itho.* There is more diuinity
In beauty then in Maiesty. *Arm.* O fie, fie.
Near. This odde youths pride turnes hereticke in loyalty:
Sirrah I low Mushroms neuer riuall Cedars.

Exeunt Nearchus & Amelus.

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 Heralds coats, guilt o're with Crownes and Sceptres,
May bait a musted Lion. *Arm.* Cozen, Coxen,
Thy tongue is not thy friend. *Org.* In point of honour
Discretion knowes no bounds. *Amelus* told me
'Twas all about a little Ring. *Itho.* A Ring
The Princesse threw away, and I tooke vp:
Admit she threw't to me; what arme of brasse
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 extreamely 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? *Tecn.* The hurts are yet but mortall,
Which shortly will proue deadly: To the King,
Armostes, see in safety thou deliner
This seal'd vp counsaile; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the gods: ——— ô *Sparta*,
O *Lacedemon* I 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* wils it so;

I am for *Delphos*. *Arm.* Not without some conference
With our great master. *Teen.* Never more to see him,
A greater Prince commands me. — *Ithocles*,
When youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifelesse Trunke shall wed the Broken Heart.
Ith. What's this, if vnderstood? *Teen.* List *Orgilus*,
Remember what I told thee long before,
These teares shall be my witnesse. *Arm.* 'Las good man.
Teen. Let craft with curtesie a while conferre,
Reuenge proues its owne Executioner.
Org. Darke sentences are for *Apollo's* Priests:
I am not *Oedipus*. *Teen.* My howre is come;
Cheare vp the King: farewell to all. — O *Sparta*,
O *Lacedemon*. *Arm.* If prophetick fire *Exit. Tell.*
Haue warm'd this old mans bosome, we might construe
His words to fatall sense. *Ith.* Leane to the powers
Aboue 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. —— *Exeunt, manet Org.*
Org. Something oddly
The booke-man prated; yet a' talk'd it weeping;
Let craft with curtesie a while conferre,
Reuenge proues its owne executioner.
Conne it againe; for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered braine. —— *Penthea*
Forbad me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill: why see her then I may;
When it faint to speake, I must be silent. *Exit Org.*
Enter Bassanes, Grangi, and Phulas.
Bass. Pray vse your Recreations, all the seruice
I will expect, is quietnesse amongst 'em:
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I with my distractions haue offended.
Gran. Faire blessings on thy heart. *Phul.* Here's a rare change!
My Lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;

The Cuckold, in conceit, hath cast his hornes.
Bass. Betake 'ee to your seuerall occasions,
And wherein I haue heretofore beene faulty,
Let your constructions mildly passe it ouer,
Henceforth I'le study reformation, —— more,
I haue not for employment. *Gran.* 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. *Exeunt, manet Bass.*
Bass. Beasts onely capable of sense, 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 vse
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaffe
Of abiect scarcity, the Quintescence,
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't in the dust of causelesse scandall;
But to redeeme a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall powre before the deities
I haue incense 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 cramb within thy breast: *Penthea* (*Bassanes*)

Curst by thy Ielousies; more, by thy dotage
Is left a prey to worse. *Bass.* Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolu'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 new? I, I haue seene it, and yet liue.

Bass. You may delude my sense, not thy iudgement;
'Tis author'd mee a firme resolution;
Dalliance of Mirth or Wit can ne're vnfixe it.
Practise yet further. *Org.* May thy death of loue to her
Damne all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From euery ioy of life: Thou barren rocke,
By thee we haue bee split in ken of harbour.

Enter Ithocles, Penthea her haire about her eares, Philema, Christalla.

Ith. Sister looke vp, yonr *Ithocles*, your brother
Speakes t'ee: why doe you weepe? Deere, turne not from me!
Here is a killing sight: lo, *Bassanes*,
A lamentable obiect. *Org.* Man, dost see't?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh? *Bass.* Diuine, and best of Ladies,
Please to forget my out-rage? mercy euer
Cannot but lodge vnder a roofe so excellent:
I haue cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appear'd, Impostors, and then iugled
To cheat my sleeps of rest. *Org.* Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure if we were all Sirens, we should sing pittifully;
And 'twere a comely musicke, when in parts
One sung anothers knell: the Turtle sighes
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
A' must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To passe away in a dreame: indeed I'ue slept
With mine eyes oped a great while. All falshood
Equals a broken faith; there's but a haire
Sticks on my head but hee, a laden Plummet

It sinkes me to the graue: I must creepe thither.
The iourny is not long. *Ith.* But thou, *Penthea*,
Hast many yeeres, I hope, to number yet
E're thou canst trauell that way. *Bass.* Let the Swan first
Be wrap'd vp in an euerlasting darknesse,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole worlds delight, feele an Ecclipse
So vniuersall. *Org.* Wisdome (looke (ee)
Begins to raue: ——— art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might haue beene
Mother to many pretty prattling Babes:
They would haue smil'd when I smil'd; and, for certaine,
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 bastards:
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 *Etna*,
And bury me in flames; sweats hot as sulphure,
Boyle through my pores: affliction hath in store
No torture like to this. *Org.* Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whyning grey dissimulation,
Doe something worth a Chronicle; shew Iustice
Vpon the Author of this mischiefe; dig out
The Ielousies that hatch'd this thraldome first
With thine owne ponyard: euery anticke rapture
Can roare as thine does. *Ith.* *Orgilus* forbeare.

Bass. Disturbe him not, it is a talking motion
Prouided for my torment; what a fool am I
To bawdy passion? e're I'le speake a word
I will looke on and burst. *Pen.* I lou'd you once.

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature, in despite of malice;
For it I loue thee euer. *Pen.* Spare your hand,
Beleeue me, I'le not hurt it. *Org.* Paine my heart to
Complaine not though I wring it hard, I'le kisse it;
O 'tis a fine soft palme: harke in thine eare;
Like whom doe I looke, prethee? nay, no whispering.

Good.

Goodnesse! we had beene happy: too much happinesse
Will make folke proud they say — but that is he; (*Spoiles at*
And yet he paid for't home; alas, his heart (*Ithocles.*
Is crept into the cabinet of the Princesse;
We shall haue points and bridelaces. Remember
When we last gather'd Roses in the garden
I sound my wits, but truly you lost yours:
That's He, and still 'tis He. *Ith.* Poore soule, how idely
Her fancies guide her tongue. *Bass.* Keepe in vexation,
And breake not into clamour. *Org.* She has tutor'd me:
Some powerfull inspiration checks my lazinesse:
Now let me kisse your hand, grien'd beauty. *Pen.* Kisse it.
Alacke, alacke, his lips be wondrous cold;
Deare soule, h'as lost his colour: haue 'ee seene
A straying heart? all crannies, euery drop
Of blood is turn'd to an Amethist,
Which married Bachelours hang in their eares.
Org. Peace vsher her into *Elizium*:
If this be madnesse, madnesse is an Oracle. *Exit Org.*
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 joyn'd our hands once in the Temple,
'Twas since my father dy'd, for had he liu'd
He would haue don't: I must haue call'd you father:
Oh my wrack'd honour ruin'd by those Tyrants,
A cruell brother, and a desperate dotage!
There is no peace left for a raush'd wife
Widdow'd by lawlesse marriage; to all memory
Penthea's, poore *Penthea's* name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood ('tis iust) be henceforth acuet heightned

With

With tast of sustenance. Starue; let that fulnesse
Whose plurisie 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? not eat?
Refuse the onely ordinary meanes
Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,
A murthresse to thy selfe. — Hear'st thou this, *Bassanes?*
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 fatten and keepe smooth the outside;
Yes, and to comfort vp the vitall spirits
Without the helpe of food, fumes or perfumes,
Perfumes or fumes: let her alone, I'le search out
The tricke on't. *Pen.* Lead me gently; heauens reward ye:
Griefes are sure friends; they leaue (without controule)
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soule.
Exeunt the maids supporeing Penthea.
Bass. I grant t'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 thanke mee.
Exit Bassanes.
Arm. The sight is full of terror. *Ith.* On my soule
Lyes such an infinite clogge of massie dulnesse,
As that I haue not sense enough to feele it.
See, Vncle, th'augury thing returnes againe,
Shall's welcome him with Thunder? we are haunted,
And must vse exorcisme to coniure downe
This spirit of maleuolence. *Arm.* Mildly, Nephew.

Enter Nearchus 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 off

The

The custome of the warre in houres of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since y'are to render
Account to that faire Excellence, the Princesse,
Who in her priuate Gallery expects it
From your owne mouth alone: I am a messenger,
But to her pleasure. *Ith.* Excellent *Nearchus*,
Be Prince still of my seruices, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour 'ee.
Near. The King is on a sudden indispos'd,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, *Armostes*,
You should be neere him. *Arm.* Sir, I kisse your hands. *Exeunt.*
Manent Nearchus & Amelus.
Near. *Amelus*, I perceiue *Calantha's* bosome
Is warm'd with other fires then such as can
Take strength from any fuell of the loue
I might addresse to her: young *Ithocles*,
Or euer I mistake, is Lord ascendant
Of her deuotions; one, to speake him truly,
In euery disposition nobly fashioned,
Ame. But can your Highnesse brooke to be so rival'd,
Considering th'inequality of the persons?
Near. I can, *Amelus*; for affections iniur'd
By tyrannie, or rigour of compulsion,
Like Tempest-threatned Trees vnfirmely rooted,
Ne're spring to timely growth: obserue, for instance,
Life-spent *Penthea*, and vnhappy *Orgilus*
Ame. How does your grace determine? *Near.* To be ielous
In publike, of what priuately I'le further;
And though they shall not know, yet they shall finde it.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Hemophil and Grenea, leading Amyclas, and placing him in a Chayre, followed by Armostes, Crotolon, and Prophilus.

Amy. Our daughter is not neere? *Arm.* She is retired, Sir,
Into her gallery. *Amy.* Where's the Prince our Cozen?
Proph. New walk'd into the Grouc (my Lord.) *Amy.* All leave vs
Except *Armostes*, and you *Crotolon*;

We would be priuate. *Proph.* Health vnto your Maiesty.
Exeunt Prophilus, Hemophil, & Grenea.
Amy. What, *Tecnicus* is gone? *Arm.* He is to *Delphos*;
And to your Royall hands presents this box.
Amy. Vnseale 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 stocke soone withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quaile 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 Sparta, the dry'd Vine the King;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reueal'd,
Is a new Prince, the Elme; the rest conceal'd.
Tecnicus.
Amy. Enough; although the opening of this Riddle
Is but it selfe a Riddle, yet we construe
How neere our lab'ring age drawes to a rest:
But must *Calantha* quaile to that young grape
Vntimely budded! I could mourne for her,
Her tenderness 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 his sense: I here coniecture
Her marriage with some neighb'ring Prince, the dew
Of which befriending Elme shall euer strengthen
Your Subiects with a Soueraignty of power.
Cro. Besides, most gracious Lord, the pith of Oracles
Is to be then digested, when th'euents
Expound their truth, not brought assoone to light
As vtter'd; Truth is Child of Time, and herein
I finde no scruple, rather cause of comfort,

With unity of kingdomes. *Amy.* May it prouе so
For weale of this deare Nation. — where is *Ithocles?*
Armostes, Crotolon; when this wither'd Vine
Of my fraile carkasse, on the funerall Pile,
Is fir'd into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedg'd about still with 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 Ithocles, Calantha, Prophilus, Orgilus, Euphranea, Hemophil, and Groneas.

Cal. Deare Sir, King, Father! *Ith.* O my royall Master!
Amy. Cleaue not my heart (sweet Twins of my life's solace)
With your fore-iudging feares: there is no Physicke
So cunningly restoratiue to cherish
The fall of Age, or call backe youth and vigor,
As your consents in duty: I will shake off
This langnishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping houres of sadnesse:
Is faire *Euphranea* married yet to *Prophilus?*
Cres. This morning, gracious Lord. *Org.* This very morning,
Which wit, you Highnesse leaue you may obseruе too
Our sister lookes (me thinks) mirthfull and sprightly;
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gaine in losing
A trifle; Maids know onely that they know not;
Pish, prethe blush not; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for streight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife:
Shrewd businesse, is'e not sister? *Euph.* You are pleasant.
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 I mine owne *Ithocles*,
I haue done little for thee yet. *Ith.* Y'haue built me

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'st vpon my heart; giue me thine hand;
Calantha take thine owne; in noble actions
Thou'st find him firme and absolute: I would not
Haue parted with thee, *Ithocles*, 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 Princesse,
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 distempered looke. *Omnes.* The gods preserue'e.
Cal. Sweet be not from my sight. *Ith.* My whole felicity.

Exeunt carrying out of the King, Orgilus stayes Ithocles.

Org. Shall I be bold my Lord? *Ith.* Thou canst not, *Orgilus*;
Call me thine owne, for *Prophilus* 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 Soueraignty 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 quiuer

To *Ithocles* his manage, by whose arrowes
Calantha's breast is open'd. *Ith.* Can't be possible?
Org. I was my selfe a peece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward,
That, 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. — *Ith.* 'Tis granted:
And for a league of priuacy betweene vs,
Read o're my bosome, and pertake a secret;
The Princesse is contracted mine. *Org.* Still: why not?
I now applaud her wisdome; when your kingdome
Stands seated in your will secure, and setled,
I dare pronounce you will be a iust Monarch:
Greece must admire, and tremble. *Ith.* Then the sweetnesse
Of so imparadis'd a comfort, *Orgilus*,
It is to banquet with the gods. *Org.* The glory
Of numerous children, potency of Nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pau'd to tread on. *Ith.* With a friendship
So deare, so fast as thine. *Org.* I am vnfitting
For Office, but for seruice. *Ith.* Wee'll distinguish
Our fortunes meerely in the Title; partners
In all respects else but the bed. *Org.* The bed?
Foresend it *Loues* owne Ielousie, till lastly
We slip downe in the common earth together;
And there our beds are equall, saue some Monument
To shew this was the King, and this the Subiect.
List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones;
Ith. Sure from *Penthea's* lodgings.
Org. Harke, a voyce too.

Soft

Soft sad musicke. A Song.

Oh no more, no more, too late
Sighes are spent; the burning Tapers
Of a life as chast 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,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Loue dyes,
Now Loue dyes, implying
Loues Martyrs must be euer, euer dying.

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

Enter Christalla and Philema, bringing in Penthea in a chaire vaild: two other seruants placing two chaires, one on the one side, and the other with an Engine on the other; the maids sit downe at her feet mourning, the seruants goe out, meets them Ithocles and Orgilus.

Serv. 'Tis done, that on her right hand. *Org.* Good, begone.
Ith. Soft peace inrich this roome. *Org.* How fares the Lady?
Phil. Dead. *Chri.* Dead! *Phil.* Staru'd. *Chri.* Staru'd!
Ith. 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 *Ithocles*, and iniur'd *Orgilus*!
So downe she drew her vaile, so dy'd. *Ith.* So dy'd.
Org. Vp; you are messengers of death, goe from vs;
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

Away,

Away; and hearke ye, till you see vs next,
No sillable that she is dead. —Away, *Exeunt Phil. & Chri.*
Keepe a smooth brow. — My Lord. *Ith.* Mine onely sister,
Another is not left me. *Org.* Take that chayre,
I'le sit me here in this: betweene vs sits
The obiect of our sorrowes; some few teares
We'll 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 catcht in the Engine.
What meanes this treachery? *Org.* Caught, you are caught.
Young master: 'tis thy throne of Coronation,
Thou too'e of greatnesse: see, I take this vaile off;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting *Phaeton* 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'e of kingdomes, did'ee? how to bosome
The delicacies of a youngling Princesse,
How with this nod to grace that subtill Courtier,
How with that frowne to make this Noble tremble,
And so forth; whiles *Penthea's* groanes, and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne're touche vpon your thought; as for my iniuries,
Alas they were beneath your royall pitty,
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 ie welcome:
But prethe 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 vainnesse of my glories;
A starelier resolution armes my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,
With equall tryall of vnequall fortune,
By hazard of a duell, 'twere a brauery,

Too mighty for a slaue intending murther:
On to the Execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors. *Org.* By *Apollo*,
Thou talk'st a goodly language; for requitall,
I will report thee to thy mistresse richly:
And take this peace along; some few short minutes
Determin'd, my resolues shall quickly follow
Thy wrathfull ghost: 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. *kils him.*
Ith. Yet, yet, I scorne to shrinke. *Org.* Keepe vp thy spirits
I will be gentle euen in blood; to linger
Paine, which I strive to cure, were to be cruell.
Ith. Nimble in vengeance I forgiue thee; follow
Safety, with best successe ô may it prosper!
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds:
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 sufferance:
I'le 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.*

Actus Quintus: Scæna prima.

Enter Bassanes alone.

Bass. A*Thens*, to *Athens* I haue sent, the Nursery
Of *Greece* for learning, and the Fount of knowledge:

Lo: here in *Sparta* there's not left amongst vs
One wise man to direct, we're all turo'd madcaps:
'Tis said, *Apollo* is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knowes the vertue of 'em:
To *Delphos* I haue 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 Rauens, or the screech of Owles,
Are not so boading mischiefe as thy crossing
My priuate meditations: shun me, prethe;
And if I cannot loue thee hartily,
I'le loue thee as well as I can. *Org.* Noble *Bassanes*
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 syllable,
Neuer to speake vexation; I will study
Seruice and friendship with a zealous sorrow
For my past inciuility towards 'ee.
Bass. Heydey! good words, good words, I must beleeue 'em,
And be a Coxcombe for my labor. *Org.* Vse not
So hard a Language; your misdoubt is causeless:
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,

Whose knowledge to your griefes shall set a period:
Bass. Thou canst not (*Orgilus*) 'tis in the power
Of the gods onely; yet for satisfaction,
Because I more an earnest in thine vtterance,
Vnforc'd, and naturally free, be resolute
The Virgin Bayes shall not withstand the lightning
With a more carelesse danger, than my constancy
The sull of thy relation: could it moue
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should finde me a rocke: I doe expect now
Some truth of vnheard moment. *Org.* To your patience
You must adde priuacie, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd vp in *Iouis* 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 *Athen*
Deserues to lead your wisdome and your iudgement,
You ought to yeeld obedience. *Bass.* With assurance
Of will and thankfulnesse. *Org.* With manly courage
Please then to follow me. *Bass.* Where e're, I feare not.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene 2. *Lowd musicke.*

Enter Groneas and Hemophil leading Euphranea, Christalla and Philema leading Prophilus, Nearchus supporting Calantha; Crotolon, and Amelus; cease lowd Musicke, all make a stand.

Cal. We misse our seruant *Ithocles* and *Orgilus*,
On whom attend they? *Cres.* My sonne, gracious Princesse,
Whisper'd some new deuice, to which these Reuels
Should be but vsher: wherein I conceiue
Lord *Ithocles* and he himselfe are Actors.
Cal. A faire excuse for absence: as for *Bassanes*,
Delights to him are troublesome; *Armostes*
Is with the King. *Cres.* He is. *Cal.* On to the dance:
Deare Cozen, hand you the Bride, the Bridegroome must be
Intrusted to my Courtship: be not iealous,

Euphranea, I shall scarcely proue a temptresse:
Fall to our dance.

Musicke.

Nearchus dance with Euphranea, Prophilus with Calantha,
Christalla with Hemophil, Philema with Groneas.
Dance the first change; during which, Enter Armostes.

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

Dance againe. Enter Bassanes.

Bass. O Madam!
Penthea, poore *Penthea's* staru'd. *Cal.* Beshrew thee,
Lead to the next. *Bass.* Amazement dulls my senses.

Dance againe. Enter Orgilus.

Org. Braue *Ithocles* is murther'd, murther'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 fresher colour on your cheeks? *Near.* Sweet Princesse,
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 yee
Your mothers wedding Ring, which here I tender.
Crot. Most strange! *Cal.* Peace crown his ashes: we are queen then.
Near. Long liue *Calantha, Sparta's* Soueraigne Queene.
Omnes. Long liue the Queene. *Cal.* What whispered *Bassanes?*
Bass. That my *Penthea*, miserable soule,
Was staru'd to death. *Cal.* Shee's happy; she hath finish'd

A long and painefull progresse. — A third murmure
Pierc'd mine vnwilling eares. *Org.* That *Ithocles*
Was murther'd; rather butcher'd, had not brauery
Of an vndaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last Act triumph ouer ruine.
Arm. How? murther'd? *Cal.* By whose hand? *Org.* By mine; this (weapon
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.
Crot. Fye *Orgilus*. *Euph.* Fye brother. *Cal.* You haue done it.
Bass. How it was done let him report, the forfeit
Of whose alleageance to our lawes doth conce
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 circumstances
Of these calamities: thou'st lost a Nephew,
A Neece, and I a wife: continue man still,
Make me the patterne of digesting euils,
Who can out-liue 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 sadnesse,
And enter'd into bonds without condition
To stand these tempests calmely; marke me, Nobles,
I doe not shed a teare, not for *Penthea*:
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, *Crotolon*, a blessing
To thy lost sonne: *Euphranea*, take a farewell,
And both be gone. *Crot.* Confirme thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution. *Euph.* Could my teares speake,
My griefes were sleight. *Org.* All goddesse dwell amongst yee:
Enioy my sister, *Prophilus*; my vengeance

Aym'd

Aym'd neuer at thy preiudice. *Cal.* Now withdraw?
Exeunt Crotolon, Prophilus, & Euphranea.
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 delayes, let me (deare Cozen)
Intreat you and these Lords see execution
Instant before 'ee part. *Near.* 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, Philema, Christal.
Arm. 'Tis strange, these Tragedies should neuer touch on
Her female pitty. *Bass.* She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and like a girle,
Put finger in the eye: let's be all toughnesse,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.
Near. Now *Orgilus* thy choyce. *Org.* To bleed to death.
Arm. The Executioner. *Org.* My selfe, no Surgeon.
I am well skill'd in letting blood: bind fast
This arme, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Conuey a full streame: here's a skilfull 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 sor 'ee.
It most concernes my art, my care, my credit;
Quicke, fillet both this armes. *Org.* Gramercy friendship:
Such curtesies are rare, which flow cheerefully

With

Without an expection of requitall.
Reach me a staffe in this hand: if a proneness,
Or custome in my nature, from my cradle,
Had beene inclin'd to fierce and eager bloodshed;
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would haue betray'd fame to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadfull safety:
But looke vpon my steddinesse, and scorne not
The sicknesse of my fortune, which since *Bassanes*
Was husband to *Penthea*, had kine 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.
Lem. I tremble at the sight. *Gron.* Would I were loose.
Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach't;
The vessell must be sound from which it issues;
Graspe hard this other sticke: I'le 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 fitted
To conquer in extremities; this pastime
Appeares maiesticall: 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 palsies;
On a paire royall doe I wait in death;
My Souerai ;ne, as his Liegeman; on my Mistresse,
As a deuoted seruant; and on *Ithocles*,
As if no braue, yet no vnworthy enemy:
Nor did I vse an engine to intrap
His life, out of a slauish feare to combate
Youth, strength, or cunning, but for that I durst not
Ingage the goodnesse of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might haue out-lac'd my vengeance;
'th *Teenicus*, inspir'd with *Phebus* fire,
call to mind thy Augury, 'twas perfect;
Reuenge proues its owne Executioner.

When

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust 'a was first fram'd on, thus he rotters.
Bass. Life's fountaine is dry'd vp. *Org.* So falls the Standards
Of my prerogatiue in being a creature:
A mist hangs o're mine eyes; the Sun's bright splendor
Is clouded in an euerlasting shadow:
Welcome thou yee that sit'st about my heart,
No heat can euer thaw thee. *Near.* Speech hath left him. *dyes.*
Bass. A' has shooke hands with time: his funerall vrne
Shall be my charge: remoue the bloodlesse bodie;
The Coronation must require attendance:
That past, my few dayes can be but one mourning. *Exeunt.*

An Altar couered with white.

Two lights of Virgin wax, during which musicke of Recorders, enter foure bearing Ithocles on a hease, 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; Philema, Christalla in white, Nearchus, Armostes, Crotolon, Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanes, Lemophil, and Groneas. Calantha gets and kneeles before the Altar, the rest stand off, the women kneeling behind; cease Recorders during her denotions. Sefe musicke. Calantha and the rest rise doing obeysance to the Altar.

Cal. Our Orisons are heard, the gods are mercifull:
Now tell me, you whose loyalties 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 beene euer fortunate in Princes
Of maseu'line 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 feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsaile, how you may aduise vs
In choosing of a husband whose abilities

Can better guide this kingdome. *Near.* Royall Lady,
Your law is in your will. *Arm.* We haue seene tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.
Crot. Yet if your highnesse settle on a choice
By your owne indgement 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 rauishe
By some untimely fate; of friends diuided
By churlish opposition, or of fathers
Weeping upon their childrens slaughtered carcasses;
Or daughters groaning ore their fathers hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keepe consort
As musicall as theirs: what can you looke for
From an old foolish peeuish doting man,
But crasinesse of age? *Cal.* Cozen of *Argos*. *Near.* Madam;
Cal. Were I presently
To choose 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 retaine the royalty
Of *Sparta* in her owne bounds: then in *Argos*
Armostes might be Viceroy; in *Messene*
Might *Crotolon* beare sway, and *Bassanes* —
Bass. I, Queene? alas! what I? *Cal.* Be *Sparta's* Marshall;
The multitudes of high imployments could not
But set a peace to priuate griefes: these Gentlemen,
Groneas and *Lemophil*, with worthy pensions
Should wait vpon your person in your Chamber:
I would bestow *Christalla* on *Amelus*,

Shee'll

Shee'l proue a constant wife, and *Philema*
Should in o *Vesta's* Temple. *Bass.* This is a Testament;
It sounds not l ke conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be perform'd. *Cal.* Lastly, for *Prophilus*;
He should be (I ozen) solemnly inuested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments
Which his deare friend, and my neglected husband
Too short a time enioy'd. *Proph.* I am vnworthy
To liue in your remembrance. *Euph.* 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: ô my Lords,
I but deceiu'd your eyes with Anticke gesture,
When one newes straight came hudling 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 shrecks and out-cries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrowes,
Yet liue to vow new pleasures, and out-liue 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,
Argos 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

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,*
Beauties shine, but fade away.

2. *Youth may reuell, yet it must*
Lye downe in a bed of dust:

3. *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.* Wise *Tecnicus*, 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. *Omnes.* 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.

VVHere Noble Iudgements, and cleare eyes are fix'd
To grace Endeuour, there sits Truth not mix'd
With Ignorance: those censures may command
Beleefe, which talke *not, till they* vnderſtand.
Let ſome ſay This was flat; *Some here* the Sceane
Fell from its height; *Another that the Meane*
Was ill 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't vp againe.*

FINIS.